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Coal Oil to Crude



From River - La Coney
and
surrounding
Areas



From Coal Oil



Dedication

This book is dedicated to the settlers of this area, past, present and future — the pioneers for blazing the trail, the present residents for continued community development and the children to whom this area and its history will be entrusted.

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LEGISLATIVE



ASSEMBLY

ALBERTA

June 12, 1980

It is a pleasure to extend congratulations to the committee which is preparing the history of the Iron River Community. Your committee is to be commended on taking a job of this magnitude. Preparing a history of a community is a very worthwhile activity and I am sure you will find it challenging and at times frustrating.

Alberta is currently celebrating it's 75th Anniversary and it is appropriate that you choose this year to attempt to capture the history of your community. I trust that you will find your efforts both rewarding and fulfilling.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ernie Isley".

Ernie Isley, M.L.A.

Bonnyville Constituency

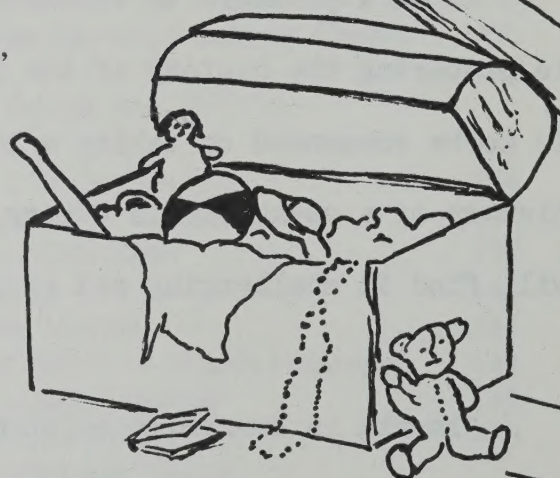
Memories

by Carol Morton

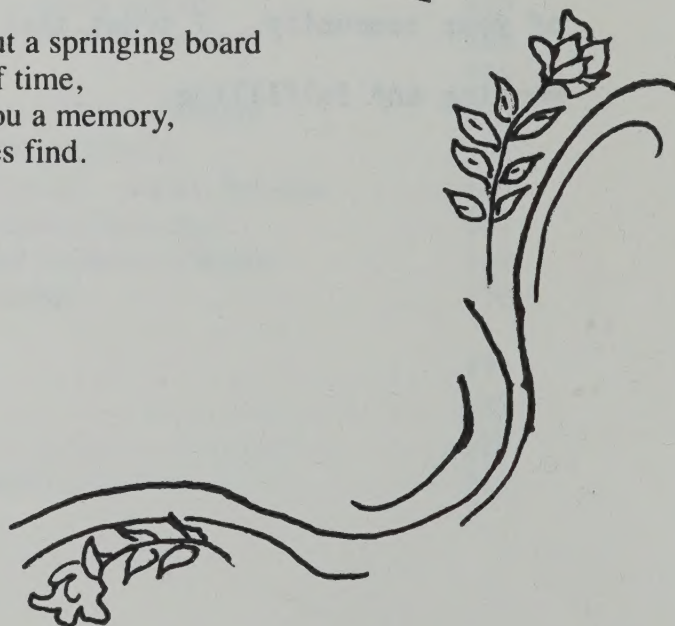
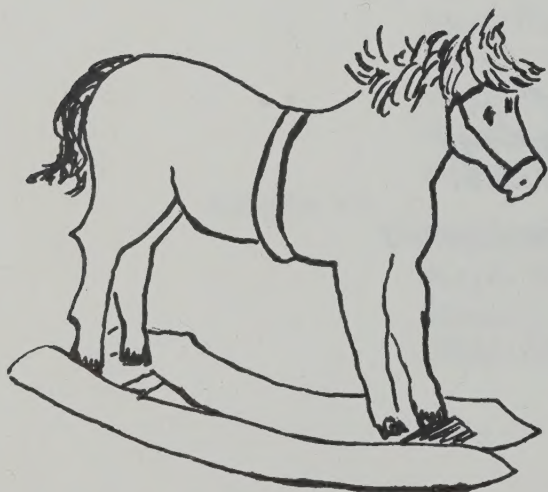
Memories are secret gifts,
That no one else can share,
Given unexpectedly
To people everywhere.

I've found them in an attic,
In a long forgot' pressed rose,
I've found them in some special smell,
Or on an old familiar road.

Memories are hidden everywhere
For all of us to find,
But the ones that are most precious
Live in our heart and mind.



This book is but a springing board
Into the pool of time,
May each of you a memory,
within it's pages find.



A Message From Our Committee

Although our area is relatively new in comparison to other areas of Alberta and Canada, we found this book to be long overdue. Numerous accomplishments and happenings are lost in the course of time and we can only hope that what we have gathered in the way of stories and pictures will give the readers a glimpse of the past.

The work, although sometimes tedious, was interesting and enjoyable. The committee has worked long, hard hours to put all the information on paper as our families can testify. We thank them for their hardy tolerance to cold suppers and absent mothers during the past few months.

We hope that you will be tolerant of any errors or omissions that have slipped by us. We feel as Benjamin A. Franklin said in 1731, "If all Printers were determined not to print anything till they were sure it would offend nobody, there would be very little printed."

As well as the committee, many people contributed to the success of this book in a variety of ways. Some we wish to acknowledge are: Typists — Debbie Hodinsky, Doris Ulanicki, JoAnne Ryll, Shannon Fersovitch, Barbara Fersovitch, Evelyn Bourbeau, Lois Bourbeau. Proof reading — Mike Mytrash,

Arleta Larmand. Special Sections — Veterans — Lorane and Willie McGregor, Centralization — Selma Strus. Research — Roy Tollefson, Helen Gwynn, Donald Taylor, Olaf Peterson, Louis Martin, Mary Broski. Sales — Helen Peterson. Special Photo reprints — Dan Fersovitch.

A special thank you also goes to those individuals who contributed information and pictures without which this book could not have been completed. Their names are too numerous to mention. Appreciation is expressed to Alberta Culture and New Horizons, Canada Department of Health and Welfare, for their financial assistance.

As you read this history the committee would like you to keep this thought in mind.

The Joker's Lament

The saddest thing that life can hold
Is not the fact of growing old;
T'is not the home without the wife
Nor yet the ending of this life.

But he, whose life of humor's bare,
Of mirth will furnish not his share,
T'is he, indeed, that tears invoke

The man who cannot take a joke.

Mrs. Any Gossip



The History Committee — Gloria Balla, Sharon Fersovitch, Florence Matthews, Carol Morton, Jackie MacGillivray and Rose Panas.



Mrs. Hall.

✓ 193

LAND TITLES ACT, No. 42. The land mentioned in any certificate of title granted under this Act shall by its creation and without any special mention therein, unless the contrary is expressly declared, be subject to:
(a) Any subsisting reservations of exception contained in the original grant of the land from the Crown;
(b) All unpaid taxes, including title-tax or drainage district rates;
(c) Any public highway or right of way or other public easement, however created, shown over or in respect of the land;
(d) Any subsisting lease or agreement for a lease for a period not exceeding three years where there is a total occupation of the land under the same;
(e) Any decree, order or execution against or affecting the interest of the owner of the land which have been registered and maintained in force against the owner;
(f) Any right of expropriation which may by statute or ordinance be vested in any person, body corporate, or His Majesty;
(g) Any right of way or other easement granted or acquired under the provisions of any Act or law in force in the Province.

193-2-71



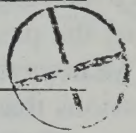
Summons and demand required at 10.00
A. on this 1 day of MAY
1929
Number 4569, Sub. P.Y. 116
W. F. Boone
C. S. Registrar, N.A.L.R.D.

Certificate of Title.

North Alberta Land Registration District.

Assce. Fund Value _____ Unearned Inc. Value _____ Refer Cert. No. _____

This is to Certify that WASYL FRETZ



OF LA COREY IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA DOMINION OF CANADA (FARMER)

is now the owner of an estate in fee simple

of and in THE SOUTH EAST QUARTER OF SECTION TWO (2) TOWNSHIP SIXTY THREE (63) RANGE SIX (6) WEST
OF THE FOURTH MERIDIAN IN THE SAID PROVINCE AS SHOWN ON A PLAN OF SURVEY OF SAID TOWNSHIP
SIGNED AT OTTAWA ON THE 3RD. DAY OF JANUARY A.D. 1913. CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY
NINE (159) ACRES MORE OR LESS.

RESERVING UNTO HIS MAJESTY ALL MINES AND MINERALS.

*OK'd in
15 Nov. 1941
Kitt*

CANCELLED

NOT A VALID TITLE
PHOTO COPY ONLY
9 AM. FEB 26 1979
NORTH ALBERTA LAND
REGISTRATION DISTRICT

This Certificate of Title is cancelled
in full
and a NEW CERTIFICATE of Title No. 20-K-110
issued to S. C. H. Jones 1946
to Joe Gelick
U. S. No. 1866 G.B.
Chas. Barclay
C. S. Registrar

subject to the encumbrances, liens and interests notified by memorandum underwritten or endorsed hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal this FIRST day of MAY A.D. 19 29

MAY 16 1929

W. F. Boone Registrar
North Alberta Land Registration District.

P.O. Address LA. COREY ALTA.

Land Title.

Coal Oil to Crude

How It Came To Be

A long time dream of many residents of the area has finally been realized with the completion of a much awaited community history. The publication is now complete thanks to many long hours of research and the tireless efforts of the many people involved.

The inspiration for such a history began in the late sixties and early seventies. The intention, at that time, was to research and print a book on the old Iron River School District. Mr. R. B. MacGillivray, a long time teacher in the area, on his own initiative began the work. The project, as a community effort, was discontinued due to lack of available funds and interest at the time. Mr. MacGillivray, realizing the importance of such a history, diligently worked on the project until his death in 1972. Fortunately his notes and files were held in trust by family members. These documents were a definite asset in compiling our present work.

The idea of an area history lay dormant for about six years. Mrs. Mildred Hall, a relatively new arrival, began work as an Early Childhood Services teacher at the Iron River School and she became greatly interested in the early history of the district. Very little was known to her about our beginning since she was a newcomer from the United States. Enthusiastically, this energetic lady set the wheels of research in motion once again.

People of the area seemed very receptive to the suggestion that a community history be written. This time, the decision to include all of the Iron River School centralized area was made: districts from the Sand River on the west, Lessard area on the east, south as far as the Beaver River and north into the missile range as far as the homesteaders filed on land, comprised the new history area. This was a large territory including the original school districts of Sandy Rapids, Iron River, Churchvelt, Merton, Osborne Lake, Willow Trail, La Corey, Jolly, Harold Lake, Balm Tree, Bevin, Wendel and Forest Stream.

Three main factors, perhaps helped spark the

interest of present and former community dwellers. Firstly, many of the original settlers of the area were elderly citizens with only a few years left to devote to such an undertaking. Many had passed on before their story was written. A feeling of urgency prevailed, lest our pioneers' first hand accounts of their lives be forever lost.

Secondly, funds were now available for such a venture. The knowledge that many areas had compiled or were compiling their respective histories made local residents feel they should follow suit. The funds and enthusiasm were now available but a third very important hurdle remained to be crossed. Who with the knowhow, time, and interest would head a committee and act as editor?

At a meeting of the Iron River School Association, in 1978, Mrs. Hall, who retired from teaching generously volunteered to lead such a committee. Carol Morton agreed to act as Mrs. Hall's assistant. The Iron River School Association became the sponsoring or parent body. An organized group of senior Citizens of the area whose membership included: Helen and Olaf Peterson, Helen and Charlie Gwynn, Bernice and Glen Erickson, Isabel and Donald Heigh, Florence and Armand Laramée and Mildred Hall, made application to New Horizons for a grant to defray expenses for the subsequent gathering of materials. This grant was approved, a bank account set up, a contract signed with Friesen Printers and the project was on its way.

After doing some research, Mrs. Mildred Hall left the community to take up residence in Creston, British Columbia. In January of 1980, she underwent major surgery for a hip replacement. This, along with the distance factor, necessitated the formation of a new committee which included Florence Matthews, Carol Morton, Gloria Balla, Sharon Fersovitch, Rose Panas and Jackie MacGillivray. This group met, surmised what work remained to be done and set about performing these tasks.

Since no actual format, for the publication had been decided on, this was one of the committee's first

priorities. Firstly, a choice of a title for the book had to be made. Four or five prospective titles were circulated amongst area residents, with the understanding that each person had the privilege of informing the committee of their individual choice of title. The majority decision was Coal Oil to Crude. As the name suggests, this history contains a kaleidoscope of our area's development from the first settlers with their coal oil lamps to the present age of heavy crude.

Many forces had a definite effect on the history of this community. In the early years, the land was mostly an unsettled wilderness except for some Indian tribes and the odd trapper. These inhabitants derived their livelihood from the sale of the abundant furs available for the taking.

From about 1912 to 1924, homesteaders began their search for land in our area. These were, for the most part, families of English or Scandinavian descent who were searching for a better way of life. Many had left the place of their birth fully intending to return some day. Circumstances, however, in most cases prevented this so these settlers remained. Former residents from the southern half of the province and from Saskatchewan had been "dried out" or were suffering from "homestead fever" and thus they made the trek northward.

The population count remained relatively stable until 1928 to 1929. This era brought an influx of immigrants of Polish and Ukrainian ancestry, searching for freedom in a strange new land. Many families came with their few worldly possessions and very little available cash. New districts, it seemed, sprang up overnight. The people were hard working, thrifty individuals who made do in many ways, especially during the hard times of the "dirty thirties." Canada was now their new home. Most knew, when they left their homeland, they would never again see the faces of loved ones and friends left behind.

Over the years, most available, arable land became occupied. Times improved, new homes were built and modern conveniences were obtained. Life went on much as usual except for the centralization of the Iron River School, a major change in 1955. The first rumblings of an oil find were heard in the mid to late fifties. Little widescale exploration was undertaken until the late seventies when rumors of the development of the Cold Lake Field became a reality. Very quickly, the price of land skyrocketed. Acreages were being bought for speculation or as family residences. The first influence of a transient population following the lure of the "Black Gold" were felt. What lies ahead is mere speculation.

Hopefully present and future residents will build and grow with the times ever mindful of the values

and freedoms our forefathers worked so hard to obtain so many years ago.

Times change
They always will
But the district will remain
Home to us still.

Surveys

compiled by Florence Matthews

On July 1, 1867, the British North American Act created the Dominion of Canada which extended only as far as the western boundary of Ontario. To the west and northwest lay a vast territory of land owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, known as Rupert's Land. In 1869 Canada purchased this land from the Hudson's Bay Company and opened it up for settlement. The Homestead Lands Act of 1872 provided for homesteads and gave twenty-five million acres of land to C.P.R. to encourage railway building which helped to open the west to settlement. It allowed land to Hudson's Bay Company for payment and it set aside two sections in each township for schools. It was then the task of surveying was begun.

Each township is six miles square, containing thirty-six sections, each one mile square. Road allowances are sixty-six feet wide with north-south roads running between each section and east-west roads two miles apart. These sections are numbered from one to thirty-six starting on the south-east corner of the township ending in the north-east corner. Each section is divided into four quarters consisting of approximately one hundred sixty acres. Each section is marked at the north-east corner with four pits, a mound, and a steel post noting the number of the section, township, range. Each quarter is marked along the road allowances at one corner.

It was in 1902 that L. E. Fontaine D. L. S. (Dominion Land Surveyor) started on the fourth meridian which is the eastern boundary of Alberta and surveyed westward. His job was to survey the baseline along the top of township sixty-four.

M. W. Hopkins, D. L. S., was the next surveyor to work in this area from 1907 to 1910. He was responsible for laying out most of the townships. G. J. Lonergan and A. L. Cummings also did much of the traversing of the lakes and rivers in this area, Lonergan in 1910 to 1912 and Cummings in 1922.

Most of the early surveyors came from Ottawa to Winnipeg by train. From there the trip to Edmonton was made on horseback. Arriving in Edmonton in the fall they spent the winter there. When spring came they set out for the territory they were to survey. Travelling was difficult with the lack of roads. Crossing rivers and streams was a problem as there were no

East
Outlines
of Tp. 63, 64 R. 8 W. 4 Mer.

63, 64 - 10 - 1

M. W. Hopkins DLS

"A" 1908

NOTE.—It is imperative that all statements of Mileage should be made out in Miles and Decimals of a mile ; not in chains and links.

ACCOUNT OF THE FOREGOING SURVEY.

36.22	miles, @ \$5.50 per mile	\$ 199.20
4.50	miles, @ \$40.00 "	\$ 180.00
30.07	miles, @ \$20.00 "	\$ 601.40
3	miles @ \$3.00 "	\$ 9.00
36.22	miles @ \$4.00 "	\$ 144.90
1.2 pits	@ 25 ^{cts}	\$ 3.00
24.8 "	@ 40 ^{cts}	\$ 99.20
	@	\$
	@	\$
	@	\$
	@	\$

1236.70

Amounting to One thousand, two hundred and

thirty six Dollars. ⁷⁰/₁₀₀

M. W. Hopkins

D. L. S.

NAMES AND DUTIES OF PERSONS EMPLOYED ON THE SURVEY.

In 1909 under M.W. Hopkins D.L.S.

<i>H. Montembault</i>	<i>Assistant</i>
<i>M. Watts</i>	"
<i>G. L. Stebbing</i>	"
<i>W. Bates</i>	"
<i>L. White</i>	<i>Chairman</i>
<i>Lord Watts</i>	"
<i>L. Willis</i>	"
<i>James Joly</i>	"
<i>Joe Roche</i>	"
<i>Ernest Ridge</i>	"
<i>Joe Bouchard</i>	<i>Assessor</i>
<i>William Boudreau</i>	"
<i>Daniel Boudreau</i>	"
<i>Pierre Boudreau</i>	"
<i>George Boudreau</i>	"
<i>Albert Brangelle</i>	"
<i>Alex Cardinal</i>	"
<i>St. Pierre Dument</i>	"
<i>G. Gaboury</i>	"
<i>Louis Houle</i>	"
<i>L. Baptiste</i>	"
<i>Alex Bountry</i>	<i>Cook</i>

Survey papers.

bridges or ferries. They were required to bring a certain amount of supplies and horses. Some of their supplies arrived by boat on the river. In one of the surveyor's accounts we note that supplies were picked up at a Hudson's Bay Post at Cold Lake. A cache was made at Manatokan Lake.

In a report made in 1909, M. W. Hopkins, D. L. S., had this to say of twp. 63 R7 W4. Similar reports were made of other townships.

"The soil is good and covered with poplar and a few spruce. There are many lakes, on the shores of which there are some very good farms. The land is not liable to be flooded. There are no waterpowers, no minerals discovered and summer frosts are rare.

The climate is delightful and game is plentiful."

The problems encountered by these men were numerous. Not the least of them were the hoards of mosquitoes and flies. Another problem noted in the diaries was runaway horses. They relied on their horses and much time was spent looking for them. In

one diary a surveyor told of this assistant being injured by a runaway horse. The man had to use crutches for six weeks and we can only surmise the problems he had in finding a doctor.

The early surveyors had an important job to do with little recognition other than perhaps a lake or a stream being named after them.

The surveyed land brought settlers and civilization to the area. The homestead system provided that a settler could secure a quarter of land on condition of three years residence, cultivation and payment of a ten dollar patent fee.

Alberta Statistics tell us that patented homestead acreage increased from 1905 to 1930 by more than 16,450,000 acres while population increased from 185,195 in 1906 to 731,605 in 1931. Now the population of Alberta has risen to 1,838,000. Let us remember those special men who helped to open up our province and lead the way to prosperity.

Home

by Jackie MacGillivray

It stands all alone
On a great grassy knoll
Near the woods, by a tall shady pine.
The roof has caved in,
The door is no more
Through the windows a light doesn't shine.
I remember a time,
It was not long ago
When a lamp in the window did beckon
The message it sent
To folks big and small
Was, come in, you're welcome, I reckon.
The hinges did squeak
And the stovepipe did lean

The wind blew in 'round the door,
Mom sat with her mending
Daddy told us tall tales
As we all sat around on the floor.
We were happy back then
Though we didn't own much
'Cept the love of our parents and kin
The laughter that rang
Through that little log shack
How, I long to hear it again.
If I could go back
For only a day
Maybe, just for an hour or two
I'd be oh so happy
To relive once again
The good times our family once knew.

Seventy Years of Housing

Over the past seventy years many types of homes have dotted our landscape. The easiest and perhaps quickest to erect was the well known tent used by the Indian and settler alike. This accommodation could be easily transported by people on the move. It satisfactorily shed the rains of summer but was unsatisfactory against the cold winter winds unless a roaring fire was kept burning inside. Many settlers

made a tent their home while building a more permanent house.

The homesteader's prime concern, after filing on his land, was the construction of a house. At times, especially if arriving late in the fall, materials at hand were used to quickly build a shelter. Sometimes trees set in a teepee fashion, covered with dirt, grass and tree branches sufficed.

The warm, cozy dugout of some residents



Camping out.



Be it ever so humble.

blended in with its surroundings. Only the swirl of smoke rising above the landscape gave evidence of such a dwelling. During the winter months snow often drifted roof high. A tunnel like path, through the snow, led to the door.



A good warm shelter.

The well known log shack of the trapper or hunter stoutly stood, on many lake shores and river banks. The logs had been hurriedly put together with openings left for one or two windows and a door. Pelts, guns, antlers, and other evidences of hunting expeditions often decorated the walls.



A hunting shack.

Settlers of Ukraine or Polish heritage, brought with them, new ideas and methods of housebuilding. Thick walls made of mud and logs protected families from the elements. Treasured pictures, ornaments and handicrafts hung on whitewashed walls or adorned a favorite chair or table.

Upon completion of a cozy, warm shelter, the settler was able to pay more attention to the farm yard. Fences were built to keep out the livestock. These were usually of rails or pickets (small sharpened trees or posts). Flowers were planted which added to the homey appearance of the farmstead.



Built from materials at hand.

Houses were still mainly of log construction but now had a lumber or board roof, which replaced the leaked sod variety.



Fenced in.

A very modern home for the times was the following. Many windows brightened its interior. A stately verandah, built along the north and west sides of the home was an ideal spot to spend long summer evenings. This dwelling also had a back and front



A place to rest.

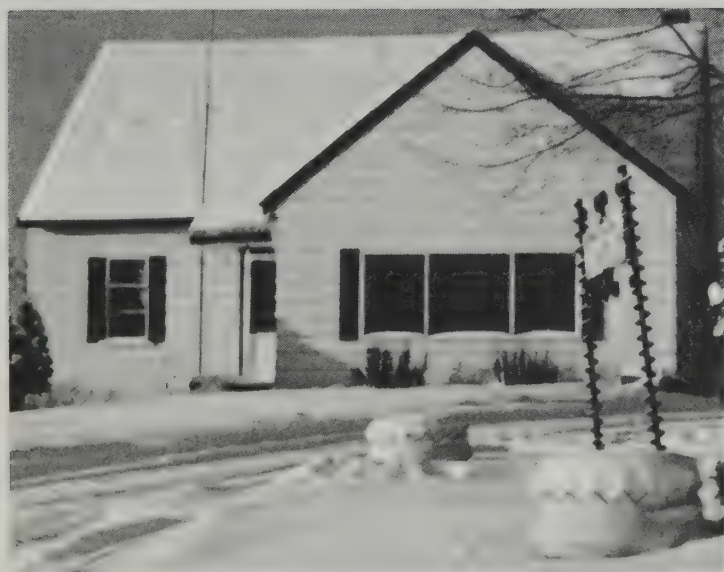
door unlike most residences of the day. Built in the late "thirties" this home is still in use.

Few log buildings are used for housing at present. Modern, new or remodelled facilities are the order of the day. In recent years, farmyard beautification has become an important part of country life. Landscaping and the care and restoration of farm buildings has occupied much of the farm family's leisure hours.

The type and method of house construction has changed immensely over the years, but do these factors really make a home? Did not the trapper of seventy years ago, no matter how humble his abode, still consider it home? Whether one resides in the modern surroundings of today or lived in the pioneer environment of yesteryear, a man's home is his castle, a place of his own where he may share the love and laughter of family and friends.



A stately home.



The modern home.

OLD TIME RECIPES

Potato Rhubarb Soup

3 medium sized potatoes chopped into cubes



*The food I remember
was good and tasty;
Of that there is no doubt.
Was it the special recipes
Or because I ate or went
without?*

4 stalks of rhubarb chopped fine
salt and pepper to taste
water to cover the ingredients and to a level 3 inches
over
Cook until tender, serve hot.

Brown Potato Soup

5 medium potatoes cubed
water to half a pot
salt and pepper
½ cup flour
2 tbsp. lard
Stir flour in a fry pan with the lard until well browned
and add potato water to form a gravy. Add to soup.
Serve hot.

Pig Weed Soup

Pick pig weed leaves when young and tender. Add
water to cover. Cook with salt and pepper until done.
Add cup of sour cream. Bring to boil again. Serve
hot.

Grandma McDermott's Scotch Shortbread

1 cup butter
pinch of salt
½ tsp. maple flavor
2¼ cup flour
¾ cup brown sugar or 1 cup white sugar

Mix well with hands and pat into pan. Press down well. Bake in slow oven (325) till light brown.

One of Mrs. A. C. Humphries favorite salads was simply — dandelion leaves which had been washed and eaten with a bit of salt and vinegar. Sometimes she made her cooked salean dressing — she simply beat one egg till frothy with a sprinkle of salt, then slowly added it to half a cup of cider vinegar which was always put on the stove in an enamel pan. The result was a lovely yellow dressing for any salad. Of course if you believed in black pepper you would add it or any other seasoning of your choice.

Potatoe Lefsa (Scandinavian)

Four cups finely mashed potatoes
2 tbsp. butter
¼ cup milk
1 tsp. salt
about 3 cups flour

Mash potatoes while hot, add milk, butter and salt. Mix well. Cool. Mix in flour gradually, the less the better, on floured board roll dough into a smooth log and divide into equal pieces. Roll each piece into very thin rounds (about 10" in diameter) Cook directly on clean hot stove top.

Stare-in-ka

Cube potatoes as for soup. Put to cook with water level well above potatoes. Stir up 2 cups of flour and 2 eggs and enough water to form stiff dough. Pinch off dough in small pinches and add to the water and potatoes when the potatoes are nearly done. Cook until potatoes are done and dough is puffy. Fry some cubed bacon bits and onions. Pour all into the mixture and stir. Serve hot.

Mushrooms

Many kinds of mushrooms could be used. In Spring the Black Morels, and in Summer the Red Tops. Pick, clean and cook until tender. Serve fried in butter or cream with onions, dill and garlic.

Perohe

Cook pot of potatoes, mash, season with salt, lard and fried salt pork pieces. Make stiff dough using flour, water and salt. Break off small pieces of dough and shape into a circle with fingers. Put a spoon of potatoe mixture in centre. Bring up edges and seal. When all made boil in boiling water for five minutes. Drain and serve with lard or cream.

Gruet

Heat milk in kettle until boiling. Stir to keep from burning. Add a pinch of salt and add flour gradually while beating with a whisk until the thickness of porridge. Eat while hot with milk, butter and cinamon.

Palanetsa

4 cups flour

¾ tsp. salt

4 tsp. baking powder (if available)

enough milk to make a soft dough

Roll out to a thickness you desire and just the size to fit your oven. Prick top with fork. Flour the bottom of oven and put to bake until golden brown at 350 degrees.

Remove from oven and break into serving size pieces. May be eaten plain or with butter or jam.

African Elephant Stew

author unknown

1 medium size elephant

2 rabbits

salt and pepper

Cut the elephant into bite size pieces. Add enough brown gravy to cover and cook over a kerosene fire about four weeks at 4650°F. This will serve 3,000 people. If more are expected the two rabbits may be added, but do this only in an emergency as most people do not like hare in the stew.

Home Remedies and Cures

There was no 'doc' for many miles.

When sickness came it brought such trials.

In those times it was good to know

A remedy or cure for every woe.

Vinegar is often used as a home cure, a means of easing the pain of varicose veins, with warm water as a gargle for sore throat, bathing a child with fever, to remove slivers. I had a fish bone in my heel and could not get it out. I was told to heat some vinegar and put my heel in it. When the vinegar cooled the fish bone was gone.

For **sore throats, colds and the like** we found several cures.

— warm up milk and melt a piece of butter the size of a marble on top of the milk. Drink this before you go to bed.

— Chicken soup

— naphta drops on a sugar lump.

— coal oil and sugar

— for a chest cold, boiled yarrow plant with sugar.

If you have a sore throat you can take off your sock at night and put the sole of the sock on your throat and wrap the rest around your neck. This is supposed to be very successful, but, unfortunately, our socks are much shorter in these modern times.

Here is what we were told in regard to goose grease for colds. "I was visiting at a place when I developed a hacking cough. It was miserable for me and everyone else. The mother brought me a spoon of

goose grease and told me to swallow it, which I did. I did not cough again. In a couple of hours she brought me another one which I also swallowed. Soon after, I went out and brought up all the phlegm I had been harboring and felt fine. Goose grease is good to rub on for chest colds, also skunk grease and bear grease; I suppose it is the grease. Some people rub lard on brown paper, shake pepper on it and put it on a child with a cold, front and back. Bacon rind, or any pork rind, scored heavily, pepper shaken on it can be used as well.

A lady I know uses onion poultice for festers and chestcolds and thinks there is nothing better. She was in the process of teaching her eastern city bred, daughter-in-law to live the life of a western farm wife, when one evening as they were discussing the merits of onion poultice, the girls spoke up and said, "It's very good for colds on the chest and being farmers they have to economize, so in the morning, they warm it up and put it on toast for breakfast.

For **cuts and sores** the following ideas have been found to work. The following incidents were related.

A girl with a nasty fester on her thumb that would not heal, was told to put some manure from a black cow on it. She went to the neighbors and followed the black cow around until she was rewarded for her diligence, stuck her thumb in what she was waiting for and went home. Her mother put a bandage over it, also a rubber covering. In a few days, there was no fester, only healthy skin.

My dad caught his thumb in the bull-wheel of the binder while working on a farm during the first World War. There was an Austrian prisoner of war working there well, who could not speak a word of English. He grabbed Dad's hand, spit his chew of tobacco in the wound, tore a strip of cloth off the lining of his pants and wrapped Dad's thumb in it. In a few days it was all healed.

David had a wart that had been cut and the sore had festered. A friend had some dried mint leaves. She dipped one in water and put it on the sore, wrapping a bandage on it. When the bandage was taken off a few days later, the sore was healed.

Here were a few miscellaneous remedies:

— Wild sage, steeped as tea is a drink good for kids belly-ache.

— Parsley, when steeped as a tea and drank is soothing for kidney and bladder infection.

— Raspberry roots have been found to be good when boiled and drank as a tonic.

— A woman found relief from morning sickness by boiling the lining of chicken gizzards and drinking the broth.

— A split onion left in the sick room is supposed to collect the germs.

— For a cold sore, take the gluey part on an envelope and stick it on the cold sore. Also for a cold sore, rub your finger behind your ear and then on the cold sore. Again for a cold sore, put honey on the sore every hour.

— For boils, wear a necklace of one to thirteen whole nutmegs.

— We also understand that if you wear a clove of garlic as a necklace it will help to ward off sickness.

— A sure cure for lice was a douse of coal oil and then washing.

— For sores and cuts, hot salt water was a popular treatment.

— Bear grease was used for arthritis.

— Chew freshly cut spruce gum for a sore throat.

— Also, for the healing of wounds, a poultice made of soap and sugar is beneficial.

— An application of chicken droppings may be used as a hair grower in the case of baldness.

— The coarse stalks from natural leaf tobacco, boiled and the water put on calves with lice, cleanse them in short order.

— For a horse with saddle sores or collar sores, place a piece of deer hide, hair side down on the sores.

Hunting Trapping and Fishing

by Florence Matthews

The Trapper

by R. B. MacGillivray (before his passing in 1972)

Muskrat catching was a strenuous, wet job in the early spring. The family often helped prepare the skins at night for the many stretchers for drying. For the farmer, muskrat was the chief fur, but mink, fisher, weasel, squirrel, coyote, fox and wolf were also among the catch. In recent years, the beaver has been added to this list. At least one year in the late forties rabbits were so plentiful it became a major occupation of many snaring, shooting and skinning rabbits. They were more or less sold by the bale. The next year . . . there were NO rabbits. They have very, very gradually come back. This year of 1970-71 they are here in great numbers and have played havoc with young fruit trees.

Furs were marketed in various ways: Earlier trappers no doubt took them to the city or shipped them to a dealer; local merchants here and at Bonnyville made a business of buying; buyers came through and shipments were made. This is now pretty well a story of the past.

In the early years it was a necessity of life to hunt and fish. In most cases it was the only way to add meat to the daily diet. In those times game was plentiful and fish could be caught at anytime in the many lakes as well as the Beaver and Sandy Rivers.

The Lament of the Moose Hunter's Wife

by Mrs. Roy Robertson

There's moose carcas on the cutting board

Moose chunks on the table,

I view it all with great alarm

I must wrap it if I'm able

And as he cuts and bones and trims,

A grin near splits his head;

While I'm so G.D. tired

I'd like to crawl into my bed.

But I'm entwined in freezer wrap

In gook near to my knees

For I'm wrapping chunks of moose meat

And putting them to freeze.

And there's moose hair in the bath tub

And in the kitchen sink

Moose hair in the drinking glass

When'ever I want a drink.

Moose hair on the front room rug

And in the bedding too

Moose hair in the butter

And we're eating moose hair stew.

There's bloody gook in the garbage pail

Chunks of fat stored by the door

And blobs and gobs of both of them

Spread on the kitchen floor.

And still I wrap and wrap and wrap

The roasts, the steaks, the stew,

Suddenly there is no more

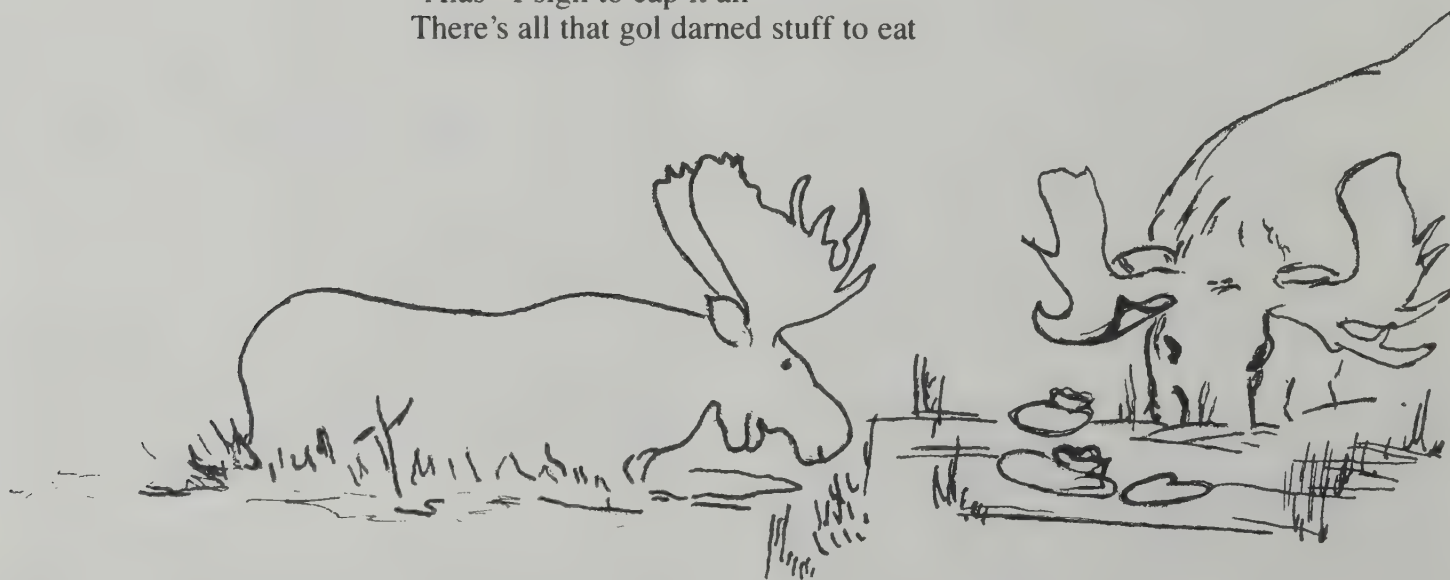
Yes, by gosh I'm through.

At last I close the freezer door

On Ten Thousand Pounds of meat

"Alas" I sigh to cap it all

There's all that gol darned stuff to eat





The life of a trapper — Henry Paradis.

Quite often it was the job of young boys to catch “a mess of fish” for supper. Large catches were smoked, salted or canned for future use. Although there were hunting and fishing regulations in the “Thirties”, most game wardens “looked the other way” except in extreme violation or in the case of a complaint received.

Mule deer and moose roamed the woods. North of Wolf Lake and Spring Lake people shot caribou. Now it is mostly flagtail deer that make our forested areas their home. Strict regulations control fishing and the shooting of game.

One thing that has remained the same throughout

the years is the fact that men return from their hunting, trapping and fishing trips with tales, big enough to be “tall” but sworn to be “gospel truth”. Here are two such tales:

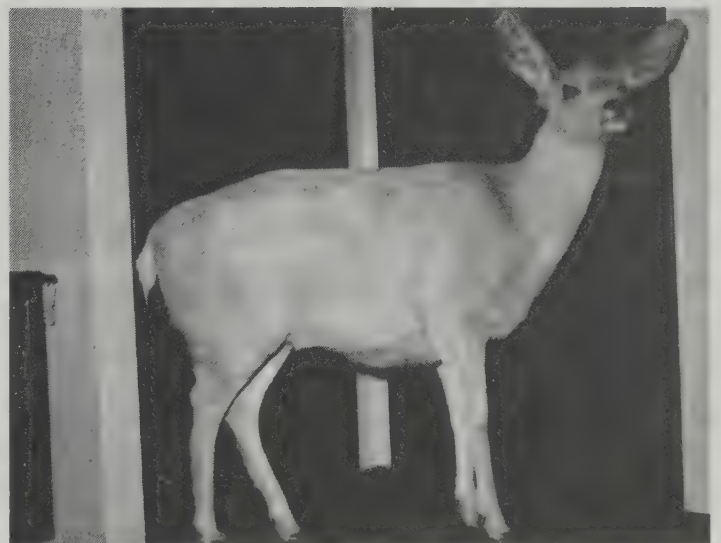
Bill and I had just wounded a yearling bull moose calf. Having only one bullet a piece left in our guns, we did not want to use another shell. I ran up to the moose who could no longer run, grabbed its hind leg and wrapped it around a tree. Meanwhile, Bill whipped out his hatchet from his belt and finished off the moose. We then used our two remaining bullets to shoot and kill the cow moose that was waiting nearby.

A large black bear had been doing damage to the grain and in general just making a nuisance of himself. I decided to make an end to it and set a large bear trap, weighing about fifty pounds attached to an eight foot log. Returning the following day, I found my trap and the log no longer there although it was obvious “Big Blackie” had paid a visit. Looking around and then upwards, I then spied the trap. There it was, about twenty feet high in a nearby tree, still attached to the log. Retrieving the trap, I found that “Blackie” had left a souvenir as he jumped from the tree — two black toes! About a week later, thirteen miles away, Mr. Kozak shot a large black bear, obviously “Big Blackie” for it had two toes freshly missing.

One more story, with the picture to prove it, is this one:



Look Mom, here's supper. Clarence and Gerald Peterson.



A rare specimen — an albino mule deer.

Mr. Willie McGregor, while out hunting in his home area, shot a white albino mule deer. It is extremely rare that an animal of this kind exists, let alone grows to maturity. Animals usually abandon offspring that have any defects of birth, so an albino mule deer is a rarity indeed.



Alvin Tollefson's trapping cabin at Spring Lake.



Will the real wolves please stand up?



Furs for sale.



Trespassers will be shot. (see Reed Hargrove story)



Stretching the hide.



Ice fishing — Isabelle and Ole Wikstrom and Pete Oudin.



Look what Daddy got! Eva and Stanley Hinecker with caribou head.



Gerald Frohlic.



Tony Tkachuk and Lloyd Hattebuhr on one of their hunting jaunts.



After the kill.



Bringing in the Kill — Mr. Blair and Louie Miller.

The Life of a Trapper

George Ward, a long time trapper and fur buyer of the area, arrived in Canada from Montana in 1903 accompanied by his parents Felix and Rose Ward. The family homesteaded above the Upper Beaver River in 1912.

Mrs. Flora Ward, who is now over ninety years of age recalls travelling from Montana in 1905 as a twelve year old child. She remembers her and her dad, driving on horseback, a herd of horses all the way. The trip took one entire summer's travelling. Water in places was very scarce, and had to be bought.

After marriage George and his new bride lived with George's parents Felix and Rose Ward. The couple trapped and bought furs over a great expanse of our northern country including Wolf Lake all the way to Ipiatik Lake. These trips were made by dog team.

In 1919 a flu epidemic hit the area. About Novem-

ber 1, George became desperately ill and a doctor from Edmonton was summoned. George remained on the sick list all winter so Flora took his place buying furs near Rock Island Lake. Eventually George recovered but lost two sisters and one brother in the course of that flu epidemic.

Upon his recovery George continued the trapper's life. Often he would be gone for about two weeks at a time. In order to keep warm on these long winter nights in the open, George built a fire and waited for the fire to die down to mere coals. Spruce boughs were then placed over the coals making a nice warm place to sleep.

It was on one of these expeditions that George lost a great deal of money. "He was buying furs at Ipiatik Lake," Mrs. Ward recalls, "When the bottom fell out of the market". Rat pelts were being purchased for about six dollars apiece. Suddenly, in the spring, one dollar fifty cents was all they were worth. George was way up at Ipiatik Lake therefore, Flora was unable to warn him of the change in price. He purchased about six hundred rats losing approximately twenty-seven hundred dollars after which time he quit trapping except occasionally a little for himself. George now tried his hand at the sheep and cattle raising business. Some cattle were purchased in Edmonton and herded all the way to George's farm on the Upper Beaver River. One of the horses strayed away on this trip and could not be found but returned to the farm about a year later.



George Ward and his prize bull.



Cattle drive.

All these years Mrs. Ward, an energetic lady was not idle. She made pemican, picked berries and canned fruit, berries and meat for her family of five Florence, Wilfred, Norman, Hazel, and Melvin. She dyed flour sacks and made them into clothing, crocheted lace and made ball gloves from hides. She also sewed ball uniforms for her enthusiastic family of ball players.

Many times Flora accompanied George on his trips. On one such occasion she recalls being very short of food. The men were as yet not ready to return. Even though the team of horses were very spirited, Flora, to the men's surprise, hooked up the team and headed for home. She had decided that if the men wanted to starve they could but she was not sticking around to do the same.



Family trappers — Mr. and Mrs. Felix Ward and Joe Cardinal taken at Wolf Lake.

The great fire of 1919 is another of Flora's recollections. This fire originated near Lac La Biche and burned the entire countryside. Mrs. August Cardinal was travelling with her children when her

horses stopped in the creek. The family made it to safety but the horses were burned.

In 1965 George Ward, one of our long time trappers and fur buyers passed away ending a special era of our districts development. Flora Ward, one of the very few who recalls those days, resides with her son, Melvin near Glendon, Alberta.



The Cardinals of Wolf Lake, 1934.

Agriculture

From Oxen to Air-Conditioned Tractors by Rose Panas

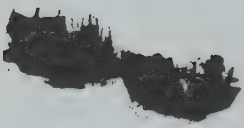
It was the abundance of land that brought our pioneers to this area. Unfortunately, after they arrived they found out that the land was not as productive as they thought it would be.

Much of the soil is grey-wooded and requires careful mixed-farming operations.

When the settlers first arrived, they had the difficult task of clearing land. This was done by hand with an axe and grubhoe. Roots were pulled out, using horses. After the war, in the late forties, the brush cutter, piler and bulldozer took much of the drudgery and "manpower" out of preparing the land. Tractors

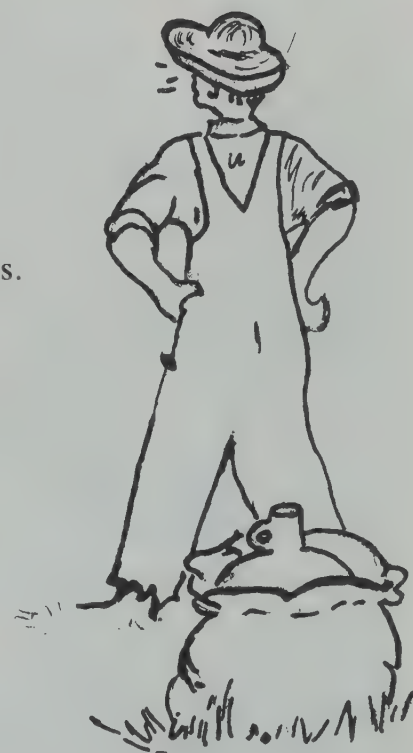


The Ploughboys.



Down On The Farm

Down on the farm, 'bout half past four,
I slip on my pants and sneak out the door,
Out of the yard I run like the dickens
To milk ten cows and feed the chickens,
Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,
Separate the cream and slop all the pigs,
Work two hours, then eat like a Turk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full days work.
Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack;
Hitch up the horses, hustle down the lane
Must get the hay in for it looks like rain.
Look over yonder! Sure's I'm born
Cattle on the rampage, cows in the corn!
Start across the medder, run a mile or two
Heaving like I'm wind broke, get wet clear through.
Get back to the horses, then for recompense
Nancy gets straddle the barbed wire fence.
Joints all a-achin' and muscles in a jerk,
I'm fit as a fiddle for a full days work.
Work all summer till winter is nigh,
Then figure up the books and heave a big sigh;
Worked all year, didn't make a thing,
Got less cash now than I had last spring.
Now some people tell us there ain't no hell.
But they never farmed so they can't tell.
When spring rolls 'round I take another chance,
While the fringe grows longer on my old gray pants.
Give my spenders a hitch, my belt another jerk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for another year's work.



gradually took over the work of horses. Now, hundreds of acres are broken in one day with huge caterpillars and tandem plows.

At first, with only wild hay for feed, farmers kept only a few head of beef and milked only a few cows. Hay was cut with a scythe and stacked by pitch fork in small piles. Today, with the round baler, haying is a one-man operation whereby enough hay can be cut and baled to feed a herd of one hundred head in a week or two.



No baby sitting required.



Time out for lunch.

As land was brought under cultivation, fertilizer with rotation of crops of grasses and legumes, tame hay became possible.

Beef herds grew and a better breed of cattle was produced. Milking herds increased from three or four to as many as fifteen to twenty head. Now, a herd of fifty milking cows has become possible.

With the growing of more grain, hog raising became important.

Harvesting became easier with the swather and combine replacing the threshing machine and horses.

In 1955, power lines were installed and this area finally had electricity. Good-bye to coal oil lanterns. There was a dramatic change in the farm homes. All of a sudden we had light at the flick of a switch. Refrigeration meant no more lowering of the milk and cream in a bucket down the well to keep cool in the summer. Vegetables, fruits and meat could be frozen and less food was spoiled. Washers replaced the scrub board and wringer washing machine. Electric ranges made cooking and baking easier. No more wood to chop and haul. No need to get up early in the morning to start a fire in the stove before breakfast could be made.

Also with electricity, came running water and the indoor bathroom. No more outhouse. Gone were the fast trips outside in the winter, when one sat on one's hands to prevent the derriere from touching the cold, cold seat.

For the farmer, electrically operated pumps were now available as well as electric water heaters, milking machines, motors to run fanning-mills, grain augers, bale elevators, drills, circular saws and many other machines.

In 1969, came the rural telephone. For the first few months, the lines were almost red hot until the novelty wore off. Imagine talking to someone, thirty miles away. At first, everyone seemed to think you had to speak louder the further away you were.

With the telephone and power, we now had all the conveniences of urban dwellers.



Bringing in the sheaves.

Soon, better and more roads were built providing faster travel. Farmers were able to buy or rent land several miles from home and moving machinery was made easier.

Today, with our dual-wheeled tractors with built-in air conditioning, television, radio, cab, etc, farming has become a very mechanized operation enabling farmers to farm several sections of land



A binder at work.



Seeding the crop.



Treadmill threshing, 1914.

compared to our pioneers who had all they could handle with only a few acres.

However, with progress, we have lost the quiet, slow, relaxed lifestyle of the pioneer era. Mechanization has eliminated some of the dependence on our neighbors and the need for get togethers for a barn raising, etc.

Agriculture has changed immensely in the last sixty years, and we must pay tribute to our forefathers, the pioneers who chopped their way through this wilderness to make way for us.



A Break from Breaking.

Transportation by Carol Morton

Necessity was the byword in transportation for the pioneer. From walking to riding in a car, transportation of the pioneer was dictated by practical considerations.

The most basic mode of transportation was walking, and the pioneers were sturdy folk who made good use of their feet. It was not unusual for a pioneer to trek many miles on foot, spending the night sleeping out or with a friendly neighbor. Some skillful homesteaders made themselves skis or snowshoes to make winter walking easier.



Making tracks.

Horses were very important to the pioneer. They enabled him to travel much greater distances in less time, and thus widened his horizons. The most basic use of the horse was simply riding, but with the addition of a wagon or sleigh, the horse became more

useful. Stoneboats and toboggans were used as well. Sometimes the horse was replaced with other methods of locomotion. If the pioneer did not own horses, he could use mules or oxen. In some cases, one horse and one steer were hitched up together.



Have tent, will travel.

Inventive pioneers made additions to make travelling a little easier. Some people had tents atop their wagons to shelter them from the rain, an inventive alternative to the covered wagon. Protection from winter wind and snow was attained by the use of the caboose atop their cutters. A wood burning heater sat in the front of the caboose where the passengers could keep an eye on the fire. Winter excursions were also made more comfortable by heated rocks placed by the traveler's feet. The rocks held the heat for some time, and helped keep the passengers warm.



Pioneer Motor home.

Dog teams were used extensively in this area. Generally people used three to six well trained dogs, with the lead dog being the best trained and the most important. Children often came to school with a sled pulled by dogs. Trappers relied heavily on dog teams and other people used them to travel about as well.

There were few cars in the area and when finances and road conditions permitted, they allowed

the pioneer to travel in style. Truckers afforded a type of taxi service for neighbors. Boards would be placed on top the box and people would climb aboard, looking down on the cattle or pigs the trucker was hauling.

The Bennet buggy was an innovation of the pioneer, proving that necessity really is the mother of invention. The average pioneer was unable to afford



Dependable Jack and Jenny.



Top buggy.



Off to the races.



A winter sleigh ride.



Ox Power.



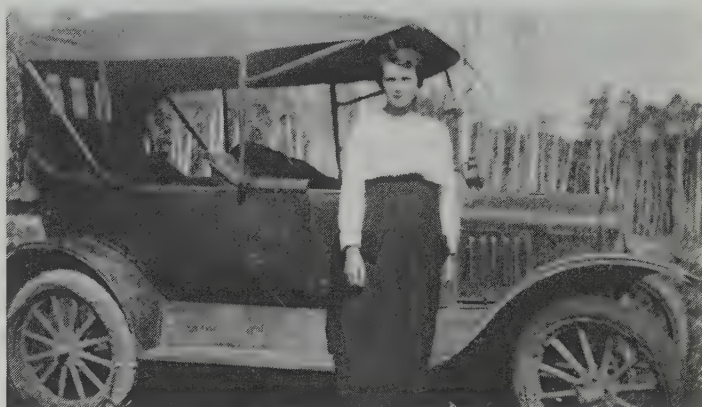
On the way to school.



MacGillivray's Model T.



Time out for repairs.



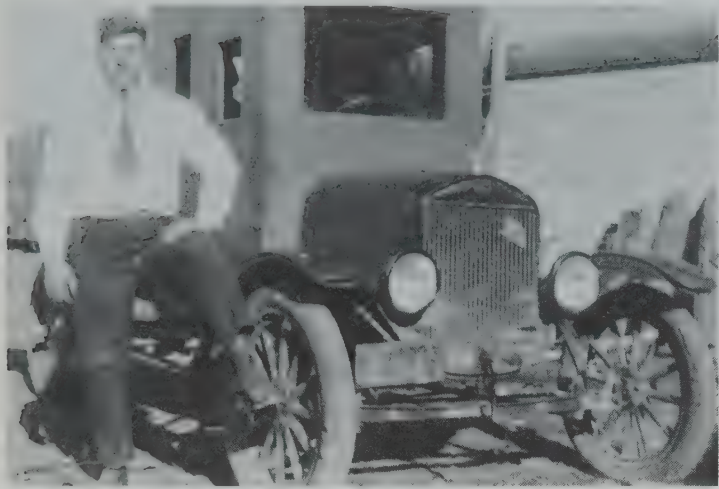
An early luxury model.



Mush!



Paul Slipchuk's Hudson.



A modified version — Louis Chouinard.

gas, so the people who owned a “horseless carriage” were forced to convert it to a buggy that was powered by real horsepower. Sometimes a stove replaced the motor in the car and the owner travelled in style with a built in heater. Since Mr. Bennet was the Prime Minister at that time, the resulting buggy was named after him.

Despite the difficulties and discomforts of travel during the early days, the pioneer still tended to his business and was usually present at most social gatherings as well.

Lumbering by Sharon Fersovitch

With the abundance of trees in this homestead area it was only natural that many of the homesteaders would try their hand at lumbering. Firstly it was a way to provide themselves with building material and secondly it was a sure means to add to their income. Not every individual owned a sawmill, but anyone who held a piece of land could obtain a farmer’s permit, cut the trees and hire someone with a mill to custom saw his timber for him. Some individuals who had equipment could obtain larger stands of timber known as berths, for which one paid a consid-



Lumber camp at Fox Lake.

erable amount of money more than for a farmer’s permit.

Without the availability of many machines, manual labor was used extensively. Two men were used to fell the trees with cross-cut saws or a single man could use a swede saw. First of all he would notch the tree on the side he wished it to fall and then he would proceed to saw it down from the opposite side. Once the tree was felled, it would then be sawed into log lengths and these lengths then were skidded to the road with the use of a single horse. Here men would load them by hand, onto a sleigh and haul them to the



Skidding logs.

mill site where they were unloaded into decks. The logs could be rolled up to the top of a deck with the use of hand sticks. When it was time for the logs to be used from the decks they would have to be reloaded onto a sleigh and hauled to the skidway where they were again unloaded. Here one man had the job of rolling the logs within reach of the cantor and sawyer.



The work of a sawyer.

Power to drive the saw blade came from the steamer and later on the tractor. Men at the end of the saw blade sorted and piled the lumber while other men shovelled the sawdust away by hand or they may have used a horse and scraper to move it further away.

Slabs were also sorted and removed, some to be used for fence material or shelters and the rest to be burned.

Remembering A Daydream

Florence Matthews

There's a little cabin in the woods
that once knew sadness and joy.
Family and friends have long since gone,
Remembering, again makes me a boy.

Climbing down from the upper loft
where I slept on a mattress of hay.
I tiptoe past the big old stove
and go out to start the day.

There is the wood to chop
and the cows to get,
but I think I'll climb that tree
and survey all my kingdom
before Pa catches me.

There is my own private moat,
that surrounds my castle home.
Do you see my handsome gallant steed
pawing impatiently at the loam.

Ah, now my Pa is calling me
through the branches I can peek.
I better feed the old gray mule
and water her from the creek.





Sawing logs with steamer.

A Cook was employed to feed the men and it was no easy task without all the modern conveniences of today. Water had to be brought in as well as wood for the stove. Every item served had to be made from scratch. Some early lumber men can attest to the difficult feat of keeping someone around to cook for their crew. Many of the wives contributed to this venture as well. They were left behind to care for the livestock and the families as well as do the baking to give the cook at camp a break.

Gradually machines replaced a great deal of the man power. As improvements in the lifestyle came,



Railway ties — Pete Twerdohlib, Louis Galick, Nick Twerdohlib and Nick Panas.



Galick Sawmill at Fox Lake.

fewer men chose to go lumbering and in time the forests themselves were well harvested so that fewer permits were given. Today many of our old timers look at modern lumbering and are astonished to see the drastic changes in that industry.



They don't make 'em like they used to. — Pete Procinsky.

Winter Tie Camp as told to Florence Matthews

The Winter Tie Camp of 1928 and 1929 was a big operation in this district. A man by the name of Cinnamon headed up the production of railway ties on the Sandy River four miles from the mouth of the Beaver River. Land was leased from which to cut trees for the ties.

The camp itself was quite a set up. There was a cook house, an office, a large barn for approximately sixty head of horses and a blacksmith shop for shoeing the horses.

About fifty to sixty men were employed at several different tasks. Many of our local people found work there. Trees were felled, skidded, peeled, and loaded. They were cut into ties and each tie was hued. The road from the camp to Franchere where the ties were taken to the railroad was kept iced to make the way easier to pull the sleighs. One man was kept busy with a big water tank on a sleigh watering down the road. The tank was filled at the river and again at Moose Creek by an ingenious method of letting down a barrel on pulleys using 'horse-power'.

There was also a 'half-way camp' at Moose Creek which included a barn, cookhouse and bunkhouse. There the tie haulers could feed and rest their horses and get some well earned sleep for themselves.

Most of the work was done the first year in 1928 but the following winter some of the men returned to finish up the job.

During the mid-thirties another camp was in operation, thought to be managed by a man by the name



Happy Days! — part of the crew that stayed on for the summer.

of Clark. This time the ties were floated down the Beaver River and taken out at Beaver Crossing.

Canadian Sunday School Mission submitted by S. Fersovitch

Since 1927 the Canadian Sunday School Mission has been reaching out primarily to boys and girls and youth in the otherwise unreached areas of Canada. Local Sunday Schools, Vacation Bible Schools, Bible Camps, Bible Correspondence Courses and

Memorization of the Word of God are their main approaches to presenting the message of Christ's redeeming love. The mission believes that every person should have the privilege of hearing that God loves them, that Christ died for them and that eternal life is available to each of them through the finished work of Christ on Calvary.

The founder of the mission, who was doing a work on skid row, felt that rather than doing a work among individuals who had ruined their lives, how much better it would be to give them the right perspective on life while they were still young and had not abused themselves with sinful habits. The scripture made it plain that God desired this reaching out to children. Matthew 18:14, "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Canadian Sunday School Mission Work among the children and youth in the Forest Stream School area began in the early forties upon the invitation of Nick and Bessie Sherstan. Henry Muddle was the Superintendent of the Mission at that time and made a trip up to the area in the winter of 1942. He held several gospel meetings in different schools and had Rev. Harbarenko translate the messages into the Ukrainian language in the districts where the people were mostly Ukrainian. Some souls were saved and the work grew. Meetings were held at Garth, Willow Trail, Rat Lake, Iron River and in other nearby districts.



Camp meeting at Jackfish Lake.

In the year of 1943 it was decided that Jackfish Lake — now Manatokan — would be an ideal spot for a Bible Camp for the local young folks who did not have an opportunity for vacations or even sports. The mission set up tents for meetings and sleeping quarters. The back of the meeting tent was the kitchen! Since most of the farmers were busy haying at camp time, the children were glad when it rained so they could leave home and the haying and come to the meetings. Although the Camp site has moved to Whitney Lake, the children from the Iron River and Garth and La Corey areas still have the opportunity to attend the CSSM Bible Camp. The emphasis at these camps remains the same as in the early '40's: instruction in God's Word along with time spent in the outdoors.

As a result of this type of Christian work in the area, quite a number of the young people came to Bible School. Mr. Muddle recalls one particular meeting he held in a school where he spoke on the subject of "The Three Fools" mentioned in the Bible. The Fool who said there is no God, the Fool who said he would pull down his barns and build larger ones in which to store all his goods, and the Apostle Paul who said he was a Fool for Christ's sake. The Word of God touched the heart of the school teacher there and he accepted the Lord Jesus that night and is still living for the Lord.



Sunday School in the Merton area.

Various workers followed Frances Zaccaglini who was sent up by the mission in the spring of 1942. Some of these were" Verna Henderson, Joan Gray, Alice Leidke, Olie Walde, Axel Swanson, to mention only a few. Others were there for shorter periods of time, or for Vacation Bible Schools, but all made their mark in the lives of those they met and ministered to.

In more recent years Vacation Bible School has been held at the Garth Ukrainian Evangelical Church usually under the direction of the Canadian Sunday School Mission worker from the Bonnyville Fellowship Chapel. Tom and Jewell Colley undertook this work in 1965, 1966, 1967. Mary Modricker and Donna Berck, Cliff Pederson, Bob Koehn, Sam Gibson and Orval Janz have been some other summer workers in recent years. Of real interest was the school held in 1979 where Larry Heather CSSM worker organized a Bible Times Supper for the children, parents and their friends at the conclusion of the school. Only foods eaten during the New Testament times were prepared by ladies who are interested in the work.

Each year people from the local community help in the summer program of the CSSM either at camp or Vacation Bible School. Many of these are from families of young folks who were won for Christ in those early days of mission work. Only Eternity will reveal all the good that has and is being accomplished through the work of the Canadian Sunday School Mission in cooperation with the Church at Garth and other interested individuals.

To God be the Glory Zaccaglini, Frances

Garth, Alberta. March 1942. Where was that? Who ever heard of Garth? But there was the letter, addressed to the Canadian Sunday School Mission office in Three Hills, and holding in its lines a sincere plea for help. Did the mission have a young person willing to come to this out of the way place to babysit, keep house for a family of four and do gospel work among the young folks? The writer could not promise a salary, just room and board. So began the work of the C.S.S.M. in this area in English.

In English? Yes, those dear Ukrainian folk had worshipped the Lord for some twelve to fifteen years in their own tongue, rejoicing in their new found religious liberty; but now the youth needed further teaching and greater challenge to follow the Lord.

I arrived in Bonnyville by train in April 1942: cold, frozen ruts, ice, and thirty miles from my destination. I was met by the Kolebas' of Iron River, and their home was my home for the night, that is, after twenty miles of rough wagon ride. Now this was a regular occurrence for my new friends, but I had come from town, had little contact with the outside world and had had a very strict and sheltered upbringing. God had enrolled me in a new school and I was not aware of all the subjects in His curriculum.

When settled in at Garth with the Nick Sherstan's (now the John Fersovitch place) there was no idle moment. The home duties took much of my time but

there were also Sunday School classes, Young People's Meetings, Vacation Bible School and some visitation. All this travel was accomplished on foot, of course. When a Sunday School was begun at Sandy Rapids School that summer, Mr. Sherstan kindly hitched up his team to the wagon and turned us loose. It was just that, for we had never driven horses before.



In the service of the King — Joan Gray and Frances Zaccaglini.

During that first summer Murdeen Malvor had joined me. When she left that fall, Polly Keller was my helper for the winter. Come spring, Miss Keller left and Marie Carlo came to be with me for the summer. At this time we moved to Willow Trail and lived in Omilian's summer kitchen.

Now summer in a summer kitchen is fine, but come winter and it was not too summery. However, it was "home", and the friendliness across the yard made it warmer. The Omilian's pigs' water was always heated on the stove there, so the boys kept lots of wood in my box and the stove was kept roaring,

except at night, when the frost gathered thick on the walls and I found it necessary to scrape them down in the morning, and shovel the frost outside so I was not flooded out when the fire got going again.

Yes, I was in the school of learning. I learned that a bright sunny day in the winter is not warm, but probably one of the coldest days one could experience. I learned that I could not trust my sense of direction: this after wandering in a circle for three or four hours and then ending up where I had started. I learned that itchy patches on my body were not from bed bugs, fleas, lice, or even mosquitoes (tho' there were hordes of these) but simply from eating too many eggs when meat was a rare delicacy. And then, much to my chagrin, I learned that thriftiness in the midst of poverty does not include pouring half a pail of water back down the well when the kitchen pail is full.

Spring 1944, and another move. To Koleba's this time. From there the Merton and Churchvelt schools were also reached with Sunday School, Bible Classes during school hours, and vacation Bible Schools.

With the expansion of the work, Mr. Sherstan was led to purchase a house from Mike Kyrzanowski and moved it to a two acre plot on the corner of Lyman Harper's land (now Wakulchyk's) which he also bought. By this time Joan Gray had joined me (May 1944) and we became the proud drivers of a horse and buggy, also a donation from the Sherstan's.

It was that same summer (1944) that we were joined by Verda Henderson and Alice Leidke. In order to reach farther afield we worked in opposite directions; Alice and Verda going north and west, Joan and I going south and east, enabling us to add Dupre' area to our travels and contacts. During this time Lessard, Rat Lake and Half Moon Lake schools were also touched with the gospel.

Another avenue through which we aimed on reaching hearts for God was the camp work, the first being held in 1943 at Jackfish Lake (now Manatokan). We had a beautiful spot among the pines that once stood five hundred yards south and east of the present government picnic shelter. Now according to the standards of present day camping, our first camps would rank very high and be of special calibre: nothing less than a Wilderness Camp. Well used tents the Canadian Sunday School Mission had purchased from the Wainwright Army Base were sleeping quarters, and one tent served as kitchen and meeting tent. Actually the cook stove was outside except when it rained. Mrs. Sherstan emptied her kitchen of dishes, pots, pans, stove, and anything else needed. Food was bit of a problem, various friends brought a few vegetables, bread etc. and most of the meat was fish from the nearby lake. In fact the children were able to

catch some of the fish near the shore with their hands. One treat was led to camp behind a wagon one day, a lamb, donated by Nester Sawchuk. Campers were from nearby communities only, and were not many in number, but the Lord was there and souls were reached for Him.

Verda Henderson spent six years in China. She married during this time. In 1952 they were evacuated. They then went to Thailand and are still serving the Lord there. Alice Leidke went to South Africa about 1947 and is still there as far as we know. Murdeen McIvor went to Haiti about 1943, served over twenty years there and then returned home with cancer. She now resides in Calgary.

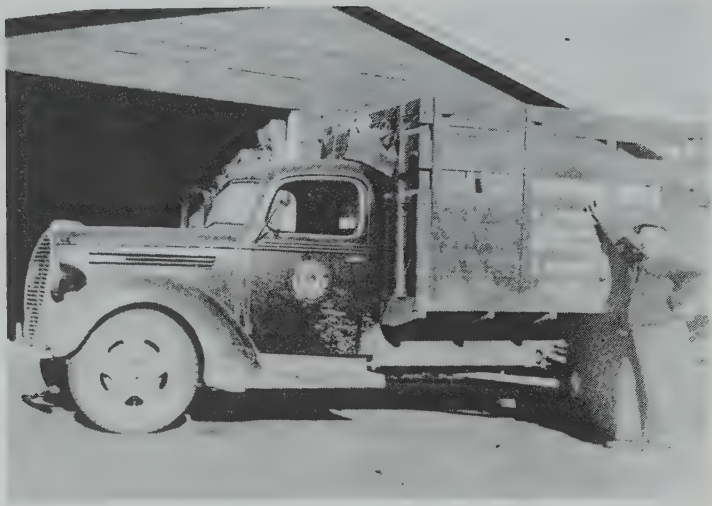
Many would ask, "Why would young single women waste their time going around trying to teach religion to groups of poor farm kids?" First of all we would answer: It is not just religion. It is relating time and eternity; it is bringing the Person of Christ to the hearts and homes of eternal souls. The children and young folks of those days have grown, married, and many have graduated to being grandparents. Some of these have followed in the steps of their forefathers in worshipping and serving the Lord. What a reward it is to see them honouring Him. Because of this it is not a waste of time.

And now we can say "we have made the rounds." We (Joan Gray is still with me) left Iron River area in the fall of 1945, have moved about ten times and have now returned to the same "north country" to continue the same rewarding work of proclaiming the same life giving message that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

God's Horizons

Joan Gray

As tales of history unfold
And exploits of the past,
Of search for home and land and gold,
As yeas rolled by so fast,
There's yet another tale to tell
To those who read these pages:
Accounts that faith and hope expel
In young folks and the sages.
The tale's of those with eyes unsealed
Behind their God supreme
Whose hearts reached out, strong will to yield
To God's; and thus their dream
Of home and friendly neighborhood,
Desires to gain and thrive
Gave to both man and womanhood
The zeal and power to drive.
Long days of toil and restless night
Of worry, fret and fear
Were soothed, rewarded by the night
They found in Christ so near,
'Twas oft mid trial or deepest loss
They turned their eyes above
And knew the sifting of their dross,
The training of His love.
Not all throughout the years gone by
Have found in Him their peace;
Praise God for those who fate defied:
"By God is my increase!"
On, on they toiled, forgettig not
That God was on the side
Of those who kept their eyes on Him,
And followed in His stride.



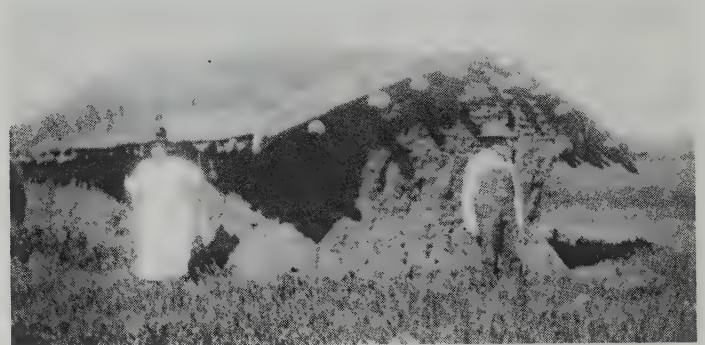
The freight hauler.



Thresher run by gas engine, 1921.



Catechism in Mr. Ed Galick's home.



Mr. and Mrs. Vego Peterson by homestead shack.



Frank Norgren.



Fred Hattebuhr and Isadore Cardinal, with food for the table.

The War Years

The Red Patch

Thomas Phelan

To Wild and rampant, the motions to tame,
as letter by letter forming the name
The Forty-Ninth Edmonton Regiment it read,
when the mud was removed from the sleeve of the dead.

It brought shock, anger, hate and shame
to see trampled there, his own patch of fame.
But who could soil or who could match
the glory and the fame of the bright red patch.

Far across the sea from the land of the free
The "Red Devils" they were named by the "Hun,"
Proved there was no place for a super race
In a world made for everyone.
The German Elite went down to defeat
In Ortona while counting their dead.
They were no match for the bright Red Patch —
A colour they soon came to dread.



May God forgive such vanity and pride
how nearly forgotten is he who has died.
Oh God, what of his Father and Mother
a sweet little sister, a proud young brother.
they will never know and, no one will tell
just how or where or when he fell.
But sealed in my soul to eternal pain
are two staring eyes in the falling rain.
So now here we stand on Armistice Day,
some watch with pride, others kneel and pray,
For me, just a memory that will always remain,
of two staring eyes in the falling rain.

CANADA NEEDS YOU



The War Years

by Florence Matthews

In June, 1914 events began that touched off World War I. This conflict lasted more than four years. It involved more than thirty nations and claimed more than twenty million lives, military and civilian. This war cost billions of dollars, ravaged Europe, and sowed the seeds of World War II.

With the signing of Armistice in 1918, the world thought peace was at hand. World War I was called the war to end wars. It left the nations of the world exhausted and owing tremendous war debts. Germany, close to economic collapse turned in desperation to a man who promised to save Germany and avenge its defeat — Adolph Hitler.

Soon Europe was swept into another world war. On September 3, 1939 Canada joined Great Britain and France in the war against Germany.

World War II was the most widespread and destructive war in history. It lasted six years and eventually included all the great powers and most of the smaller nations of the world. The chief antagonists were Germany, Italy, and Japan, known as the Axis Powers. On the other side were the United States,

Great Britain, the Soviet Union, France and China, known as the Allies. The cost of the war in death, suffering, and property destruction was enormous. There were over sixteen million battle deaths and at least as many civilians lost their lives.

To Our Loved Ones Who Served In The Armed Forces

Who were those brave souls who went away to serve their country?



Overlooking the English Channel. A German fortification built of cement, camouflaged to appear as a home.

We know that they were someone's sons, daughters, brothers, sisters or husbands of those they left behind.

We, at home, experienced many emotions and many hardships to have them leave us.

How proud we were of them in their new uniforms!

But, when they were gone, our hearts were filled with loneliness, and we prayed for their safe return.



Transporting soldiers to England. Note: crowded conditions.



Christmas greeting card issued to soldiers for loved ones.

THE KING'S MESSAGE

To-day we give thanks to God for a great deliverance.

Speaking from our Empire's oldest capital city, war-battered but never for one moment daunted or dismayed—speaking from London, I ask you to join with me in that act of thanksgiving.

Germany, the enemy who drove all Europe into war, has been finally overcome. In the Far East we have yet to deal with the Japanese, a determined and cruel foe. To this we shall turn with the utmost resolve and with all our resources.

But at this hour, when the dreadful shadow of war has passed far from our hearths and homes in these islands, we may at last make one pause for thanksgiving, and then turn our thoughts to the tasks all over the world which peace in Europe brings with it.

Let us remember those who will not come back; their constancy and courage in battle, their sacrifice and endurance in the face of a merciless enemy; let us remember the men in all the Services, and the women in all the Services, who have laid down their lives. We have come to the end of our tribulation, and they are not with us at the moment of our rejoicing.

Then let us salute in proud gratitude the great host of the living who have brought us to victory. I cannot praise them to the measure of each one's service, for in a total war the efforts of all rise to the same noble height and all are devoted to the common purpose. Armed or unarmed, men and women, you have fought and striven and endured to your utmost. No one knows that better than I do; and as your King I thank with a full heart those who bore arms so valiantly on land and sea, or in the air; and all civilians who, shouldering their many burdens, have carried them unflinchingly and without complaint.

With those memories in our minds, let us think what it was that has upheld us through nearly six years of suffering and peril. The knowledge that everything was at stake—our freedom, our independence, our very existence as a people—but the knowledge also that in defending ourselves we were defending the liberties of the whole world; that our cause was the cause not of this nation only, not of this Empire and Commonwealth only, but of every land where freedom is cherished and law and liberty go hand-in-hand.

In the darkest hours we knew that the enslaved and isolated peoples of Europe looked to us: their hopes were our hopes; their confidence confirmed our faith. We knew that if we failed the last remaining barrier against a world-wide tyranny would have fallen in ruins. But we did not fail. We kept faith with ourselves and with one another: we kept faith and unity with our great Allies.

That faith, that unity, have carried us to victory through dangers which at times seemed overwhelming.

So let us resolve to bring to the tasks which lie ahead the same high confidence in our mission. Much hard work awaits us, both in the restoration of our own country after the ravages of war and in helping to restore peace and sanity to a shattered world.

This comes upon us at a time when we have all given of our best. For five long years and more, heart and brain, nerve and muscle have been directed upon the overthrow of Nazi tyranny. Now we turn, fortified by success, to deal with our last remaining foe. The Queen and I know the ordeals which you have endured throughout the Commonwealth and Empire. We are proud to have shared some of these ordeals with you, and we know also that together we shall all face the future with stern resolve and prove that our reserves of will-power and vitality are inexhaustible.

There is great comfort in the thought that the years of darkness and danger in which the children of our country have grown up are over—and, please God, for ever. We shall have failed, and the blood of our dearest will have flowed in vain, if the victory which they died to win does not lead to a lasting peace, founded on justice and good will. To that, then, let us turn our thoughts on this day of just triumph and proud sorrow; and then take up our work again, resolved as a people to do nothing unworthy of those who died for us, and to make the world such a world as they would have desired for their children and for ours.

This is the task to which now honour binds us. In the hour of danger we humbly committed our cause into the Hand of God, and He has been our Strength and Shield. Let us thank Him for His mercies, and in this hour of victory commit ourselves and our new task to the guidance of that same strong Hand.

Message.





Memorial service at cemetery of soldiers killed at Dieppe, France in 1942.



Soldier camp during War I.



Camp at Dundurn camp.

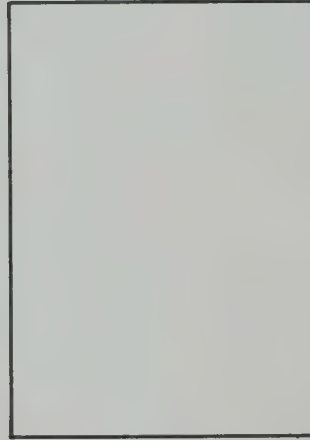
World War I



Hugh Harrington (War I). r I)



Ernest Hinecker (War I)



Tom Johnson (War I).



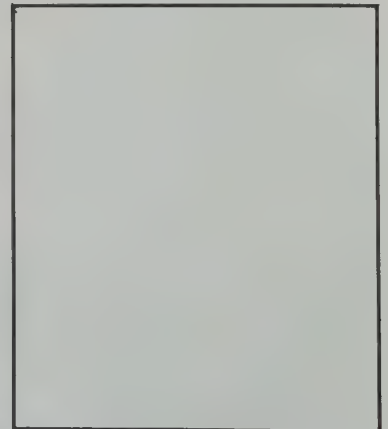
Frank Lambert (War I).



Robert MacGillivray (War I)



Wellington McDermott with his sons, Bill and Fred. Wellington served in Wars I and II.



Frank Norgren (War I).



James Phelan.



Clifford Ruhl (War I).



Hayward Taylor (War I).

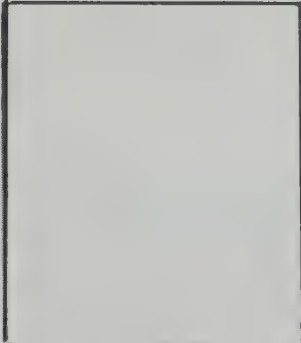
World War II



Bernard Beaudry.



Ed Beaudry.



Fred Behrens.



Oliver Berg.



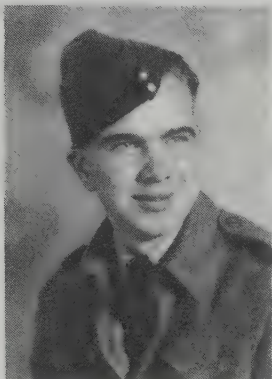
Edward Biex.



Gaylord Biex.



Walter Biex.



Oscar Branstrom.



Leo Broski.



Michael Broski (was P.O.W. in Germany).



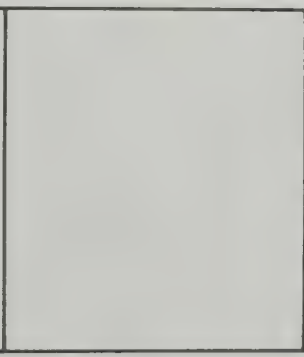
Bert Cabana.



Isadore Cardinal.



Jerry Cardinal.



John Cardinal.



Ann Cholik.



Mable Cheaters.



Helen Cholik.



Thomas Cholik.



John and Jim Chapko.



Harold Davies.



Jack Davis.



George Dayton.



Harold Dayton.



Harry Farrer.



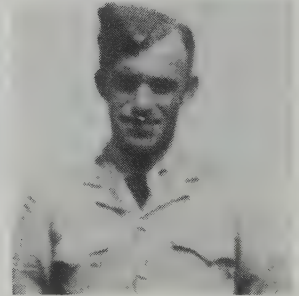
Ann Fretz.



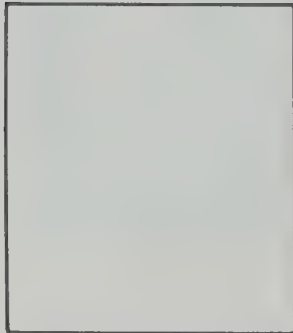
Nick Fretz.



Rudolph Frohlich.



Steve Galick.



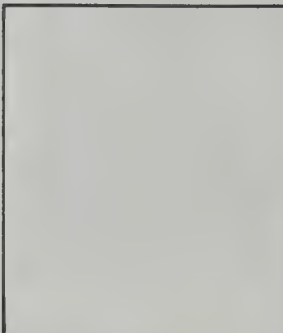
George Grant.



Walter Guelko (missing in action).



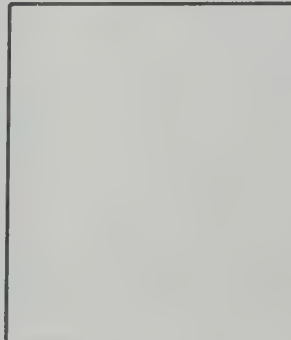
Stan Hallsall. Myles Hargrove.



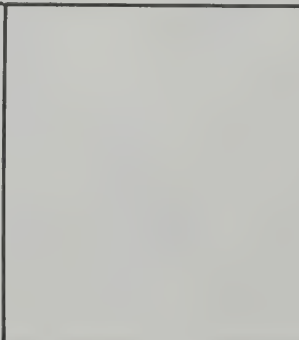
Mike Hochachka.



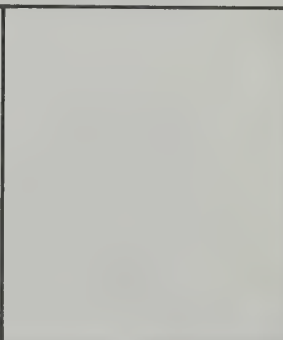
Stanley Hinecker.



Frank Hood.



Blythe Jensen.



Jack Jensen.



Alex Kalinsky.



Peter Kicia.



Aage Knudsen.



John Kruhlak.



Dave LaVear.



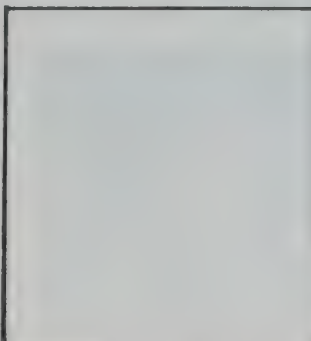
Lawrence Leonard.



Peter Lukinuk.



Jessie MacGillivray.



Norman (Curly) MacKinley.



Bill and Fred McDermott.



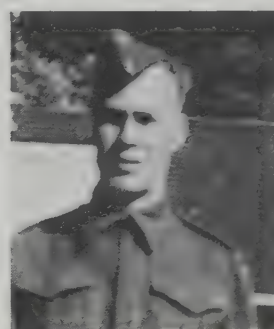
John McGregor.



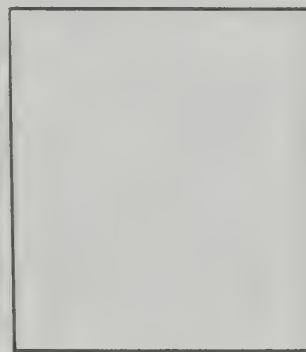
Robert McGregor.



William McGregor.



Vernon Mathes.



Everett Morton.



Gerald Newlove.



Wayne Palmer.



Brunis Palsat.



John Panas.



Bill Panas.



Bill Pasos.



William Pelech.



Archie Peters.



Paul Petryshyn.



Michel Phelan.



John Phelan.



Patrick Phelan.



Peter Phelan.



Tom Phelan.



Antoine (Tony) Remillard.



Paul Remillard.



Jacques Remillard.



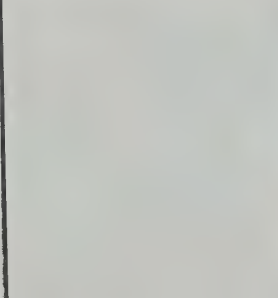
Art Rogers.



Jim Roth.



Gilbert Scott (War I)



Roman Shiller.



Walter Slawuta.



Alex Slipchuk.



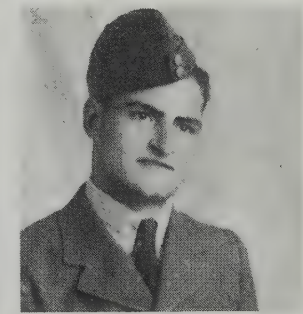
Ole Solberg.



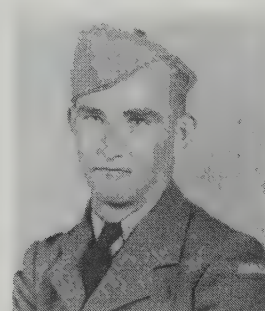
William Tollefson.



Nick Twerdohlib.



Carl Webster.



Earl Webster.



Anton Yadowski.

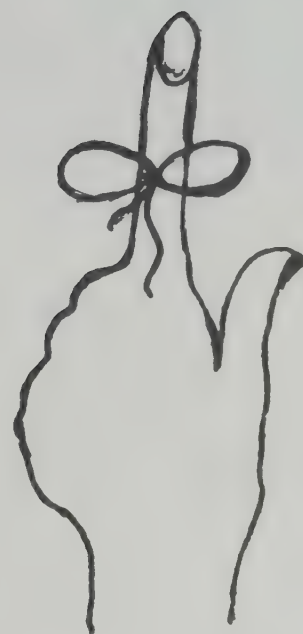


Josh Young.

Remember When

REMEMBER
WHEN

REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL WERE YOUNG,
THE THINGS WE DID AND SAID.
IT WILL BE FUN TO LOOK BACK NOW,
AT THE KIND OF LIFE WE LED.



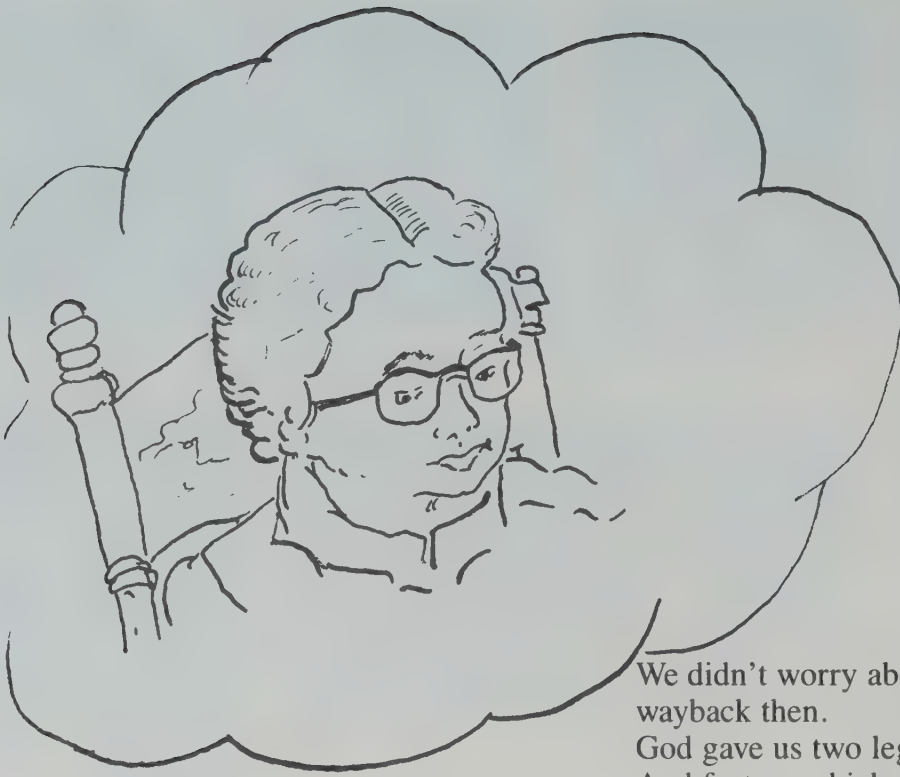
Reminiscences of Louis Martin

"People already settled in our area north of the Beaver River before we arrived were not numerous, and mostly bachelors of Scandinavian descent.

Our nearest neighbor was an ex-sailor, Ed Wyatt, who lived one fourth mile west. He was five feet tall, 98 pounds. His greeting for everybody was a booming "Hello, Mate." He was an accomplished musician and a champion tea drinker. He was a fairly good well digger, and like the oil seekers nine out of ten wells were dry holes. He always started an ambitious sized bore that tapered away to a point, like a sharpened fence post, and almost always ended on a large boulder.

Living with Ed was his protege, a teenager Grant Turner, a remittance man from India. He was a likeable well mannered youth. (A remittance man is a person whose parents or some moneyed person regularly sent money for his board and room. Turner's folks were English.) He learned how to handle oxen, cut and sharpen fence posts, and collect postage stamps. When his term with Ed was over he moved on.

Then one mile west was Ben Young, an agreeable contented man who showed no interest in other people's problems. He seemed to know what he was talking about but was not cut out to be a farmer and soon disappeared.



Remembering

Jackie MacGillivray

The days of the pioneer
Have long since fled.

As I sit here reminiscing
Memories come to my head
Of those days long gone by.

The things I hold dear.

Oh, the life of the pioneer!

When I was a girl
Some seventy years ago,

It was not like today

I'd like you to knOw.

We enjoyed livin'

Without much fear.

Those were the days of the pioneer.

We didn't worry about wheels
wayback then.

God gave us two legs,

And feet on which to stand.

In this natural way,

We journeyed far and near.

Two strong legs had the pioneer.

Our plumbing back then

Was behind the shack

In a little hut,



A two holer, outback.

In winter, a cold place

To sit, I fear;

But he was hardy, the pioneer.

The Eatons catalogue

Hung on the wall.

It was not there for readin

I can tell you all.

Sometimes we glanced

At the clothes we would wear.

This was only a dream of a pioneer.

The pages disappeared

They very quickly flew;

They were used by visitors

And family members too.

When father would holler,

You would just disappear

Enough sittin', for this pioneer.



Our fuel it came

From the bush out back.

It took much wood

To warm our shack.

Cutting wood was a job

I did not hold dear,

But, I was a child of a pioneer.

There were eight of us

Livin' in a 'twelve by ten'

It was made of logs,

Chinked with moss in between;

But, it was home

And we loved living there.,

In the humble house of a pioneer.

The years have gone by

Since I was young.

The fun times, the hard times,

The songs that were sung.

The many small things,

That to me are so dear;

I'm proud that I was a pioneer.

One and one-half miles south was Ole Wikstrom, the kindest man of all, always there to give a helping hand. Everybody owed him a lot more than they knew. With hard work he became a successful farmer and cattleman. He was a good carpenter. God bless him.

With Ole lived his brother Andrew, a handsome specimen of physical fitness. Like his brother he was expert at log building construction, most expert with a broad axe. He was an expert skier also and always sang as he glided along. Sadly he became mentally ill and passed on at an early age.

Living with Ole and Andrew was Charlie Branstrom, a happy boisterous man. A joker and a prankster he could be counted on to lend a helping hand and to cheer up the most depressed. He proved to be most durable and was able to make a decent living farming.

The fourth person living with Ole was Victor Lundmark, a very tall silent intelligent man. He was a millwright, knew everything about sawmills and machinery. He was soon gone to something more profitable than homesteading. (He was Ole's cousin.)

Two and a half miles west was Jim Byford, a bluff Londoner who spent all his waking hours telling himself or anyone else listening of all the great things he would do. He was honest and could be counted on to encourage his overworked neighbors to work harder. As he grew older and his plans remained a dream he turned to religion and was successful in this. He died convinced of a job well done.

North of Jim one mile lived John Carlson, the most colorful fellow ever. Anything he attempted was "Boom, boom", and done. He was a successful trapper and fairly successful in farming. He was all over the countryside. Most people would have liked to do their work as he did, but did not have that much energy. He died quite young, more is the pity.

John Carlson had a wife (no children) she was the soul of kindness and welcomed all visitors and promptly would fill them to the bursting point with good food. Then she would worry that they might not make it home because they had eaten so little.

Two miles northeast was Bill Hughes, a cantankerous fellow. He spent most of his time thinking up schemes to make his neighbors as unhappy as he was, but he never succeeded. He said he would leave this !!!!! etc., etc., mosquito infested country and go home as soon as all Englishmen and churches were pushed into the Irish Sea. He never made it home, did he?

Wilfred Carrier lived two and one half miles northeast, a well dressed hard working man. He lived well and unlike most of the other settlers he always had money in his pocket. He was very good compa-

ny, and gave encouragement along the way. He was one of the first to gain patent to his quarter of land.

The 12 people listed above were our nearest neighbors.

Mr. Martin made some interesting observations.

Each area had "its guardian angel". In the Merton area was Ole Wickstrom. During the flu epidemic Ole would do neighbors' chores, see that they were provided with groceries and medicine and do his own chores. "One of the kindest men I have ever known".

Iron River had Charlie Carlson. He was always willing to help out. Everybody liked him.

The Lessard area had Steve Scott. Always willing to help others, Steve Scott did much to promote all types of community projects. Enough can't be said of Steve's contributions.

Where Iron River comes out of Jackfish Lake there was a village of five Indian cabins. Here lived Jim Banks and his wife. Jim Banks had a club foot.

Corbett Piche was an Indian living in this area. During the Frog Lake Massacre he is credited with saving the lives of the factor's three daughters and seeing that they got safely home. As Mr. Martin said, "A truly wonderful Indian."

The Great Rainstorm of the Sixties

A day in June, 1962 dawned bright, warm and dry. Little rain had been received in the month of June and it looked like another scorching day of heat. In the early afternoon clouds darkened the western horizon. Everyone hoped these would not just float overhead without depositing some much needed moisture. Suddenly raindrops started to fall. The drops soon became a torrent. Visibility was reduced to mere feet. Hollows were soon filled with water and joined to make small lakes in fields and yards. Bill Peters had left his tractor in the almost dry dugout to pump water to the garden. When the rain had subsided, Bill, to his dismay, viewed the top of the exhaust pipe sticking out of a dugout now filled to



High tide at Beaver River, 1956.

overflowing. Water levels in rivers and lakes rose drastically flooding much of the surrounding area. Approximately four inches of rain fell in one hour's time.

Friendship

written by Pat McDermott

As a tribute to my life long friend, Sarah Shaffer of nearly sixty years who moved to Iron River in 1921. My family came to Iron River in 1920. We went to school, danced, swam and skated together until we were both married. Since then we get together and hash over old times and have a good laugh over some of the foolish things we did.



Pat McDermott and Sarah Shaffer.

Some of the old-timers I think should be mentioned in the Iron River story are as follows: Vego and Esther Peterson who owned the General Store and Post Office. On mail days, especially, this was quite a gathering place for the young folks. This building was heated with an air-tight heater. On one occasion, one young fellow threw a handful of shells in the stove. This caused quite a commotion in the store when they started to explode. The air was blue in more ways than one as some people can't take a joke.

Two bachelors who lived there were Bill and Jake Reedy. You were always welcome to come in there and warm up, usually with a cup of hot coffee and a lunch. Jake was cook and used fifty pounds of flour at a time which he baked into bread which was delicious.

In 1926, Mrs. Mable S. Shaffer went across the Sandy and Beaver Rivers to reach Maloy where she was going to pick up a two year old bull from Bob Cole. Upon reaching his place and picking up the bull she headed back about three in the afternoon. With her she had her two youngest children Ivy and Beulah. On their way home, they came upon a huge forest fire wherein the ropes and blankets caught fire. Soon the hay where the children were sitting caught fire. When Mrs. Shaffer reached the Sandy River, she stopped the wagon and while holding the bull, she smothered fire with sand all the while crying to the children that their father, Mr. Charlie Shaffer, would soon come to them. He did come and took his badly burnt wife and two children home to safety.

written by Mrs. Sarah Shaffer Davis

Remember When . . .

I remember four little kids, two, four, six and eight that lived alone with their mother. She had to go to the post office, four and a half miles away. She left the kids to play around the house (there was no fire, being summer) until she got home, nine miles there and back. The kids got bored, thought they were hungry and never getting any candy, they proceeded to mix butter, sugar, and cinnamon together and eat it. It likely would not have been to bad, but each one wanted their own dish and after a while all the dishes were smeared with the stuff. Rather hard on the butter and sugar. The four year old boy lugged an old buffalo head full of dirt into the house and chopped it up. Why in the house, I don't know, likely because it was a bigger thrill because he knew it was wrong. The place looked like a riot had struck when the mother came home. She was tired from walking nine miles and very discouraged when she saw the condition of the house. She sat down and ate all five chocolate bars that she had brought with her. Not all five she gave the youngest boy one. She said it wasn't his fault anything had been done. She applied the punishment hardest felt by children who very seldom saw candy and butter, sugar and cinnamon is a poor substitute for a chocolate bar.

I remember one evening when we were small, Anton Anderson brought our mail and with it a parcel from our Aunt in Ontario. While we were going through the parcel, the poor fellow was standing to one side. My dad took out a chocolate box. Taking the lid off without looking inside, he offered the box to Anton, saying, "Have one." Seeing the odd look, my dad looked belatedly in the box. There lay five little celluloid dolls with bathing suits painted on, one blue, one green, one pink, one yellow and one red. Were they ever embarrassed!

I have always disliked the habit of saying, "come

in if your nose is clean” when someone comes to the door. I think it is the memory of one night, I was quite small but was carrying in wood after dark. I went out, a knock came to the door, Dad thought it was me and said, “Come in if your nose is clean.” There was a blast like a trumpet and Johnny Batke walked in. I’ll always remember my dad’s embarrassed laugh and Johnny’s hearty “Ha ha” when I came in. I then decided never to do that.

Another woman I remember had a similar experience. Her little girl was amusing herself while the mother was ironing. She would knock at the open door, her mother would say “come in Sweetheart”, she would come in, get a kiss, run out and do it over again. A knock came, she said, “Come in Sweetheart”, there was a pause, she said, “Don’t you want your kiss?” There was another pause and she turned around and there stood a big Indian man, grinning from ear to ear. She wanted to drop through the floor but had to try to explain to the man, an absolute stranger, how it was.

We had a wild cow my dad had bought at a sale. They had to rope her and tie her down to get her home but she had very good calves. When it was time to wean the calves they would drive the cow and calf into the corral, get the calf in the barn, open the gate to let the terrified cow free. I was six, my sister, four and my brother, two, the year I remember. We were to stay in the house and we were to see that our brother stayed with us. How we could keep a headstrong two year old from doing what he wanted is beyond me. He went to the barn and got to the corral gate just as the cow got there. We were scared, so were mom and dad. The cow stopped so fast, her hind feet flew way up, her neck stretched until her face was about six inches from Carl’s face and she gave a loud beller as she swung to the side and made for the pasture. My brother gave a beller too then as mom and dad reached him. It all happened so quickly but it is something I’ll never forget.

All Was Not Roses (Even Then)

A new frontier seems to attract the nefarious characters as well as the industrious. One of the neighbors was one of the first kind. The Indians called him Black Heart. When they were living in the village this Black Heart and his partner would come over in the evenings to play cards. He had little gestures to show what suit he had. Minnie wondered if he thought they were too stupid to see through him. He had gotten himself a coat like Harry’s and wanted a pair of overshoes like his (he would leave the same tracks) but the man sent to get them said he could not find any. One day he came to borrow the tub and axe

from Minnie as he had a moose and wanted to bring the meat home. Later Minnie looked out and saw the tub and axe leaning against the wall all bloody. She wondered why he brought them back without cleaning them up. She looked up and there were the Indians tracking Black Heart. It was their moose and they wanted it back. They never glanced toward the cabin but went straight to Black Heart’s. After they moved to their own place he often came to see them. One day he hung a clevis on a nail by the door. He never said anything. Later on one of the Indians came, looked at the clevis and asked where it came from. Harry told him just how it got there. He said whose it was and took it home. Black Heart often brought things after that and hung them on the nail. An Indian would come and take it home. If they lost something they would come and look there first. Just what he got out of that trick is hard to say. Someone broke into the house while Harry and Minnie were in the south. They heard that Black Heart had had a runaway. He was the only one in the country with brome grass, Minnie was the only with crown sealers. Brome grass grew thick around the house after that, broken crown jars and his buggy whip were found at the gate. The many things taken from the house were never recovered. Seems to take good and bad to make a world.



The Bridge crew.



Plowing through — snow drifts of 1953.

Remember when . . . June 20, 1962

The water level on the Beaver River was very high and the Beaver crossing bridge was under water. The Ardmore bridge was four and a half feet under water and the Lessard bridge was twenty inches under water. The small bridge by Lessard floated away. The grade south of Lessard was washed out and the bridge at Adolph Plasatt's was washed out. The Sandy River bridge was under water and the grade all gone.

The same year the caterpillars were very thick.



Remember when school rooms looked like this?



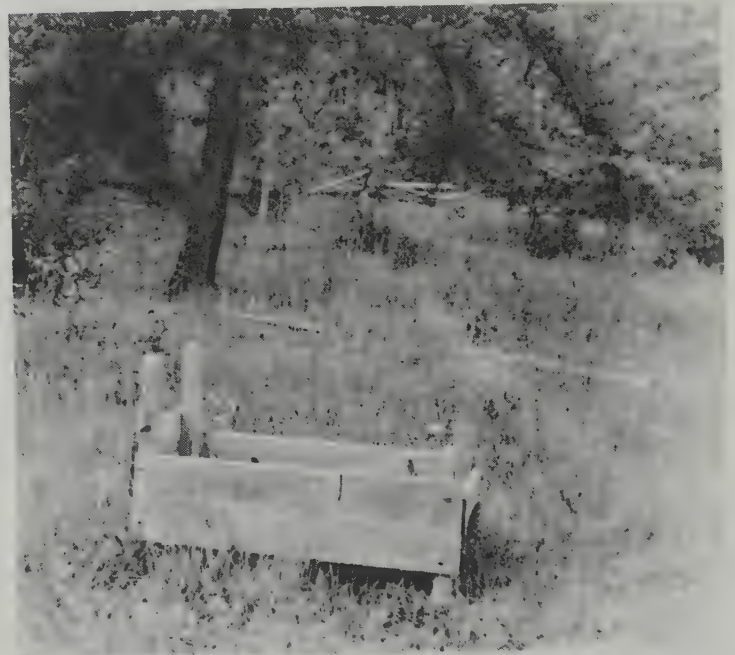
Farmer's Strike at Bonnyville creamery.



Ice cutting.



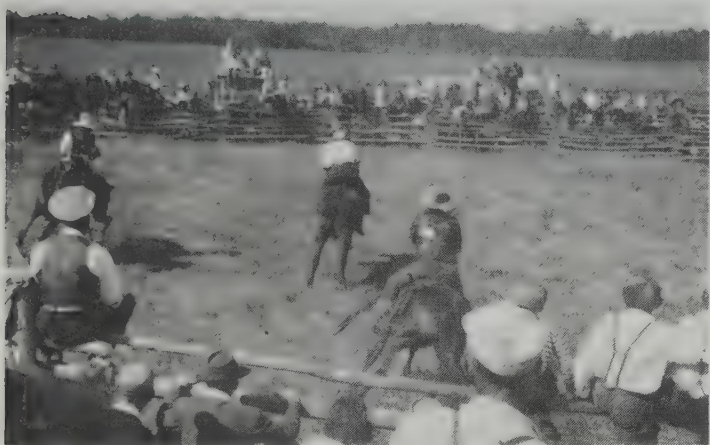
Remember when mechanics really worked at their job?



Remember when baby cribs looked like this?



Land mark at Fox Lake.



LaCorey Stampede.



Mrs. Margaret Anderson and her spinning wheel. In her lap Carl Branstrom.



The bridge of the day, 1922.

Little Boy Lost

David, age seven, and Douglas, age three, had been playing outside when a quarrel arose and Douglas marched off into the bush. Thus, began a harrowing twenty-six hours for the Tizzard family and one of the most intense searches ever carried out in this area.

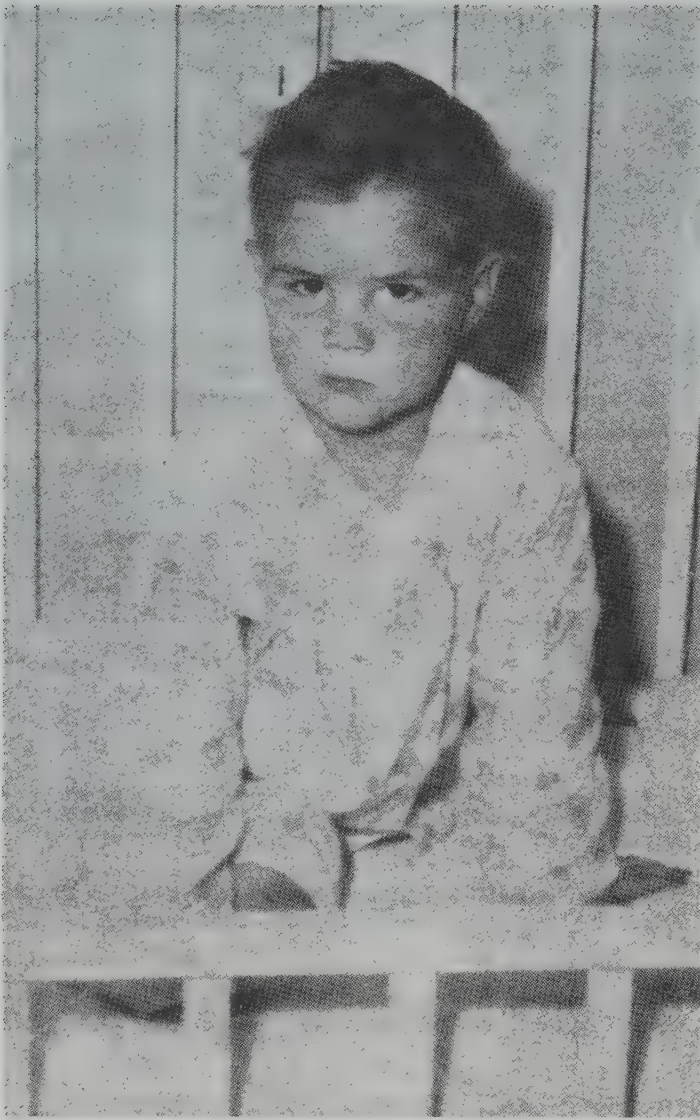
Mrs. Violet Tizzard was in the Elk Point Hospital awaiting an operation and Mr. Alfred Tizzard was in Bonnyville at the time, leaving seventeen year old Donna in charge. Her frantic attempts to find Douglas were in vain and she was forced to wait helplessly until the older boys, Derrick and Danny returned from school. Derrick walked three and a half miles to the Henry Paradis farm for help. The Bonnyville R.C.M.P. and the Bonnyville Volunteer firemen began to search for the lost boy and by 8:00 p.m., over one hundred volunteers had already shown up to help. Many searchers remained, spending the night in the thick brush, searching for Douglas.

Three o'clock the following morning, carloads of searchers began to arrive from this area and from Grand Centre bringing the total number of searchers to about five hundred.

The news of the lost child had now reached the Air Force at Grand Centre and by nine o'clock in the morning two bus loads of R.C.A.F. personnel arrived at the Tizzard farm. The trained searchers quickly fanned out through the bush, beginning a systematic search of the farm.

The plight of the tiny boy had brought out great numbers of civilians from this area as well as surrounding hamlets and towns. Searchers who combed the bush and returned tired and hungry were grateful to the women who had brought lunches to serve.

The feeling of cooperation and neighborliness was high, but by four in the afternoon, pessimism and despair had set in. The searchers began to feel their efforts were futile. It was then that Joe Desjardins found small footprints about one and half miles southeast of the house.



Hope was reawakened as they set out again, this time with a specific destination in mind. Following the directions given by Joe Desjardins, they found more tracks, and finally Lac Abbot, a member of the R.C.A.F. search party, found Douglas sleeping beneath a swarm of mosquitoes.

Shortly after the rescue of Douglas, two search vehicles were in an accident. David Tizzard was a passenger in one of these, and although not injured, he was taken to the hospital. Douglas Tizzard had also been taken to the hospital and Donna was treated for shock at the KHP Hospital.

Despite four family members being in the hospital, the day ended happily for the Tizzard family. Douglas was safe, none of the family were in serious condition and the Tizzard family had just experienced firsthand the neighborliness of our rural community and learned how many friends they had.

LESSARD

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chyz made a business trip to Edmonton last week.

Mrs. Alec Kunec left for Edmonton Thursday, where she will remain for some time.

The threshing will be about all over this week, with Art Stewart finishing up the odd jobs.

Most all the green feed will be hauled in and stacked this week.

Jake Josvanger was a visitor at Humphries' on Sunday.

W. Jardie was on a business trip to to Edmonton last week and reports that threshing over that way had not started, and they were still cutting the late grain, and some of the crops are frozen too much to be threshed.

Jimmy Roth traded his good cow to Art Stewart for a rattling good Ford.

Art Stewart had a narrow escape on Saturday night when he was driving south from Lessard. Going at 30 miles per hour the left front wheel fell off, and his Ford skidded against the bank and stopped sudden. With the help of Babb and and Jardie he lifted it up, put the wheel on again, and away he went.

Alvin Tollefson is investing in a new well, and Irwin Pederson is helping him dig it.

C. O. Pederson is busy hauling green feed to his place at Crane Lake.

H. J. Herrington made an extended business trip to Bonnyville on Tuesday.

Bill and Geo. McKee took a herd of stock to Edmonton on Wednesday.

Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Fossen visited at E. Espetwedt on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chilmar left for Medicine Hat on Wednesday for an extended trip.

LESSARD

The Sunday school picnic held at Ed. Tollefson's last Sunday was enjoyed very much by the children and also by some of the older ones. After a good lunch served under the trees, there were games and sakes of all kinds, and of course, as usual, we had a heavy shower of rain.

Irwin and Clifford Pederson left last Sunday for Bardo and Kingman with a load of berries.

Ray Hanson returned on Monday from Viking and Killam, where he had taken a load of berries.

Selmer and Alvin Tollefson are busy building an addition to the Hall, will be appreciated by the community.

Quite a bunch of cattle were started for Bonnyville on Monday, but all of them did not arrive there. Better luck next time, boys.

The road gang and outfit have moved from Jack Scott's to the Roth place, where they are doing some grading.

Ed. Hensel left on Wednesday for Marwayne, where he will take in the harvesting, returning later in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hansen visited with Robt. Scott on Monday.

Even the Slab-Town correspondent will attempt new experiments at times. Finding his shoes uncomfortable, he attempted walking barefooted behind his harrow the other day, but with mud, sand, clay and gravel he found he stepped the fantastic before he had made his round. However there is nothing so bad but what there is some good in it also, as it necessitated a foot bath before bed-time.

IRON RIVER

In spite of showery weather our annual picnic was well attended and a good time enjoyed by all. Visitors from St. Paul, Maloy, Columbine, Glendon and Lessard were seen on the grounds. The baseball game was a big attraction a Maloy-Iron River team beat LaCorey 11-0, umpire Reid Hargrove. There were two games of softball played, Maloy vs. Iron River school, 15-2 in favor of Maloy; Maloy vs. Iron River, young ladies team, 22-16 in favor of Iron River. A softball donated by the Red and White store, of Bonnyville, was presented to the young ladies, (and they sure earned it.) There were a number of races of all kinds for the younger folk with cash prizes. A dance at night ended the festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones were among those present. They are visiting Mrs. Jones' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. McDermott.

A. Plouff received news that a brand new baby boy was waiting for him at the hospital. No wonder he is going around with a smile that won't come off.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Batke have left for a visit to Spring Lake and other points south.

SLAB TOWN

Threshing is completed in this district, and it didn't take long either, as there was a machine on every farm. Wheat run from 8 to 15 bushels per acre. Some wheat was frozen so bad that when Babb fed some to his hogs they acted just like Iverson and McDougall, after being in Bonnyville three or four hours. Kill your pigs, Victor, and start a sunshine filling station.

J. Levesque and S. Amdahl felt so cocky last Sunday evening that they decided to go and call on a couple of nice Janes. Being a little afraid of the old folk they left their car by the roadside in the bush a quarter mile from the house and in the thick brush. But were they surprised when three big dogs took after them. L. got to the car all right, but poor little J. got left behind, so Mr. Dog jumped up and took the whole seat and part of the left leg off Johnny's pants. Johnny said he was glad there was no skin lost. Well boys, you had better get on the good side of the old folk, or have the girls tie up the dogs. It's hard on the pants this way.

I've got to be a good lemon squeezer, don't you think so folks? I sure got a lot of juice out of that lemon at Moose Lake last week. It's no use for one like me, with no brains, to argue with one like you that has so many brains; I didn't know you had corns, or I wouldn't have stepped on your feet so by-by touchy, old pal.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tinney, of the Jack Pine savage district. a tiny Paul.

Miss Ida Thompson, of Kingman, and O. B. Olson, of Camrose, stopped in this city last Sunday night on their way to Rat Lake and Cold Lake on business.

Mr. Jardie was under the weather last week. It was thought that his stomach had turned upside down; he said it was right side up, but that the whole stomach wanted to pass out over his tongue. To do that Bill, you'd have to gab like the announcer of the S. T. L. M. broad-gossip station.

...continued

LACOREY

Lacorey is holding a Sports Day on Sunday, July 14th. There will be every kind of amusement and refreshments and light lunches will be served on the grounds. Provision is being made, for a large crowd is expected.

The Lacorey baseball team went to Iron River to compete in their sports on July 1st, but unfortunately they didn't carry off any prizes.

In future, Willow-Trail mail will be sent out from Lacorey instead of Iron River. The change was made June 29th. P. Rask, P. Lauzon, S. Matson, A. Limoges, Henry Paradis, A. Remillard, C. Verrier and Roland Limoges.

Among those who went to the Iron River sports were Mr. and Mrs. A. Plouffe.

A. Limoges recently bought a car from J. M. Dechene, of Bonnyville.

Fred Plamondon arrived home from Hughenden on Friday last where he has been working for the last three months. He reports the crops in that district badly in need of rain. On the way home he passed seven outfits trekking north.

In spite of the air being polluted with speeches made by irrational politicians, northern Alberta still remains the best country to live in. Millions of sand flies can't be wrong.

School closed on Friday for the month of July, and the teacher, Miss Cunningham, left for her home on Sunday.

Mrs. Cunningham and family, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Miluney, attended the picnic on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery, of Therien, are visiting their son, Dell Emery, of this district.

STARVATION HIGHTS

Our friend Pederson came home all smiles the other day with a new horse.

The farmers say Clifford is too windy a separator man. He blows too much wheat into the straw pile. The farmers say that their hens are laying two eggs a day now.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD:

Vera praying for her wandering boy.
Six Gun baking bread.
Ed. peddling hot air.
Sam washing dishes.
Ervin going east.
John Roth holding down a load of straw.
Shorty out trading.
Gentleman Jim out hunting mosquitoes.
Boyd keeping the stove warm.
Clarice reading love stories and waiting for a proposal.

LESSARD

The school picnic on Friday at the school was greatly enjoyed by the children, and after some races and a ball game they had a weiner roast, ice cream and a bounteous lunch.

The ball games on Sunday were well attended and some good games of softball were played. The old men's team showed the young ladies how to play ball.

Mrs. Emery and Mrs. Millan went to Bonnyville on Saturday and brought back their daughters who have been attending school there for the past winter.

The Ivorsons and Fossens went to Bonnyville on the 1st, and Ole was kept quite busy umpiring the ball games.

By the looks of the applications going in for government aid there should be a lot of breaking done in this district.

There will be a picnic and a sports day on July 14th, at Ralston's Beach, on Crane Lake.

The A. Hanson's and W. Jardie's went to Iron River on the 1st and had a good time of it.

Mrs. Geo. Cabana returned on Sunday from the hospital with a baby daughter.

Ed. Tollefson is busy breaking up about 40 acres on his farm.

Clifford Pederson returned from Edmonton on Saturday.

Jack Scott has commenced to look at the bumps in the roads.

Ed. Clark took a party to Bonnyville on Tuesday.

IRON RIVER

Quite a number from here are intending to spend some days at The Camp Meeting to be held at Moose Lake.

And she died. Yes "Lizzie" died right on the road, and Will E. and poor little L. C. had to walk home.

The dance held at Hargrove's last Saturday was well attended, the proceeds will be used to swell funds of the Young Ladies soft ball team.

Pigs is pigs at C. O. Carlson's, at the last count he had 84 spring pigs.

Oh yes, Lizzie has had her face lifted and is stepping out again fresher than ever. She went to town Tuesday with several boys—Bill McDermott at the wheel. She was getting dry coming home but a little rest and another quart revived her, and they all got home safe.

SLAB TOWN ITEMS

The city of Slab-Town saw people from far and near last Sunday, who were here to see the ball games, and they did see four of the best ball games ever played here.

Those from far away were: Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson, all of Ardmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Olson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smart and family all of Round Lake.

Mr. Smart played ball with Round Lake; and did he play? he swated the pig-skin so hard and ran so fast, that he was back around at home plate by the time the ball came back to earth. How is that for a man that was married 25 years ago, on Friday last? Mrs. Smart should be proud her little Scotch lad.

I'm sure that you'll all be glad to hear that your reporter of up-to-the-minute news on sports of this city will be away for the next week or two.

The old men's softball team of Slab-Town, will play the Ladies' team of Lessard on June 30th. First prize being 10 Royal Crown soap coupons. Come and see the fun you fans.

A fishing party went to the river to fish the other day; M. Fossen was the one that had good luck the others in the party just had fisherman's luck. Fossen had one on the hook that weighted 20 lbs but it got away, that sounds fishy, Martin.

The Jolly school man hurled two fine games of ball on Sunday, one for the school children and one for the ladies team of Lessard, losing one and winning the other. Her arm was so sore for the next day or two, that she couldn't swing the strap. Too bad for you, E., but good for the pupils.

As Fossen was training his race horse to start quick the other eve he headed him West at the South East corner of Monkey Park and gave him a kick in the ribs, up went the west end of the horse then the east end, Martin going straight up, and when he came down the horse was two rods in the lead—and the race was on; the horse still leading the last we saw of them.

There's ghosts abroad in our city: Clifford Pederson who sleeps on the second floor of W. Jardie's department store, woke up one morning at 4:00 a.m. to find two gentlemen alongside o' him in his single bed — how they got there is a 'mystery' cause all doors were locked. Pederson let them out and one went back to Vic Babb's bunkhouse to go to bed but found all his bedding gone, and the other gentleman has not been seen since. We hope the ghost hasn't carried him off for good.

SLAB TOWN

Bill Roth has traded his threshing machine for oats and coat—the separator to F. Dahlback for 15 bushels of oats, and the engine to C. Pederson for a coat. Now he has bought a horse from G. Tollefson and is going into the manufacturing business. We hope you don't freeze up your factory like you did your threshers.

Coming home after the show at Bonnyville the other evening, Emal Olson and Clifford Pederson, and Emal's lady friend either forgot there was a curve in the road at Vanhansden corner or they were trying for a short cut, but they got a big surprise when they discovered that they had run into the ditch and up against a two foot bank. The car and occupants stopped very suddenly, but the engine slid right on out on the bank. Getting out and looking things over, Pederson said; well Emal, she's out here where we can work at it anyway. Emal standing there with his arms full was heard saying, "Thank God, dear, you were saved." Then Clifford remarked, "yes and thank God. Alace wasn't along, as she always gets hurt on these toboggan rides."

Johnny Levesque says he's going to get married soon, so his mother, who is bothered with rheumatism, would get some help. That is very nice of you Johnny to think of your dear mother; that's what I would call killing two birds with one stone, but be sure you don't make your mother more work by getting married.

Gentleman Jim, of Starvation Heights, traded his homestead to his future mother-in-law for a cow and calf; and of course he got the Pearl milking machine to boot. Then he trades cow and calf to Art Stewart for a Ford car that was born a long time ago. It looks like the Pearl and Jim will be making their home on the road allowances.

The Liberal meeting, here last Monday was very good, all three speakers, brought out some very good points. The last speaker, a lady, (you all know the woman got to have the last word) proved Bennett's downfall, with figures. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks for the speakers; Giggs acted as chairman.

Peterson brothers left Sunday last for the Camrose district with a truck load of berries. They said if they couldn't sell them, they would trade berries for a wife, if one could be found that wasn't balky and didn't kick, or bite. I think they're out of luck.

STORE DESTROYED BY
FIRE AT SANDY RAPIDS

The Sandy Rapids store and living quarters belonging to Paul Dmytryshyn, was completely destroyed by fire last week. The fire, which was discovered about 3 a.m., is suspected to have been caused by a defective chimney; the proprietor was not at home and his wife and family did not notice the fire till the dog's barking awoke them. Then they had barely time to get out, but saved a few clothes. The building was a total loss, but some insurance was carried.

THE WAR GOES ON

Affairs are coming to a crisis on the Ethiopian front. It is expected that the first really decisive battle will be fought soon, as the Italians are moving forward from the north and the south and will join for a big attack; on the other hand Selassie has despatched over 200,000 fresh soldiers to the front.

The Pope, who is doing all in his power to bring about a speedy peace, has donated an Italian hospital situated in Addis Ababa to the Ethiopians. It is the finest in the country. Many Italians, lost in the jungle and on the Danakil plateaus met death from fever, thirst and poisoned waters as told by the remnant of the army that stumbled back to the Italian line.

BONNYVILLE
- Drug Store -

COUGH REMEDIES

Passmores50c
Horehound and Honey...50c
Baby's Cough Syrup.....35c

Vicks Rub.....45c
Passmores Rub35c
Dr. Kings Rub.....25c

Haliver Oil Capsules
50's95c
100's.....\$1.55

— S. M. ROSS —

IRON RIVER

We are pleased to say Mrs. H. Taylor has returned from her visit to the west coast.

Mrs. Harry Webster took her knitting to Mrs. Wickstrom's this week.

Mrs. W. MacDermott has been on the sick list; we are glad to say she is recovering.

Mrs. C. Peterson was a visitor at Mrs. E. Brandt's on Monday.

R. M. Standall has built an addition to his store.

Mrs. G. Boyd was a recent visitor in Iron River.

John Hunka was seen kissing last week. Yes, he was kissing the Bible when he applied for his patents.

Lizzy is keeping better company now. Mrs. Webster was out with her last week.

W. McDermott is repairing the bridge across the Iron River on the Township line.

Harvey Robert has built a brand new house. Jump to it and get those shingles on Harvey. The time is drawing nigh.

Alvor Norheim was seen patching the holes in a granary. Don't be so particular Alvor, you'll soon be getting your dividend.

There are still berries in Iron River. Mrs. Hunka was seen taking them home by the pail full.

Dubuc's went west with their threshing machine last week. They had some trouble getting away from home, but after the first two miles things went fine.

Ernest Knapp is having a series of "bees" to rebuild his house which was burned this winter.

Pete Shaffer, we understand, is keeping late hours (walking the ladies back home.)

Wm. Palmer is looking for a wife. He is not fussy about age, but objects to color, squint eyes, and knock knees. A wife! What a Christmas present.

Several young folks met at the home of Mrs. Johnson last week, and enjoyed the radio program.

Carl Webster is scoring the country for Family Herald subscriptions with more or less success.

Bob Tillison is among us again.

Adolph Postweiler spent the weekend in Iron River with his family.

Ed. Brant was seen driving west again, we wonder where. (The goblins 'I get yer if yer dont watch out.)

We are glad to report William Reedy's health is improving.

1935

LESSARD

The Gilbert Tollefson family are spending their holidays at Cold Lake.

Don't forget the Picnic and Sports Day at Ralston Beach, Crane Lake, on Sunday July 14th.

The grain and gardens are coming along fine after the rains, and prospects are good for excellent crops.

Mrs. Ed. Thompson and Mr Ben Stebler, of Kingman, arrived Monday night and are visiting old friends in the district.

Jake Josvanger had the misfortune to have his car badly damaged when it slipped on the river bank and went to the bottom, where it was left standing on end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Peterson started to motor down from Crane Lake for the sports. They got stuck in a mud hole and did not arrive until it was time to start for home. Here is hoping for better roads.

Lessard and Slab town had their picnic and sports day on Friday last, and everybody got more than their money's worth. It started to rain and kept it up for about four hours, so not many came. The dance at night was well attended and all had a good time. It was decided to postpone the sports program to Sunday, July 7th. There was a large attendance and a number of baseball games were played. There were also horse races; running and jumping; horseshoe pitching, and the day finished up with heavy showers of rain.

V. Babb came home Saturday from the hayfield with one eye swollen shut. The men with him said Vic had seen something he couldn't take his eye off, and he strained it by looking too long at the same spot. Good thing it wasn't both eyes Vic.

STRAND HOTEL

and CAFE
BONNYVILLE

Clean Airy Rooms, 50 cts. and up

The BEST of MEALS, 35 cts.
at all hours

Confectionery Ice Cream

Tobacco

SLEEPS WHILE ON DUTY

In the absence of our reporter the editor of the Nouvelle attended the U. F. A. political meeting held in the Parish Hall, Bonnyville, last Saturday. It is regrettable that he cannot give an account of the talk given by the speaker, as he fell asleep and enjoyed himself for an hour or so.

IRON RIVER

The wind played havoc in Iron River last week. Hay stacks were scattered and some buildings were overturned.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray and family have returned from their trip south, and report lots of mud and snow on the way back.

Threshing is finished at Iron River. C. O. Carlsons' outfit pulled in Tuesday. Crop yields were disappointing.

Louis Wilson and family are intending living in Osmond Peterson's house for the winter.

Has anybody seen Carol Byford since the threshing? Judging by the chicken and pie he ate, he must have joined the church, or perhaps he is going around crowing like a hen.

We understand Pete Procinski is taking a course in engineering. If it wasn't for the wood and water he could get along fine.

LACOREY

Mrs. S. Pitre has come back to Lacorey after spending some time at St. Paul.

Johnny Remillard has arrived from Bonnyville where he spent a few days in the hospital. We hope he is feeling better.

Miss Beatrice Robert left on July 8th for her home in Vegreville where she will spend a well-earned vacation with her parents.

Last Sunday the Lacorey baseball team played the Lessard team at Lessard and brought home the bacon to the tune of 16 to 8. Good for you Lacorey!

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ouellette entertained several visitors on Sunday, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Limoges and family, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Dumaine.

Johny Levesque and Art Stewart are putting the finishing touch to their airship, they expect to try it out next week. So folks when you here a roaring sound get under cover as there is liable to be gear and cog wheels decending.

The Slabtown broad gossips station was closed down on election day, so the operator and the announcer went north blue belly picking.

Our road foreman was taking ill suddenly the other day, he claimed his stumik had turned up-side-down. To bad Jack, but those things will happen some times, we are all glad that it turned right side up again.

The ladies of this city are planing to have a curling club this coming winter, as some of them are very handy with the broom. Hant that right Mrs. R. K.

IRON RIVER

The Full Gospel Sunday school services are held at Iron River School, every Sunday at 11:00 a.m.

Helen Webster has returned from Lessard, where she has been working for the last few months. She can make the dumplingest dumplings now! Oh, Boy!

Mr. and Mrs. Louin Martin, of Lessard, were in Iron River Sunday and called on the Webster family. Mrs. A. G. Tollefson accompanied them.

Alex Peters and wife have returned to Iron River from Columbine, where they spent the summer.

Iron Riverites and others danced the light fantastic at Hargroves on the 2nd. A good time was reported.

Twin boys arrived at Pete Lamay's the first of the month (congratulations Pete).

We hear Gerald Plouffe is leaving for St. Paul where he has a job at the liquor store.

A Social Credit meeting was held at H. W. Taylor's last Saturday. We understand a meeting will be held the last Saturday of each month.

They say variety is the spice of life, if so, Bill Mac, is sure getting lots of spice. One day he was seen riding on a stone-boat accompanied by Webster's sow—another day he was seen riding in a closed car with a load of assorted females.

PHILOSOPHY

Gosh! We're havin' fun at our place. We're digging spuds. Nice big white ones. We will give Mother Nature due credit for her share in producing these spuds, but somehow we feel that we have had a great deal to do with them taters, too. Planting, cultivating, hoeing and now last but not least digging.

However, we and Mother Nature have produced a real crop of potatoes and they all belong to us; she doesn't eat potatoes so her work was given gratis; our work gave us a pain in the back and was done with a grumble but we get the spuds anyway.

1936

IRON RIVER

From dawn till dark the hum of the binder can be heard in C. O. Carlson's barley field.

"Flannelfeet" was out looking for calves the other day.

Mrs. Martin and children, accompanied by Miss Helen Webster, called at the Webster home on Sunday and raided the berry patch.

H. Norheim left on Wednesday for a month's holiday at the hot springs.

Pete Shaffer tried to ride a colt the other day, but they did not agree so well. Pete ended on the ground, with the colt some distance away, with the saddle off and bridle broken. (If at first you don't succeed, try again.)

Who were the young couple who were sitting in the shade of a tree by the side of the road, and would have succeeded in remaining silent but for the sneeze? I, she and he, know. Anybody else?

Our sympathy is extended to Charles Shaffer and family in their bereavement.

Mrs. Hargrove and daughter, Phyllis, Mrs. McDermott and daughter, Margaret, were out for a car ride last week.

The "crazy house" must be full, because they let some of them run wild across the meadow.

Bill McDermott went to town the other day and came home with two flags. We know who got the other one, Margaret.

Road work is progressing under the supervision of E. Dubuc, range six and Chas. Gooler, range seven. They are now working one and one-half miles west of Standal's store.

IRON RIVER SPORTS

The Iron River Annual Picnic, held on the 23rd of June, was one of the best held here. The gathering was noticeably smaller, the change of date might have had something to do with it. The racing, jumping, etc., was well contested. A. Lamay and Ed. Gooler were judges of these sports.

The softball game between Merton School and Iron River was quite an attraction, the game ending with the score 20-6 in favor of Iron River; a softball and bat was the prize. There were two other games of softball played by mixed adult teams. Maloy and Iron River played, with a score of 12-6 in favor of the locals, then the winning team played Willow Trail with a score of 9-5, in favor of Willow Trail. (Willow Trail got the ice cream.)

WILLOW TRAIL

Bill Twerdohlib who went to Holden about a month ago, left his sleigh there and came back with a stoneboat, on account of poor roads.

Jimmy Gordon, of Clandonald, is visiting at Willow Trail. He must be a professional boxer, as there was a boxing match with G. Erickson. We don't know who won, as the referee fell asleep.

Nick Panas has at last got his sawing outfit; every new thing glitters in the morning sun.

L. Palmer has left Willow Trail and gone to look for Spring work.

Bill Panas had a ride on the tobogan, but the dogs didn't listen to his "mush" so he had a heck of a time. He was in front most of the time pulling the dogs and tobogan, instead of the dogs pulling him.

Percy Hannah when going to Bonnyville, does not stop for dinner any place, as he takes a bundle of hay on his back, leads the horse behind, the horse eats and walk at the same time.

Tony Skwyr left for Vermilion on Monday.

We understand Alex Peters has sold his farm in this district.

Alex Herman, of Willow Trail, has bought the old Armitage place, one mile west of Standal's store.

Bob Standal is building an addition to his house.

IRON RIVER

It happened on Saturday night. A buggy, owned by a young lady of Iron River, who was out partying with her boy friend, strayed from its tie-post taking a road north, where it hit the main road, and was headed off by some of her friends; it was cornered and tied to a tree.

John Hunka has sold his gramophone to Mrs. Fritz, of Lacorey. No wonder Johnny has a swelled chest, and his hand in his pocket.

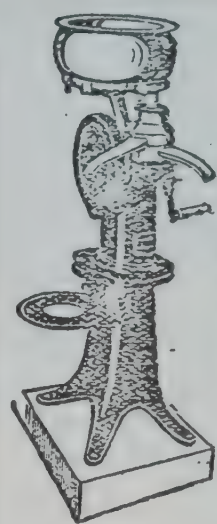
We hear that Myles Hargrove is getting a dog team lined up for next winter. So far he has some good ones.

The Katzenjammer Kids, the Siamese Twins and the Polka Dot Sisters, are all very quiet quiet these days, but it can't last long.

After a week in the Infirmary, Lizzie is about again. Grandpa is going out with her now.

We hear that Bill Mac got chased by MacGilvary's sow. No doubt the old sow was after green feed.

I told you it wouldn't last long.



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MASSEY-HARRIS CREAM SEPARATORS

Come in and inspect these Massey-Harris Cream Separators and save money. Every Massey-Harris is a proven close skimmer.

GET THE FACTS TODAY

Frank Lambert
DEALER - - BONNYVILLE

WILLOW TRAIL

Andrew Bala, of Willow Trail, had his left eye injured on Thursday and was brought to the General Hospital, Bonnyville, by John Penna. He was doing some blacksmithing and in cutting a coultter, a piece of steel flew up and hit his eye. Dr. Houghtling advised that the injured man be taken to an eye-specialist in Edmonton. John and D. Penna started the same evening for Edmonton with the patient.

Joe Galick was busy breaking for W. Raynoga at Willow Prairie, but it was so wet there after this week's rain that he moved to the farm of John Jurkevich.

Bill Twerdochlik didn't wait for a tractor to do his breaking; he is now busy doing it himself with five horses.

Warren Mathews is laying the foundation for the new Foreststream school-house.

Nick and John Penna started cutting lumber again this week.

IRON RIVER

John Hunka—cut, threshed and sold his crop of wheat within three days. That's going some!

We know now, why Will Carlson was in such a hurry to sell his crop of oats.

C. O. Carlson's lake seems to be a popular spot these days. Last Saturday a cow belonging to R. Slavota tried to commit suicide, but was rescued just in time. Tuesday a pig tried the same stunt. He got away with it and was dead when found. The same day a horse belonging to R. B. MacGillivray trod the same path to fame as the pig. While trying to rescue the horse, Mr. Slavota took a nose dive, but was able to come out on his own power.

Miss Elsie Peterson and Mr. William Carlson, both of Iron River, were married in Bonnyville, October 19th. Congratulations. A wedding supper was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Fielding, sister and brother-in law of the bride.

A farewell party was given Mrs. Mae Johnson and Mrs. K. Laurel at the home of Mrs. R. B. MacGillivray on the evening of the 20th. Mrs. Johnson is leaving for Edmonton with her family. Mrs. Laurel is returning to her home at Riley. The evening was spent in singing and playing games. A pleasant time was enjoyed by those present.

We are sorry to report that Clarence Shaffer was injured quite badly Tuesday night, when he caught his leg in a wagon wheel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Brandt spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sneith, of Sandy Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peters made a round of calls Sunday.

A number of young fellows around here are thinking of raising oats next year. Why? Look what it did for Will Carlson.

The motion picture show put on at the Iron River school by Mr. Wilbur Jones, was well attended. The title of the picture was, "Battalions of Hell".

We heard Sylvester Woloshyn has had a breakdown with his tractor. The tractors seem to have that failing this spring.

Picnics seem to be the main topic of conversation these days. Plans are underway for a bigger and better picnic than ever this year.

One of the Katzenjammer kids and Bill Sykes were out walking Sunday afternoon, the other one went to the ball game.

Sports

LACOREY 10, BONNYVILLE 5

In a well-contested but erratic game, the much heralded Lacorey baseball team defeated Bonnyville 10-5, in the opening fixture of the new season, on the local diamond, Sunday afternoon.

With a team inferior to last year's, owing to the departure of a number of their regulars, the local nine battled hard, but they did not seem to "click" as nicely as their oponents, especially at the plate, gathering ten hits to the winners fifteen, and thus were forced to take the short end of the score.

"Straw Hat" Aqualak, the eccentric Lacorey hurler, was quite consistent, but it was mainly through his comrades hitting, that his team won the game. However he struck out ten local batters, giving the right-hand hitters a hard time with his "round-house" out curve.

Ted Fraser, seemingly suffering from inconditioning, had to retire for his brother Gerard in the sixth, and the latter pitched nicely, allowing four hits.

Ed Byford, Lacorey shortstop, led his club at bat with three safeties in six tries. Pelerin, with three in five, and Manager Paul Bougie, with two in four, were the leading Bonnyville clubbers. Andre Dechene, Bonnyville first-sacker got the longest hit of the game, a triple in the 7th.

Father Luck also played hard with the locals. In the fourth, Laforce, their peppery catcher, suffered a sprained ankle and had to leave the game.

Score by innings:—

Lacorey 021 322 00x—10

Bonnyville 100 200 002— 5

Line-ups

LACOREY:—E. Byford, s.s.; P. Procinsky, c.; Verrier, 2b.; Lamothe, 3b.; Remillard, 1b.; Aqualak, p.; C. Byford, cf.; Clemock, rf.; E. Procinsky, lf.

BONNYVILLE:—Ross, 3b.; Pelerin, c., lf.; Dechene, 1b.; Bougie, 2b., c.; Callahan, ss.; Laforce, lf., c.; Pitre, rf.; 2b.; Levasseur, cf.; Ouimet, rf.; F. Fraser, p., lf.; G. Fraser, p.

LOCAL ITEMS

House cleaning is in order this week at the Central Hotel.

Weather—Saturday, north wind and 25 below; Sunday morning, 35 below, sun shining bright, 28 below all day; Monday morning, 45 below, clear; Tuesday, warmer; Wednesday and Thursday, lovely; Friday, partly cloudy, light snow.

A timber wolf hide was brought into Bonnyville this week which measured 7 foot-9 inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail—a beauty. Alvin Tollefson, of Lessard, caught it in the Spring Lake district.

ARM CAUGHT IN BELT BROKEN IN TWO PLACES

Harry Panas, whose home is in the Iron River district, sustained a badly broken arm, when it was caught in the speed-jack pulley belt, at the Panas Bros. saw mill in the Lacorey district, Tuesday morning. The arm was broken in two places, just below the elbow and at the wrist. He was brought to Bonnyville by the Durlingville-Lacorey mail carrier and then taken to an hospital at Elk Point, by Tony Seguin, in his snowmobile.

LESSARD

The cold weather came to a sudden stop on Saturday and it was sure a treat to everybody, and it will give the stock a chance to pull through the winter. There has been quite a number of cattle died and there will be more before the green grass comes, as it does not pay to feed them, and also as there is no feed to be had.

It has been a hard winter on a lot of settlers,—being out of money—very poorly clothed and as relief has been rigidly held down—there are some cases where it was necessary to live on bread and fish for weeks, and no potatoes all winter.

Market

CLOSING PRICES—OCT. 23

Wheat No. 1 Northern.....	89½
Wheat No. 2 Northern.....	88
Wheat No. 3 Northern.....	84
Wheat No. 4 Northern.....	83
Feed	63½
Oats No. 2 C.W.....	29½
Barley No. 3 C.W.....	41
Rye No. 2 C.W.....	48½

IRON RIVER

The heat wave of last week was a record for Iron River. The Government meteorological station here, reports 94 above in the shade twice during the week, on the 27th and 29th of May.

It has been decided to hold the annual picnic on June 23rd, this year, instead of July 1st, as in the past. Preparations are under way for a bigger and better day than ever. Don't forget the date, June 23rd.

Bob sure had a load of mixed goods to take to town Wednesday. Among those going were—Mrs. Mae Johnson, Mrs. Yadowski, Mr. Yanchuk and Helen Webster.

IRON RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Postwheeler are spending Easter with relatives at St. Paul.

Peter Shaffer and Lenard Johnson left for Vermilion. We understand they will return right after seeding.

Bobby Peterson has returned from the University hospital, where he spent eight months undergoing treatment for his leg.

"Say Bill, when driving a young couple home from an evening's entertainment, keep hold of both lines". "It's risky climbing out on the tongue while the team is travelling, and you may not always have a quiet team."

Bob Tilson was seen rambling around Iron River—inspecting the lakes for rats no doubt.

Lyman Harper was seen going around with the map of Asia darned on his overalls.—"If that's the way Asia looks she sure has changed since we saw her last, Lyman."

E. Hienicker has been cutting wood in Iron River. At Mrs. May Johnson's he had an all woman crew—Mary and May carried poles and Dorothy threw the blocks, and Ernest had the nerve to say it was the best crew he ever had. He is sure spoiling these women.

At William Peters when cutting wood. Mrs. William was out throwing blocks and if she handles the rolling pin the way she handled those sticks, Bill must lead the life of "Jiggs".

Mr. and Mr. Ed. Brandt spent Sunday with Mrs. Mae Johnson.

Bill Carlson is busy these days getting his house shipshape. No doubt he is getting afraid of this bachelor tax.

Our school will be closed during Easter week, the teacher, H. W. Taylor, will be attending the convention.

Isabelle Webster keeps the sewing machine busy these days.

Miles Hargrove and Mike Kryzanowski have returned safely from their trip north, with the dogs.

A very enjoyable time was held at the Young Peoples' meeting at MacGillivray's on the 3rd. Among the outstanding features were,—Mrs. Mae Johnson and Mrs. H. Webster chewing a string, to win a chocolate bar; Mrs. C. Shaffer, as Mother Goose; Mrs. William Peters, as Miss Muffet; Wee Willie Winkle, in his nightgown; and the lunch, which was served by old Mother Hippie Hopple.

Only a few turned out on the evening of the 6th, to the surprise party, on A. D. Marshall, on account of the storm.

ALBERTA SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE Olds and Vermilion

1935-36 Term Opens October 22, 1935

Established 21 years ago, these schools have provided free tuition in Agriculture and Home Economics to more than 8000 farm boys and girls. No entry fee or entry examination is required. Age requirement is 16 years and over. Academic requirement none save ability to undertake and profit from the courses. Room and board provided in modern dormitories at reasonable rates. Term is five months.

Write for Calendar and other information to Principal of either school or to

ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

HON. F. S. GRISDALE,
Minister of Agriculture

H. A. CRAIG,
Deputy Minister and
Superintendent of Schools

WILLOW TRAIL

The dance and concert at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lubes proved a great success. So what! A pie social next and it's this Saturday, February 1st.

Mr. Nick Broski is sporting around a new haircut. Is it for that pie social or is it?

An annual meeting is to be held in the Willow Trail schoolhouse on February 1. I don't suppose it's necessary to remind our ratepayers of their boxing gloves.

A prayer meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. Those present were: Mr. Peterson, Mr. Davies, the Webster girls, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Domagala, Anne Shalka, Mary Broski, and the Koleba brothers.

We hear that Donald Cunningham is to celebrate his wedding on the 28th. The lucky bride is Beatrice Robert.

The mysterious light seen by our friend Nick is still a mystery to him. However, Gust Koleba thinks it great fun since he found out all about it, and besides the "16" cents.

We do wonder why Nick Broski and Nick Kozak needed all the hay they were carrying and the old pair of combinations toque, etc. Perhaps it's easy telling.

A dead man was found in the shack on the N-E. 28-63-6-4, by Mary Broski, teacher of Willow Trail, but when thoroughly examined it was found that it was a "man" made out of old hay, and dressed in a pair of old overalls; but you should've heard the girls shout for help.

LESSARD

Mrs. Cross and "Betty Lou" left last week for their home in Saskatchewan.

Quite a number from Round Lake and Lessard took in the opening dance at Rat Lake last Friday and all report a very good time.

A large number of settlers went to Bonnyville last Saturday to make applications for Seed Grain, but as Mr. Fontaine, the Government Seed and Feed man, would be at Lessard on Tuesday, February 4th, the applications could be taken out there.

Mrs. Jack Scott who was taken to the General hospital last week, troubled with throat and heart weakness, is reported doing quite well.

Mrs. Geo. Richardson is a patient at the General hospital.

Mr. McNulty is assisting Fritz Wuth this week in hauling hay from the Indian Reserve at Legoff.

Mr. Shaw, fish inspector, passed through here on his way to Crane Lake last Saturday.

Alvin and Selmer Tollefson returned from the north last Saturday and report trapping not very good up that way.

Another Coyote for Saxten. As he was walking home through the bush last Saturday morning with his traps, a coyote followed him. So Saxten set one of his traps in his foot print and went on; and so did Mr. Coyote—and stepped on the trap.

Irwin did get to the last dance at Rat Lake. He got a sleigh ride and did not have to get very far off the main road, for some reason or other.

IRON RIVER

Now a days Henry Plamondon is keeping the road hot, travelling back and forth to his fathers place. Why? Because his father has a hired girl. Henry thinks that she will be his bride for a Christmas present.

We understand that Bill Reidi spends all day in the post-office last Saturday just to see what kind of letters the ladies get.

We don't hear Joe Plamondon sing any more. We wonder if it is because somebody shot his dog.

Miss Pauline Fritz, Miss Kate Slipchuk and Gentleman Steve were visitors at Leo Sabotier's place last Sunday. Young Steve engaged himself to take the girls home on his bicycle.

DANCE

In aid of the Ball Ball team
FRIDAY, MAY 15th
at the Schoolhouse, LACOREY

Base Ball

Bonnyville vs. Lacorey

On Bonnyville Grounds

Sunday afternoon, May 17

A bet of \$10.00 has been placed on this game, between Johnny Fraser (Bonnyville) and Albert Limoges (Lacorey). Mr. Dessureau has the money.

Expect a Crowd from Bonnyville

LACOREY

WEDDING

LAUZON - REMILLARD

A pretty wedding took place in the Roman Catholic Church on Tuesday, November 16th, when Marie, daughter of Mr. J. B. Remillard of this district, became the bride of Pierre Lauzon.

The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Father Leo Thibeault.

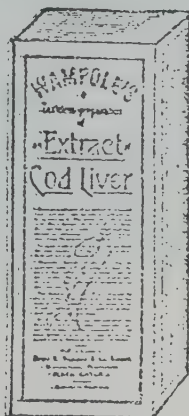
IRON RIVER CHURCH

Service at Iron River Church 2:30 p.m. Sunday, December 22nd, and every alternate Sunday thereafter.

Sunday School at Pastor's house at 11:00 o'clock every Sunday.

Louis G. Wilson, Pastor

BONNYVILLE -Drug Store-



ICE BOX FLOWERS
Carnations\$1.00
Roses.....\$1.00

— S. M. ROSS —

SPORT SHOTS

Seen at Sunday's ball game:—Paul Bougie trying his hand at catching for the first time in years—Romeo Lamothe going to second base to coach the Lacorey team—"Straw hat" getting applause after applause from the crowd for his antics—Dizzy Dean has nothing on him—Tony Ouimet showing the young ones how to hit by coming through in a pinch with a clean single—Ed Byford, Lacorey short-stop, spearing a few balls with his bare hand—the other way 'round, Ed—Oscar Guertin and Charley Lund, of Fort Kent, doing a little experting of the players from the sidelines.

The tennis season is also well on. Quite a number of the younger set were present last Sunday. The court has been rapidly improved this spring, thanks to the nice work of a few local tennis enthusiasts, and now, with a new net and some screening, everything would be just right. The old net, now on the court, is being used permanently, but it is hoped that a new one will be bought this summer. It is also proposed that a tennis club be formed in Bonnyville among the younger folk. We think that a meeting should be arranged to that effect, and that all those interested should be present.

In a recent issue of the Nouvelle, the Cold Lake correspondent mentioned the fact that three ladies' basketball teams had been formed in that locality, and that they wanted outside opposition. Bonnyville had such a team in other years, and should have one this summer. What about it, gals?

LESSARD

The Lessard sports day, on Sunday, passed very nicely with fine weather and a good crowd of people, and was enjoyed by all.

The men's softball game was won by Round Lake; and Rat Lake taking second money. The ladies' softball game was won by the Lessard team.

In the school children's game, the Berg school took first prize and the Jolly school second.

The horse race was won by Bessie, owned by C. O. Pederson, and rode by Bert Cabana. The second race was won by Harold Davies' horse "Chub."

The dance was well attended, and was enjoyed by all. Some of the boys were rather quiet, as there seemed to be a shortage of stimulants, which was probably caused by the presence of two members of the R.C.M.P. from the Bonnyville detachment.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henning, of Hay Lake are holidaying in this district and are staying at Ed. Tollefson's.

Alvin Tollefson made a trip to Fox Lake this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McNulty, of View Point, are here for a few days, having made the trip with horses, and are taking their cattle back with them.

Vic Babb made a business trip to Edmonton last week. He was accompanied by Buster Ebert.

IRON RIVER

R. M. Standal has not been using his car for his trips to town, on account of the bad roads. The Laramee boys have been doing his freighting.

"Flannel Feet" was seen at the ball practice at Willow Trail last Sunday.

William Carlson has moved his family into the new house, on C. O.'s place.

Ed. Byford, of Lacorey, was seen in the Iron River district last week.

Myles Hargrove is working for C. O. Carlson now.

Mrs. Robert Palmer has traded her land here for a half-section nine miles north of Elk Point. The last load of implements were taken last Tuesday.

Miss Isabelle Webster made a trip to Bonnyville, on a load of hogs, Monday.

Webster tried killing lice on cattle by feeding the cattle salt and sulphur. "It worked fine", so he says. The next morning after feeding, the cattle were on the stubble and the lice were sitting around the salt tub, singing, "Hail, Hail, The Gangs All Here."

1936

IRON RIVER

(Received too late for last week)

Mr. and Mrs. William Carlson have moved to their homestead North of the meadow. Will intends to put in the winter by bucking wood and doing odd jobs around the house.

Hallowe'en passed by very quietly around here; no doubt the bad weather had something to do with it.

In last week's item re shipping cattle we omitted Alex Peters and Kenneth Frasers names from those shipping by car.

Mrs. James Byford, of Lacorey, made a round of calls at Iron River, Tuesday, making use of the new sleigh roads.

Alex Peters was seen taking a couple of young fellows home this week. It looked to us, as though the young fellows were leading Alex.

We understand that during the winter, R. M. Standal will be making just one trip to Bonnyville per week, with cream.

C. O. Carlson has two salt blocks in the yard; we used to wonder why. We know now. One is for the stock; the other is used as a stepping stone by middle aged married ladies, when mounting horse back.

Wilkinson and McGregor, of Sandy Rapids, were seen driving on the main roads of Iron River.

Carl Webster was seen driving Lizzie last week. You should have seen the smile on Carl. Lizzie didn't seem to mind it at all. Oh yes, we nearly forgot it; he drove the newlyweds home.

C. O. Carlson is away timber cruising, these days.

MUNICIPAL DISTRICT

PASSES HERD LAW

On Monday last the ratepayers of the Municipal District of Bonnyville No. 572, voted in favour of passing By-Law No. 11—herd law. There was only a small vote polled—206 out of 588 on the list. 110 voted in favour; while 90 voted against the by-law.

This by-law will come into effect on January 23 1936.

It will then be necessary for a farmer or stock raiser to fence to keep his own stock at home, instead as in the past, fencing to keep other parties stock out.

ALL-STAR TEAM FORMED

Manager Paul Bougie, of the Bonnyville baseball club, has organized an "all-star" team, made up of some of the best players in Bonnyville, Cold Lake, and other neighboring places, to take part in the big ball tournament at Elk Point, July 3rd.

The outside players already signed up are, Shorty Palmer, Fay Worthington and "Butch" Gainor, of Glendon; Hec. McKinnon, Cold Lake; Alec. Huchlak, Lacorey, and others of Palm School.

The Bonnyville players in the team are, Ted Fraser, Paul Bougie, Andre Vallee, and Alberic Laforce.

Most of the outsiders on this team, are well known to local fans, and therefore, much interest should be shown in the tournament, for which a total prize of \$200 has been put aside.

WILLOW TRAIL

Anne Shalka spent the weekend visiting friends around Fort Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. Math. Shalka and Edward, of Shalka, paid a visit to Lacorey last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chubay had visitors from the South last weekend. They were also seen sporting around in a car.

John A. Shalka and Eddie Pardell, of Fort Kent, were seen around here Friday last.

Messrs. Koleba, Domagala and Verbicky were business visitors to St. Paul recently.

A young gentleman with a cute grin, is seen sporting around here lately, and is Mary glad?

Mrs. A. Herman, accompanied by Philip Koleba, were in Bonnyville on business.

Mike Broski and company picked a ten-pound can of the juiciest strawberries ever seen.

Sandy Lake is all ready to welcome all the swimmers, so come and enjoy a nice bath. A large crowd attended on Sunday last.

Rudy Anderson would like to be able to speak Polish. The reason is that he found a nice young Polish girl, or has he?

Our young widow was hunting the country over last week for a camera. We wonder if the snap will be for that "new-one" she met at the Galick barn dance.

Anne doesn't feel so happy lately, is it because she is leaving for the South soon, or vice-versa?

Moose Lake Camp Meeting

This is the 3rd annual camp. The 1st camp (1934) was began by a group of Christians in the Grace Assemblies at Iron River and Glendon. It was a 12-day camp, S. A. Marshall was the speaker.

The 2nd year there was an increased attendance with a number from the following assemblies—Glendon, Iron River, Onion Lake, St. Lino, Frenchman's Butte. The various pastors of the assemblies were in charge of the meetings, held three times daily. Great spiritual benefit resulted from this meeting.

Pastor Joseph Phillips is expected to be in charge of this year's camp, coming from one of the largest Saskatchewan assemblies, at Eston. He will probably be accompanied by a violinist and soloist.

Sports

BASEBALL

Lacorey, 5; Bonnyville, 4

Playing the return game at Lacorey on Sunday, the Bonnyville baseball team was defeated 5-4, after the boys from over the river had made a rally in the seventh, scoring four runs. Five singles in succession brought in three runs, and then Bill Procinsky, Lacorey outfielder, scored the winning run, when a misunderstanding caused catcher Bougie to throw to second, putting a runner out. The relayed throw was too late to catch ambling Bill and the game was over.

Bougie and Thomas each collected three hits for Bonnyville, while Verrier, Remillard, Bill Procinsky and Ted Fraser, of Bonnyville got two a piece.

The clubs' batting was quite even, Bonnyville getting ten hits to Lacorey's nine. Remillard got the only extra base hit, a double in the fifth.

Score By Innings—

Lacorey 000 002 2—4

Bonnyville 000 100 4—5

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. A. Huchlak, and Merton Juniors' Red Cross Club, wish to express their humble thanks to The Bonnyville Nouvelle, and the families of Merton district for the splendid co-operation rendered in sponsoring their Red Cross Picnic, Sunday, June 14th.

NICK FRITZ,
Sec. of Red Cross,
Merton School.

WILLOW TRAIL

Tom Cholak has come back from Edmonton, where he has been all winter.

Annie Cholak, who was working for Mrs. Netter for a while, is back home again. She is anxiously waiting for the sawing outfit to move there; says she is lonesome for company. Cheer up Annie!

We had a wet snow storm which will keep the Spring work considerably back.

Andrew Balla is doing a great deal of blacksmithing these days; seems everyone has something to repair.

R. Slawatu, of Iron River, has passed here a couple of times on his way to Andrew Balla's.

Harry Balla is changing his residence, will live near Osborne Lake school. Wish you better luck out there, Harry!

The ratepayers of Forest Stream School District, No. 4613, are planning to build a new school right after Spring work. Hope this one doesn't burn, as the last one did.

Nick and John Panas expect to move their sawing outfit home next time, and you should see the pile of logs to be sawn yet.

Nick Panas was a visitor at Galick's last Wednesday.

Our creeks will soon be full of fish. Good sport for some people, like Mr. Twerdohlib. I pity the poor fish.

IRON RIVER

An ideal picnic day helped to make the Iron River Picnic the success that it was. While the crowd was not as large as usual, the sports events were as keen as ever. We used to wonder how the married men could stand that 150 yard dash, but when we saw how the married women could run—well, we understand now. The Pillow Fight proved as popular as ever. The stout women received a surprise when they were weighed, before being allowed to run. The nail driving contest was another keen event. There were three softball games; Maloy-Iron River, 14-4 in favor of Iron River; Willow Trail-Iron River, 7-9 in favor of Iron River; Maloy-Iron River (school teams) 8-10 in favor of Iron River. Archie Peters and David Byers (with a little outside help) attended to the booth. The dance at night was well attended. We wish to thank the merchants of Bonnyville and Iron River, also others, who so generously donated prizes and so forth.

SANDY RAPIDS

Oliver Berg has returned home again. The people are glad to see him.

Sandy Rapids people will be better prepared for fight next Christmas with the Iron River district. We will go down there with our sleeves rolled up.

Peter Wilkinson and Mike Phelan left for a dance on the 25th of December, and have not returned yet. We don't know which "snare" they have got into.

Mr. Norham has cleaned up his house expecting to board the school teacher.

Mrs. Palmer now has a nice new radio, also a hired girl.

Sandy Rapids kids did not get many holidays this year.

Willie Wilkinson took a coyote to Bonnyville a few days ago, and got \$9.50; that was a pretty good price.

Mederal Dehode went to Bonnyville on Tuesday to get his "pimpicks" out, also some blackheads.

Larkin Palmer was down for Christmas dinner, with his mother.

Robert McGregor was down at Jack Walker's last Sunday getting his batteries charged.

We will have a meeting about January 15th, at the Sandy Rapids school. We all hope the new trustees will be better than the old ones.

The squirrels of Sandy Rapids district were getting it that tight, they are all eating north.

H. Webster and D. Byers were visiting at Standal's on the 16th.

A Russian concert was held in the Sandy Rapids school on the 19th. There was a fair attendance and the music was good.

R. McGregor and P. Wilkinson are breaking a team a team of three-year-old mares. This is a fine team and is worth \$250. That's the kind of a team they need on the mail route between Sandy Rapids and Iron River.

There are quite a number here who have suffered frozen feet this winter.

Sandy Rapids, January 14.—An incapacitated janitor partially revenged, what he maintains was an unjustifiable punishment on his little girl, yesterday morning. In a furious rage he brutally smashed a ladder on the Sandy Rapids school premises. Unfortunately this crude frame of wood belonged to the district, and not the teacher, as Mr. Fedchuk presumes.

Let's hope he has cooled off, for it was in the neighbourhood of 50 below, that morning. The temperature, is, however, expected to reach its climax at the Annual Meeting of the Ratepayers.

LESSARD

The members of the class in First Aid from the Joly School were in Bonnyville last Friday for their examinations, conducted by Dr. Houghtling. While there they visited The Nouvelle office. Mr. Johnston kindly gave them an explanation of how to set type and also demonstrated the working of the press. This class consisted of the following pupils: Lola and Donald Hansen, Lionel Kruse, Viola Babb, Shirley Iverson, Trevor Davies, Mary and Johnny Odynski, and Fay and Marion Tollefson.

The O.H. Iverson family left last Monday for an extended visit in Wetaskiwin, Camrose and Edmonton.

Ed Iverson and family have been visiting relatives here. They arrived from Swift Current, Sask., last Thursday. They report that crops are completely dried out in their district.

Mrs. Gilbert Tollefson and children are holidaying at Cold Lake for a couple of weeks.

Art Walters is having his strawberries canned. He states he will have at least one hundred quarts of preserves this year. That illustrates what is possible in producing tame fruit in this district.

IRON RIVER

We sure had a scare the other day. A new building was going up on the corner; they told us it was the jail. Come to find out it was only Standal's ice house. We sure felt relieved.

Isabelle Webster was seen going east toward Lacorey this week.

Dubuc's were seen moving their threshing outfit home on the 7. They pulled out on the 18th of September. Some run, eh? Mr. Dubuc claims to have threshed in every month of the year.

Say, H. W. Be sure you know the date of the young ladies' birthday, before you hand over the present, after this.

WILLOW TRAIL

Bill Twerdohlib is fishing at Wolf lake.

Bill Karas visited Bonnyville on Monday with a load of wheat. Wheat is a good price, maybe he will get married now.

Stella Twerdohlib froze her foot the other day.

Nick Panas lost four packages of tobacco last week.

Nick Twerdohlib was up north of Wolf Lake. Why? Maybe he has a girl up there.

IRON RIVER

Lawrence Hagen, of Mallaig, was in this district last week, and while here traded his car to Earl Maheu for a tractor and plow.

Mrs Wm. Carlson arrived home from the General Hospital Thursday, accompanied by the son and heir.

Mrs. Hobson, of Saskatoon, spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Marshall, who has just returned home from the General Hospital.

Art Marshal made a hurried trip to Iron River last week.

Myles Hargrove is whipping the softball players into shape. A game will be played between Willow Trail and Iron River on Sunday, at the Iron River School.

Clarence Schaffer, Bill McDermott and John Fielding came from the north country on a raft. We hear they got wrecked on the Sandy and walked the last few miles.

Bill lost no time. He has Leaping Lena pruned and manicured for the summer rush.

Henry Webster was seen taking a long-ing look at the safety razor.

We have a wide awake Boy Scout Troop in the Iron River district. Henry Webster is leader of the 1st Patrol, the Tigers. Nick Solowoniuk is leader of the second Patrol, the Lions. R. B. MacGillivray is Scoutmaster.

Miss Peters, teacher has undertaken to lead the Girl Guides. Leader of Patrol 1 is Jessie MacGillivray, leader of Patrol 2 is Roberta MacGillivray.

Mrs. Karl Peterson is improving and expects to be home soon.

WILLOW TRAIL

Allen Erickson, Tony Skwyr, Bill Karas, Bill, Nick and Stella Twerdohlib attended the moving picture and dance at Sandy Rapids last Saturday. All reported a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yadowsky, D. Panas and two sons, Nick and John, attended a dance at Nick Broski's on Saturday. They didn't come back till Monday evening so they must have had a good time.

A truck from Vermilion passed through this district with a load of fish from Wolf Lake. He must have had a hard time getting from Wolf Lake to Standal's, he was making the first truck track.

Nick Panas left for Elk Point on Tuesday.

LACOREY

The Bonnyville baseball team played a game at Lacorey, on Sunday, against the local team. Lacorey won. A large crowd was in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Beauchesne and two sons, were supper guests at Mrs. Du-maine's.

Mr. and Mrs. Donat Gaucher were visitors at Jos. H. Ouellette's on Sunday.

William Lefevre and two nephews, Julien Laforce and J. M. Jalbert, were supper guests at A. Limoges' on Sunday.

Marie-Rose Bureau visited her friend, Eugenie Limoges, on Sunday.

Lacorey softball team had bad luck on Sunday night by losing the game against Sandy Lake's team, just on account of players missing. Better luck next time, Lacorey, and come again, Sandy Lake.

Roland Jalbert and C. Dugas are hauling lumber from A. Limoges' place to I. Grenier's.

IRON RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Peterson and family were up visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Peters on Sunday.

Miss Roberta MacGillivray was seen travelling at a very fast rate up toward Standal's, but she did not stay long and when she came back she had a young man along.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shaffer came down from the far north for a visit with old friends.

Roberta and Jessie MacGillivray were out travelling on Saturday last, this time with a single horse and tobogan.

A. Peters called on C. O. Carlson on Monday.

Mrs. Carl Peterson left her her daughters, last Thursday, to spend a few days with friends and relatives at the Beaver River.

Mrs. W. Peters has gone to the General Hospital for treatment. We all wish her home soon.

Miss Helen Webster is spending a few days with Mrs. A. Marshall.

The Ukrainian play and dance held in the Iron River School was well attended and they made twelve dollars. The moon did not shine very bright, but they had a good time anyway.

The wells in this country all seem to be on strike, at least they are all drying up.

Osmond Peterson, with Albert Marshall's help, is digging a new well, his old one having gone dry.

Miss Helen Webster, accompanied by Miss Jessie MacGillivray called on Miss Ethyl Hargrove.

WILLOW TRAIL

(Received too late for last week)

Mr. Twerdohlib spent an enjoyable Easter Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Steve Netter's.

We had a nice wet snow storm last Monday, which will benefit the soil for early sprouting of seeds.

Mr. Van Reas was passing through here on his way to Wolf Lake, when his sleigh broke down so he had to borrow a set at Fred Yadowsky's. Most of us envied his well trained ox team. Oxen, it is proved out here, can take the place of horses, are stronger and less expensive.

Panas boys are still sawing lumber at Ayotte's. It is said that they give out the best lumber in this part of the country.

John Ayotte had a slight accident when kicking out sawdust with his foot, a part of his rubber boot was cut off by the saw blade, leaving his toes bare, but he was lucky to have them whole, with but a few small cuts and scratches. Better be careful next time, Johnny!

Mr. Reptek, a baker from Edmonton, was seen at Willow Trail last week. Wonder what he was after? Hope he doesn't intend to sell bread out here. Flour is dear enough, but baked bread; what would we have to pay? Some families out here would spend \$5.00 a week on bread alone.

Bargain Fare
\$3.00
Return
Travel by Train

TO
EDMONTON

Proportionately low fares from stations between Bonnyville, Heinsburg and Gibbons.

Good Going

THURSDAY, OCT. 17

Returning, leave Edmonton up to and including Monday, Oct. 21st. Tickets good in coaches only. No baggage checked. Children, 5 years and under 12, half fare.

Full particulars from Local Agent

CANADIAN
NATIONAL

IRON RIVER

The annual meeting of Iron River S.D. was held on the 11th. V. Peterson was re elected trustee by acclamation.

Archie Peters went south and got him a pair of cross fox. Bill and Archie have a pair each now.

Len.Johnson is making a weekly trip to Bonnyville, for R. M. Standal, with horses, since the roads have been blocked for cars.

Bill Shimchuk arrived home this week after spending some days in the hospital at Bonnyville.

The Balloon Dance held at the Ukrainian Hall was well attended. Mr. and Mrs. Mike Ballas, of Willow Trail, received the prize of one dollar.

Mrs. Adam Sziller has been confined to her bed with a cold for several weeks.

A joint meeting of the school board and Community Hall Association, was held on the 18th, to discuss the possibility of building a joint school and community hall. The matter was quite thoroughly discussed, but no settlement made.

C. O. Carlson is about ready to start sawmill operations at last winter's set.

Mrs. Ed Brandt arrived home on the 15th, from Heinsburg, where she has been spending several weeks.

Mrs. George Knapp called on Mrs. Ernest Knapp Saturday afternoon.

We all knew that Albert Marshall had a winning smile, you should see him now, he has a son and heir born on the 13th, at the Bonnyville General hospital.

The Sandy Rapids mail carrier is sporting a new esboose, with an oil can for a heater and tomato cans jointed together for stove pipe. Pretty good work.

E. Byford was seen going west last Friday night; pretty nice weather, but not so nice on Saturday.

Tom Cholik had the misfortune to break the shafts on his cutter coming from the dance the coldest day of last week—ten miles from home.

J. Sabotier has bought one of the best milking cows from A. Limoges, of Lacorey.

Joe Plamondon and family visited at Leo Miller's home every day this week, while hauling wood.

Say—boys, if you want to take up training in boxing, apply to Ed and Curly The famous Boxing Kids, Fox Lake. Louis Robert is the first to be enrolled on the Training List.
Newspaper Clippings, 1939.

SANDY RAPIDS

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Burg were visiting at Patrick Phelan's on Friday last.

Amel Cardash took a load of turkeys to Bonnyville last week. He must have got a good price for them, as he hasn't returned home yet.

Lyman Harper was seen hunting deer in this district. However, it is thought that it was two-legged dears he was hunting.

We are going to have a good Xmas treat at Sandy Rapids. The children are all doing nicely with their practising.

Peter Wilkinson is working hard at a well. He has it down two feet and is cutting right through rock.

There was a school trustee meeting last Saturday night—and was it some meeting. No one had anything to say but the secretary. The trustees bought a stove from Tom McGregor—the price was \$6.00. The trustees thought the price too high, so they compromised by renting the stove for 50 cents per month.

Mrs. Palmer and family were visitors at Sandy Rapids on Sunday.

Peter Wilkinson went to Willow Trail last Sunday with his dog team. He sure had a good trip.

Wilburn Palmer was at Wilkinson's looking for a haircut. Some think it was a girl he was looking for.

Peter Wilkinson is so tickled with the Christmas concert preparations that he is unable to sleep nights.

We had a boxing bout at Carl Crosson's. Earl Mayhew went five rounds with Bill Wilkinson. In the second round Wilkinson knocked the bark off Earl's nose. Peter Wilkinson and Mike Phelan went six rounds, and Peter was K.O'd. in the fifth. Peter Phelan and Paul Palresa went three rounds. David Wilkinson and Carl Crosson went four rounds. Crosson weighed 200 pounds while David weighed only 130 pounds. The fighting lasted from 6 to 12 p.m.

We have three school trustees in this district and we don't know what to do with them. They are doing the district a lot of harm.

HERE AND THERE

We realize at last that it is much wiser to prevent a disease than to cure it.

We spend millions of dollars on our prize poultry and prize pigs, and our prize horses, but the prize mother is neglected.

ST. LOUIS HOSPITAL NOTES

Leonie and Monique Amable, of Leg-off, are in for a few days.

Baby Aline Baril, of Beaver Crossing, is a patient.

Miss Therese Gascon, of Therien, is in for a minor operation.

Mrs. Leo. Sabotier, of Iron River, is in for treatment.

Mrs. Paul Sklanka, of Sandy Rapids, underwent an operation on Thursday, December 17.

Eliza Hermann, of Legoff, is in for treatment.

WILLOW TRAIL

The Christian Association of Willow Prairie held an evangelistic concert last Sunday. A great crowd of interested listeners attended.

We hear that the Wilkinson family of Sandy Rapids are selling out. They will be leaving for Vermilion, where they intend to farm.

Harry Panas has returned from Elk Point, where he has been employed for the last year.

Three companies of carolers invaded our district on the 7th of January.

Bernard Plouffe started his cooking experience last Sunday when he was hired to cook a meal for a few young folks.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Plouffe were seen driving to Lacorey last week, where they visited for a few days.

A little shower of rain visited our district last Saturday night.

We hear that the fishermen at Wolfe Lake will be moving over to Mosquitoe Lake for better fishing. The lake is eighteen miles northwest of Wolfe Lake.

Miss M. Twerdohlib has returned from St. Paul, where she spent a short time.

Market

NOON PRICES—JAN. 20

Oats No. 2 C.W.18
Barley No. 3 C.W.24½
Rye No. 2 C.W.22

Livestock—Edmonton Prices

Steers: good to choice....5.50 to 6.25
fair to medium 4.50 to 5.00

Heifers5.25 to 5.75

Calves5.50 to 6.00

Hogs, Bacon, trucked in..... 8.10

Lambs, insufficient to make a market.

Yearlings, insufficient to make a market

Produce and Dairy

Cream, Special, lb17c

Cream, No. 1,15c

Cream, No. 2,12c

Butter, Creamery, retail, lb.....25c

IRON RIVER

Isabelle Webster spent a few days at home, between jobs, last week.

Two weddings occurred in this district, lately—Ed Byford and Kate Bidulak were united on the 16th of September by Albert Marshall.

Serge Hoponiuk and Nida Sarawanski were united on September 20th by Albert Marshall.

Arehie Peters, Myles Hargroves and others have returned from the south, where they have been threshing.

Alex Heriman is away west threshing stacks during this wet spell. There are still a few jobs of stook threshing to be done around here.

Mrs. George Knapp made a trip to Bonnyville last week, where she sold a number of turkeys and chickens.

Albert Marshall left for Saskatoon, Monday last, where he will join Mrs. Marshall, who left some time ago. They intend to return in about two months.

IRON RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Knapp and family and Miss Pearl Palmer, were Sunday visitors at the Geo. Kuapp home.

Osmond Peterson is working for C. O. Carlson this winter.

We are sorry to hear Mrs. Pete Hawyr-luk passed away at the General Hospital, Bonnyville, on Wednesday, January 11, owing to a heart ailment. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband and one daughter, Mrs. Joe Plamondon, both of Iron River.

A dance was held in the Ukrainian hall on January 13. Owing to stormy weather the attendance was small, and the concert also scheduled, was not held.

Mrs. Ed Brandt was taken to General hospital, Bonnyville, for treatment, on Sunday, January 15th. She was able to return Wednesday. We wish her a speedy recovery.

William Peter is now the proud owner of two beautiful silver fox and hopes to raise more in the future.

Bill Procinsky went south for a visit. Wonder if it's a girl pulling him down there.

We saw Slovko heading east; wonder why?

The dance held in the Merton Hall was very well attended, all roads lead there on February 3rd.

Mike Hewak doesn't seem to make his regular trips across the river.

Mary Skrepneck is laid down with a bad cold.

Mike Procinsky is wearing a big smile these days. He has the secretary job now.

LACOREY

Louis Chouinard has left us for B. C., where he'll be working for the winter.

On the sick list are the following: Mrs. Philippe Chouinard, now in the Bonnyville hospital; Mlle. Therese Bonin, baby Martel, and Louis Bonin. To everyone of you here's wishing you all a speedy recovery.

The "Flyer Taxi" is sure busy these days. How's business, Bill?

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bureau spent the weekend visiting relatives in Fort Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand St. Pierre have returned to our midst after being in Bonnyville for awhile.

Art Jensen is building a new house. A new windcharger is being installed for A. Limoges.

Visitors at Mrs. Francois Auger's last Sunday were: Miss Jeanne Leroy, Jules and Napoleon Ouellette. Leda Auger, who's working in town, also visited her parents.

Quite a few from out here attended the social party in Fort Kent, Sunday.

Alp. Desrochers, of Bonnyville, accompanied by Adrien Michaud, of Fort Kent, were on business here last Monday.

Art Robert, accompanied by son and daughter, Louis and Loretta, are visiting in Vegreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ouellette and Rita Lambert were visitors in Cold Lake, Sunday.

John Neilson, Cockshutt blockman, spent a few days with A. Limoges, local agent, attending to business.

Curly McKinley and Ed. Beaudry, enrolled in the 49th battalion, had one more chance seeing their relatives and friends before going across. They left for Edmonton on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Limoges and daughter, Eugenie, paid a short visit to Fort Kent, Sunday afternoon, then visited at Mrs. H. Jalbert, of Bonnyville, for the rest of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Matson transacted business in the city this week.

SAWMILL—FOR SALE

Have a Sawmill in good condition, for sale, or will trade for good horse.

Apply at

The Nouvelle Office.

1 p

WILLOW TRAIL

Gerard Plouffe will be leaving for Cold Lake in a short while, where he will engage himself in watch fixing.

Lewis Robert, of Iron River, was seen passing through our district with his two-horse-haw-and-gee-outfit.

The time of our mail every Saturday shall be 4:30 p.m., as the mail carrier at the other end is getting old.

Miss Mary Twerdohlib visited her home for awhile, and has left for St. Paul, where she is employed.

Joe Plouffe, of Iron River, has been sawing wood for his brothers.

Tony Squire, of Willow Prairie, took a business trip to Bonnyville last week and hasn't been seen since.

A new postoffice has been erected at Willow Prairie. N. Suschanka will be the first postmaster of the Garth Postoffice.

Wedding bells will ring merrily on the 5th of February, when M. Bella, of Andrew, will elope with Miss Stella Twerdohlib. We all wish them a happy and prosperous life to the end of their days.

A dance will be held in the Osborne Lake School on February 3rd. Let's go.

Anthony Square bought N. Twerdohlib's truck. All it needs he says, is a new oil tank, 4 tires, a carburator, a few minor repairs to the engine, some new spark plugs, and a hood and some gas and oil. Then he'll give the "Jitterbug" a try out around the back yard. If it works we get a ride to the dance.

SLAB-TOWN

Lessard most assuredly belongs to the four hundreds, as there are a considerable number of gigollos in evidence at the social gatherings. They are not Mexican or Spanish however, but Sweedish and Norwegian.

Slivers and Humpty-Dumpty were seen at a Christmas concert the other night. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, at least the latter must think Santa is a pretty good man for he remembered him with a present. What was it Humpty?

Some of the more narrow-minded of our citizens think they weren't treated right at the Lessard Christmas concert. Let these critisizers step in and do better. I think they would do a lot worse, but they may at least find it is a lot of work with very little praise. Those who are least willing to do anything for the community are the first to find fault.

One of our long since deserted and forgotten cabins was called on recently by—who?

Well, folks, leap year is here so look out boys, there are some "Leapin' young dancin'" in these parts.

IRON RIVER

The Iron River Picnic will be held on July 6th, at the school grounds.

Clarence Shaffer and family left for their home in the north last Monday.

Bill Lymchuk had the misfortune to lose five young pigs and a sow. It seems his five-year old daughter found a bottle in the pasture. She took the bottle home and washed it thoroughly, throwing the water in the slop pail, which in turn was fed to the pigs. Bill claims the pigs died five minutes after being feed.

The McGillivray girls have arrived home from where they have been attending school.

R. M. Standal made two trips to Bonnyville with livestock, last Monday, from this district.

WILLOW TRAIL

Four teams were seen hauling railroad ties to the Beaver River. The drivers were: Paul and Mike Smear, of Bonnyville, B. Twerdolib and daughter, Mary, who was the most attractive one of them all.

Mr. Shandrow, of Lacorey, was seen hauling a load of lumber from the D. Panas sawmill.

The Osborne Lake School softball team played the Willow Trail school team on June 9th. The score was 21 to 14 in favor of the Willow Trail team. The game was quite enjoyable, as the teams consisted of boys and girls.

Tom Cholik was seen on a wild goose chase for the last few days, must be the change of weather so encouraging.

IRON RIVER

The Ukrainian club of Iron River are having a concert in the Iron River hall on February 10th, 8:30 p.m. Admission Gents 25c, Ladies 15c, children 10c. Balloon dance after concert. Price \$1.00.

L. Johnson is doing R. M. Standal's hauling every Monday, now that the roads are impassable for trucks.

A large number, including several from distant points, attended the 'Hard Time' dance in the Ukrainian hall, at Iron River on the 27th. Mrs. F. Yadowski received first prize and Mrs. Kryzanowski the second for the ladies. Men's first prize, to Bill Lukiniuk and second to Olaf Peterson. Judges R. M. Standal, S. Woloshyn and Miss Olga Prochinsky.

1939

WILLOW TRAIL

A boxing tournament was held at the Osborne Lake School on Monday, April 10 and was very well attended. The fans were treated to a very good exhibition of boxing during the four bouts. The following took part in the fistic sport: Parker Refew vs Oliver Berg, John Davidowich vs Bill Palick, Allen Erickson vs C. Verrier, Jos. Beaudry vs Louis Robert. Allen Erickson was the only winner, the other three bouts having ended in a draw.

Harry Panas has finally got his machine set up to puff wheat at Bonnyville. He will soon have his full line of necessities in order to bag the puffed wheat. Here's the best of luck to you, Harry.

Miss Olga Procinsky and Larcen Palmer, both of Garth, were united in marriage on March 3rd. Miss Procinsky, who is a teacher at the Forest Stream School, came from St. Michael two years ago, where her parents are farming.

Miss Mary Cholik, of Edmonton, visited her parents for a week and has returned to the city, where she is employed.

Tom Cholik is laid up with a sore throat this week; too much running around must be the cause.

Mr. Petryshyn and his son, Paul were business visitors to Bonnyville this week.

Mr. Wilkinson and Pete drove to Vermillion with their team. They expect to move there early this spring. Pete says that the country isn't good enough for him.

William Palmer, of Elk Point, is visiting his brother for the last two weeks.

Mike Phelan purchased a punching bag and is now in training, in order to gain strength to get even with some of his opponents. We don't think this idea will give him satisfaction.

One of the ambitious boys "Robert McGregor" is tinkering around with dynamos, generators and all sorts of machine parts and wants to rig up a power plant.

Market

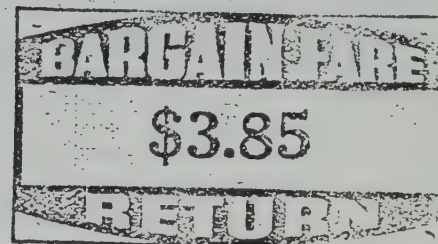
NOON PRICES—MARCH 9

Oats No. 2 C.W.	14½
Barley No. 3 C.W.	16
Rye No. 2 C.W.	18½

Livestock—Edmonton Prices

Steers: good to choice	6 00 to 6 50
fair to medium	4 50 to 5 50
Heifers	5 50 to 6 50
Calves	6 00 to 6 25
Hogs, Bacon, trucked in	8 60
Sheep, in sufficient to make a market	

RAIL



BONNYVILLE to EDMONTON

Proportionately low fares from stations between Bonnyville, Heinsburg and Bellis.

Good Going

TUESDAY, JAN. 17th.

Returning, leave Edmonton up to and including Friday, Jan. 20th. Tickets good in coaches only. No baggage checked. Children, 5 years and under 12, half fare.

Full particulars from any agent



SANDY RAPIDS

THE PROUD PIGEON NO. 957

On July 27, about 4:00 p.m., a beautiful pigeon came circling round the little hut where I'm visiting. I was very much surprised to see such a fowl around the place, and where it came, and whose it is, I don't know, because there is no such registered fowl kept around here, his number being 957 on a ring on his left foot. The number on the right, on the ring, being, July 10, 1937.

While washing clothes right by the doorstep, I did not hear the bird alight. I noticed him as he was proudly walking over the doorstep into the house of Mr. Mike Dehod, of this district. He entered with the greatest pride.

When I walked in after him and closing the door behind myself in case he should fly out, I was greatly astonished to find him not afraid. I picked him up and he kept humming away just as a male pigeon does. I fed him and he so far has made no attempt whatsoever to fly away. He has been on the doorstep but has always returned of his own accord and has found himself a perch on a shelf, which he seems to favor greatly, for that's where he spends most of his time.

—Sophie Dehod.

Produce and Dairy

Cream, Special, lb	16c
Cream, No. 1,	14c
Cream, No. 2,	11c
Butter, Creamery, retail, lb	25c
Butter, Good Dairy, retail, lb	20c

Centralization

History of the Iron River Centralized School by Selma Strus (nee Bachoffer)

A new era in education began on September 2, 1955 when the Iron River Centralized School opened its many doors for the first time. Gone forever from this area was the one room school housing students from grades one to eight or nine, with one teacher or supervisor in charge of the education of all grades. For some time, parents from Sandy Rapids to Lessard, realizing the importance of a high school education for their children, had been expressing the need for a rural high school in their area, where all children could have the opportunity of completing a grade twelve education while living at home. Many bright youngsters had to be content with a grade eight or nine education because funds were lacking to board them away from home to receive a high school education. After two well attended general meetings in 1954 and with the active support of W. S. Scott, local trustee, J. Sylvestre, Superintendent of Schools for the Bonnyville School Division #46, and Mike Luciak, a divisional trustee, the Department of Education gave its approval for the construction of a new centralized school to be constructed in the area to house students from grades one to twelve. The centralization combined the schools of Jolly, Merton, Harold Lake, Bevin, Willow Trail, Forest Stream, Osborne Lake, Churchvelt, Wendel, Sandy Rapids, Balm Tree and Iron River. Because the French Catholic population of LaCorey wished to protect their language and religious rights, this school jurisdiction remained out of centralization, although any parents wishing to send their children to the new centralized school from that area could do so.

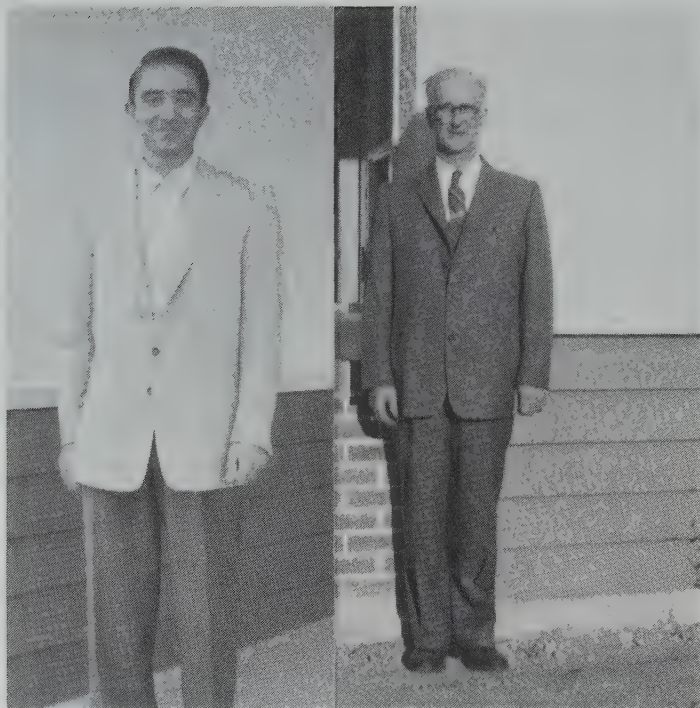
The site of the new school was located about five hundred yards east of the Iron River Store on land donated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Panas. Construction of a four classroom school with a large corridor was approved to an estimated cost of fifty thousand dollars. Contractors were approved as follows: Timber Rile Ltd. — Glulam Beams, Caouette's Electric — Electrical, St. Paul Foundry — Heating and Ventila-



The old and the new, 1955.

tion, Steel and Plumbing, Hayward's Lumber, Edmonton — Millwork, Empire Brass Manufacturing Co. Ltd. — Hardware, Clark Roofing and Sheet Metal C. Ltd. — Roofing, Tayor Tile Ltd. — Flooring, R. H. Palmer Ltd., Edmonton — Window Specialties. Lumber was purchased from J. N. Vallee at a cost of fifty-eight dollars per thousand board feet and Leon Albert supervised the construction by day labour. Because work on the new building had progressed very little by school opening, other alternatives were sought. Late in August of 1955, Mix the Mover was seen busy in the area moving in six of the one-room country schools from the Iron River, Churchvelt, Sandy Rapids, Willow Trail, Merton and Wendel areas to serve as temporary classrooms. These were set up in a row in the new school yard facing east. Later a seventh school was also moved in. The divisional board felt that eventually some of these could be converted to teacherages and one was eventually reconstructed to form a duplex of sorts. By May of 1956, only one room in the new school was ready for occupancy and a Miss Dupuis was hired to conduct classes in this room.

Because of the uncertainty of enrollment only six teachers were at first hired. Louis Hochachka was principal and taught a total of thirty grade nine students; R. B. MacGillivray was vice-principal in charge of nineteen grade ten students; H. W. Taylor had an enrollment of forty-three students in grades



First principal and vice-principal. Mr. Robert MacGillivray and Mr. Louis Hochachka. Pioneers in centralized education.

seven and eight; Gerald Bussieres had thirty-seven grade five and six pupils; Anne Sawchuk, later to become Louis' wife, had twenty-eight grade threes and fours; Mary Broski commenced the year with forty-eight in the grades one and two class. By the end of September, Anne took over the grade two class, while Frank Shydrowski replaced her in the grade three-four classroom from October through March. From April through June, Olga Kociupchyk replaced Frank.

One can only imagine the confusion that must have reigned in those first few days as students were



A tribute in song — girls' graduation chorus. Back row, l. to r.: Gladys Miller, Mary Rose Miller, Lily Balla, Lucy Netter, Alice Lauzon. Front row: Sharon Galick, Eileen Sabatier, Bernice Laramée, and Norma Byford.

sorted into classes in the various one room schools and teachers assigned to these various classes. What feelings of consternation and helplessness must have been felt by some of the teachers as they prepared to cope with the multitude of faces eyeing them curiously from the rows and rows of desks they faced. The rivalries that had existed between the various local school districts were carried along to the new school and many a dispute erupted into a match of fisticuffs as students from each area vied to establish their superiority. One former student of those days recalls that one unfortunate fellow brought boxing gloves to school in an attempt to prove his prowess in this "sport". This resulted in a number of black eyes and nose bleeds. It took a number of years before the old loyalties were transferred to the new school.

By the fall of 1956, four classrooms in the new school were ready for occupancy with the almost unheard of luxury of running water and flush toilets. Five of the "hauled-in" schools were still in use. Some people in the Bonnyville area wanted to stop further development of the school. However, Superintendent J. Sylvestre supported this area's parents in the need for further expansion. The Department of Education sent out two high school superintendents, Dr. Johanson and Dr. Chalmers to investigate and report on the situation. Their recommendation was for two additional elementary classrooms, a junior high — senior high wing and a gymnasium to be constructed and these were added. During the 1959-1960 school year the new plant as it exists today in 1980, was completed and housed grades one to twelve inclusive with a staff of twelve teachers. Every teacher, including the principal taught every period of every day as administrative or preparation time was unheard of at that time.



Early educators. Back row, left to right: Dave Thompson, R. B. MacGillivray, Clayton Cutshaw, H. W. Taylor, Louis Hochachka. Front row: Mary Skrypichayko, Connie Fedorus, Kathleen Batke, Mary Broski, and Anne Hochachka.

Teacherages were moved in to the compound as well in 1955 to house some of the staff. When I began my teaching career at Iron River in September of 1959, these consisted of four tiny two room houses with wood burning cook stoves and diesel oil burning heaters; one former school converted into a duplex, and two pre-fabricated, two bedroom homes heated by propane. Later two more two bedroom houses were built and eventually the small “shacks” and the old duplex were sold as well as the original two “pre-fabs”. Another two, two bedroom homes were built and today these four houses remain in the school yard with only one occupied by a teacher. Recently the school board decided to sell these remaining four teacherages so it appears that the era of teacherages at Iron River School will come to an end, twenty-five years after it first began.

The school division provided essential furnishings such as beds, dressers, tables, chairs and iron cots with mattresses that could serve as chesterfields, some dishes and pots and pans, and cook stoves. In later years chesterfield suites and refrigerators were also provided. When a teacherage became vacant, there was often a scramble by occupants of the other teacherages to exchange their furnishings for better ones from the unoccupied house, if these existed. The mattress on the bed in my teacherage was terribly dirty and I requested a new one. Instead I was provided with a cotton mattress cover with a small opening on one of the lengthwise sides. After much difficulty I got it on only to discover that it was too short and the mattress ends curled up, so for the next two years I slept on a dirty mattress covered with several clean sheets. A shower in the high school wing was installed for the teacher’s use, fire wood was supplied by the school board, and barrels of fuel oil were set up near each teacherage and kept filled by the board as well, but the cost of fuel was deducted from the teacher’s pay cheques. Water was carried from the school for home use and outhouses were provided behind the teacherages, although these were used very little, most occupants of the teacherages preferring to use the school’s modern facilities. The newer houses and the duplex were heated by propane with one large tank being shared by two houses and the cost split between the occupants. Later meters were added and for some reason the cost of heating soared. Propane bills for a month during the coldest winter months could soar to over one hundred dollars. Electricity bills were also very high, probably due to the poor construction of the houses. Running water was installed in the teacherages in the fall of 1962 and what a blessing that was, even though the water was very rusty until years later when a proper water softener was installed in the school.

When I first began teaching at Iron River I was told that the water had been tested and that it was found consumable for everyone except people with weak hearts, babies and pigs. It was little consolation knowing my constitution was hardier than that of a pig!

When I first arrived at Iron River in 1959, I lived in one of the small “shacks”. The rent then was fifteen dollars per month and my salary after deductions was one hundred and fifty-five dollars. I had never used a wood cook stove in my life so cooked my meager meals on the oil heater. Sometimes I would forget to keep the heater filled and it would go out. I would fill the tank and go about some task while fuel seeped into the burner. Many times I’d forget about it and come back to find inches of fuel in the bottom. When this was lit the heater would vibrate and roar as if it were ready to explode. I would leave the house till all died down to normal. It is a miracle I never set the house on fire! The nearest phone then was LaCorey and the mail came from Bonnyville to the Iron River Post Office two or three times a week. All the teaching staff except for those who were living on nearby farms lived in the teacherages. We were a close knit group and I never felt isolated as someone from staff or the community always saw that we got to Bonnyville when the need arose. The teaching staff was always included in local social events and was often invited to area resident’s homes for suppers etc. We even had a community dog in the school yard, some stray that someone dropped off and we all fed. One single male teacher, thinking to treat the dog, bought some hamburger meat for him and fed it to him raw. He kept us up all night with his pain-filled howls. This dog knew every vehicle that belonged to the compound’s occupants. He even knew when the single female teachers were in a vehicle coming into the yard and only barked at vehicles containing no one from the yard. The janitor and his family also occupied a teacherage then.

In 1959 and for some years before and after there was a shortage of teachers in Alberta, particularly in the rural areas. Recruiting was done in other countries, thus we had a staff from India, Australia, United States, Fiji, Jamaica, the Phillipines, England, and Scotland. Most stayed only a year or two and then moved on to larger centres or returned home to their native lands. However, exposure to these various cultures was a broadening experience for students and parents alike. I remember how strange we thought one fellow from India was because he kept his teacherage door locked at all times, even if he left for five minutes to get a pail of water from the school. In those days burglarizing of homes was





Centralization — together we learn.

practically unheard of in the area and we all left our doors unlocked. Besides, no one had much of value for a would-be thief. It was not until years later, when road conditions improved that teachers began residing in Bonnyville and travelling to school each day. In a way, it is unfortunate that this has happened as the close bond that existed between teachers and the community then, is often lacking today.

September 2, 1955 marked the beginning of many new experiences for the children of this area and one that has remained an integral part of each student's school years, is the ride to and from school on the big yellow school bus. That first year six buses were in operation. Harry Panas had the Churchvelt, Iron River, Merton route, Peter Charawich had the Wendel, Sandy Rapids route, Henry Batke had the



The first of their kind. Charlie Olszowka, Henry Batke, Pete Twerdohlib, Peter Charawich, Harry Panas, Steve Charawich, Johnny Tkachuk.

Bevin run, Mike Tkachuk the Forest Stream — Osbourne Lake run, George Ducharme the Balm Tree route and although Louis Dumaine received the contract for the Willow Trail route, he gave it up to Charlie Olszowka. After the first year, Harry purchased George Ducharme's route and bus. He purchased another bus when the Wolf Lake run came into existence and later also purchased Mike Tkachuk's bus and route. Eventually he sold two buses to Mike Matichuk who in turn later sold these to Anthony Tkachuk and Mike Strus. Peter Charawich purchased Henry Batke's bus. When Harry Panas passed away, his widow Katie, sold the remaining two buses to Rene Dallaire. Rene also purchased buses from Charlie Olszowka, Mike Strus and Anthony Tkachuk. After centralization of the area's high school at Bonnyville, feeder buses were added and bus routes changed. Today five buses serve the Iron River School, three belonging to Rene Dallaire and two to the Charawiches. Two of the original bus drivers, Peter Charawich and Peter Twerdohlib are still conveying students to our school.

One can have nothing but admiration for these conscientious bus drivers whose main concern was and still is the safe deliverance of their precious, if sometimes rambunctious and rowdy, loads to and from school. In the earlier years road conditions were very poor and many times during winter and spring months, roads were impassable and children were unable to get to school. In spring it was not uncommon to get mired down in mud or in road washouts. Many times in winter a storm would begin raging during school hours and in no time at all buses were at school, without being summoned, and early dismissal occurred so that children could be safely returned home, I remember well one such day in the early spring of 1966. A mild cloudy day dawned with heavy wet snow falling intermittently. It soon de-

veloped into a full scale blizzard, buses were summoned, (by then many rural residents had telephones) and dispatched with their loads of children for home. At that time Mrs. Broski and I travelled from our homes on the farms to school on the buses as well. Our diver could not be reached so when Peter Charawich returned after delivering his charges home, the principal asked him to take the remaining students home. We left the school around 11:00 a.m. with Steve Charawich and Eugene Katerenchuk, Vice-principal of the school, coming along to lend assistance should it be needed. About four miles from the school we found ourselves stuck in a drift that covered the road, with no hope of going forward. The men shovelled and with the assistance of the older boys on board, pushing, managed to extricate the bus. We tried a different route and met with the same fate. Finally we returned to school and Peter phoned Roman Ulanicki, who then had the LaCorey Store, and he agreed to start up the M.D. snowplow, housed in a shed at LaCorey, and clear the roads ahead of the bus. We proceeded to LaCorey and with the snowplow clearing the way, arrived safely home in the late afternoon. Other incidents of this sort occurred over the years, but to the credit of our valiant and skillful drivers, no child ever failed to reach home safely, no matter what the weather conditions.

Some bus drivers took it upon themselves to discipline erring students. One young fellow was living with his grandparents and proved to be more than they could handle. They had complained to the driver that he often failed to come home after school, but instead went to friend's places without the grandparent's knowledge or consent. One day after this conversation had occurred the luckless lad again disobeyed his grandparents. The next evening when he decided to go home, as he was disembarking from the bus, the driver stopped him, got off the bus, got a willow and gave him a-sound thrashing. The grandparents were grateful and the youngster mended his ways for a time!

In the earlier years buses had rather poor heating systems. When the temperature dipped well below freezing, on numerous occasions students arrived at school chilled and with lunches frozen in their lunch kits. However, parents knowing what the conditions were, generally insured that their children were properly dressed to protect them from the cold, and no child ever suffered frost-bite on those cold rides. No child then ever came to school wearing only running shoes on their feet, in winter, as they do now. Some bus drivers were and still are so conscientious about keeping to a regular schedule that people say they can set their clocks by them.

An integral and important part of the school staff



The first caretakers. Jennie and Bill Lukinuk.

was the janitor and his assistant. Morale in a school can very soon disintegrate under unsanitary conditions or when systems malfunction. The Iron River School has been fortunate in having had conscientious custodians who strived to keep the school clean, repairs done quickly, and systems running smoothly to the best of their abilities. The first custodians were Mr. and Mrs. Lukinuk. Their task was not an easy one with all the one room schools to care for and the lack of a water and sewer system at the time. Next followed Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Waskiewich. At times it would take Mr. Waskiewich longer than usual to complete his tasks as he would stop in each classroom where lessons from the day remained on the blackboard and read what was there, thus upgrading his own education in English. Mr. and Mrs. Waskiewich could always be counted on to board teachers, act as babysitters, or should an emergency arise in a teacherage, assist as well. Whenever my oil heater acted up, I had only to scurry next door and one or the other would come to set things right. On week-ends when I was away, they kept my oil heater filled with fuel so I could return to a warm house. When Waskiewich's retired, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Ryll became custodians. A friendlier more helpful couple could hardly be found. Mrs. Ryll always had a ready smile and a kind word for all. She also pinch-hit as a baby sitter for me. Upon Mr. and Mrs. Ryll's retirement, Mr. and Mrs. George Tkachuk took over the janitorial duties. His skills as a carpenter were often put to use when new shelves were needed or any other minor woodwork was requested, even to building a



Completing the course — the first graduates. Back row: R. B. MacGillivray, Roland Ulanicki, Carter Galick, Bohdane, Kunec, Louis Hochachka, Principal. Front row: Elizabeth Sarawanski, Joyce Peters, Veronica Kolody, Norma Knapp, and Eileen Davidovich.

cradle for the manger scene in the Christmas pageant. At present our custodians are Mr. and Mrs. Mike Hawrylak. Our school continues to remain in trustworthy capable hands.

At the helm of every efficiently and well-run school plant is a principal who is devoted, works selflessly to improve programs and conditions of the school, and puts in countless numbers of hours, that often few appreciate, with one thought uppermost in his mind, the emotional and educational well-being of all students. In 1955 Louis Hochachka was appointed principal of the newly centralized school at Iron River. What a tremendous organizational task was his with an enrollment of two hundred and fifteen students and a teaching staff of six including himself, and all to be housed in one room schools. No administrative time was provided then and all his duties connected with the principalship had to be carried out before or after school hours. R. B. MacGillivray was promoted from vice-principal to principal in 1959, upon Louis' resignation. He was soft spoken, but firm, and his authority rarely questioned. As busy as he was, he always had time to aid the beginning teachers. As my first principal, I always admired him and have retained a special place in my heart for him. Upon his retirement George Buckle became principal and served as such from the fall of 1960 to June 1965, a total of five years. Those, who knew him, will never forget George's Scottish brogue and his strong resonant voice as he led the high school choir at Christmas concerts. In the fall, on more than one occasion, he was out tracking down students who had failed to begin attendance for the school year. A stern lecture from George and parents saw to it that those students were in class the next day. During the early sixties, the children from the Wolf

Programme

O Canada

Grace Miss M. Willows

Banquet

Song Girls' Choir

Introduction of Graduands

. Mr. L. Hochachka

Address Mr. H. A. MacNeil

Biographies

Song Girls' Choir

Address Miss M. Willows

Song Girls' Choir

Address and Presentation of Scrolls

. Mr..W. S. Scott

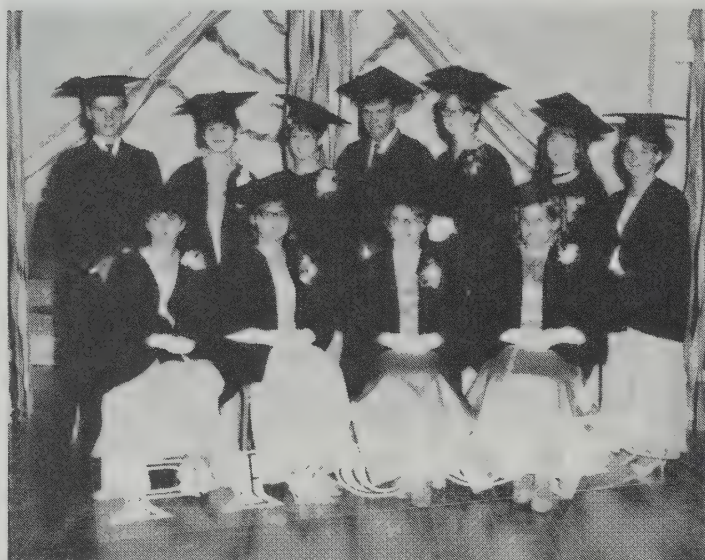
Valedictory E. Sarawanski

Hymn

THE QUEEN

Lake reserve school were bussed to the Iron River School. What a task it was for George to sort them into proper grades. Many of them, bright capable students, for some reason, had not been promoted regularly. I was teaching grade two at the time and my heart bled for an eleven year old boy and his twelve year old sister who were placed in my room. One could not blame these students for becoming drop-outs as soon as they were of age, when they were in classrooms with youngsters four or five years

younger than they were. In August of 1965 a large red bearded man appeared at my teacherage for the coming year. Remaining in that capacity for the next almost seven years, he caused many innovations to occur at our school. A central library was formed for grades one to twelve in the high school wing. Up until then the grades one to six classrooms had libraries in their separate rooms. The elementary staff voiced strong objections, but after a year or so we could see how beneficial it was. During Lorne's tenure, audio-visual materials, including books, records, filmstrips, maps etc. increased many fold. How he managed the accumulation of these materials, is still rather a mystery even to the central office staff who payed the bills, though they often were very confused. When Lorne decided to go on to better things in the spring of 1972, vice-principal John Kalinsky served as acting principal for the remainder of the school term. The school board having decided to eliminate the vice-principal position in



The last to go — the final graduation class.

elementary and junior high schools, this was the last year our school had someone acting in that capacity. In September of 1972 James Clarke became principal for a one year term and in the fall of 1973 Mike Mytrash took over at the helm and remained in that capacity for the next six years. Mike had a strong interest in drawing the school and community closer together. He initiated "Adult Night" during the winter months whereby adults from the community could participate in sports activities in the school gymnasium one night a week. He was also instrumental in getting community library grants to purchase books for the school library and in encouraging the community at large to use the school's library facilities. When teachers began to show a disinterest in continuing the annual school Christmas concert,

he persuaded them to continue, for all but one year, knowing what a deep rooted tradition it was as part of the community's yuletide celebrations. Mike resigned effective June 30th, 1979 as principal but has remained as part of the teaching staff in the capacity of half-time teacher. We can now say we have gone full circle for in the fall of 1979, a former student, who received his grades one to twelve education at our school and was also a part of the teaching staff for some time, returned as principal. David Panas, in one year, has displayed unflagging energy and interest in the extra-curricular and co-curricular programs, and the staff of our school. His influence in all areas, but particularly in sports, educational field trips and Student Union Activities has been strongly felt.

In 1966, the urgent need for school secretaries was recognized by the divisional school board and the first to be employed in that capacity on a part-time basis was Doris Ulanicki. To begin with, her duties consisted mainly of tasks assigned by the principal. Eventually the teaching staff requested her assistance as well and the position has grown into a full time one today. Since then June Mowers, Mrs. Inglis, Eunice Kalinski, Jean Inglis and Gloria Balla have all been an invaluable part of the school staff. Today our secretary, Gloria Balla, besides handling the librarian duties, being secretary to the principal, typing and duplicating materials for teachers and answering the telephone, also sells school supplies, collects text book rentals and school picture money etc. She can also be seen pinch-hitting in classrooms when the need arises, helping with the local track-meet, making props for the Christmas concert, administering first-aid, scolding errant students, cheering on the school sports teams, and carrying on all sorts of other activities above and beyond the call of duty. One often wonders where the time and energy for all these activities comes from and how we ever managed without a school secretary.

A group of men, who must not be excluded from this history, because of the time and effort they have expended in trying to maintain and improve the quality of the educational system in our school, are the local divisional trustees. W. S. (Steve) Scott was the trustee at the inception of the new Iron River School and was instrumental in bringing about its construction. He was a most far-sighted, dedicated man and often took the time to visit the school and talk to the staff to see how things could be improved. Following in his footsteps were Mike Tkachuk, Donald Stevens, Rolland Duchesne, Adolph Ryll, and David Panas. Adolph Ryll is presently our trustee for a second time. Each of these men worked tirelessly and with dedication to try to the best of their abilities to meet the educational needs of the area. Conflicts

arose at times, but each decision they reached, I feel, was reached with what they felt, was in the best interest of all the students in their area at that time.

In 1968-1969 rumblings were heard in the community that later developed into a full scale verbal battle. After many meetings of debating the question, the Bonnyville School Division #46, decided at their March 28, 1969 meeting to centralize all the high schools of the area, which included Ardmore, Duclos, Fort Kent and Iron River, at the Fort Kent School. Their main reasons were to cut operational costs and to improve the educational programs for high school students. Most parents of the Iron River School were soon up in arms and determined to fight to keep their rural high school. Three public meetings and numerous committee meetings were held in the community as well as throughout the division with trustee's from some of the other areas. A delegation composed of W. S. Scott, Walter Slawuta, Willie McGregor, John Sarawanski, Jackie MacGillivray (secretary of the committee), Don Stevens, Eunice Kalinski, Roman Ulanicki (chairman of the committee), and Bill Romanchuk presented a brief to the Minister of Education, Honorable Robert Clark. The main concerns and objections voiced by the parents were the long bus rides over gravel roads often in poor condition, that would result; students would be forced to forego extra-curricular activities because of the great distance to be travelled factor; grades one to nine students would have to leave home a half hour earlier because all students were to be transported on the same buses to the Iron River School, with the high school students then continuing on to Fort Kent; grades one to nine students would have to remain at the Iron River School one half hour later in the afternoon as well; there would be very few educational gains made, and they were also upset by the lack of consultation to them by the school board. It was also felt that the move to Fort Kent was a temporary measure since it was only a small hamlet and eventually the Centralized High School would be built in a larger centre. Fear was also expressed that no longer would the community be centered around the school with the high school students gone. The whole concept and value of a rural high school was no longer being recognized. A delay of two to three years was requested so that satisfactory solutions to their problems and concerns could be hopefully achieved. Mr. Clark sympathized with the parents objections and asked the school board to get parental approval before continuing. He did, however, stress that the board was the final authority in whatever plan they chose. The board decided to go ahead as planned and a boycott of the Iron River School was put into effect September 2, 1969, and with the exception

of children from three or four families, all grades one to twelve students remained out of school for two weeks. Finally the bussing arrangement was revised to include feeder buses so that grades one to nine students attending Iron River would be kept more or less on the old schedule and also to provide the shortest distance wherever possible for the high school students to travel. Thus the rural high school that so many had fought so hard for, and all the implications it had for this community was gone forever, as so called progress marched on. As local parents had envisaged, the educational benefits were few, if any, many students had to drop extra-curricular activities, and within a few years a new school was built in Bonnyville. The antagonism which existed between parents in favor of and those opposed to the boycott took years to heal. Some parents removed their students from the Iron River School permanently and enrolled them in the Notre Dame School, part of Bonnyville School District #2665. This whole conflict could have probably been avoided had the school board acted with more forethought, less haste and with parental involvement.



Gymnastics Class, April, 1957. Instructor, Dave Thompson in center.

Over the past twenty-five years, the educational programs of our school have changed considerably, hopefully for the betterment of the education of all our students although this was not always the case. To begin with the core program occupied most of the school day for students. It was geared to suit the needs of the average or above average student. The students experiencing difficulties with the program because of their intelligence level or because of learning disabilities had to cope as best they could with the result that many repeated grades and dropped out of school as soon as they were of age. The plight of these youngsters was recognized and an opportunity room was established at the Duclos School where our students, with problems, attended each day. Later an

opportunity room was established in our school and students from grades one to six, experiencing difficulties, attended all their classes there, working on special programs to meet their needs at their own levels. It was soon felt that these students were too segregated and so for music, art and physical education, they rejoined their peers in the regular classrooms. Again the philosophy behind this type of education was reconsidered and found wanting and these students were reintroduced into the regular classrooms, and given special instruction for a number of periods a week as deemed necessary, and where time allowed in a resource room, first called a learning disabilities' room. Very often it was a regular classroom teacher who supplied the instruction to the best of her abilities, but with no special training in the field of learning disabilities. Eventually the need for this type of assistance at the junior high level was recognized and for the last few years a half-time compensatory teacher has been employed in our school, working mainly with students from grades five to nine.

In 1968 the Continuous Progress System was introduced into our school whereby the high achiever could complete grades one to six in five years and the slow achiever in seven year. It soon became apparent for a number of valid reasons that the five year program was unsuccessful and this part of the system was dropped.

In 1969 the Department of Education provided special grants to school boards to enable the hiring of teacher librarians. Since not enough qualified people were available, the position in many schools was filled by a regular classroom teacher. From September 1969 to March 1972, I worked in this capacity in our school. The grant was then discontinued and so was the position in our school. These duties are now handled by our school secretary.

In 1972, Cynthia Clark, wife of principal James Clark, began a pre-school program on a voluntary basis in our school, conducting classes in what is now our staff room in the junior high wing. In 1973 the Department of Education provided grants for school boards to develop an Early Childhood Services (E.C.S.) program and the first group of kindergarten students began attending school on a regular three day per week basis. To begin with, qualified teachers were not essential, but E.C.S. teachers were encouraged to take courses to upgrade their qualifications. Some were offered in Bonnyville. Standards have improved and for the past few years only qualified teachers have been hired. Anne Vandriel was our first E.C.S. teacher, followed by Myrna Stevens, Mildred Hall and Sharon Fersovitch. Students entering grade one for the first time are so

much better prepared to handle the activities required in the regular education program. Because of the parental involvement in planning and evaluating the E.C.S. program, many parents have a far better understanding of the school program than they did before.

A further grant from the Department of Education in 1974 enabled the school board to establish an Educational Opportunities' Fund. Materials to enrich the language arts program were provided as well as a half-time teacher aid for the grades one to three classrooms. Doris Ulanicki was our first teacher aid, followed by Anne Vandriel, Bonnie Sales and Jackie MacGillivray. It has been a most rewarding and beneficial program and we can only hope the funding continues.

The mathematics, language arts, science and social studies programs have been revised over the years and continue to be revised. Sometimes the new programs have been successful and sometimes they have not. However, uppermost in the minds of those concerned has always been and still is, a hope to improve the quality of education for all our students, so that on completion of their education in our school they can go out into the world and become useful members of society.

Co-curricular and extra-curricular programs have come a long way since 1955. Over the years the importance of educational field trips has been recognized and today all classes participate in these at least once a year, sometimes more often, and these vary from one day to five day trips. Many of our students would otherwise never have the opportunities to visit and explore and experience first hand the many wonders and interesting places of our province.



Undeclared Basketball Team, 1971-72.

Of the various extra-curricular activities such as public speaking competitions, began by Lorne Mowers, that were popular for a time and have since disappeared, sports is one that has endured. Over the years, our students have competed admirably in track and field, volleyball, basketball, badminton and fast-ball competitions at local, regional and even the provincial level. Various factors have affected the sports program over the years, but one of the strongest has to be the coaching. When there has been a strong minded sports personality on the teaching staff who has the ability to get the best performance and interest out of students, then the program has flourished. Because of the small staff of our school, it was not always possible to hire such a person. The interest and abilities of students and the support of parents are essential also. Because at various times over the past twenty-five years, one or the other or perhaps all three of these components has been missing, our sports program as waned. When all components are present, the program has flourished.

Without dedicated and talented teachers, no educational system can flourish. The Iron River School has been more than fortunate in that most members of the teaching staff have been, and still are just such individuals. Besides trying their utmost to ensure that each student reached his or her full potential academically, many spent hours outside of school time searching for, or making additional materials to make programs more interesting and to aid students experiencing difficulties. Few audio-visual materials existed in the school and many teachers spent their own money to acquire these. In 1959, we had a gestetner machine to duplicate material and although stencils were difficult to make and the machine rather messy to use, it was a vast improvement over the pans of jelly-like substance that were used before. Each time a paper was to be printed the jelly had to be wet and each sheet applied separately. A few years later we acquired a duplicating machine which was far easier and quicker to operate. Finally in 1978 we acquired a Xerox Copier, which we would not part with under any circumstances.

Many teachers took additional courses to upgrade their own education and to learn about new methods, to better meet the needs of their charges. Student's emotional and physical well-being were of prime concern as well. Teachers have dedicated countless hours to planning field trips, tutoring, coaching, and supervising students outside of school hours. Some have driven miles, at their own expense, to convey students home from school activities because parents could not or would not supply transportation themselves. Teachers have initiated the formation of various groups and organizations, or have taken an active

part as members or as part of the executive in such groups as 4-H, Home and School, Recreation, Library, the Centennial Committee and many more. They have helped acquire grants for the area that otherwise may never have been received. Often very little recognition or appreciation has been expressed for the time and money expended by teachers, but criticisms are often quick in forthcoming. The welfare of students in their school has been and continues to be of prime concern to each dedicated teacher in our school.

In this history I have attempted to include all the components that are necessary for a continuing, successful educational program, such as ours has been to date. I have left the most important component purposely for the end. This, of course, is our student body, without which there would be no school. Many students have passed through these "hallowed" halls of learning and most have gone on to become a credit to this institution. Some have furthered their educations in the professional fields such as teaching and nursing; others have taken the technical route or the business route, still others are farmers, laborers or successful in other fields. Many are devoted parents with children in our own, or other educational systems. Whether they remained an integral part of our community or have gone on to become useful members of other communities, most are a credit to their school, parents and community. I have been honored and proud to have played a part in the formal and informal education of any of them during the twenty-one years I have taught at the Iron River School. It has been a rewarding and gratifying experience as well as a sometimes dismaying and discouraging one; but never a dull one. How exciting it will be when many former teachers and students return on August 30 and 31, 1980 for a reunion and celebration to mark the twenty-five years since the centralized Iron River School first came into existence.

Some Recollections of a Former School Principal

by Louis Hochachka

On school opening day of September 1955, there was still some uncertainty as to what the enrollment would be of the Iron River (centralized) School. As a result, we started with only five country school buildings (in a neat row) and five teachers. We soon learned there were enough students to be literally hanging out the windows. Soon two more buildings were moved in and with some difficulty two more teachers were found. This left seven teachers providing instructions in grades one through ten. Needless to say, normal class sizes, preparation time and administration time were luxuries only to be hoped for.

Classroom materials were basically, chalk, a brush, a Jersey Milk map, and in some rooms a hectograph pan. Playground equipment was doled out from the School Division Office at about one softball per classroom. A converted forty-five gallon drum provided the heating. Fortunately we experienced only one stove-pipe fire that could have taken the whole row of buildings.

Back of the school buildings was another row of buildings consisting of several teacherages followed by those little sheds which served as washrooms. Incidentally, the school's water supply was a quarter of a mile away at the corner general store. Of course, fuel for our kerosene lamps could also be purchased there.

Busing also was particularly difficult that first year. Besides the muddy roads in spring and fall, normal classes were disrupted for several weeks because of drifted roads. Gradually the area benefited from the improvements in the roads.

Though working and living conditions were rather primitive at the beginning, everyone was looking forward to improvements. The building program that started in 1955 continued gradually and by the fourth year all the classes from grades one through twelve were housed in the new building. Living accommodations were also improved with several new teacherages being added. With oil and propane heating, the woodpile became less important. Power and water at the school were available after the first year.

Through the four years, there were a number of changes and additions to the staff, but there was always a basic core of teachers that remained from year to year. This provided a good combination of young enthusiasts and those with more practical experience.

Though the centralized school encompassed a region that was formerly served by about ten school districts, growth and improvements of the school was

relatively harmonious. I attribute this largely to the cooperative attitude and efforts of the people of this area. The interest of the citizens in their school was exemplified in the establishment of organizations such as the Home and School and a Local School Board.

The establishment of the centralized school was undoubtedly an important step in the improvement of education in this area and I am gratified to have been a part of it.

Iron River — 1965-1972

Lorne Mowers

June and Lorne Mowers moved to Iron River in 1965 when Lorne became the school principal at the age of 24. Their daughters, Janet and Susan, started school at Iron River and a third daughter, Faye, was born while they were at Iron River. Lorne's background included six months as a labourer, 2½ years as a journalist and two years as a vice-principal before coming to Iron River. June had been a journalist. Lorne ran for MLA as a Social Credit candidate in 1971 in the Bonnyville constituency, losing by some 150 votes. In 1972 the family moved to St. Paul where Lorne became Superintendent of Education with Indian Affairs. While in St. Paul a fourth daughter, Karen, was born. In 1976 the family moved to Edmonton where Lorne worked in intergovernment-



Lorne Mowers Family.



A driving lesson for a junior staff member.

tal negotiations for the federal government. For the last three years he has been in private business (real estate and restaurant) in Edmonton.

Iron River and the surrounding communities will always be home. I shall always be grateful for the opportunity I had to become principal of a school in a dynamic community.

My educational philosophy centers around strong community and parental involvement in the school and Iron River had that.

The first person I met at Iron River was Walter Slawuta. To me, he mirrors the community, with his keen interest in his children, his pride in his culture, his country and his community and his concern for the school. His gentlemanly manner masked a strong streak of independence. This personal independence combined with a community co-operativeness that was evident in almost everybody around Iron River.

Iron River did not have "A" leader. It had many leaders. It had many people co-operating to get things done. Each assumed leadership when it was needed.

The community elder whom everybody looked up to was the former principal and pioneer, R. B. MacGillivray. R. B., with his quiet wit and perspective helped a twenty-four year old newcomer put himself in perspective and to realize the school and community were here before I came and would be here after I left. Trustee, Steve Scott, and local school board chairman, Roman Ulanicki, also helped me realize the community interest in the school. Good friends in the community, whom I came to rely on early, included the McGregors, MacGillivrays, Romanchuks, Kalinskis, Dallaires, etc. This is a list that could go on forever and I'm sorry to leave out close friends.

My belief in community involvement in the school and school involvement in the community, combined with a pushy interest in seeing things get done, got me very involved in the community. I look back on this with pride and know I can never feel as much a part of a community as I did at Iron River.

During the years I was principal we were blessed with some excellent teachers. My role was only to co-ordinate them and give them encouragement and support. I learned from these teachers. Most were my friends. Many went on to administrative roles elsewhere in education. The odd teacher looked on Iron River as a retreat from reality and for the sake of the students could not stay. I saw this as part of my job. In the first three weeks of my first year at Iron River I ensured a weak teacher left immediately. Overall we were most fortunate with the high quality of dedicated teachers we had at Iron River.

The first year I was at Iron River was a hectic one.

The teachers and students worked very hard. With grade 12 students, we all felt we were trying to cover several years' work in one. At that time, departmental examinations were looked on as much as a measure of a school and its teachers as they were of students. Our pride was boundless when we found our students had topped the division in grade 9 and 12 results.

I will always be proud to refer to Iron River as the first school in Alberta with full junior high-senior high Ukrainian language and cultural instruction. It was interesting to see that those students who developed this pride the most were also the best students.

I tried to always make the school and myself open to parents. In my first few months as principal I visited the home of every student who was having trouble at school and as many other families as I could. Also meaningful were the visits when a parent came to me with a concern about the school or my teaching. I can still remember one parent telling me that my approach in class was putting her son down and he hated school as a result. It hurt, but she was right. I changed and the boy blossomed. Open communication at all times between teachers and parents is a must.

I remember when Iron River stood out in sports, school results, and in having the second largest ACT Search for Talent ever in the province. From the school's traditional sports of basketball and track and field, we expanded to become a major power in volleyball. For several years our junior high boys competed in high school cross country competitions and ranked second only to Calgary in the province.

I saw part of my role as reporting to the community on what was happening in the school and the community. School news letters were used to do this. A very active Home and School with excellent turn-outs also helped.

Our public speaking training and competitions became the model for much of the School Division. We developed an excellent, well used library and also a Social Studies resource room.

My fond memories include taking students carolling in English, Ukrainian, and French. They include camping trips in the mountains. They also include counselling students and working with the Students' Council. But most of all, they include helping students develop to become more complete, thinking people, people with a goal, a drive to work and achieve and become leaders.

I also look back on the humorous situations which arose. During a staff-student basketball game, the elbows were flying and students on the stage were yelling for the teachers to lose. Suddenly everything

went quiet and two little voices yelled, "Kill the Principal". It was my daughters in grade one.

We used to open the morning with all students in the gym for opening exercises. On my 30th birthday, I had just finished leading the opening exercises when a group of junior high boys mobbed me and gave me the bumps, raising me over their heads and lowering me rather hard, thirty times. When this finally ended, I was standing rather shocked when the boys lined up and each shook my hand saying, "I don't trust anyone over thirty."

As a person who spent most of his free time in the community or working on educational matters, I was fortunate to have a strong, supportive wife, June.

My memories center around the students, I felt so close to, as well as the community. What was of utmost importance was not the teachers, not the parents, but the students. I worked happily with everyone who shared this view.

I appreciate this chance to ramble through fond memories. I am sorry that I did not include the names of my scores of friends at Iron River but I knew I could not mention everybody so I did not try to.

Thank you Iron River for allowing me to become part of the community for almost seven years.

Iron River Home and School Association Iron River School Association by Sharon Fersovitch

With the centralization of all the small schools to Iron River, gone was the close fellowship enjoyed by the citizens of the smaller districts. R. B. MacGillivray, the vice-principal of the newly established school had lived and worked, most of his life, in a small center and knew what the people now missed. In order to try to bring a feeling of unity and being needed, he felt that having some organized group that shared an interest common to all, would bring this about. What better common interest than the running of the school and the welfare of the children in the community. In 1957, two years after the formation of the school, R. B. MacGillivray and W. R. Peters, organized a meeting that would be termed a Home and School Meeting. An individual from the Bonnyville Association was invited to come and present the advantages and aims of such an organization. The aims as listed on a membership card stated; firstly to promote the welfare of children and youth, then the standard of home life, to secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth, to enable parents and teachers to co-operate in the training of a child, to understand and to aid the schools and to interpret them to the public, to obtain the best for each child according to his physical, social and spir-

itual needs and lastly to foster high ideals of true citizenship and patriotism.

The first meeting had a fair representation of people from the various districts. W. R. Peters served as the first secretary, a position he held for several years, and although no definite record shows the first president, Pauline Galick served as president when the school officially opened. Many individuals gave of their time to see that the organization performed the function it was meant to and for many years R. B. MacGillivray gave guidance and advice to the group as a school staff member.

This association obtained a recreational lease along the east side of Manatokan Lake and improved it. Then during Centennial Year a grant was obtained and funds raised to build a hall that could be used by the community. Directors of this hall were first appointed at a Home and School Meeting. This group was instrumental in bringing the Alberta Travellers to the community to put on an Amateur Talent Show. Through this venture that was sponsored several times, funds were raised to bring improvements to the school in the way of playground equipment.

In the sixties the general feeling of the group was that very little benefit was received from the provincial body of Home and School and a fee of one dollar per member had to be submitted to them. A motion was made to drop out and become a society under the name of Iron River School Association and channel money into the local body.

Through the years the aims of the association were met and always the welfare of the child was in the forefront. When the high school was moved from the district and centralized, including yet a larger area, the bond that was developed was again weakened. This resulted in poorer attendance at the meetings and a general disinterest. Only a few faithful followers remained to carry on the work. Today the group does not meet on a regular basis, rather calling meetings when the need arises. The executive consists of; the president Rose Hawrylak, and the secretary-treasurer Doris Ulanicki. The latest accomplishment of the group has been to act as the local sponsoring group for our history book. As changes take place and our style of living alters, perhaps the need for this group will eventually fade away, but until such a time we strive ever forward.

Early Childhood Services in Iron River Myrna Fox

The first Early Childhood Services program in Iron River began September 17, 1973. Of the eighteen children eligible to attend the program, only eight attended during the first few weeks when the program was operating five half-days per week. On

November 20, the board of the Bonnyville School Division and the parents of the children in the Iron River E.C.S. program decided to operate the program two full days per week until January 5, when I would operate three full days per week — Monday, Wednesday, and Friday which have continued to through the following years to be E.C.S operational days in the Iron River school. The full day programs enabled children to use the regular school buses for transportation purposes and consequently meant that many children, who were unable to get to the half-day programs, were able to go to the full day programs.

Prior to 1973, there were no provincially funded programs for pre-school children. Research was showing a great need in Alberta for a program that would meet the social, physical, intellectual, cultural and emotional needs of young children and, at the same time, involve the total family and community. The idea of providing opportunities for the family and community to contribute to the development of the child made the Early Childhood Services a much more complex and versatile program than that of an ordinary kindergarten.

When the Alberta government approved the concept of the Early Childhood Services and the necessary funding for it in March 1973, the Bonnyville School Division #46 agreed to operate E.C.S. programs in its schools provided parents wanted the program. Iron River parents did want the E.C.S. program and thus it began in September 1973.

The first co-ordinator for the Bonnyville School Division E.C.S. program was Mrs. Margaret Averill. Mrs. Averill worked very conscientiously during the 1973-74 term with parents and E.C.S. teachers to develop a good E.C.S. program in the various communities, of which Iron River was one. The first year of E.C.S. was extremely difficult for any reasons and all hurdles were not necessarily overcome in that first year. As far as Mrs. Averill, E.C.S. teachers from 1973-1979, children and parents involved in E.C.S. programs from 1973-1979, and myself, Myrna Fox, as co-ordinator from 1974 to the present time are concerned, we feel like pioneers in the field of early childhood education in the Iron river area. By working together in this field we have come a long way but there is still a long way to go. In terms of accomplishing the long range goal of E.C.S. "to strengthen the sense of dignity and self worth within the child and his family", the parents, E.C.S. teachers, and many other community members have become increasingly successful each year of E.C.S. operation in the Iron River School. They are to be commended for their hard work and dedication in promoting the

advancement of early childhood education for the sake of the child, his family, his community.

In recording the history of Early Childhood Services in the Iron River community, I feel it is appropriate to list the E.C.S. children and their teachers from 1973-1979.

1973-74

Teachers: Mrs. Elaine Zolner, Mrs. Myrna Stevens, Mrs. Anne Vanriel. Children: Laurretta Alexander, Connie Kalinski, Penny MacGillivray, Colleen Melnychuk, Dallas Stevens, Leila Tkachuk, Roxanne Ulanicki, Patricia Vandriel, Judy Procinsky, Gordon Zaboschuk, Dale Hattebuhr, Natalie Lukinuk, Billy Shiller, Cheryl Tkachuk, Stacy Anderson, Della Stevenson, Roy Tizzard, Tammy Davies.

1974-75

Teachers: Mrs. Anne Vandriel, Mrs. Mildred Hall. Children: Laurretta Alexander, Denise Dubilowski, Malcolm Fersovitch, Ruth Inglis, Wayne Kolody, Cindy LaPratt, Ken Lukinuk, Wayne Mathes, Joan Morton, Leon Omilion, Darren Parsons, Kevin Picray, Jason Schmidt, Cheryl Tkachuk, Alfred LaPratt, Jeffrey Courter, Earl Tizzard, Crystal Ebersbach.

1975-76

Teacher: Mrs. Mildred Hall. Children: Kimberly Fersovitch, Nicole Gavronsky, Wayne Mathes, Krista Mawer, Leon Omilion, Shannon Picray, Joanne Pietrzykowski, Michael Shiller, Michelle Solowoniuk, Edward Tizzard, Alan Tkachuk, Michael Beaulieu.

1976-77

Teacher: Mrs. Mildred Hall. Children: Melissa Beaulieu, Petrina Benio, Rodney Charawich, Michelle Hawrylak, Marlo Kelleher, Tina LaPratt, Krista Mawer, David Morton, Evan Mueller, Peggy Procinsky, Murray Scott, Sharon Tizzard, Rachel Ulanicki, Caroline Vandriel, Lorne Hammond.

1977-78

Teacher: Mrs. Mildred Hall. Children: Bernadine Brosseau, Wesley Dyck, Christina Fersovitch, Patricia Kolody, Barbara LaPratt, Beverly LaPratt, Jennifer Matthews, Michael Mytrash, Henry Paradis, Cory Picray, Nicole Sarafinchan, Heather Scott, Penny Tizzard, Bradfield Tkachuk, Jody Winter, Leslie Soloway, Lorraine Cardinal, Randy Helmer.

1978-79

Teacher: Mrs. Sharon Fersovitch. Children: Heather Anderson, Kerry Brundige, Amelia Cardinal, Lorraine Cardinal, Lyn Chouinard, Wayne Dyck, Tracy Gavronsky, Julie Hall, Kevin Hamel, Alicia Hattebuhr, Darlene LaPratt, Melody Mehlin, Daniel Mercier, Dennis Paradis, Andrea Sarafinchan, Elaine Tizzard, James Wakulchuk, Sylvia

Cardinal, Jason Moran, Misty MacEachern, Michael Whalen
1979-80

Teacher: Mrs. Sharon Fersowitch. Children: Cindy Benio, Christa Bourvette, Russell Brundage, Clayton Frohlich, Jennifer Hall, Stephanie Hannum, Stacy Hodinsky, Heather Jones, Bruce Mawer, Valere Panas, Jeffrey Ryll, Marlayna Schwartz, Iodi Scott, Kevin Solowenik, Corey Sturm, Paula Tizzard, Erwin Tkachuk, Chris Winter, Glenda Zaboschuk.

A Peek Into the Past

by Sharon Fersowitch E.C.S. Teacher

In the spring of 1979 the LAC Local Advisory Committee connected to the ECS classroom at the Iron River School applied for a grant from International Year of the Child to "Look Back" to the early beginnings of our community. Our purpose was to try to experience some of the things our grandparents and great-grandparents had to do in their day and in the process do some work for our History book. The grant was received and our project was underway. We began by taking a trip to the Marchildon farm in September to see grain harvested with a threshing machine and the bundles being brought to the machine with a team of horses. We even received a ride on the rack. This trip was followed by another to old homestead sites, former churches, schools and stores. These were all sites that were associated in some way to people in the 1979 ECS classrooms. We saw the Sandy Rapids School and Sandy Rapids Store. Then we visited the Wakulchuk homestead to view the two-room house that is now abandoned. From there we stopped at the Garth Evangelical Church built in the "Forties" and still in use today, then on to the Panas, Chubey and Galick homesteads. The Galick home was of interest to the students because it was the birth place of their teacher. The last stop of the day was the Solberg place which is still

occupied by Miss Solberg. There we saw a wood stove still in use, a kerosene lamp, a hundred year old clock, an old family album and other items that were used long ago.

From then on we were favored with demonstrations by old timers who were related to our children in some way. We had:

1. Julia Kurek come and show us how to card wool and make a baby sized quilt. She brought along a double bed sized one for us to see.



Mrs. Kurek carding wool.

2. Since Remembrance Day came between our demonstrations we had two Veterans come to the School to talk about their participation in keeping Canada Free and the meaning of this day.
3. We found out that mud plastered walls need to be decorated to make living in a log house more enjoyable. Mrs. Lena Charzewich came to show us some flower decorations that were made to cover up cracks and to brighten the rooms. We were also given the opportunity to make a flower.
4. Mrs. Ann Givronsky, a homesteader in the 30's came next with a homemade butter churn to show



Mrs. Charzewich flower making.



Birthplace of E.C.S. Teacher.

in how to clean better. She went to school and taught. When the Japanese came to her house, she wanted, talked and worked to make the Japanese understand.



Mrs. Lawrence talking to a child.

2. Early settlers made their own soap out of animal fat and live up wood ash. We had Pacific Island men make homemade soap and the same method is done as how it was made. We wanted the interesting procedure. We then saw Madame O'Connell and the way to cook better and interesting food and live up with coal. But at that time, there were a lot of children and had to do these things many times in their lives.
3. Next was a very much later in the early days of the island and we saw how to get some good with homemade goods. Mrs. Katherine Bell was our demonstrator and she allowed us to try to get work. This was where they had some work or work or whatever was needed.
4. Many of the first demonstrators made money through cooking. We talked with a lot of...



Mrs. Lach talking to a child.



Mrs. Bell talking.

After the arrival of the Japanese, many things and ways as well as some money, work, and something. The Japanese were not much but they allowed the children to enjoy the things they had in their world.

Treatment was made by the Japanese. They...



Mrs. Lach demonstrating cooking activity.



Mrs. Lawrence talking to a child.

the school gymnasium to honor these early settlers. We invited everyone in the area to attend. ECS children were issued special invitations to their grandparents who were presently residing in the area or who had previously resided here. These grandparents were presented with live corsages at the program and given honoring scrolls bearing their name, their grandchild's name and the year of their homesteading. The children treated the entire gathering to a specially prepared program of songs, skits and poems of the early days. This was immensely enjoyed by those who attended. The local LAC served a lunch prepared from recipes that dated back a hundred years or more. On display that day were numerous oldtime articles that were brought in by interested people.

The children learned a great deal about their heritage through this very meaningful project and the older people enjoyed remembering how things were back then.



Dressed up for Heritage Day.

4-H In Our Community

by Brenda Feland

4-H is a non-profit organization active in communities all over the world. 4-H deals with society's young people by guiding and teaching them in their individual areas of interest. Beef clubs give handy tips and valuable experience to the future cattle producer. A budding new seamstress learns beneficial techniques which are helpful for a sewing career plus wise buymanship facts while anyone planning on producing some of their own foods, gains valuable experience from a garden club. Whether we are speaking of the future veterinarian, politician or farmer, 4-H has an area to develop these interests.

Although instruction of the member is an important aspect, 4-H does not end here. It also aids in bringing the community's population together. A 4-H club sponsors many activities throughout its program year, such as sports days, bottle drives, bake sales, bingos, dances, hayrides and most important, achievement days. To each of these events, the 4-H member brings along family and friends and thus



Clothing Club in 1962.

these 4-H events soon become a community gathering.

The Iron River community has been fortunate to host a variety of 4-H clubs over the past twenty-four years. These clubs have been very active in the community, not only by offering the members a learning experience but by involving the rest of the community as well.

The Iron River 4-H Clothing Club was organized in 1956, the first of its kind in the area. This first attempt at 4-H took place after centralization of the Iron River School and was led by Mrs. Mary Broski ablely assisted by Mrs. Florence MacGillivray and Mrs. Kathleen Batke. Noon hours and some school time were used for instruction. The Iron River Clothing Club, which has been in existence for twenty four years has undergone a number of changes. Different styles, types of materials available and required projects are but a few. Achievement nights



Mrs. Broski receiving five-year leader award.



Today's 4-Her's.

have expanded to include not only the displays of projects and modelling skills but gives members an opportunity to express themselves in front of their parents and friends in the form of a program arranged, practiced and produced by themselves with the assistance of their 4-H leaders. Club leaders, in the Clothing Club have been: Mary Broski, Lorane McGregor, Nellie Tkachuk, Selma Strus, June Mowers, and Jackie MacGillivray, our present leader. A number of able assistants, without whose help the club could not function, have also given generously of their time and knowledge.

In about 1956, a 4-H Potato Club, led by Bill Peters, was started. This venture lasted only a year or so before folding.

1962 saw the organization of the Iron River 4-H Horticulture Club under the leadership of Bill Peters. Boys and girls alike learned techniques of growing a garden, care of shrubs, flower arranging, and displaying of vegetables and flowers. The uncertainty of protecting a garden from livestock was experienced by one member. After the chickens had destroyed much of his garden before garden tour day, this enterprising individual, to show where the rows had been, drew pictures of chickens and staked them in



Iron River Horticulture Club.

the spots where the vegetables had been. This sense of humour was very favourably commented on by the garden judge as it's heartbreaking to see one's summer work destroyed. He still continued with a smile. The horticulture club lasted for about six years.



4-H Picnic.

Romeo Lauzon and Denis Simpson (District Agriculturist at the time) began the Beaver Beef Club in the fall of 1967. Romeo was the leader for five years, followed by William McGregor, for three years, Alfred Toker one year, Jo Toker two years and Richard Procinsky, one year. Romeo Lauzon, the first in charge, is the leader at present. The first sale of calves was held at the rodeo grounds in Bonnyville. At that time the Beaver Beef was the only beef club in the Bonnyville district. Achievement day sale of calves now involves five beef clubs with Bonnyville and Grand Centre hosting this event, on a rotating basis. The Beaver Beef Club has been active in the community and looks forward to a busy and successful future.



4-Her's at work.

Many changes have been experienced by 4-H members and leaders. Firstly, the age of enrollment is now ten instead of twelve. As well as changes in



Beef on the hoof.

specific project areas each member is expected to be involved in a number of special undertakings during the club year. Public speaking, parliamentary procedures, recreational activities, district council events and the farm safety program are but a few. Many of the 4-H members in our area have attended provincial events and some have had the honor of representing 4-H in the United States and other Canadian provinces by being the recipient of a major award trip.

Although there has been a change of projects and format, over the years, the 4-H motto of "Learn To Do By Doing", remains the same. 4-H is an organization that builds tomorrow on today's prospects. Looking back at the past and present clubs in the Iron River community, tomorrow is going to be great.

Junior Forest Wardens

In the fall of 1963 two Junior Forest Warden clubs were formed with the assistance of LaCorey Forest Ranger, Mike Gagnon, one in the LaCorey district and one in the Iron River district. In three years the LaCorey club discontinued and a few members from there joined the Iron River group.

This club grew rapidly. They had leased fourteen quarters of land from the Government on which to have survival hikes and camp outs. This land is located five miles west and three quarters of a mile south of Iron River Store. They held meetings twice a month under the leadership of adult supervisors. Their first meetings were held in the Iron River School and members' homes until a club house could be built in 1966.

With the help of members, their parents, neighbours and friends a beautiful log cabin, two out-houses, picnic tables, and swings were made.

IRON RIVER

The Iron River Junior Forest Wardens, Girl Forest Guards parents and guests, opened the new addition of the clubhouse with a Christmas party on December 21, 1968.

Parents, club members, and volunteers helped erect the



Iron River Club House

new addition. Volunteer help consisted of Mr. P. Sarawanski, Mr. A. Slipchuk, and son David. Funds for the building were raised from raffles, bottle drives, Christmas Tree sales etc. Guests were Alberta's Chief Warden, Mr. P. G. Brewster and Regional 4-H Specialist Mr. J. Blair. Mr. Brewster presented Mr. Ben Hargrove and Michael Gurin with Gold Tree badges and Silver Tree badges. Mrs. Florence Hargrove, Mrs. Ann Gurin, and Mr. Nick Gavronski received five-year pins in recognition of their services. A plaque was presented to Mr. Brewster by Cindy Gavronski and Terry Gurin.

Outdoor activities consisted of skating, tobogganing, and ski-doo rides. Mr. Oscar Senecal, owner of the Bonnyville tire shop, provided the ski-doo. A full-course meal was served plus Christmas treats and a good time was had by all.

Campstoves, a ball diamond, and toboggan hill were added and there was a lake near the cabin for other recreation. The cabin had enough furniture and dishes to accommodate thirty-five people. To get the necessary financing, they had fund raising projects such as raffles, bottle drives, dances and Christmas tree sales.

The girls joined the club under the name Girl Forest Guards in 1967. In 1968 an addition to the clubhouse was built.

The members had uniforms, bright red shirts, white landyards and dark pants for boys and dark green shirts and wedge caps for the girls.

The members studied manuals and wrote tests to receive merit badges which they proudly wore on their shirt sleeves.

The main purpose of the Junior Forest Wardens and Girl Forest Guides was to teach the members conservation of forests, soil, water and wildlife. They were also taught how to survive if lost in the woods and how to find a given place by the use of



Junior Forest Wardens at opening of clubhouse.

only a compass. On one such outing, they got lost and spent the night just twenty yards from where their food was stashed. They were in good spirits singing around a campfire when supervisors found them.

The club was active for ten years, closing in 1973. During that time many members learned about their surroundings and experienced a club spirit that they will remember.

Baseball

Gloria Balla

Back in 1936, the enthusiasm for baseball, like today, get into one's blood. These enthusiasts walked many a mile after a full days work, played ball, then returned home, a tired bunch. This continued for several years in the La Corey, Iron River and Sandy Rapids areas.

You will find many names in the "Remember When" section that will bring many memories back. La Corey area had a snappy team consisting of "Straw Hat" Aqualak, the hurler, Ed Byford, Short stop, Pete Procinsky, catcher, Camille Verrier, Arse-



LaCorey Ball team, approximately 1936.

ne Varrier, Romeo Lamothe, Andre Remillard, Carold Byford, Al Huchlak, Bill Procinsky, Henry Paradis, Clarence Gould, and Clemock to name a few of the players one may remember.

Dances were put on at the local school houses to make money for equipment. Mr. Albert Limoges would set up a bet of ten dollars against the Bonnyville team (rivals). This brought out more people to picnics. At times, from all these local teams three or four players were chosen and went to play outside games at Elk Point.

Lessard area had a team called "Jackpine Savages", that had a lot of enthusiasm also the Sandy Rapids area created "The Sandy Rapids Wolves".

As the years passed, the country school had competitions and the children walked to one another's areas. Usually this happened on a Friday afternoon, and with the distance involved the children walked to school and from there walked to their destination.

After the school's centralization, enthusiasm carried on and many of the teachers took on this extra-curricular task, Mr. R. B. MacGillivray created the girls' team called the "Chipmunks". Mr. Thompson created a drawing for sweaters which we were so proud of. A bus was hired to have players transported to Bonnyville, Glendon and even as far as Medley.

Time continued on and modified softball became very popular. In 1973, once again the ladies became active and created the "Iron River Rockets". The men followed suit. Today, a schedule is drawn up and each team belongs to the Alberta Softball Association. The old fashioned team spirit and enthusiasm is still there. Ball tournaments are held every year at Iron River and Lessard. Both areas host men's and ladies' teams. Lessard hosts the Lessard Lions and the Ladies called the "Lessard Chore Boys."



Iron River Ladies' Ball team, 1972 — Walter Solowoniuk, Linda Hattebuhr, Doris Ulanicki, Gloria Balla, Jackie MacGillivray, Bernie Nelson, Rose Hawryluk, Mildred Solowoniuk. Front: Betty Fleming, Susan Sturm, Ellen Sashuk, Barbara Solowoniuk, MaryAnn Procinsky.



Iron River Men's Softball Club. Standing, L. to R.: Al Espetveidt, Tom Ulanicki, Paul Procinsky, Lloyd Feland, Andy Koshykar, Terry Yadowsky, Victor Verrier. Kneeling: John Wakulchyk, Walter Solowoniuk, Art Paradis, Mike Mytrash, Rick Matthews, and Douglas Sashuk. Missing: Larry Byford.



Wolf Lake Orioles — Coach Ole Erickson, captain Linda Hatteluhr, Clara Short, Mary Anne Leroux, Ellen Sashuk, Betty and Marcy Fleming, Kathy Gratton, Holly Fleming. Squatting: Shelly Fleming, Valerie Erickson, Leanne Lukinuk, Margo Morton, Eileen Bleau, Kathy Bouvette, Umpire — Bob Cameron, in the middle.

Iron River boasts two Ladies' teams, the "Iron River Rockets" and the "Wolf Lake Orioles" and the Iron River Men, with "Pioneer Enthusiasm", which we still have and hope it continues for generations to come.

Iron River Centennial Building — A Community Effort

During 1966, much thought was given to the residents of the Iron River centralized district, as to the feasibility of some type of Centennial project for

the area. After much discussion at a Home and School meeting, the decision was made to construct the existing Centennial Centre. The task of hiring a contractor and handling the mechanics of such an undertaking was left to the discretion of an elected committee named The Iron River Centennial Committee.

George Tkachuk was hired to complete the project at a cost of \$4,760.00 and the contract was signed on May 10, 1966.

The remainder of 1966 and the first half of 1967 were busy times. Funds for the project were raised in a variety of ways including ticket sales to determine an Iron River Centennial Queen.

Following is a newspaper account of the grand opening.

This is now 1980, thirteen years since the Centen-



Crowning of Centennial Queen, Betty Knapp.



Centennial cake.

Continental Club House at
Ken River officially opened

[illegible]

donations were received from local people and Bonnyville Business Men. Centennial grants were obtained from Local Improvement District 101, the Federal Government and Bonnyville Municipal District to include the area of the Iron River School District. Portions of the building were contributed by community organizations including the Iron River District Council and the Iron River School District. The building was dedicated on June 1, 1912, and the first class of students was received on June 1, 1912. The building was named after the Iron River School District. The coat of arms for the building was made by the ladies of the community.

Mr. Eugene Kateranovich
and others of Constantinople
in the early program,
after the coming of C. D.
Pamuk, Mr. A. Kateranovich

very rich and the history of Iron River. The first settlers arrived in approximately 1910, with the first Post Office being opened in 1915. The first school Iron River was built in 1921, while Centralization of Iron River was in 1955. The committee members were then introduced, followed by the ribbon cutting ceremony by Mr. McCleary. The presentation of the flag was made by the president Mr. McGregor. Guest speaker for the occasion was Miss E. Trenchard, Assistant Resource Coordinator of the ARDA program in northeastern Alberta.

Future plans of the committee are ground cover removal, leveling of the playground, a rate trees and tree planting.



Centennial Committee — Willie McGregor, Jackie Mac-
donald, Linda Powers, Mr Robert MacGillivray, and Walter
Macdonald.

nal Building opened its doors for community use. During those years many improvements have been made to the premises. Carpeting was installed, fifty chairs were purchased, the building has been repainted, a telephone installed, and many minor improvements such as new locks, repair to shingles, etc., have helped keep the building in good condition. Water, sewer and natural gas are now being installed.

The building has been used extensively. Short courses, poll for elections, youth activities, community meetings, and card parties are some of the more popular events held there.

The continued operation and improvement of the Centennial Building will be accomplished through the efforts of the community as a whole.



LaCorey Canadiens Broomball team in the early 1970's — Ken Hemerick, Bill Spanier, Romeo Lauzon, Gilles Turcotte, Claude Lajoie, Frank Nuspiel, Rene Dallaire, Tom Ulanicki, Dennis Lauzon, Pete Dallaire.



Ukrainian dancing group.



Local Broomball Team



Local Broomball Team.

50th Wedding Anniversaries

Ma and Me

Florence Matthews

It's bin fifty years for Ma and me.
We've stuck it thru' as you can see.
Those many years have quickly sped
That brings back memories to my head.

I remember when we first met;
It ain't likely that I'll forget.
We went to town in the Model T
Then we got hitched, Ma and me.
Back in the cabin, snug as could be
When, such a racket . . . a chivaree!
They wouldn't go away, we soon could see
So we asked them in, Ma and me.

Ma had some sheep and I had the land.
We started out poor; five bucks in my hand;
But we were happy as we could be,
So we really were rich, Ma and me.

Cleared some land to get us some crops.
Had a few good ones and had some flops.
Meals came from the bush cause it was free
An' we always made do, Ma and me.

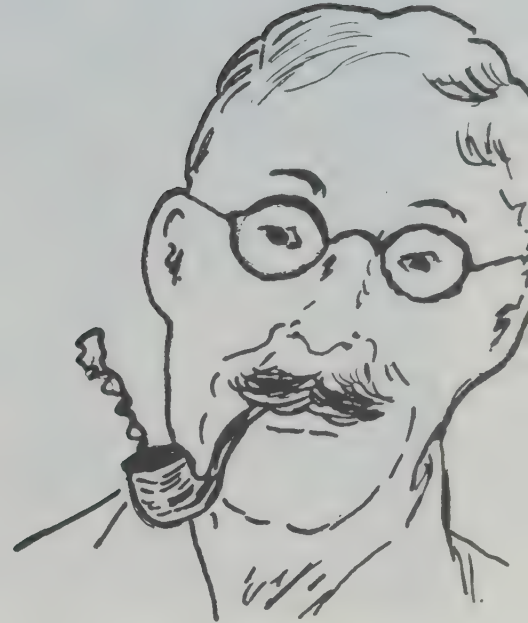
Time went by, day by day
Soon Ma was in the fam'ly way.
She was glad; I was full of glee.
We'd soon have a son, Ma and me.

It was a girl when he finally came,
But I knew I'd love her just the same.
The Midwife said next one might be
A bouncing boy for Ma and me.

Neighbors were few and far between
A visitor was seldom seen
They were treated roy-al-ly
Glad to see 'em, Ma and me.

The kids arrived, one by one.
Got more girls and I got my son.
Jus' knew that he would grow to be
A lot of help for Ma and me.

Got a tractor in "Forty-nine"
Tried it out; worked jus' fine.



It wouldn't whoa, haw, or gee
When Ma was headin' after me...

Things are gettin' "high falutin"
With "inflashun" and "pollutin"
Things ain't like they used to be
Livin' high on the hog, Ma and me.

These fifty years, they ain't bin bad
We bin happy and we bin sad.
We'll make it to a "hunderd an three"
With the Good Lord's help, Ma and me.



Mr. and Mrs. Vic Babb celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary July 24, 1972 at the Lessard Hall amongst family and friends.



Harry and Clara Balla on their 50th Wedding Anniversary. In February, 1978, Harry and Clara Balla celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary with a reception held at the Agriplex in Bonnyville. All their children and grandchildren were in attendance, along with their many friends and neighbors.



Chris and Fanny Behrens celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1942.



In 1945 James and Anna Byford celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary.



Ivan and Wasylina Charawicz in May, 1979 celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary at the Iron River Hall.



Mr. and Mrs. John Chubey renewed their marriage vows in a service at the St. Elia's Greek Oorthodox Church, Bonnyville followed by a banquet and dance attended by three hundred guests. Greetings were received from Governor-General Ed Schreyer, Premier Lougheed, Member of Parliament Ernie Isley and the Town of Bonnyville. This celebration brought Mr. and Mrs. Chubey many rich memories and happy dreams which they will cherish always.



Mr. and Mrs. Davies celebrated their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary, a celebration reserved for only a honored few couples.



Joseph and Anecia Gavronsky celebrated their 50th Anniversary in 1976 at the Pentecostal Camp Grounds. Family and friends were present to give their best wishes.



Prokop and Alexandra Galiwoda, January 27, 1924-January 27, 1974. Mr. and Mrs. Galiwoda exchanged wedding vows on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary at At. Virgin Mary Ukrainian Greek Oorthodox Church of Sandy Rapids. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Semenchuk and Rev. Zabriski. A large gathering of family, friends and neighbors helped celebrate their wedding anniversary at Sandy Rapids Hall. Their table was centered with a beautiful wedding cake. The Master of Ceremonies was a good friend of the couple, Mr. Sorochuk. After supper there was a dance and lovely gifts were presented to the happy couple.



Alex and Verna Hartwell celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary on June 7, 1978.



Ole and Nellie Iverson celebrated their 50th Anniversary in 1958.



Mr. and Mrs. Moses Kalinsky. They celebrated their 50th Anniversary in 1968.



Bill and Matrona Karasiuk, May 12, 1929-May 12, 1979. On July 7, 1979 Mr. and Mrs. Bill Karasiuk celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary by having a gathering of approximately two hundred guests at Iron River Hall. Their children, friends and neighbors made this occasion a very memorable one. Family and friends as far as Vancouver and Ontario came. Prokop Galiwoda and Alexandra Galiwoda acted as bestman and Matron of Honor. Their only daughter, Joanne and youngest son, Fred presented them with matching golden wedding rings with diamonds, a gift from their seven children. A spray of red roses were presented to them by Mrs. Karasiuk's godchild, Mrs. Alice Caspear. They had a beautiful Ukrainian Wedding Cake made of sweet yeast dough which had eighty-seven little birds on it.

A dance followed after supper. The next day they had a small gathering at Sandy Rapids Hall where they opened a number of beautiful gifts which they had received. Anton Galiwoda was the Master of Ceremonies.



John and Pelegia, Kicia's 50th Wedding Anniversary, June, 1971. The wedding ceremony was held in St. John's Cathedral in Edmonton, followed by a reception and dance in the hall. All the children were present as well as many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Kicia have twenty-four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. In June, 1976, they celebrated their 55th Wedding Anniversary at the home of their son Cornel in Edmonton. All of the children were in attendance including many of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. At the time of this writing of this book, Mr. and Mrs. Kicia have only a few months and they will celebrate their 60th Wedding Anniversary.



Ernest and Elleta Knapp celebrated their fiftieth anniversary on April 22, 1978. Their ten children were present to help celebrate the occasion.



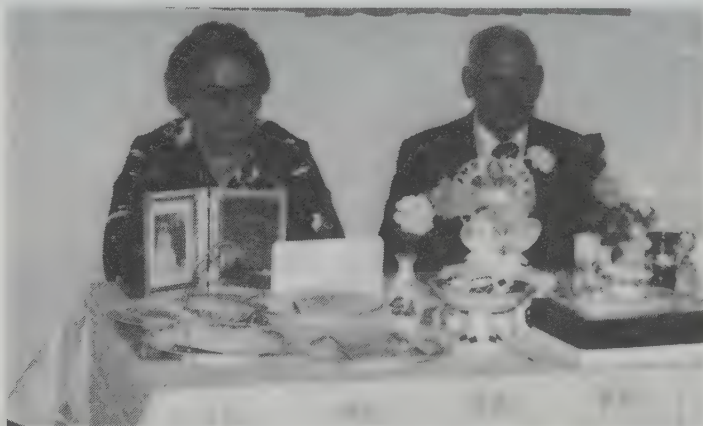
Kociupchyk, Andrew Anna. Andrew and Anna Kociupchyk celebrated fifty years of marriage in 1968. They were honored with a banquet and program in the basement of their home church in Edmonton. Due to the involvement of the many members of their family in foreign missions not all of their children were able to be present.



Koleba, Ephrem and Domka. Ephrem and Domka Koleba celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in 1967. They were honored by a gathering of their friends and family in their home church in Edmonton.



Kolody, William and Eugenia. William and Eugenia Kolody celebrated their fiftieth anniversary on February 14, 1976. They were honored with a family supper in their home in Bonnyville. A four generation picture was taken at the time.



Nick and Ruth Kolody celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in August of 1979 with their immediate family.



A re-dedication of their marriage vows in a church ceremony and a community reception later marked the golden wedding anniversary celebrations of long-time Iron River couple, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown MacGillivray.

The ceremony took place at Iron River United Church with Rev. William Jay officiating. Some 200 people attended the evening dinner and reception honoring the pair held at Iron River Hall. Among those present were their son, George, Iron River; and two daughters, Mrs. Frank Andrews of Victoria, B.C. and Mrs. Murray Stewart of Matsqui, B.C. and their families, including the 11 grandchildren.



Ljunggren, Axel and Annie. Despite difficult years, many of the early settlers have lived to see vast changes in this area and are now enjoying retirement. Mr. and Mrs. Axel Ljunggren are among those who have passed the fifty year milestone. They celebrated their golden anniversary on June 24, 1979. They received messages of congratulations from the Prime Minister, Premier, Members of Parliament, etc., as well as congratulations and good wishes from approximately one hundred and seventy relatives and friends who gathered at an open house dinner party held in their honor. This was greatly enjoyed since they had no wedding celebration of any sort when they took the big step fifty years before. On that day they were quietly married out at Duclos, two miles west of Bonnyville. Then they had a honeymoon ride in a lumber wagon up to the homestead at Fox Lake. The highlight of their fiftieth celebration was having Axel's brother and his wife here from Stockholm, Sweden. Also his niece and her three children from Portland, Oregon whom they had not met before. They also enjoyed visiting friends from near and far. Some of Annie's schoolmates were present, also some of their neighbors from the homestead days of 1929 and the early 30's. They were pleased with the wedding cake and lovely gifts, things they did not have when they were newlyweds.



Mr. and Mrs. Louis Martin celebrated their 50th Anniversary in April, 1980 with their family and friends. Back row: David, Bud, Ray, and Gilbert. Seated: Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Martin, and Nell.



Trofem and Agafia Martiniuk.



Melnychuk, Alex and Annie. Alex and Annie Melnychuk celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in 1971. In honor of the couple, a family supply was held at the home of their son, Harry who was residing on the original family homestead at that time.



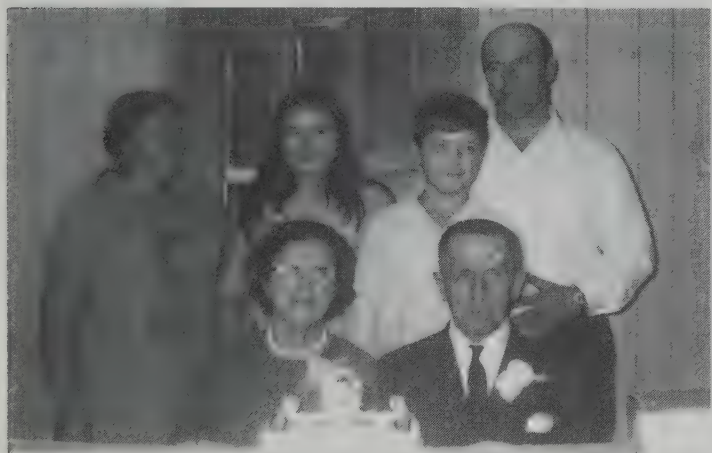
Odynski, Dmytro and Rose. November 11, 1970 was a big day for Dmytro and Rose Odynski, long time residents of the area. Relations and friends from near and far gathered to celebrate and honour the couple on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Iron River Hall, the parish hall which the Odynskis helped maintain, was the spot chosen for this celebration. All three of the couple's children, Mary, John and Nick were in attendance as well as the five grandchildren. The original bridesmaid and bestman, Jessie Paskaluk and Nick Paskaluk were also present. Bob Orysiuk, long time friend of the family ably handled the duties of master of ceremonies. A beautiful family picture was given to them by the immediate family. The community's gift was a set of bone china. Truly a memorable day for all.



Joseph and Marie Nadon celebrated their 68th wedding anniversary on June 14, 1978. They will be celebrating their 70th wedding anniversary on June 14, 1980. Mr. and Mrs. Nadon have eighty-seven grandchildren, over one hundred great-grandchildren and about fifteen great-great-grandchildren.



Anton and Lukia Sarawanski celebrated their 50th Anniversary in 1961.



Paskaluk, Nick and Jessie. Nick and Jessie celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary on November 18, 1970. For their celebration a few close friends were invited to a supper at their home in Bonnyville. This year will mark sixty years of marriage for them.



On November 24, 1980 Olaf and Helen Peterson will have been married for fifty years. To celebrate the occasion, their family is planning a get together of neighbors, family, and friends at the old homestead of the couple during the summer.



Petro and Maria Sarawanski. Petro and Maria celebrated their fiftieth anniversary on February 19, 1973. They had a traditional Ukrainian wedding cake. Each bird on the cake represented one year of marriage.



Sawchuk, Martin and Dora. In our country marriages were arranged. If a young person wished to get married he would take a friend and go to see the family of the girl he wanted to marry so his intentions could be made known. When I reached the age of twenty I went along with my father and a friend to see Dora's family. Dora accepted my proposal and after an engagement period of six months we were married. Our wedding lasted four days; two at her village and two at mine. Our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary celebration did not last that long. We had a simple family gathering at our home as my wife wished. Our children presented us with a lovely set of dinnerware and we had family photos taken.



In February of 1976 Bill and Fedora Shymchuk celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in the Sandy Rapids Hall with family and friends.



Sawchuk, Nestor and Sennie. In May of 1965, Nestor and Sennie Sawchuk celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary at their home in Garth. They were honored with a family dinner complete with a lovely cake and all the trimmings. They were the recipients of many beautiful anniversary gifts; things that they did not receive when they were first married. Later that day an open house was held for all their friends and neighbours.



In 1969 Bernice and John Solowoniuk celebrated their fiftieth anniversary with the family and close friends at their daughter Vera Mercier's residence.



Mr. and Mrs. Art Stewart on their 50th Wedding Anniversary celebrated in 1978.



Hayward and Leah Taylor celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary in May, 1969, at Peers, Alberta.



Jefim and Epistma Tkachuk celebrated their Sixtieth Anniversary in 1978.



Tom and Savata Tkachuk celebrated their 50th Anniversary in 1973, with family and close friends.



Alvin and Alice Tollefson, November 31, 1924-November 31, 1974. On the last day of November in 1974 Alvin and Alice Tollefson celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary. Many relatives, friends and neighbors gathered to honor the couple in the Lakeview Gospel Center.



George and Flora Ward celebrated their 50th Anniversary, March, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Tollefson of the Lessard district were the guests of honour at a reception held Saturday, May 17, 1975 at Lessard Hall, in commemoration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary.



Fred and Mary Yadlowsky celebrated their Fiftieth Anniversary in Surrey, B.C.

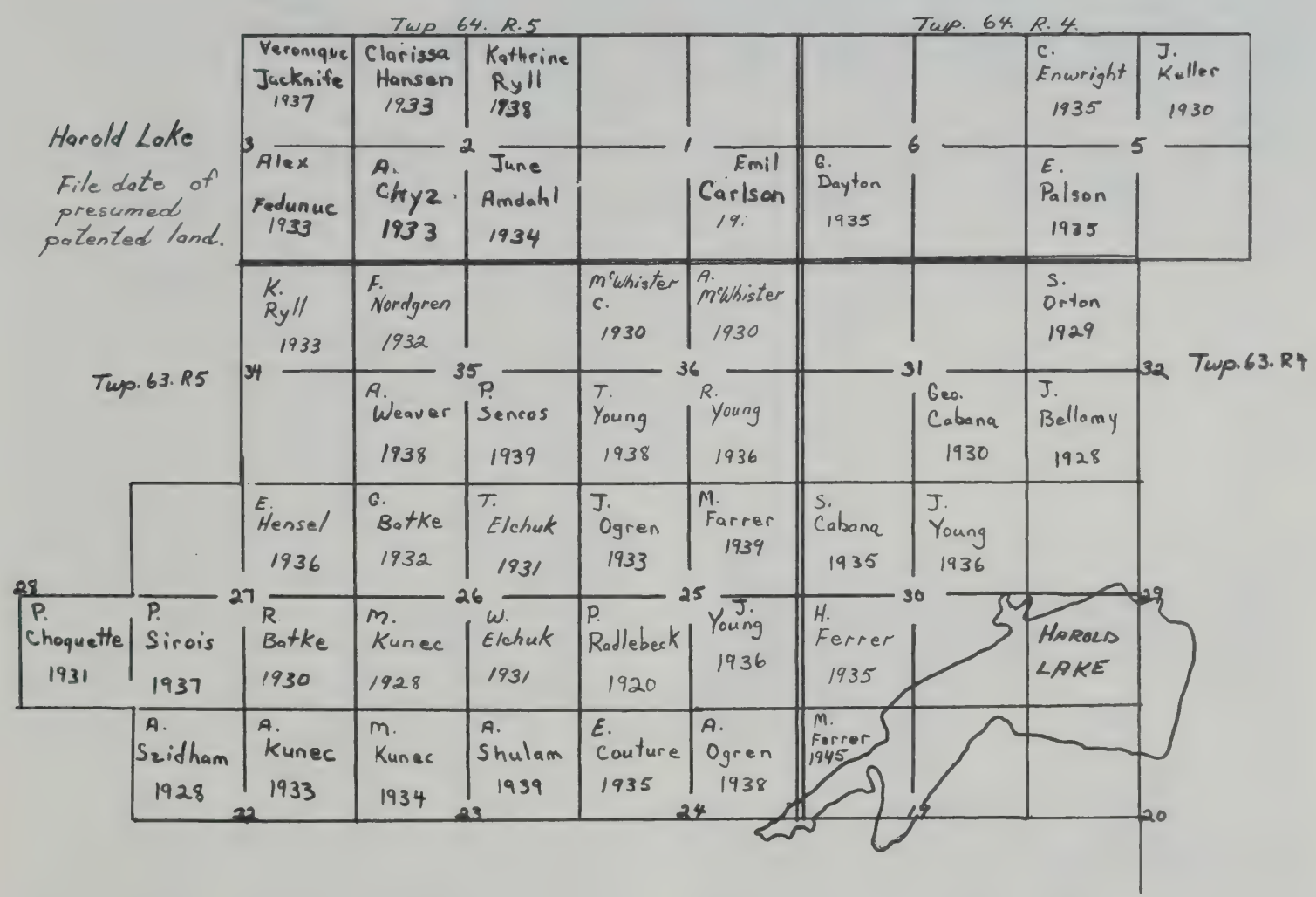


Fred and Anna Wakulchyk, (Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary). In 1972, Fred and Anna Wakulchyk celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. In celebration, their son Anton took them on a visit to Russia. They stayed in the villages where they were born, visiting relatives and old friends. They were very happy to have had this opportunity to fulfill their dream of returning for a visit to the country of their birth in their retirement years.



Mr. and Mrs. P. Yaroshuk celebrating their Eightieth Birthdays.

District Histories



Lessard District History by Roy Tollefson

Roads in the earlier years were very few, being bush trails that wound around marshland or high hills if possible. Crossings of corduroy were quite common. Farmers worked many hours to improve their roads yearly, under supervision of a foreman, where they could work to pay for their land taxes, which were far short of our tax bills at the present time.

About 1911, a French pioneer, Mr. Frank Levesque with his wife, who was a midwife, moved to the area and homesteaded on the N.E. 8-63-4-4. A friend, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lirette and family

homesteaded the quarter to the east, N.W. 9-63-4-4, this being one mile to the north of where Riviere Castor Post Office was located. Both families later moved elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Levesque moved to the Beaver River south of Lessard to operate a ferry at this river crossing. Their log home, was on the hillside, up off the edge of high water. They, for some time had the Post Office there, at which time the name was changed to Lessard from Riviere Castor. The change of name came as a result of a Mr. P. E. Lessard, the first M.L.A. from Bonnyville and surrounding area.

16		15		14		13		12		11		10		9		8		7		6		5		4		3		2		1		0			
P. Choquette 1921		S. Davies 1932		M. Batke 1937		E. Couture 1939		Emma Tollefson 1931		Gilbert Tollefson 1939		Die Iversen 1930		K. Laschuk 1935																					
J. Herrington 1922		Art. Stewart 1928		A. G. Walters 1926		C. Larsen 1922		Anton Gudmunson 1928		Arnold EV 1926		E. Espedviedt 1929		J. S. McNulty 1928		Jasper Herrington 1929		Wm. Van Heusden 1929																	
L. Gilliam 1915		L. Scott 1919		C. Behrens 1928		W. Davies 1930		A. McDougall 1930		H. Herrington 1917		J. McDougall 1920		J. Herrington 1931		Edward Lake																			
J. Stevenson 1926		A. Storerenson 1925				United Church 1930		E. Tollefson 1912		O. Tollefson 1912		O. Rackstad 1917		Elna Tollefson 1934		R. Martin 1926																			
J. Scott 1920		A. Jensen 1936				Jelly School district		E. Tollefson 1912		G. Tollefson 1914		Oscar Tollefson 1912		E. Tollefson 1912		H. Hayden 1919		N. Francouer 1912																	
N. Pasculuk 1929		D. Odyanski 1929		J. Lorschuk 1932		A. Tollefson 1921		V. Babb 1921		A. Hansen 1920		O. Tollefson 1912		O. Tollefson 1912		J. Elshop 1917		S. Tollefson 1920		N. Francouer 1914															
P. Landry 1920		J. Matson 1917		A. Juelson 1911		A. Juelson 1911		L. Hansen 1928																											

File date of presumed potentated land.

<u>Lessard Congregation.</u>	<u>Number</u>
Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Beaudry.	2
Mr. & Mrs. Behring	2
Mr. & Mrs. Davis.	4
Mr. & Mrs. Godmundson	2
Mr. & Mrs. J. G. Richardson	6
Mr. & Mrs. W. Wayne.	
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Scott.	3
Mr. C. H. Scott & Mr. & Mrs. S. Scott	8
Mr. Sandy Stevenson	3
Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Mattice Oud	3
Mr. & Mrs. Alex McMinion	3
Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Farrer.	4
Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Iverson.	3
Mr. & Mrs. Iverson (Stord) -	2
Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Tollefson.	8
Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Tollefson.	2.5
Mr. & Mrs. Alvin Tollefson	2
Mr. & Mrs. Taugard.	5
Mr. Humphreys & Son.	2
Mr. & Mrs. Alf. Hanson.	4
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Walters	5
Mr. & Mrs. Young.	3
Mr. & Mrs. Inelson.	4
Mr. & Mrs. John Scott	3
Mr. & Mrs. Vic. Bal. & Total People.	85
Mr. & Mrs. Kenning 2.	Families 23.
Mr. & Mrs. George Cabana.	11.
Mr. & Mrs. James Bellamy	5
Mr. & Mrs. Riddell Young.	2
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Young.	2
Mr. & Mrs. P. Ferron	5
Mr. & Mrs. S. Petreide.	
Mr. & Mrs. N. Whiter.	
Mr. & Mrs. ...	



Lessard Store.

which could be used for a school until one could be built. This was the most central location. In the summer of 1935, two brothers, Selmer and Alvin Tollefson built an extension to the hall, a frame structure. Through the years, the building served as a hall, community centre and school. During the time of school being here, it acquired the name of Jolly and was given a number, 4108. This came about by a man representing Bonnyville and area in government, Mr. Joly, M.L.A. In being named one 'L' was added, making it Jolly School. The first school was taught in 1922-23 with eight pupils.

A very prominent man of the area at that time was the mailman, Archie Mulkay, who brought the mail and the necessities from Durlingville. Later, he moved to the Grande Centre district.

During the summer of 1939, a new school was built on school lands, on the southeast corner of S.E. 11-63-5-4, containing a schoolyard of approximately three acres. School was held there until 1955 when centralization came into being.

Lessard was a center of attraction when Sunday rolled around as people would gather in the yard where the hall now stands. Many people brought a picnic lunch as they came from Riverhurst, Round Lake to the south, Tucker Lake to the north and from a distance to the west. There, ball games were



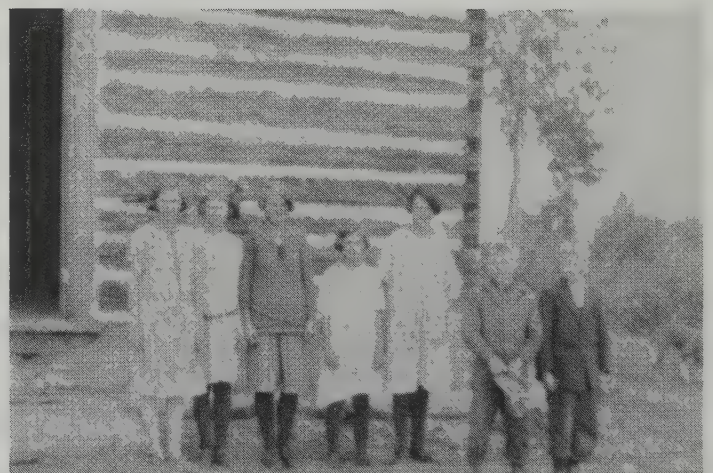
Women on the prow.

played, saddle horse races, etc. were held. People came by team and wagon or buggy or on saddle horses. As the afternoon went by, people returned to their homes for the evening chores.

The store building, after completion, also had the Post Office taking over from the Leveques. Later the place changed hands. Ole Iverson's kept the store in their home for a short time before the store returned back to the usual place. York and Harrington dissolved their partnership and Harrington, being the latter partner, sold to William Jardie from Kingman, Alberta, then, William Iverson and Jake Knelson, being brother-in-laws, from Saskatchewan, bought and resold some time later to Andrew Henning from Kingman. The two brother-in-laws, after selling, moved to Moore Lake where William Iverson again started a store and had a post office there. This place was named Happy Hollow and situated on the south side of Moore (Crane) Lake. It was known to many people as 'Starvation Heights' as no one had more than a bare existence during the 'thirties', and because of the "heights" of mainly clay and rock. The name was chosen, very possibly by John Roth, who



House of Learning — Jolly School.



Jolly School in 1926. Julia Newgard, Gladys Walters, Helen Marchuk, Kate Marchuk, Edith Walters, Doug Graham, Hartwick Newgard.

was a very happy person and kept a lively household and lived on the north slope of the hill where Mrs. Clements now lives.

The Post Office for a period of time was at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. (Alf) Hansen during the mid "1930's", when later this service was moved back to the building where the store was.

Mr. Andrew Henning, not being in the business for very long, sold to Jake Josvanger of Beaver Crossing under the management of Neil Frederickson and his wife, Ann.

Mr. Josvanger, in the summer of 1947, sold to Sylvester Woloshyn (Silver) of Iron River, who for nine years ran the business with his wife, Mary and daughters, Olive and Mary. After nine years, they sold the business to Gilbert Tollefson, who operated it for some years when a lease was granted to Donald Taylor, and under this management for a time the lease was given up and the owner was back in business until its closing in the early 1960's

What about Slabtown, a name created during the depression of the "1930's"? This name, as a nickname, possibly came about when there was a sawmill located in Victor Babb's yard. There the people gathered and had their logs made into lumber, as crude as it may have been. Lumber making was not all that accurate.

At the time of centralization, the community along with the Bonnyville School Division #46 had a vacant building at hand. With this, a very few years later, the leaders of a one time Pioneers' Club sold the old hall of log and frame structure to the Municipal District of Bonnyville #87, who in turn used the building for a shop for one of their graders. The revenue from the sale of the old building in turn was then used to purchase the Jolly School for a sum of five hundred dollars. This met with some opposition from some of the community members at that time.

Lessard Homecoming recalls good old days

Bonnyville - For many of the over three hundred people attending the Lessard Homecoming last week end, it was a reunion of relatives, neighbours and friends who had not seen each other for many years. Some had not been back for more than thirty years, others travelled great distances to meet the pleasures and excitement of re-unions. They came from Baltimore and Maryland, U.S.A., from points in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Alberta.

For two days, the old Lessard Hall was the scene of much excitement and activities, including a dance Saturday night, a church service, dinner and outdoor games Sunday afternoon.

The dance lasted far into the night, and many of the old timers had an opportunity to recall the years of their youth spent in this area.

The church service, scheduled for Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock had to be moved indoors, but by four o'clock most of the people attending the church service returned to the hall grounds, when the sun came out again, for an afternoon of reminiscing and ball games.

Among the older people was 94 year old Josh Young, who was "mighty pleased" to meet his old friend from Hay River, Albert Priestly.

Lessard Hall has returned to its sleepy and dreamy loneliness until another occasion demands its services as a meeting place of the people of this area. One lady returning home for the first time after some twenty years remarked Saturday evening, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for this dance. I never thought I'd dance at Lessard Hall again!"

Newspaper clipping.

The new center, now serves better than the old for the various functions, Farm Union Meetings, Credit Union Meetings held monthly, other meetings, and the various functions. In 1975, a decision was made to build an addition to the hall on the west side. The footing for this was poured on November, 8th, that year. The next year, the building went up, partly by volunteer and contract.

With a very active hall committee, the community spirit is kept alive with the many functions still held at Lessard.



Lessard Homecoming.

Jolly School District No. 4108

The Jolly School commenced operation in 1922 with Mary Ellwood as the teacher and only eight students attending. The school was situated on SE 11-63-5-4 in the Lessard district. The first families attending this school were the Roths, Yorks and Blais. Other teachers who were employed by the district were R. Smith, C. J. Everest, P. Fetherstonhaugh, M. Stonehouse, H. W. Taylor, A. Ferguson, H. Masur, E. Klimp, F. Boness, E. Tollefson, T. Henderickson, E. Becker, E. Young, E. Davies, E. Reese, G. Grady, Mrs. Finn, M. Graham and the last teacher at the school was Mabel Humpries. She had a class of ten, only two more than when the school first opened. The highest enrollment in this rural school, where grades from one to eight were taught, was thirty-three in 1947-48.

Many individuals served on the school board. The first three to help run the school were George York, Ollie Iverson and Steve Scott.

In 1955 all the small schools were centralized into a larger school at Iron Rivver and the children were bused to the school. Now the buildings and site were offered for sale by the Bonnyville School Division. They had assumed responsibility for some small districts in 1939 by order of the Minister of Education so it was up to them to now dispose of the properties incorporated by the Iron River School. Metro Elchuk purchased the barn for seventy-five dollars and William Kerr obtained the teacherage for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. As a community gesture to the people of Lessard the school buildings and site were sold to the Lessard Savings and Credit Union Ltd.



Lessard Sunday school, mid-thirties.

The Edward Lake Story

by Elmer Berg

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Berg

In 1912 the Berg family moved from Kingman, Alberta to land north of Fort Kent, Alberta. Mr. Berg had a scrip of land which was a half section (240 acres) that one bought from the government for two hundred dollars. The benefit of a scrip as compared to a homestead, was that one need not make as many improvements to the property in order to retain it. At this time there was not a school in the area and since the Bergs had a family of four boys and one girl. Mr. Berg worked very hard and was instrumental in the building of the first school. The school was built three miles west of the "scrip" along what is now known as the Lessard road. Because of Mr. Berg's tireless efforts and prolonged determination the school was completed and named in his honor.

By 1914, Mr. Berg had had an opportunity to see more of the country and found that he preferred the Rat Lake area. He then sold the scrip of land by Fort Kent and bought land from Mr. Thompson at the east end of Rat Lake. Since there was almost unlimited supply of wild pasture and hayland here, ranching seemed to be real promising. There was no school in the area at this time so the two oldest Berg boys, Edwin and Alvin, were sent to Dr. Duclos' school home for boys. This home was located in what is now Bonnyville. Money was very scarce so most of the board bill was paid with vegetables and meat.

In the "old days" all the haying was done the hard way. The hay was cut with a team of horses or oxen (whichever you happened to have) and a five foot ground driven mowing machine. After the hay was cut and dried it was raked in bunches with a team hitched onto a dump rake. This was a two-wheeled machine with a row of large teeth that dug on the ground and picked up the hay. When the teeth were full of the operator would step on a small lever which would lift the teeth and dump the hay. Then men with pitch forks would pile these bunches into small water-proof sticks to be picked up later. The piles were called coils. When the cutting, raking and coiling was completed the hay was forked into large stacks which would remain in the fields until winter and then hauled home by horse and sleigh and fed to the animals.

The winters were much more severe in those days but because of the dense bush land there was very little wind. Sometimes the snow would not blow off the top of the fence posts for months. The temperature, however, would often plunge to minus sixty degrees.

All the homes were heated with wood. There was always an abundant supply of wood as the spring fires

would kill the green trees and the next year these dead trees would be taken for wood. There was very little, if any, expense for this type of heating but a lot of very hard work.

Most of the houses were built with logs taken from the bush. The roof was made with small poles covered with a layer of hay and either dirt or sod on top. These houses were very strong and warm in the winter but in the summer, especially after a prolonged rainy period, the dirt roof would leak. When the neighbours would meet after a rain storm the most common question was always "Did your roof leak?" It seemed that there was a certain pride to it if your roof did not leak.

The water table in the area was very high during this time, probably because of the heavy snowfall in winter and a lot of rain in the summer. All the lakes, rivers and sloughs were always full of water. Even today at most of the lakes one can see the old shoreline up a hundred feet or so from the water. This vast amount of water made for a wild life paradise. There was an abundance of ducks, geese and all types of birds that would migrate this far north. With the luscious growth of wild pea vine and vetch grasses the deer and other wild animals thrived. The moose had successful browsing in the alders and willows that grew so well in damp places. The caribou did not come down as far as the settled area but they did come as far as just south of the Leming Lake oil plant. Every fresh water lake was full of fish. Not just the ordinary types of fish we have today but so many more. Rabbits, rats, coyotes, lynx, wolves and all other fur bearing animals subject to our climate were in abundance. I once caught forty-four rats while making one round to my traps one afternoon.

I think the people themselves were quite different in those days. Everyone worked together if need be and they seemed to have an attitude of all for one, and one for all. If you needed help you hardly had to ask and someone would offer assistance. It is hard to compare those times with the "look out for me" world we live in today. In those days everyone expected to work for what he got and usually he did not have so much materially but we had everything in so many other ways.

One thing that we certainly did not have was good roads. Our roads were merely wagon trails through the bush that followed the higher ground. Sometimes you would have to drive five miles or more to go two or three because of all the bends and corners around the sloughs and muskegs. The distance was much shorter in the winter when they could drive on the ice. I do not remember too many complaints about the roads since there were no cars to drive, towns to

haul to; or deadlines to meet and the old horses did not really mind walking in the mud holes.

We often hear the expression about "people living off the land" and that certainly was the case of the pioneers. Most of their living came off the land in the way of wild meat, fish and native berries of all kinds. I can remember picking blueberries by the washtub full and running them through an ordinary grain cleaner to get the leaves out of them. I remember Dad talking of one winter they lived on wild onions and rabbits until sometime in December when the wild game returned. That same Christmas when several of the friends and neighbours got together they were happy to enjoy moose meat in lieu of their previous diet of rabbit. When one of the gathering was asked to say the blessing he thought hard for a few seconds and then said, "Rabbits young and Rabbits old, Rabbits hot and Rabbits cold, Rabbits tender and Rabbits tough, Thank you Lord we've had Rabbits enough". Although the most part of our living was here for the taking, there were still some things that had to be bought and money for these necessary items was hard to come by. Dad would haul fish from Primrose Lake and Cold Lake to Vegreville in the winter. Dad and my brother, Alvin would each have a team of large draft horses hitched to heavy bob sleighs with boxes approximately five feet wide, fourteen feet long and two and one half feet high. When these boxes were filled full of frozen fish it made a big load for the team. Cold Lake ice is still known to crack open and it did the same thing then. Dad often told of how they would "jump the horses across a crack or if the crack was too large they would lay planks across it, shovel snow on the planks and then walk the horses across. On the haul to Vegreville there were stopping places every thirty to thirty-five miles which made a big day for the horses. When the



Mr. and Mrs. Olaf P. Berg and two grandsons.

fish were unloaded they would be paid for the hauling and that is when the necessary groceries could be purchased for the coming year. They bought Roger's syrup in twenty pound pails, tea in twenty-five pound tin boxes, coffee in fifty pound bags, salt in fifty pound bags, beans in twenty-five pound bags and sugar in one hundred pound sacks. Everything was bought in large quantities as there was only about one trip to the store each year.

As time marched on a store and post office were opened at Durlingville, which was about six miles east of Bonnyville. This made it much more convenient for people as they now could do their shopping and get the mail in a one day trip. I can remember my mother being so happy to get a piece of cloth from the store so she could sew us a shirt or make a dress for herself. By this time the Bergs had two more bouncing boys and a girl to care for and a few more people had moved into the area. At that time there were about eight or nine school age children so the problem of building a school once again loomed in the foreground. The community worked together, cut logs and built a small school. By this time there was a small sawmill and shingle mill in the area so the school's roof was made of boards covered with shingles. Many of the houses were also given shingled roofs as the shingles did not leak when the rains came. A lumber barn was also constructed at the school site to house the horses that some of the children rode to school. Some of the children had as far as three and one half miles to travel.

The first post office in the area was located three miles east of the old Lessard store. The new post office was named Riviere De Castor. (According to one of my more knowledgeable French neighbours, this name translates to the Beaver River). Later the post office was moved to the Thompson house just east of the Ardmore bridge on the Beaver River. It was later moved to the Segurd Walden place at the Rat Lake crossroads on what is now Ward Inman's home property. The post office was later closed because the government felt there were not enough people utilizing the service.

Even with the ups and downs the people encountered, the area progressed slowly. People increased the cattle herds, broke more land and generally built up the farms. Probably the greatest uplift was when the railroad came to St. Paul. They now had a much closer outlet for their produce.

Cattle were the main income for most of the people and a great deal of time was taken looking after the animals. The fields were small so they were fenced and the cattle were left to run at large. In the fall the roundups would start and each owner would take to the bush to round up cattle. They would all

bring home as many cattle as they could whether they belonged to you or your neighbour. When all the cattle were found they would be divided as to the brands and moved to the owner's farm. A day would then be set when the cattle drive to St. Paul would begin. Our place was usually the starting point since Dad had large corrals. Some years we would have two to three hundred head in our corrals the night before the drive began. They used lots of cowboys and a chuckwagon and the trip would take a week to ten days, depending on how hard the cattle were chased. Sometimes they would lose a few in the bush but during the following winter they would drift into someone's place and would be returned to the owners.

With the railroad now at St. Paul the people had a closer market for their produce and this changed their way of life somewhat. They could now sell eggs, milk cows and ship cream, as there was a creamery at St. Paul. Some people had a few hogs which could be sold at St. Paul so the possibility of a cash flow more than once a year was evident. Hogs, however, required grain to the people planned to open more land to grow grain and do some mixed farming. Clearing the land was slow and hard since everything had to be done by hand. To get the trees down they would dig the dirt away from the roots and cut them off about a foot back from the stump. They would then tie a long chain up the tree trunk and have a team of horses pull the tree over. The smaller brush was cut with either an axe or a scythe. If a farmer could manage to get four or five acres cleared a year, he had done well. In those early years it was not uncommon to get sixty-five to seventy-five bushels of wheat per acre. Things seemed to grow so much better then, possibly because there were no weeds for the crop to compete with.

By now Bonnyville was expanding and to make things better, the railroad had now progressed to that town. It was not long until stores sprung up, livestock buying facilities, feed mills and the like began to make this a thriving area. Dad had now obtained the post office at Rat Lake. Edwards Lake was much more commonly known as Rat Lake to the Indians and whiteman alike because of its abundance of rats. It was therefore appropriate that the new post office be called Rat Lake. The farmers now had a little more land broke, a few more cows and pigs and times were looking a little better for them. Along about that time came the "Dirty Thirties". This was the time in the thirties when the bottom went out of everything. All farm produce, as well as everything else, went down. There was a terrific influx of people who had been dried out in the south and moved to this country because it was still possible to live off the land here.

Regardless of all their hardships, the people still displayed their community spirit and it was decided to build a community church. This is when the little church north of the Rat Lake corner was built. I said community spirit because the area consisted of Lutheran, Roman Catholics, Protestants and others but everyone did their share and worked together to build the new church. In the winter, a minister came out from Cold Lake every other Sunday and in the summer, if the weather was good, he came in a Model T Ford. Our next community project was to build a hall. There was all kind of volunteer labour because many people had moved into the area but money was still scarce. The logs were taken from the bush and sawed into lumber and left to dry for one year. In the meantime several fund raising events like dances, box socials and whist drives were held to help finance nails, paper and hardware that was necessary for the hall. In a few years we had a thirty by fifty foot hall where we held dances, picture shows, card parties and meetings. Our hall was well used.

The south country was now beginning to recuperate from the worst of the drought and many of the people who had come here from the south began to move back. Some, however, had built homes and established themselves here and did not want to go back. We were still suffering the damages of the dirty thirties and some of the people had to accept social assistance and it certainly crushed their pride. In those days it was called relief and they would work on the roads or something in the summer to help pay it back. Everyone kept doing their best and the area slowly began to progress again. The farms got bigger and more mechanized. Horses were giving way to tractors and automobiles and more people were working the land.

About this time centralization hit our area. The school was centralized to Ardmore, the post office to Ardmore, the small store and church were closed so there was little to hold our community together. The Cold Lake Airbase came into being about this time and many of the farmers went to work at the base. For those who went to work at the base, it was a good thing, but for the ones who stayed to work the land, the base was not good. The area was too small to cope with such an influx of people. The military people seemed to have a hard time to accept our ways and to respect our property and we had a hard time to accept their determination to hunt and fish and partake in our country. But as time passed things got better and now everyone seems to get along well, each one respecting the other.

How long this nice relationship will continue we do not know as now the oil companies are moving in and if Imperial Oil Leming project gets the go ahead

we will have more people here much faster than we ever did with the Cold Lake Airbase. The airbase is more or less concentrated in two areas but the oil exploration will have its repercussions in several different areas and directions and it would seem that the many pipelines, roads, powerlines, truck routes, etc. are going to cause problems and hard feelings to our farmers. It is as the old saying goes "that which is one man's loss is another man's gain". No matter how much work or how much money is spent in restoring the area to its original state, I doubt that we will ever again see the things that nature provided for us here some sixty or sixty-five years ago.

Merton School District #3532

As people with families settled the area North of the Beaver River they realized the great need for a school where their children could receive an education. To insure an education for their families, meetings were called to see about the possibility of beginning a school so that children would not have to be boarded out. On August 9, 1917 a meeting was called by interested individuals and a vote was taken to form a school district. All those present were in favor. Elected to the office of trustees were John Beix, Henry Batke and Ole Wickstrom. Mrs. Beix became the secretary-treasurer of the district which comprised the following lands: Sections 25 through 36 inclusive in Township 62, Range 6 and Sections 1 through 17 inclusive in Township 63 Range 6. This district took in a large area but as new districts were established later on, alterations were made in the area that the Merton district covered.

In a 1918 school census taken there were ten children in the district that would benefit from a school. These were in the Batke, Crossweller and Martin families. However, no schooling was available to them at this date even though plans were underway to provide a local education system. Finally, in March of 1919, a building was found that would serve as a school house. This was a vacant building owned by Henry Batke. He supplied it for a fee of four dollars a month. A teacher, Joseph Lirette was hired at the rate of eighty-five dollars a month, and ten children were enrolled. Some of these were outside the established school district and a motion was passed to allow these to come at the tax rate of four cents per day per family. The others that lived right in the area would pay a tax of three cents per acre in order to assist in meeting the expenses incurred by a school.

In December of 1919, an intention to build a school house was submitted to the Department of Education. Claude Scott now served as secretary and

MERTON

File date of
presumed
patented land.

	E. Hinecker 1919	J. Plamondon 1929	S. Anderson 1921	Jim Carlson 1914	John Hewak 1928	A. Lubes 1922	W. Carrier 1915	
	4 E. Hinecker 1919	A. Sabatier 1924	3 J. Byford 1914	A. Anderson 1920	2 W. Fritz 1922	W. Slipchuk 1929	1 W. Hughes 1916	Tw
	H. Plamondon 1930	C. Michael 1919	A. Batke 1917	F. Batke 1926	J. Olivier 1917	P. Hunka 1928	W. Kolody 1922	W. Pitrie 1928
	32 J. Gavrinski 1928	T. Price 1917	33 E. Sabatier 1927	A. Sabatier 1928	34 G. Anderson 1927	J. Beix 1916	35 Mrs. C. MARTIN 1913	A. Wikstrom 1914
		A. Solowoniuk 1928	A. Maczorowski 1928	F. Slipchuk 1927	H. Batke 1925	W. Davies 1914	E. Wyatt 1915	S. Standro 1926
	29	G. Chachula 1930	28 M. Kalinski 1929	W. Kurek 1928	27 Hudson Bay Co.	O. Wikstrom 1914	26 C. Branstrom 1921	25 R. Ulanicki 1928
			M. Kalinski 1945	P. Dubilowski 1936	Mary Kurek 1932	J. Romanko 1928	W. Hryhoshuk 1930	
20		21		22		23		24

BEAVER RIVER

John Beix continued as chairman. The Department of Education sent specific instructions to be followed in the erection of a school building. If money needed to be borrowed by debenture, the Board of Public Utility Commissioners would have to provide the approval for any contracts that might be entered into.

The following year a house owned by Jim Byford was rented to serve as the school. He still had not fully moved to his homestead but every once in a while, someone would appear from this family to work on the land. School was somewhat interrupted because of their using the house, but since this was the only available building, classes went ahead.

Due to the rising costs of operating rural schools, the Department of Education approved an increase in taxation to a maximum of sixteen cents per acre in February of 1920. In February of 1921, Mr. Thomas Price, now the secretary of the Merton School District received authority of the Board of Public Utilities to borrow eight hundred dollars on behalf of the School Board in order to construct a log school house. From the records kept it appears that some logs were hauled and plans were made to build a temporary log school house and then a frame school house later on. No school materialized from these

plans until 1922 when Jos Bellemore submitted a tender for (\$1227.50) one thousand two hundred and twenty seven dollars and fifty cents to build a frame school measuring twenty-four to thirty feet. The construction of two outhouses was also included in this tender. The tender was accepted and work on the school went ahead. The debentures had matured by this time and in order to pay for them an increase in taxation did not meet with the approval of many of the homesteaders. They were already subjected to a tax of twelve cents per acre that they were finding impossible to meet. The district was composed of heavy bushland with few cultivated acres. Access to a railway was sixty miles away creating yet a further hardship when it came to marketing farm produce. Therefore a petition went in to the government to provide the district with some substantial and immediate relief. The inspector of the school district, Mr. Crispo, was called upon to verify this need. When Mr. Crispo inspected the school in November of 1922 the grounds were still in need of clearing, but the school house was already in use with ten students present. Equipment in the school consisted of ten home made double desks, blackboards, chalk and other small items. Heating was provided with a small



Merton School, 1924. Front: Miss Beatrice Smith. Front row: Frank Anderson, George Batke, Henri Paradis, Walter Biex, Camille Verrier, ?, ?, Helen Marchuk, Katie Marchuk, Margaret Batke, Mildred Batke. Back row: Gaspard Martin, Flore Verrier, Agnes Batke, Florence Batke, Marguerite Verrier.

stove and the janitorial work was carried on by different students. A well was not in use to supply the school with water.

Into the late twenties plans were made to have a stable built to house the animals that transported the children to school since many lived a fair distance away. A number boarded with local families in order to be able to attend school. By 1930, the stable was well underway and the Inspector of Schools, J. Gibault, urged the trustees to see the immediate completion of this task. He recommended the fencing of the school property as well as the painting of the school and oiling of the floor. The rate payers were hard pressed to pay their taxes and the money raising efforts such as basket socials could only be expected to raise small amounts. Through voluntary efforts a fencing of the school grounds was completed by 1934.

In September of 1939, Bonnyville School Division was established by order of the Minister of Education, William Aberhart. Merton School District along with all the other small school districts (fifty-four in total) was now under the management of the division. Five sub-divisions were established; Merton being part of sub-division four. Each sub-division would elect a delegate to represent them and the first delegate sent to represent sub-division four was W. S. Scott.

Through the years the school had many different teachers some fresh out of normal school, others who had plenty of experience and others who came to supervise correspondence lessons when no teachers were available. Following Mr. Lirette were Alicia Humphries, J. Smiles, Beatrice Smith, H. W. Taylor, K. Fraser, Ruth Highberg, Stanislas Pitre, Harriet Jewell, Bernard Enwright, Bea Robert, Dora Huard, M. Skrepnek, William Sawchuk, Anne Poohkay, George Krawchuk, J. Johnson, Stonehouse, Crispin,

Finn, John Kalinsky (a former Merton School student), Anne Sawchuk and Mildred Balla.

Individuals who gave time to serve as trustees or secretaries were many. Mr. and Mrs. Beix served for a number of years while others gave less time but were willing to see that their community profited from an education system. Albert Bureau, Wm. Hughes, Henry Batke, Henri Dumaine, Albert Batke, E. R. Webster, Wm. Hryherichuk, C. Duchesne, Ole Wickstrom, L. Dumaine, Bill and Mike Procinsky, Bill Kolody, Axel Ljunggren and possibly others whose names do not appear on any records.



Merton School, 1945.

Many families attended this school coming not only from the immediate district but from LaCorey, Willow Trail, Bevin and other districts who did not have established schools of their own. Some families had two generations of children attend this school. In looking back, it is noted that from the Batke, Plamondon, Lubes, Procinsky and Fretz families this was so.

I have had a real interest in doing the research on the school that I attended for six years and in which my mother completed all her eight years of schooling. If I have omitted any details that may be of interest or names of individuals who contributed in any way I make my apologies. Thanks to the perseverance of these early homesteaders we have a better way of living today. We look back to these individuals with gratitude in our hearts for their contribution to our betterment.

Sharon (Fretz, Galick) Fersovitch

Memories of Merton School by Helen Peterson (Anderson)

I remember a one room school with about twenty to thirty pupils in grades one to eight.

The smaller grades had a slate and slate pencils. They also had to have a small bottle of water and a rag to wash the slate. The higher grades had ink scribblers, a straight pen, pen nibs and a bottle of ink.

At school during the “Twenties”, there were not as many subjects taught as there are now. We had reading, spelling and arithmetic every day. Once a week we had history, geography and art. I especially enjoyed the rapid calculations and spelling bees. They were considered a great deal of fun for most students and a break from the regular routine.

School began in the Spring and continued until Christmas. I remember, one year being asked by the teacher to be ‘janitor’. I had to bring a pail of water in the morning, make a fire and sweep the floor. For my efforts I was given twenty-five cents a week — a fair wage for a girl my age.

On the colder days it would take a long time to get the fire going properly so we would have to “run on the spot” to keep warm. The desks would all be pushed as close around the big stove as possible. Ink was ‘thawed out’ before the students could write. Sometimes someone would have frost bitten fingers, toes or faces. Snow was rubbed on the frost bites which was thought to be the proper treatment.

There was no sports equipment at school but we always had fun at recess. Someone would bring a rope to skip. Another person would bring a ball and “Anti-I-Over” was played. “Hide and Seek” was always a favorite and “hopscotch” was the game many of the girls preferred. Sometimes someone would bring a mouth organ and we would have dances at recess and noon hour.

We did not have lunch kits, thermoses and such. Our lunch was carried in lard or syrup pails. During the winter the sandwiches would be frozen and had to be thawed out on the stove.

A month before Christmas the teacher would bring a book on dialogues, skits, recitations and songs in preparation for the big event — the Christmas concert. With only about twenty-five children it was quite a problem to put on a two hour concert. The older girls always got the job of writing parts for all the children.

Preparation for the big day was being made at the homes as well. Money for the concert was raised from “Basket Socials” or “Pie Socials”. All the ladies, young and old made “baskets” for the socials. There would be a big assortment, little log houses, ships and boxes decorated in all kinds of ways. Some had the neck of a whiskey bottle poking through; needless to say, these brought a very good price. The music was always donated for these events. Ernest and Fred Hinecker both played the violin and Ed Brandt played the accordin. Music was no problem; there were others as well who also played instruments.

The Christmas Concert was the climax of a busy school year. The children gave their very best perfor-

mance to a “packed house”. We used coal oil lamps for light until 1924 when my father, August Anderson brought his newly acquired gas lamp.

The 1926 concert was a special highlight for me. Miss Highberg, the teacher gave me a prize for best attendance and highest average. After the program, Santa would come in with a big bag of goodies — a gift for all the children and even a bag for the parents. At that time, Mr. Henry Batke made a good Santa Claus with his terrific sense of humour.

Tired but happy children made their way home with their parents after the concert. It was a great way to end a school year and I think most of us looked forward to heading back to school in April.

Merton School

as written by Anne Poohkay (Shalka)

In 1940-1941, I, Anne C. Poohkay (former Anne C. Shalka) came to teach at Merton School.

This school had grades one to eight with about forty-eight pupils. These children were very well behaved and I enjoyed teaching them. We had a concert and a raffle at Christmas time. The concert was held at the hall down the road from the school.

While teaching at Merton we rented a house from



Christmas Santa, 1940.



Merton School, 1940.

Dubilowski's. Several events happened while living in this house.

We heard a mouse scratching and gnawing in the evening but we fell asleep. We woke up to the cries of our eight month old daughter. As we looked up we saw the building paper on the ceiling a flame. Was there a match left by previous occupants? We managed to extinguish the fire.

Later in the spring, my husband went to La Corey to get the mail. He had to walk as roads were impassable. The roof of the house was on fire. It caught fire from the pipes which were used as a chimney. I had to work hard to carry the water up the steep ladder, but I managed to put it out. I understand that later that house had gone up in flames. Could there have been a curse on that house?

Merton school was also one of my favorite schools. The children and parents were great and I do remember many of them, although I have not seen many of them for years.

Development of a District

by R. B. MacGillivray

written before his passing in 1972

The many lakes and streams made the Beaver River country a vast trapping ground. This river rises just south of Lac La Biche and flows eastward, passing just south of Cold Lake into Saskatchewan, and a hundred miles on east just past the town of Meadow

Lake. Here it turns due north for seventy miles where it enters the Churchill. In this story we are interested in that part east of the Sand River which flows into the Beaver from the north. In fact, this story is about the original Iron River School District.

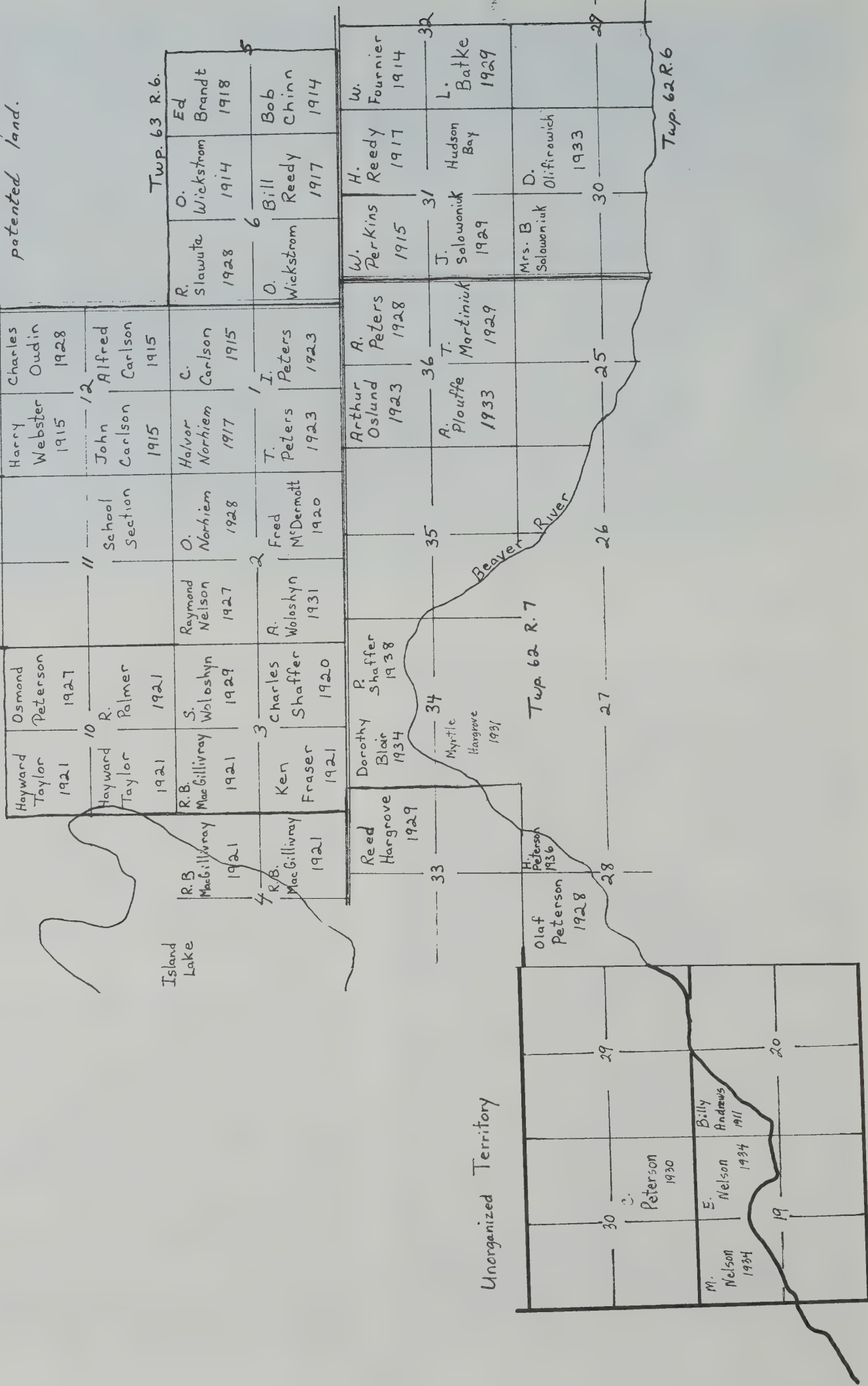
The Beaver River, from its junction with Churchill westward to its source near Lac La Biche, was for many years an important waterway for the Northwest Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company, on their way west to the Pacific. Later the North Saskatchewan waterway took over. Our area was, in the past at least, along the romantic highway of the fur trade.

Iron River or Manatokan Creek runs from the southeast part of Manatokan Lake, midway through the original Iron River School District, into the Beaver River. This is only a distance of approximately four miles as the crow flies. We dignified the very crooked stream with the name of "River." The name "Iron" was derived from the iron deposits along the southern half of the stream. These were especially prominent where the southern bridge is now located. These are not as noticeable since the straightening of the road.

Just about sixty years ago the first settlers came to the Iron River District. At that time it was rather heavily wooded with plenty of muskegs. For years prior to this men had been coming from the south for the trapping and hunting available. In nineteen hun-

IRON RIVER

File date of presumed patented land.



dred and eleven (1911) Bill Andrews established himself as a trapper and later ran a small herd of cattle near the junction of the Sand and Beaver Rivers. At this time an Indian village of fifteen or twenty houses was located on the northeast part of what is now George Tkachuk's land. Pete Oudin was perhaps the next settler. He located along "Iron River" just south of Manatokan Lake.

Before nineteen hundred and twenty (1920) several more families arrived, built and stayed at least for part of the year. They depended largely upon trapping for an income, supplemented by work on farms to the south or logging during the winter. During these early days a great fire swept across the country leaving a land of blackened stumps.

Among these early arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Jim Armitage. They settled across the creek and cornering Pete Oudin's. Jim's land was later bought by Alex Herman and family. South of Armitages Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webster homesteaded in nineteen fourteen (1914). They sold their property to Anton Samchuk.

C. O. Carlson and two of his brothers homesteaded southeast of Websters, in nineteen fifteen (1915). In the early sixties Charlie sold all his land to Pete Procinski. Joining Carlsons, to the west, Halvor H. Norheim settled. In time the entire quarter was cleared and cultivated. Anton Samchuk now owns the property.

Farther east Mr. Wolstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Viggo Peterson and Ed Brandt took up land. This group from Carlson to Ed Brandt were Scandinavians, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes. Viggo Peterson's, Wolstrom's and Brandt's homesteads are now owned by Walkulchyks and Mike Dubilowski.

On south on the southwest of section five was the log shack of Bob Chinn. This land was later bought by Viggo Peterson where he established a store and post office. Bill Reedy acquired land to the west but lived across the road in township sixty-two with his brother Jake. Their land is now owned by Nick Solowoniuk and Anton Yadlowski respectively. Farther east lived Pete Fournier. His house still stands. Pete used to say, "Fine coundree. Nobody dress up and nobody care."

Of the eighteen people mentioned there were only three married couples — Armitages, Websters and Petersons. Both Websters and Armitages raised a family while in the area.

In these years the nearest railroad point was Vegreville, over one hundred miles to the southwest. Cattle were driven to Vegreville for market. Even cream was hauled there. Of course, stores existed in Bonnyville. LaCorey could boast of a post office

established on the Beix place with Mrs. Beix as Post Mistress.

Between nineteen twenty (1920) and nineteen twenty-four (1924) several new families came to this immediate area. In 1920 Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McDermott with five children moved in and built along the creek. The same year Dave Byers, a returned soldier filed on the southern half of section fourteen. He cleared some land but sold to Bob Standal who in turn sold to George Tkachuk, the present owner.

In nineteen twenty (1920) Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and five children drove from Texas to Ardmore. This same year they also homesteaded at Iron River. They did not build until the following year. Silver Woloshyn bought their property which he later sold to Alex Fersovitch.

From Ryley in the early summer of nineteen twenty-one (1921) came Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shaffer and family. One of the children (Alvah) homesteaded but later took up the life of a trapper and woodsman. A few years after Mrs. Shaffer's death, Olaf Peterson became the new owner.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. MacGillivray and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Taylor came in July nineteen twenty-one in search of land. They were both war veterans, as well as teachers. Their log houses were built with fire-killed timber floated over from the big island on Island Lake. Mr. Taylor taught at Merton. MacGillivray's left to teach at Gadsby but returned in nineteen twenty-four and opened the first Iron River School that fall.

During nineteen-twenty one (1921) Kenneth Fraser also a war veteran settled in the area. He was also a teacher. Reed Hargrove later purchased their land.

Mrs. Isabelle Peters and her five sons moved in from Red Willow in nineteen twenty three (1923). Mrs. Peters married Ole Wikstrom a long time settler in Merton. After Mrs. Wikstrom's (nee Peters) death Ole returned to Sweden his native land. Arthur Osland settled across the road from Peters also in nineteen twenty-three (1923). He has remained a confirmed bachelor.

Of the fifty-nine people who lived here up to the end of nineteen twenty-three (1923) there were sixteen bachelors, seventeen married, one widow and twenty-six children.

During the next five years no new settlers came. Trapping and building smudges to protect our livestock and ourselves from the ever present sand fly and mosquito population were part time occupations. Cattle raising took on a new importance now that the railway was built as far as St. Paul. The building of a creamery in Bonnyville opened up a new source of income for those who owned milk cows. In the

summer cream dropped as low as fifteen cents per pound of butterfat. There were no bonus or dividend cheques to compensate for the extremely low prices. Teaching school formed a part time occupation for three residents, namely Mr. Frazer, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. MacGillivray.

Another very important early agricultural development was the clearing, preparation and maintenance of a garden. This became an important source of food supply. It was found quite a variety of garden products including sweet corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and pumpkins could be grown successfully. Another good source of food were the wild fruits. Blueberries, mooseberries, saskatoons and raspberries were plentiful. Blueberries were also a source of income, for there was a ready sale for this product. Picking and taking this fruit south to sell was quite a common practice for a few years. The price was not the best but the fruit was plentiful and easily gathered. Even now it is interesting to see the number of people who appear in the berry patch each summer. Our wild game and fish were plentiful. The smoke house, for the smoking of fish, was common. Fish and meat were also dried or canned for there were no such things as deep freezers to keep these meats from spoiling.

As yet there was not much land under cultivation as it was difficult to clear, break and work down for seeding. In nineteen twenty-seven (1927) C. O. Carlson brought in the first tractor, breaking plow and threshing machine. Before this Mr. V. Peterson did some custom threshing with a small portable thresher and engine.

Important changes began to take place in nineteen twenty-eight (1928). In that year the Canadian National Railway completed a line through to Bonnyville from Abilene Junction near Ashmont. Grain growing and livestock raising took on a new importance.

It was from nineteen twenty-nine (1929) to thirty-one (1931) that a new rush of settlers arrived, mostly from Poland. Some, however came from other parts of Alberta and Eastern Canada. The people from Poland were an energetic people with farming experience. Soon log houses with, perhaps sod roofs and packed earthen floors appeared on every homestead. These new settlers lived fairly close together and visited each other considerably. The children soon learned to speak English at Iron River School.

Mr. and Mrs. Jan Solowoniuk and family settled on the southwest quarter of thirty-one. Their son Walter farms the home place and other adjoining land. Another son Nick farms the Bill Reedy homestead. Across the road from Solowoniuks Mr. and Mrs. Trafem Martiniuk took up residence. North-

ward along the range line came Slawuta's, Kruk's and Johnny Hunka. Johnny worked out considerably preventing him from developing his homestead. The Iron River Hall and the Ukrainian Catholic Church are built on his land.

The northeast of seven was taken by Stanley Harper and his son Lyman. Mr. Harper carried the mail for several years between LaCorey and Iron River. In the early fifties Fred Wakulchyk purchased this land. Across the road to the east Kittle Kettleson lived. He sold to Mike Kryzanowski. North of this Mr. Cunningham Senior filed. Mr. Koleba from Garth bought this property. Moving west we come to Hervé Robert's. Hervé worked out some but built and settled down with a wife and began raising a family. When Bob Standal went into the trucking business in about nineteen thirty-eight (1938) Hervé drove the truck.

Léon Debuc from Quebec homesteaded part of section 18. He lived mainly with Mr. and Mrs. Debuc who owned the northwest of eighteen. In nineteen thirty-four Léon sold his land to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Standal, from Daysland, to set up a store. The post office was soon moved from Peterson's to Standal's.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shiller and their two boys John and Roman lived just west of Léon's. North of Shillers Mrs. Carl Peterson homesteaded. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Orysiuk and two children, Mary and Bobby. The present owner is Alec Kalinsky.

We go farther west to Norman Knapp's. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp and Norman from Flat Lake leased the school section. Norman later bought up the lease. Osmond Peterson lived on the northeast of ten. This land is presently owned by Pete Karas. Mr. and Mrs.



Robert Standal's Store at Iron River. Standing in front: Victor Cholik, Mike Tkachuk and Sam Sashuk.



Aerial photo of Iron River.



Peterson's store and post office.

Silver Woloshyn from Therien homesteaded and shortly after bought the Palmer quarter north of them. He worked up quite a bit of land as well as doing custom breaking and threshing. He sold to Alex Fersovitch. Raymond Nelson, from Therien lived on the northwest of two. He worked with his Dad at well digging throughout a wide area.

South of Fraser's Mr. and Mrs. Reed Hargrove and family from Ranfurly settled. This was a wooded area with a fine supply of spring water. After Reed's death, Bill, one of the sons took over the farm. On the

land east of Hargrove's several people have lived for a time. Some of these were Mae Johnson and three children, Dorothy Blair and two children and Len Johanson.

We next go north of Byers homestead where Bill Shymchuk, his wife and family of two boys and two girls settled close to the lake. The north west quarter of fifteen was homesteaded by Prokop Yaroshuk. There were four children. Olaf Peterson who homesteaded on the Beaver River flats bought Charlie Shaffer's place.

The foregoing pages have presented a story of the homesteaders in Iron River. This I believe has pretty well completed a short record of most of the early settlers. Many of the settlers who arrived between nineteen twenty-nine and thirty-one settled elsewhere such as Wendel, Sandy Rapids, Garth, and Forest Stream.

FOOTNOTE

Many changes have taken place in our district over the past seventy years, all the way from the earliest pioneers who led a life of solitude in comparison with the hustle and bustle of today. The development of the school system, better roads, installation of power and gas, present day farming methods and the oil industry have all played a part in

the ever changing face of our community. Many of these stories such as the growth of the school, churches, and industry are covered elsewhere in this book. In the seventy years of our existence we have come all the way from "Coal Oil to Crude."

Iron River School

A Learning Experience

written by R. B. MacGillivray before his death in 1972

Education has always been an important, interesting and sometimes an exciting part of Iron River's growth. In nineteen twenty-two (1922) there were seventeen children of school age as well as several younger ones in the Iron River area. W. N. McDermott, C. E. Shaffer and R. B. MacGillivray formed a committee to approach the Department of Education for the purpose of organizing a local school district. Information was collected and forwarded to Edmonton. The proposed district was bounded on the west by a line between sections three and four, nine and ten and fifteen and sixteen in sixty three seven west of the fourth meridian, and as far north as the south side of Manatokan Lake, eastward. The district extended southward to the Beaver River. In 1942 the Churchvelt School District was formed and reduced Iron River by that half mile strip east of the United Church. The name Iron River was proposed by Mr. McDermott because of the many iron springs in the last half of the creek, The site chosen was the south-

east corner of the southeast quarter of section eleven, township sixty-three, range seven, west of the fourth meridian.

School inspector A. P. Crispo came out from St. Paul and approved the plan. A date for a vote was arranged, to be held at McDermott's, but the formation of a school district was turned down by the vote of the settlers. A few months later a second meeting was held this time at Mr. Shaffer's. Mr. Crispo spoke and clarified some points of contention before this meeting got underway. This time the vote was in favor of the proposal. The first trustees were C. O. Carlson, Harry Webster and Viggo Peterson. Mr. Carlson became chairman and Mr. Webster secretary-treasurer, positions which they held for many years. Other trustees over the span of years were, Mr. Reedy, P. Oudin, R. B. MacGillivray, D. Byers, Alex Peters, Bill Peters and Bob Standal. Mr. Webster, Mr. Standal and Bill Peters were the last three trustees before the big division came in.

The school was built of logs and was ready for use in September, nineteen twenty four (1924). The construction work was voluntary. Any settlers who were away at the time of building gave ten dollars. Additional cash was raised by a box social held at Viggo Peterson's. This money helped to pay for nails, windows and the like.

The first school term began with seventeen pupils namely, Maggie, Myrtle, Clarence, Sarah and Pete Shaffer; Ellen, Willie, Mabel, Fred, and Pat McDermott; Elfleta, Thelma, Faye and Larkin Palmer;



Old Iron River School's first scholars, 1923. Back row: Bill McDermott, Bill Peters, Sykes Shaffer, Mr. MacGillivray, Ellen MacDermott, Myrtle Shaffer, Mabel MacDermott, Bob Peters. Front row: Fred McDermott, Larkin Palmer, Helen Webster, Faye Palmer, Sarah Shaffer, Pat McDermott, Pete Shaffer.

Helen Webster; Willie (Bill) and Bob Peters. Mr. R. B. MacGillivray was the first teacher. He taught twenty-one of the thirty-one years of the school's existence. Others who taught were; Donald MacCallum, Mrs. Humphries, Miss Muriel Peters, H. W. Taylor, Peter Koziol, and K. W. Fraser. The old log school burned down during the holidays, just after Peter Koziol's term of teaching. A temporary school was used for a year, until a standard frame school could be erected. This building was temporarily moved to the centralized school site in nineteen fifty five (1955) and later sold at auction.



First Iron River Ball team.



A great first baseman — Peter Charawich.

The school became the gathering point for most of the community's social activities. Christmas concerts, picnics, dances, and district gatherings of many types were held on the school premises. Most of the district's populace attended these functions. Even residents of other areas joined in the merriment.

Up to centralization in nineteen fifty-five (1955) one hundred and eleven children had attended and left their mark on the Iron River School. These long term pupils were offspring of thirty six resident families. Ten other students attended classes for short periods of time, less than one year. Of the one hundred eleven, twenty completed grade nine at the school and six were promoted to grade nine which they continued in the new centralized school. Some of these grade nine graduates from the original school went on to further their education. Two became teachers. Mabel McDermott and Roberta MacGillivray and two became nurses; Helen Solowoniuk and Janet Peters.

FOOTNOTE:

The "Old Iron River School" is fondly remembered and spoken of by several "Old Timers" and some comparatively recent members of the community. This is a page of our history which we may only relive again through the eyes and words of the brave and noble pioneers of our area. Their foresight and determination made education a meaningful and purposeful experience. A grateful tip of the hat is given by us to them.

"The Era Through a Teacher's Eyes" by Muriel Stuhlemmer (Peters)

Recently I received a phone call from Don Taylor, a former pupil of mine, who was a very young lad in lower grade school when I assumed the position of teacher at Iron River School. Don explained that the purpose of his call was to ask me to make a contribution towards a book being compiled by the old-timers of the district and he invited me to set out my view of things as they were in the 'dirty thirties' when the Bonnyville area was known more for coal oil lamps than for oil exploration, as it is today. I promised that I would do the best I could, while mentally noting that almost forty-five years have elapsed since those long ago days when I arrived in Iron River at the tender and unsophisticated age of nineteen years.

I was quite excited about the invitation to contribute to the book as I had been thinking for some time about putting my thoughts down on paper regarding that decade so often now referred to as the "ten lost years" and about which a book and film have been produced in Canada by the same title. My year at Iron River was a very memorable one and I would not have wanted to miss the experience for anything. I

count myself as one of the pioneers who struggled against discouraging circumstances in those days — circumstances beyond the belief of today's affluent young people. Though times were difficult, I believe we all came out of that period a stronger and tougher lot because of it.

There were many hardships to be endured and real deprivations. We scarcely realized that we were deprived, however, for how can you miss something which you have never had? Cars were as scarce as the proverbial 'hen's teeth' and even those folks who were fortunate enough to possess a car were not getting much use from it, as more often than not it was to be found up on blocks in the backyard, minus its tires (they were needed then for the more common mode of transport, the "Bennett buggy") and if the tires were still intact there was a shortage of cars for gas and repairs. Those who did manage to keep a car running had to be their own mechanics.

As any old-timer can tell you, "Bennet buggy" was the name given to wagon with rubber tires which usually was pulled by a team of horses or mules. The one I remember was drawn by a steer or ox and one little Indian cayuse. It got its name from Mr. R. B. Bennett who happened to be Prime Minister of Canada at the time it was so commonly used.



The Odd Couple.

Television was not yet invented, and as far as I can remember, there were no telephones in the district, no running water (in many cases it had to be carried from a nearby creek, or drawn long distances by horse and stoneboat, from a neighbour's well). There were no electric lights, no indoor plumbing, no baby-soft toilet tissue — Eaton's catalogue with its hard, shiny paper, had to serve as our substitute; there were no refrigerators, butter was kept in a pail in the well. There was no such thing yet invented as

'permanent press' clothing, no steam irons to keep our clothes neatly pressed. We used an old flatiron which had to be heated on the back of the stove and carefully tested to be sure that no rusty streaks got on our clothing. A few women spent a great deal of their time pressing clothes but not being fond of ironing, I adopted the "unpressed look" long before it became fashionable.

Our washing machine usually was an old second hand model with a hand turned wringer attached and in some cases consisted merely of a tub and scrub-board. There was no modern detergent to get clothes clean — we used a bar of hard, harsh soap and 'tattle-tale grey' was not uncommon, even among the most scrupulous of housekeepers. Clothes were dried outdoors on a line strung between two trees, and in winter, of course, they were frozen stiff and had to be carried in to thaw out at the open oven door. The lady of the house who hung out the clothes in sub-zero weather fared slightly better, but it was a miserable job in any event. Wood had to be cut, hauled home and chopped up and carried indoors to a big woodbox beside the stove. Then the messy ashes had to be carried out every few days.

In this long list of "had nots" I should also mention that there were no electric blankets to keep us warm. We had patchwork quilts and homemade blankets. The blankets were usually made of old overcoats, patched and repatched and were very heavy but not very warm. Some folks kept ducks or geese and they made themselves much prized down filled comforters. Although some households had a hot water bottle to take to bed with them on a cold winter's night, many folks would heat large rocks and wrap them in several layers of newspaper to keep their feet warm in bed. In the morning it was a real test of fortitude to put our feet out on the floor as there was no plush wall to wall carpeting in those days. As there were no automatic furnaces controlled by thermostats then, fires had to be banked sometimes more than once during the night if we were not to awaken to a frigid room. Occasionally we could see our breath while in bed. Fortunately, cold water was good for our complexions and we used to splash it on our faces to get us moving in the mornings. There was no dawdling over getting dressed and ready for breakfast. Bath water had to be heated in tubs on the stove and that was very time consuming. The weekly bath usually was reserved for Saturday nights.

Though there were few amenities in life, there were also many compensations and joys as well. People seemed to be more concerned for the welfare of their friends and neighbours, friendships were warmer, and there was little boredom, at least it was unknown to me. We found pleasure in simple things,

and our social life, not being complicated by preoccupation with motor cars and television as it so often is today, seemed actually to be more active and enjoyable then. There were dances in the school house, box socials to raise funds for some worthy cause, church gatherings and in summer there were picnics and excursions to the sandhills for blueberries or wild strawberries. Sometimes friends gathered around a neighbour's old-fashioned organ for a sing-song and we also enjoyed long walks in the great outdoors. Even a trip to the local store was an important event, though only for the purpose of picking up the mail and a few groceries once a week.

There was a great deal of visiting to and fro, since folks had to depend on newspapers for news of the outside world and on 'moccasin telegraph' for the local news. The welcome mat was always out. It was neither necessary or possible to find out in advance whether or not it was a convenient time to come to call on the neighbours. We just set out in the old "Bennett buggy" and went visiting. Usually we were expected to stay for dinner and supper as well and there was always room for one more at the table. Homemade bread and butter, beef stew, pork and beans, vegetable soup made from 'scratch' and fried potatoes or a pot of pork hocks and navy beans were standard fare. For dessert there was usually a tin of jam on the table. "Johnny cake" made from cornmeal was served often as it was quick, cheap and easy to make. A special treat was a slice of bread spread with peanut butter and syrup. Homemakers had no deepfreeze stocked with frozen cakes and pies to call upon and 'hamburger helper' and 'stove top stuffing' were not yet invented, which in my opinion, was probably just as well.

The above paragraph will give the reader a general picture of living conditions in those times as I knew them. These conditions were not peculiar to the Bonnyville area alone, however, but applied to all of rural Alberta, and probably to all of Western Canada, in the dark days of the depression when dust storms and tornadoes were common, and unemployment was even more widespread then it is today.

Armed with a form letter that we were taught at Normal School was guaranteed to help us secure employment with some school board, I scanned the local papers every night for two months and wrote more than eighty-five letters of application seeking a position as teacher in rural schools. It was unheard of for a young 'Normalite' to go directly to a town or city school — besides, rural life sounded much more challenging and exciting and so it proved to be. In most cases there were no replies to my letters whatsoever, but a few school boards did acknowledge my letter, asking me to write and apply again when I had

some experience. Nobody ever bothered to explain to me just how I was to get that experience without first being hired by somebody.

I was becoming quite discouraged and wondered if there was something wrong with my letters, when a school teacher who was having a dress altered by my mother, a seamstress, told me that she had decided to give up her school in Red Deer but had now changed her mind and was looking for any school she could get, either town or country. Since she had had several years of experience she was invited to teach at the Iron River School. However, in the meantime she managed to obtain a town school which she considered to be a much better position than going away up north in the 'sticks' (as she put it). She generously offered to submit my name in her place to the secretary of the School Board and to give me a good character reference as she had known me since my childhood. I was indeed thrilled and a little scared, but put in my application immediately and in a few days I received a letter back from Mr. Bill Peters, Secretary-Treasurer of the Iron River School Board. He told me that he had received more than seventy-five applications for the position but had chosen me because he was curious to see if perhaps we were some long lost relatives, since we shared the same surname. As far as I knew, there were no missing relatives in our family. But related or not, I was glad to get the opportunity to teach and seized it eagerly. The year was 1936.

The next step was to get myself outfitted for the long trip North. I knew I would not see my family again before Christmas time at the earliest so had to go well prepared for winter weather. My mother bought me a warm Harris tweed coat, as heavy as a horseblanket, and just about as chic. There were no lightweight, down-filled parkas then such as we wear today. Although extremely heavy on my thin shoulders, my coat was warm and was guaranteed to wear "like iron — there was just no wear out to it" the salesman assured my mother. He was right! I forget how I finally disposed of it but I know I never wore it out, even after several years wearing. Being poor, there was not enough money left over for my mother to buy me warm boots (we called them overshoes or 'galoshes') and that had to be postponed until such time as I would receive my first month's salary.

The 'going' salary for first year teachers in 1936 was seven hundred fifty dollars per annum, a magnificent sum to me, which I managed to collect in full over a period of about three or four years. In those hard times that was not unusual, however. Most teachers took part of their salary in barter — a chicken, some eggs, a few vegetables, a side of pork, whatever their need might be, if they lived in a

teacherage, or they waited until the school board raised some cash if they boarded out. Sometimes, as in my case, the school board managed to pay the teacher some cash (about twenty-five dollars a month) and paid another twenty-five dollars to his or her landlady directly for board and room. It did not seem to matter much in those days as my wants were very few, and my landlords were extremely kind and patient. (Their like does not exist today). In any event, we seemed to get along very well without cash at that time and managed to do it without the help of credit cards too, which perhaps fortunately for me, did not yet exist. We just did not buy much, that was the secret to staying out of debt.

Before I go further I must mention that I left home wearing a pair of running shoes in September and arrived back home in deep snow at Christmas time, wearing the same running shoes, which by this time were much the worse for wear and were held on my feet by two sealer rings. My toes were protruding from them and the sight of my feet so exposed to the elements brought tears to my mother's eyes when she saw me again.

When I bought my ticket at Fort Saskatchewan, the stationmaster warned me that the trip would be long and tiring and accordingly I packed a lunch for myself. The train pulled out early in the morning and did not reach end of steel, which at that time was Bonnyville, for some nine hours later. The distance from Edmonton to Bonnyville is approximately 170 to 180 miles I believe. Today we can travel from Edmonton to Hawaii in about six hours by plane.

As we got farther and farther away from Edmonton the train stops and delays became longer and longer, with endless shunting back and forth of the engine at every stop. Finally, when we arrived at a little town named Spedden I had the temerity to ask the conductor why the trip was taking so long. I was growing weary of the scenery, which was not particularly interesting, being mostly scrub brush and burned over areas. The conductor told me that most of the crewmen lived along the line and when they got to their own village or town they got out and quit for the day or went home for supper, as the case might be. Sometimes they had to hold the train for the next shift to come aboard.

I was a very naive young girl so I had no way of knowing whether or not he was "putting me on". He volunteered the information, however, that even for those days the coach I was riding was considered to be "archaic", having been one of the C.N.R.'s first coaches which had been used to transport the Barr colonists out West to settle the area around Lloydminster. In its day the green plush seats had been considered very elegant but they were narrow and

uncomfortable for such a long journey and the track was extremely rough. I estimate that top speed was probably about twenty-five miles per hour. Though I realized that I was travelling in a very old train I was not prepared to see the conductor mount a footstool when it grew dusk and get up to light the gas lamps with a match he produced from his pocket. I thought that eventually the electric lights would surely go on.

Finally, the train pulled into the station at Bonnyville and there on the platform stood my welcoming committee, comprised of Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Taylor and their son Don, and Mr. Bill Peters, the Secretary-Treasurer of the School District. They gave me a warm welcome and escorted me to a car nearby. Incidentally, Mr. Peters and I never were able to establish a definite kinship, but he did bear a striking resemblance to my brother; he came of a family of six or seven children, all boys, as did my father; and the Christian names in both families were almost identical.

After the introductions had been made it was decided that I would board with the Taylors. I had no idea whether Mr. Peters had to coax them to take me in or not, but I learned later that a colleague of my Normal School days was not as lucky as I was for she was shifted from home to home. One month one family would take her in to board with them and just when she was getting used to her new surroundings she would be acquainted all over again. It was necessary for her to adapt to new conditions every month which was very hard indeed.

Before long we arrived at the homestead at Iron River and I came in out of the darkness to a warm, cozy kitchen. I looked through the snug cabin which sat on high ground, and liked it immediately, especially the cheery orange curtains on the living room window, from which you could see for miles around. Everything was very neat and tidy. I remember a bookcase and a large jews-harp which I heard for the first time that very night.

Mrs. Taylor had a gift for making a place 'homey' so it was not long before I felt right at ease and became part of the family. I had my own little room and my own coal oil lamp as well, so I could read in bed if I wanted but most nights I just fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. The pine scented air was so fresh and the quietness so peaceful it was easy to get a good night's rest. Occasionally I could hear a faroff coyote or wolf howl and that really did send the shivers up my spine. But it was sort of pleasant thrill too. Always a great nature-lover, I appreciated the rocky hillocks covered with white poplars and birch trees and especially liked the groves of jackpine which I never saw back home.

All went well for the first few days and then

suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, a terrible malady struck me. In all my nineteen years I had never been away from home overnight (unless accompanied by my mother). We led a very sheltered life in those days, at least I did, and I had an overpowering sadness and compulsion to weep. Try as I would I could not hold back the tears and they fell in a steady stream. This condition lasted for about a week and I was terribly ashamed of myself and at a complete loss to understand it. However, Mrs. Taylor had trained as a deaconess in Boston and she knew the signs of homesickness when she saw them. She did her best to help me over it and eventually succeeded. She would take me outdoors for long walks and tried to take my mind off my troubles by telling me about some of the wonderful sights and adventures she had as a young girl in Boston, or about life in Newfoundland, or her trips to the West coast and Vancouver. I had never been to Vancouver, but I longed to go there some day and she made it seem very real to me. In later years I recognized many of the well known landmarks she had mentioned.

In a few days I was feeling better and was ready to settle down to teaching school. The school was about a mile and a half from the Taylor's place and it was necessary for me to cross an open field and then to cut through the school section, which was heavily timbered at that time. There had been a forest fire through the area at one time and a number of black stumps stood out here and there among the trees. To me, who had heard a lot of tales about bears but had never seen one, every burnt stump was a black bear and my heart palpitated until I reached the clearing where the school stood. Before arriving at the school, however, it was necessary to go down into a steep gully to the bed of the 'Iron River' from which the district got its name, and then to climb up a steep path on the other side. I believe there was a narrow foot bridge I had to cross at the bottom of the hill.

I recall that late in the afternoon on a cold winter day Bill McDermott, who had been 'up north' trapping, called by the school and offered to give me a

ride home by dogsled. The dogs were huskies and there were two of them. He wanted me to ride up the steep hill on the sled and assured me that they were well able to pull the both of us. However, I estimated that he weighed about two hundred pounds and I got off and walked up the hill instead as I felt so sorry for the dogs. Nevertheless, I did appreciate his thoughtfulness as it was generally dark by the time I walked home at nights.

The school itself was quite a surprise. I don't know what I expected to find, but I was unprepared for the rustic building I saw. The floor was made of wide unvarnished boards and had a slope to it which went up and down towards the middle of the room. A pot-bellied stove, the only source of heat, stood at the back of the room. The desks were the old-fashioned double type, also unvarnished and appeared to have been homemade. Usually two children from the same family sat at one desk. The enrolment, as I recall, was thirty-two pupils of various ages in grades from one to eight. The oldest boy, only a few years my junior, was a great favourite with the younger children and my problem was to compete with him for their attention.

Mr. MacGillivray and Mr. Taylor, both local teachers, had taken turns teaching at Iron River in the years preceding my arrival and they had instilled good discipline in the children so I had few problems. But they were nevertheless healthy and mischievous children and it was a rather frightening prospect for the young, inexperienced teacher to have to cope with classroom discipline and teach as well. Keeping warm in winter and trying to maintain a timetable to please the school inspector occupied much of my time. It takes years of experience to achieve the expertise a teacher needs to lose the fear and nervousness caused by a visit from the school inspector. My first encounter with the school inspector came much too early in my career for me to have acquired that confidence so necessary to secure a good 'report'.

I had only been at the school for about three weeks when I was stricken with an attack of laryngitis. As the school had been late opening that fall for reasons I have already mentioned, I thought it would be better to go to school and put some spelling and arithmetic sums on the blackboard than to close the school until I recovered, even though I could not speak above a whisper. I would have been smarter to stay home as I later learned. With my neck wrapped tightly in a piece of flannel I bundled up and went to school anyway, though the day was wet and dreary. I had just commenced to write on the blackboard when I heard a knock at the door, and immediately suspected it must be the school inspector. With fear and



Bill McDermott's dog team.

trembling I made my way to the door and opened it. Sure enough, I had guessed aright. There standing before me was a tall, unsmiling man. It occurs to me now what he was probably just as startled as I was to be met at the door by a 'wild-eyed' young woman with her neck wrapped in rags. I stood there for a moment with my mouth agape, unable to utter a single sound. Since I had no way of communicating except by sign language, I finally pulled myself together and motioned for him to come in; then I motioned again for the class to rise and greet him, which they politely did. When he realized my predicament he mercifully took over the class and taught them a geography lesson. He also tested their knowledge of spelling and arithmetic. The inspector for the Bonnyville area at that time was Mr. J. L. Gibeault.

When recess time came the children rushed outdoors to find that his car was covered from top to bottom with mud. Apparently he had got stuck in a mudhole on his way out from Bonnyville that morning and that had done nothing at all to brighten his day. The children were concerned that he might be caught by the R.C.M.P. and fined if his headlights and windshield were not cleaned off and proceeded to take the clean handkerchiefs I had asked them to bring each morning and used them to clean up his car for him. (Although Kleenex may have been invented by that time, it was not in general use as yet). I don't know if the children's kindness influenced the inspector in any way or not, but my first report was certainly not the best and did nothing to allay my fear of school inspectors.

As I have already mentioned, keeping warm during the cold winter months in a school with such poor insulation was a real challenge. There were wide chinks in the walls through which a steady drift flowed. I would often arrive at school on a cold Monday morning to find that some sort of 'gremlins' had been there over the weekend and that the stove pipes were all down on the floor and disconnected. I really appreciated the older boys who willingly set to work and put them back up for me. Of course, after that a fire had to be lit and we would do calisthenics until the school warmed up enough for the class to hold pencils in their hands, which would be around noon on most winter days. In the interval we kept our mittens and outer clothing on. Several years after I left Iron River I heard that the district had built a nice new, modern school and that the children and teachers were having a much easier time of it after that.

One day a trapper who had a full dark beard, walked into Taylors' yard carrying a gunny sack on his back, which he unceremoniously dumped on the doorstep. I cannot recall his name, but I believe it was Louis Hollee. We quickly gathered around him as we

were all very curious to see what was in that bag which began to roll around all over the place. He asked us to guess what it was but we had to give up, whereupon the trapper untied the bag and rolled out two playful bear cubs which he told us were about six weeks old. Already their teeth and claws were long and sharp. He said that he had found them abandoned by their mother and had brought them home to raise. More than likely she had not abandoned them at all, but had parked them some place while she wandered away in search of food.



Trapper with bear cubs. Spring of 1937.

Bill McDermott drove a Model T Ford he called his "Leapin' Lena", presumably because 'she' never got stuck in a mudhole — just leaped over them. Two familiar sounds on a still spring night were the croaking of frogs and the purr of "Leapin' Lena". We knew which way Bill was travelling by the sound of his motor. When he was down in a gully the sound faded; when he mounted the crest of a hill it got

louder. When the faint purr changed to a steady roar we knew that Bill would soon be arriving at the back door. He never bothered to open the car doors, he just leaped over them and stood there with a big grin on his face. If we were lucky, he invited us all to go for a ride in "Leapin' Lena".

One Saturday morning in early spring Mrs. Taylor and I took a leisurely walk through the "back forty" acres. We chose a path that led down to Island Lake (so named because there were two small islands on it). The lake had a very muddy bottom and the shoreline was weedy and generally muddy. It was surrounded by thick bush and could not be seen from the Taylor house. Horses and cattle went there to drink, but because of the mucky shoreline no one ever swam there to my knowledge.

On this particular day we arrived at the lake to discover that an unfortunate horse had ventured in for a drink and apparently had stepped into the dreaded 'quicksand'. It was only a few feet in from shore but was sinking fast in the mire and was already half buried in it. Don immediately ran to get his dad to come and bring a rope, while Mrs. Taylor and I stood by to keep watch and tried to console the poor beast. Luckily, several more men who were in the immediate neighbourhood at the time were quickly rounded up and came running to help. Someone hitched up a team of horses to help pull the animal out. By the time the men arrived there was nothing to be seen of the horse but its head and neck which it kept tossing in an effort to hold its nose out of the water. As the frightened, wild-eyed animal struggled to keep from drowning it was moaning piteously and the more it struggled the quicker it sank. One of the men, who weighed the least, found a wide board on the shore and pushed it out to the horse. In that way he managed to secure a rope around the animal's neck. Then the rope was tied to the harness on the team and slowly the horse was dragged to its feet and pulled out. I was afraid that if the quicksand didn't kill it, then the rope would choke it to death, but it miraculously survived, although its sides were heaving labouriously for quite a long while after that. There was great rejoicing that day, we were so thankful that a tragedy had been averted.

A teacher's reputation hung as much on the success of the annual Christmas concert as it did on the school inspector's report. Accordingly, we spent a great deal of time preparing for it and it was fun to do. Costumes were very crude, of course, and were made by the children's mothers from whatever material they could find. Being no seamstress, I was not much help in that department and concentrated on the music and recitations. Everybody looked forward to the important event with excitement and turned out in

full force. This was my first school concert and I was very nervous and anxious to put on a credible performance. Finally the big night arrived and we all drove off to the schoolhouse in a horse-drawn sleigh. To keep warm we bundled up and sat on a pile of straw in the bottom of the sleigh. I believe that Bill Palmer, who worked for the Taylor's that winter, was our driver.

After the concert was over and the children's treats had all been handed out, the desks were all pushed on the back of the room and it was 'on with the dance'. A harmonica, banjo and fiddle provided the music and the merriment went on till dawn. The smaller children were put to sleep on a pile of coats on the desks at the back of the room. The local ladies provided cake and sandwiches for an enjoyable lunch, while the men poured coffee which had been made in a large copper boiler. I stood around after the concert and conversed with my pupils' parents, many of whom I met for the first time that night. The event was more fun than any dance I ever attended afterwards 'down south' as the area south of the North Saskatchewan River was called.

One of my fondest memories is of the delicious pancakes that Mr. Taylor used to make on Sunday mornings. They were as thin as French crepes and covered the whole pan. I often hinted for his recipe but he could not seem to tell me the exact ingredients. He said he put a 'pinch of this and a pinch of that' in them and often they were made without an egg, yet they were still as light and fluffy as ever. Perhaps it was due in part to the fact that they were tossed clear to the ceiling all the while he recited poetry he had memorized as a boy in Newfoundland, and then skillfully wielding the pancake turner, he would catch them on their way down and turn them over. Served with homemade butter and Rogers Golden Syrup (obtained on one of our weekly trips to Vigo Petersen's store), they were a treat fit for a king. Of course the seaman's poetry added to the enjoyment of the meal considerable.

Mrs. Taylor had her own culinary specialty and that was very tasty homemade Boston Baked Beans. I have always been a great bean lover since I was a tiny tot and hers were the very best I ever tasted with lots of salt pork and blackstrap molasses in them. She usually served them with 'Johnny cake'. Who could want more?

Although Mrs. Taylor seldom recited any poetry, she did compose it. While dinner was cooking she would get out an old scribbler and pencil and dash off a few lines. Whenever anything particularly amusing, pleasing or even frightening happened to us, she would compose a little poem about it to commemorate the occasion. Much of her poetry was published

in Western Canada's weekly newspapers. Her subject matter and meter were very similar to those of the well known Canadian poetess of the time, namely, Edna Best, who was famous for her beautiful poetry about the everyday affairs of man. One of Leah Taylor's poems which was very private and to my knowledge, never published, was entitled "It's Not MacGillivray's Bull, It's Only Father Sneezing". (He had a sneeze that could be heard far and wide, and MacGillivray's bull could also be heard roaring afar off). Even though we lived in the 'sticks', as some people referred to the area, we were not without some culture. Furthermore, most of the children in Iron River School were 'bilingual and bi-cultural' long before bilingualism became an issue in Canada. My pupils came of French, German, Ukrainian, Polish, Norwegian and British backgrounds and some of them could speak their parent's native language as well as English. It is a very long time ago since I last saw the school register but as nearly as I can recall, my pupils were: Fay and Carlton Blair; Madeline, Adolphe and Philadore Dubuc; Bill and Phyllis Hargrove, Wilfred and Percy Knapp; Helen, John, Nellie and Mary Martiniuk; Margaret McDermott; Jessie, Robbie and George MacGillivray; Wayne Metro Sawchuk; Ivy Shaffer; Johnny Schiller; Bill and Walter Slawuta (I am told that one of the Slawuta boys has since become mayor of Bonnyville); Nick, Mary and Annie Solowoniuk; Donald Taylor; Carl, Isabel and Earl Webster; Olive and Mary Woloshyn. I hope to be forgiven for any omissions or errors in spelling of the names.

I made some cherished friendships during my year in the North, and among them were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marshall, who were evangelists from Saskatchewan living in the district while I was there. The log cabin they used had been the home of Mr. Osmond Peterson, I believe. I recall that Albert Marshall came to the Taylors' place and told us that he would soon be bringing his bride to the district from Saskatoon. He carried a banjo with him and proceeded to regale us with some rollicking gospel choruses. The only one I can now recall was "Jonah and the Whale", which I had never heard before. I was quite delighted with his rendition of it. Ruth Marshall and I became close friends and I often went to their cabin on Sundays where they held Sunday school classes for the local children and neighbourhood adults.

In 1936 King Edward VIII abdicated his throne to marry Mrs. Wallis Simpson and early in 1937 the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth was celebrated. To mark the occasion Mr. Bill Peters arranged for us to have a little celebration of our own which took the form of a picnic early that spring. The



Ruth Marshall and Muriel Peters.



Part of Sunday School at Iron River. Summer of 1937.

affair was very hastily arranged and I regret that all the school children were not in attendance. Unfortunately, due to the difficulty in getting it publicized on short notice because of the lack of telephones in the district, the gathering was very small. I have a snapshot of the group which included Mr. and Mrs. Bill Peters and family, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Taylor and Don and another lady, Mrs. Marshall's mother. I took the picture. We took a softball along with us and later played a game of catch under the pines. Canada's flag at that time

was still the 'Union Jack' and we had it conspicuously displayed in the trees.

I have often thought about my Iron River pupils and wondered what has become of them all and



Coronation picnic, spring of 1937.

where they are today. Although I have been back in Bonnyville, St. Paul and Cold Lake areas occasionally on fishing trips, I have never returned to Iron River, but hope to do so some day. I am sure that I will find many, many changes. For one thing, we now have a beautiful ribbon of paved highway running from Edmonton to Bonnyville (Highway 28). When I was there it was not yet even a dream.

Iron River Concerts

by Helen Gwynn (Webster)

Mr. MacGillivray, the teacher of the Iron River School when it started, was always interested in a good Christmas concert. Much of the regular school work was left undone when they started to plan the concert and practice their pieces. The last two weeks before the concert there was no school work, as such, thought of. One year, while preparing for the concert, absolute bedlam reigned, some were practising plays, some were saying recitations, and some were being coached in singing when a knock came to the door. It was Mr. Crispo, the School Inspector. Mr. MacGillivray was very embarrassed but the Inspector said it was good for the children as they got memory work, public speaking, a sense of organizing and all in one parcel. They all felt better after that.

Each child was given something to do; none were left out. Even the preschoolers were encouraged to say something. Laura Peterson, a preschooler, said her piece and then said she had learned a different one but her cousin had learned it. She was told to say that one too.

What excitement there was for the children on concert night, all dressed up in their finery, and their parents and neighbors coming in. The school was always crowded but things generally went well with a

few mishaps. Danny Johnson was just starting school when he learned, "In the Valley of the Moon," to sing at the concert. He had a beautiful voice. He was teased so much about the line, "We kissed and said good-bye", that he would smile a little smile when he got to it. It was so well liked that he was asked to sing it at the Sunday School concert.

Mr. MacGillivray never lit the candles until after the concert when Santa Claus was expected. There were no electric tree lights in those days and candles on a spruce tree was potential danger. Harry Webster usually took the tree in the early years and the children decorated it. After the school and tree were decorated the place was transformed. In later years the School Inspector Mr. Gibeault came early in December and after he left, Mr. MacGillivray asked the children if they wanted the rest of the day off or if they wanted to plan the concert. The concert was won. As Mr. Gibeault had left some papers behind, Helen Webster and Ethyl Hargrove ran to Websters with them. Harry Webster, being Secretary at the time the Inspector was there. He asked the girls if they were glad to be out of school and when they said they had to hurry back as the concert was being planned he was surprised. As the girls were going out they heard him say that a teacher that had the interest of the children like that was to be commended.

The Christmas concert was a big night for us in the early years as it was the end of school for the winter. School did not start until March. There were no snowplows to open the roads.

The Iron River concerts continued through the years in the School House. Many students gave their very first performance from a makeshift wooden stage to proud, beaming parents. Most of these would be actors and actresses never realized Hollywood fame, but their special talents will long be remembered and spoken about.

Iron River Picnics

by Helen Gwyn (Webster)

When the Iron Community started the school in 1924 the people decided they wanted a community picnic. The first one was such a success they continued the practice. In June the people gathered to make plans. Committees were formed and everything put in order. There was no entrance fee, a collection was taken on the grounds to use as prizes for the races. Later on Tom Johnson suggested asking the business men in town for donations to use for prizes, the children were still given money. There were races for all: married men, women over forty-five, fat women and many kinds of novelty races as well as races for the children. Also some ball games, something for everyone. A booth was provided on

Iron River Community Picnic

Grocery list of supplies bought for the picnic by Bill Peters.

24 bread.	1.76	8 cases Bars	8.00
6 butter,	1.15	1 Hamper bars	4.50
6 salmon	.90	8 cases gum	6.00
20 sugar.	1.80	500 cigarettes	4.65
1 lb starch	.13	25 cigars	1.15
56 salt.	.95	64 tobacco	5.82
200 buns.	2.00	25 papers	1.10
lard	1.00	36 pop corn	1.60
Mustard,	.30	144 suckers.	1.15
flavor.	.60	10 lbs whole salted.	2.00
10 doz eggs.	.75	1000 loaves.	4.00
12 glasses.	.90	12 doz Oranges.	3.45
egg beater	.40	6 doz lemons.	1.05
Strainer	.35	20 lbs Bananas.	2.10
Milk can	1.25	2 cases S. drinks	4.80
Plates, Saucers, Bags.	1.45	25 cents table	25
Straws	.35		
Dipper. tin.			
Cap & penes.			



The Beginning of the Iron River Picnics.

the grounds for those who got hungry during the day. The men used to gather at the school a few days before the picnic to fix the grounds.

Coffee, cream and sugar were provided on the grounds and people brought their own food. In the early years the food was pooled for supper as a real "Community Picnic." Those from far planned on getting there for dinner. They tied their horses in the bush south of the school and were ready for an afternoon and evening of fun.

At one of the first picnics I saw my very first car. I remember the word Ford across the front of it. I asked what was inside and was told "A lot of Oil". I couldn't see how people could sit in a lot of oil.

The Iron River Picnic was a great place for the young people to renew friendships as people came from many different places around. We met people we only saw at the picnic. The older ladies gathered, generally in the school house and talked of kids and recipes and things dear to their hearts; the older men usually in the shade behind the school, where they pitched horse shoes and talked of weather, crops and politics and things men talk about, and the children gathered all over the place.

There was always a nail driving contest for women which was a lot of fun. There were first, second and third prizes for the least number of strokes, also a booby prize for the most strokes.

The last thing in the evening, before the dance started, was a pillow fight, fought on the hitching rail which caused a lot of amusement. With each a sack half full of hay two men astride the hitching post trying to stay on as they knocked the other off. Winners were paired to other winners until there was one grand champion.

The dance was the highlight of the year when the ladies could show off their new dresses. People came from far and near and there was always a crowd, no one thought of going home till morning.

When Bonnyville started to have "do's" in the summer they wanted the first of July and as many people from Bonnyville wanted to come to Iron River they wanted us to change. Harry Webster was very determined not to change. Iron River had the date first, why should they be pushed around? As it often rained on the first some wanted to change the date for that reason. The year Harry Webster left the picnic was put on the third of July; it rained on the third but not on the first.

These picnics were an annual event for thirty years. Different people looked after the booth with Bill Peters being noted for his ice-cream making. Two rather unsuccessful picnics were held after centralization of the school. In 1965 the 4-H Clubs and Junior Forest Warden's took up the challenge and revived the picnic on the grounds developed on the east side of Manatokan Lake. These, too, were eventually dropped. Today ball tournaments and an annual centralized school sports day fill this need in our community's recreational activities.

Iron River Socials

Fun Times

by Helen Gwynn (Webster)

When the young community started planning for

a Christmas concert they had to have some means of getting money for the candy bags for the kids. It was decided to have a box social long enough before Christmas to give time to get the candy and fill the bags for the concert. That was always a big night, the ladies brought boxed lunches and the men brought the ladies. Money raised went toward the candy bags. The music was donated and Olaf Peterson and his violin were always there. The big fun was to catch a young fellow trying to get his girl's lunchbox, the other young fellows would bid it high. It made the girls look as though they were very popular. Harry Webster was often the auctioneer and enjoyed selling the boxes. One young fellow bought a promising looking box, found his younger sister's name in it, took it back to the auctioneer and said, "Sell it again." He bought another one. I imagine she was just as pleased, no fun eating with your brother.

There was always a flurry in the kitchens of the homes before the big day. One of the women had a habit of borrowing things to cook with, raisins, vanilla, baking powder and such like. She never returned them. One year my father (I felt like a fool) made me go to her with a big list to borrow. She did not have any of the things I asked for and she never bothered us again. Poor soul, likely she did not have any way to get what she wanted.

There was also a rush for crepe paper and much secretiveness. Many imaginative boxes turned up, on the big night. Treats and goodies were made to fill them with an appetizing lunch. As the men usually did not know whose box they were bidding on they never knew who they would be eating with any more than the girls did. A rather exciting situation! One little boy bought an old ladies box one night and as the seating was scarce she said she was lucky and took him on her lap. One way of doing it.

One year the teacher, Mr. MacGillivray, had the children put on a box social on Thanksgiving to buy some sports equipment for the school. They had a little concert and then Willie McDermott sold the boxes. The concert opened with "The Grand Opening." Four medium sized boys were standing on the stage when the curtain opened. They bowed, opened their mouths wide for the count of four, shut their mouths, bowed and walked off the stage. The crowd liked that one very well. The evening brought in enough money to get rope and rings for a swing, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, and a wrestling mat. Needless to say the children were rather proud.

Impromptu parties were very common, especially in the winter time. If someone had company it was usual to send word to the school inviting all the neighbors for an evening of fun and visiting. Those evenings were always well enjoyed.

For a number of years we had what we called "singing practice." Charlie Carlson and Mrs. MacGillivray thought there was some talent around and wanted to make use of it. She played the organ and he was supposed to teach but she did a lot of the teaching too. We went to MacGillivray's as the organ was there. They provided the coffee for lunch and the people were to bring food, Mrs. MacGillivray always had a cake too. We were divided into different voices, soprano, alto, tenor and bass. They were a lot of fun besides getting some of the basics of singing. We received many compliments on the sound of our group. Roberta MacGillivray and I sang alto; Charlie Carlson was in the bass section right behind us. When we were learning "Auld Lang Syne" we found the lower notes too low for us, some were lower than some bass notes. One night, on a really low note, Robbie and I both turned at the same time and there was Mr. Carlson looking at us with his long beard, his wire framed glasses on the end of his long nose and his deep voiced "Syne" was the last straw. We both laughed, spoiled the song, and both got thoroughly scolded. We thought it was his fault and told him so but he thought the whole thing very funny. Luckily it was just a practice.

When Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Shaffer were going away for awhile Mrs. MacGillivray put on a good-bye party. The theme was "Mother Goose." We all had Mother Goose pinned on us when we arrived and had to call each other by that name or pay a forfeit. We also had to act out our characters. Harry Webster was Wee Willie Winkle and had to run and peek out the windows in Mr. MacGillivray's nightgown. Mrs. Shaffer was Mother Goose and when her turn came she said, "As I am Mother Goose, I will just let my family perform for me."

These are just a few examples of our district's social endeavors. Everyone really enjoyed the impromptu fun and fellowship of those special times. Our community was a closely knit one much like a family because of the dependency on each other and the necessity of using our individual initiative in order to make these socials a resounding success.

My First Journey to Iron River **by Steve Scott**

This is an account of my first journey to the Iron River area (1916) as I now remember it. This journey was from my homestead to a point eight miles west.

My eldest brother, while on his embarkation leave from the Canadian Armed Forces, filed on the N.W. of section 19-63-6-W4 during the winter of 1915. My father and I came to our homesteads, the North half of 16-63-5-W4 in early June, 1916.

My brother wrote asking us to go over and look at his quarter to see if it was worth keeping as he could see very little of it through the snow of the previous winter.

I, up to this time had not been west of my homestead, but looking at our maps the distance was short. Early one morning we put the grub-box and the bed-roll in the wagon and started out. The only road we knew went south and east.

We decided we would, if the stumps were rotten enough, drive west on the cut-line south of us, (now the Iron River-La Corey road). Accordingly we headed west. The stumps were fairly rotten and broke off quite easily. The worst trouble was the leaning trees that had fallen and gotten lodged on other trees too low to drive under. These had to be removed. We soon came to a pool of water that looked too deep and soft to drive into, but we found room to pass around it to the south as the bush was small. We came to another pool and used the axe to get around it. Some of the hollows were quite deep with water up to the hubs, but when it came into the wagon-box we began to wonder. However by sticking to it we came to the east shore of the La Corey Lake, (the La Corey School site) and could proceed no further on the cut-line. The trees kept visibility to about seventy-five or one hundred yards. Dad stayed with the horses while I tried to find a way around the lake. For some reason I headed south and before long I decided that I was on a very old and little used road. I followed this noticing that new growth of brush and trees clearly marked the track. Here I came upon signs of an old dugout or camp of some sort. I examined this carefully realizing that whoever had used it had got in here and had to get out again. So I went back to the wagon, cleared a place to turn around and started down this old track. The terrain was very rough, the low spots were very soft as if several low places were draining into this lake. The horses found it very tough going, but ignoring the ever hungry mosquitoes and sandflies we eventually came to a well travelled track coming from the north. We made mental note that there must be people living farther north. Later we found there were people living exactly where La Corey is now.

This better trail went in a southwesterly direction angling across the late Mr. Prefontaine's place almost to the west across a part of Mr. Ulanicki's home quarter to his south quarter skirting a hill to our west and then swinging west to a cut-line running south just about where Mr. Mike Procinski has his buildings. The trail again went west then southwest with another trail joining in from the north. Here the trail seemed to head south, too near the Beaver River we feared. However, we came to a fork in the road heading north westerly. We decided to go northwest.

Looking back we saw two boys neatly dressed in city school style. We asked them if they were going to school. They said they were. We later realized that there was no school. They said they were going south to the river so we proceeded on our trail to the northwest.

Travelling was good on this trail for the ground was firm even where the water lay. The trail wandering through the bush passed an empty log shack, kept going angling north and a little west across what was later Mr. Plamondon's farm and came to Mr. Jim Byford's house. This was empty. On we went until we came out at another empty shack which from papers we found were able to identify as Anton Anderson's. Dad remembered this name for they had stopped a day or two the winter before with some trappers at a place called Willow Prairie (N.W. of Garth), Mr. Anderson had been one of these trappers. We followed the trail west a ways, then it started swinging north until we came to some buildings. No one home! This was very close to where Mr. Fred Wakulchuk now lives.

We followed the trail in a northeasterly direction. Since the horses were becoming very tired and now almost eaten alive by horse flies (bulldogs), we decided to camp and give the horses a rest at the first shady place we came to, for these flies do not like dark or shady places. Continuing up the trail we came to a shack and a barn beside a small lake. Just as I was about to knock the door opened and a lady asked us to enter. This lady had recently come from Boston, United States. Upon my request to put the horses in the barn, she told us that her husband had gone to Bonnyville so the barn was empty. We stabled, fed and watered the team and got out the grub-box. The lady prepared tea and we enjoyed a rest, a meal and good company.

We explained the object of our journey and she told us that this land must be on the Big Meadow not too far north of where we were. On hearing our name she said she had heard of us through her mother-in-law and immediately asked me a question in French, which I could not understand. She apologized and told us how her mother-in-law had enjoyed my elder brother's school-boy French. She said that the horses would be all right in the barn for some time and suggested that we could continue the journey on foot as this so-called meadow was nothing but a big swamp and too soft for horses.

Taking her advice, we walked on down the trail somewhere in the vicinity of the Iron River United Church. We came across a shack in a small field of nice looking oats. Four men were examining this crop and came to greet us. I do not remember any names but they were all Scandinavians. We talked for

a few minutes and then proceeded on the trail going kitty-corner across the quarter east of the present Iron River School. Going on in a northerly direction we came to the swamp, the largest clear space we had seen since leaving home. About a hundred yards out in the swamp was a willow ridge, with a lone spruce tree, which to me was a very interesting sight. It was big at the bottom, not too tall and very heavily branched. Some enterprising fellow had climbed as near the top as he dared and lopped off the branches as he came down, all but a few layers near the bottom. He then placed all the limbs that had been cut off amongst the lower branches which had been left on. This made a nice shady canopy about thirty feet in diameter. When the branches were green this must have been a real good shelter. I was very interested in this tree imagining the "Prayer Trees" that I had read about in various stories.

But seeing Dad well on his way across the swamp, I hurried after him. Across the swamp on the north side we came upon a well cleared cut-line running east and west. In a short time we found the survey stake for the N.W. corner of the N.W. quarter of section nineteen. We walked south on the cut-line (now the road going north from Iron River Store), to check the stake at the southwest corner of this quarter. The further we went south, the softer the land became until Dad decided he would venture no further. Just then I saw a long wooden stake sticking in the swamp that looked as if it had been fashioned by the surveyers. Thinking this was possibly the S.W. corner post I kept going, on very spongy footing. Looking up and seeing the stake leaning towards me, I too, chickened out and headed for firmer ground.

However, we followed the swamp east near the bush where it was not too soft. We occasionally ventured further into the swamp, only to give it up. We came to the north-south cut-line, one mile east of the Iron River road. Here we found a "witness mound" a circular trench with the dirt piled in the center and a marked iron stake driven in north of the mound. This stake bore the markings "25 S" meaning that the corner of the quarter was twenty-five chains south of the witness. Still it was too soft and boggy to walk more than a few rods.

Dad did not like to leave this large expanse of grass so we went on east to the next cut-line. We walked north up this cut-line until it joined the east-west cut-line at the northeast corner of section twenty. Just north of this was a new, well-built shack. We went to examine it. The latch string was out so we entered. Everything was clean and neat, a roll of bedding was hanging from the ridge pole by wires. A hunting knife was stuck under one of the ropes holding the roll. There was dry wood in the wood-box and

kindling beside it in a neat little pile. A note on the table read, "You are welcome to use this shack, but please leave it in the same condition as you found it. Finlayson & Taylor Cattle Camp." This would be very near where Johnnie Benio is living now. From this point we walked on the cutline westward until we came to the track we used when coming in. I firmly believe that at that time that was the only place you could cross the swamp with horses, and that at some risk of getting mired.

As we were hungry and it was getting dark we walked right along. After passing the Scandinavian's place we smelled smoke and hurried. We thought it might be a smudge or something worse. As we arrived at the lady's house everything was in darkness except for the glow of a fire in the yard. The good lady had raked up all the dry grass and other rubbish in the yard and had piled it up at the base of a large dead poplar, standing about twenty feet from the shack. She called from the darkness for us to come in as she had saved the last of the coal oil so that we could have a light to eat by. We turned the horses out to the lake as they would not stray far with their harness on. We all ate out of the grub-box as we discovered that she was completely out of provisions until her husband returned.

As I went out to get the horses, I noticed that the fire at the base of the tree was burning briskly. I was afraid it might burn off and fall against the shack, so we got her pail and ours, and carried many pails of water from the lake before the fire was quenched. When it was completely out we saw that it had greatly weakened the tree and we suggested that the tree be cut down when her husband returned.

By this time it was so dark that it was useless to make a start for home so we tied the horses to the wagon, rolled out our bedding and went to sleep.

At the first streak of dawn, we pulled out, leaving some tea and sugar, a little bread and meat and a note thanking her for her hospitality. The homeward journey was without incident until we got just about to the middle of the Prefontaine farm. Here we noticed that the fresh wagon tracks which we had seen for some time suddenly turned off the trail and headed north and east. This being the right direction for us, I promptly followed these tracks thinking that we had plenty of daylight and could cut our way out with the axe if it did not go in our direction. We quickly discovered that the party ahead of us was a group of Indians on the move. They were travelling east about one hundred yards south of where Roland Duchesne's house now stands. They followed the edge of the muskeg all the way, taking the line of least resistance, never once using an axe. The road was far from being straight. I am sure they made about five

miles to get two! In fact I should not have been a bit surprised if we had met them ourselves on some of these turns. Still they made it, on good ground too, right to where we had made our road into our homestead. The Indians' tracks proceeded east about a mile south of our home.

We were quite satisfied with our trip — Mission Accomplished! We congratulated ourselves many times that we had not once mired our horses.

Now, to bring you right back to today. Last fall my youngest drove in with a car, just as I remembered that I had promised to deliver a message to a party a little west of Iron River Store. He had two youths with him but I asked if he had time to drive me there. He answered, "Yes, if you do not stay and talk." We got there in just a matter of minutes. As soon as the car stopped the three in the front seat looked at each other and said, "Gosh! Wasn't that road just awful!!"

Iron River United Church as written by Robert MacGillivray before his passing in 1972

In July, 1921 Mr. Taylor and my wife and I were driving westward towards what is now known as Iron River. This was along the correction line ten miles north of Bonnyville. We saw a group of axe-men hard at work putting up a log building. This was on the south east corner of the south west quarter of section 4, township 63, range 6, west of the 4th meridian, on Anton Anderson's homestead. (for many years the home of the Ed Byford family).

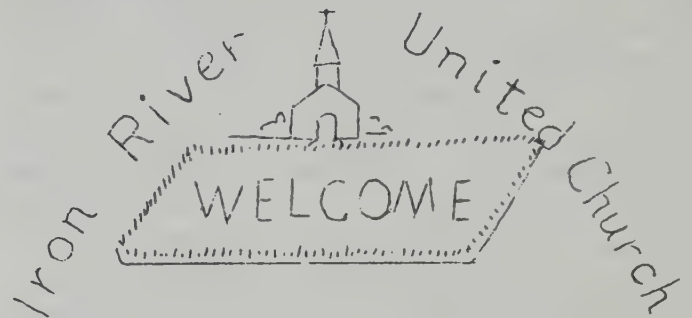
We found out later that this was a Presbyterian Church being built on land donated by Anton Anderson under the direction of Rev. J. E. Duclos who was building up a Protestant Mission centered in Bonnyville.

Our church, which in 1925 became the United Church, was served by ministers from Bonnyville, by students and by Lay Missionaries. Among the

Ministers were: Rev. J. E. Duclos, Rev. H. Fresque, Rev. Harold Lester, Dr. Stanley Scott (1938-1942, retired in Edmonton), Rev. Thomas Sneddon (retired in Red Deer) and Rev. Muriel Revington. Among the students of special interest to me were H. E. Bourgoin, Mr. Empy, Mr. Taylor, Harold Lester, Max McFarland, Mr. Gourlay. These were all fine young men. Harold Lester came back to Bonnyville as Rev. Harold Lester (1932-1938).

Max MacFarland, came back to practise medicine in Bonnyville, later to Cold Lake, then into the Army Medical Corps.

Mr. Sneddon (1942-1948), travelled about his charge a lot, always by horse and buggy or by cutter, in winter. He frequently made our place his head-



This is a happy day for all of us at Iron River United Church. I am sure our hearts echo the words of the Psalmist "How amiable are Thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord".

With great joy and expectancy we move into our new "House of Prayer" praying its walls may ever be hallowed; that we may meet God in worship Sunday by Sunday; that the high moments of our personal and family life will be sanctified here; that our children will be led to know and love our Heavenly Father, and that many will come to Know Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.

We are deeply grateful to our Committee of Stewards who have done such a good job, and to all others who have given graciously and generously of time, talent or gift.

May we, who have the privilege of worshipping in this little sanctuary, dedicate ourselves afresh to proclaiming the "Good News" of Jesus Christ.

Your Minister and Friend,

Mabel Willows

Mabel Willows Message at opening of new church, 1959.

quarters while he visited around on foot at other homes. It was during his time that it was decided to tear down the old log church. Mr. Sneddon then held services in the homes. Miss Revington held services in the homes until she was advised by the Presbytery that Iron River was out of bounds.



First Iron River United Church.

1932

Iron River

✓ Cunningham Orville.	8
✓ Schaffer Charles	6
✓ Nelson James	4
✓ Woloshyn	2
✓ Harper Stanley	3
✓ Webster Harry	6
✓ Feland John	2
✓ Peterson Earl R	1
✓ Davis Jack	1
✓ Taylor Hayward	3
✓ Mc Dermott Wellington	7
✓ Boyd George	1
✓ Anderson August	6
✓ Peterson Dezzo	2
✓ Byford James	8
✓ Peterson Oswald	3
✓ Price Thom	1
✓ Kettleson Kittel	1
✓ Carlson W.	1
✓ Vickstrom	5
✓ Mc Gillvray Robert	5
✓ Thrisk	1
✓ Carlson Alfred	1
✓ Palmer	7
✓ Smith	1

16 families = 85 person
 9 single 9
 94 person

1 Baptism
 1 Marriage

Deceased 1932

When the old church was dismantled it was, of course, the hope that a new church would be built in a more central place. But for fourteen years we were without a United Church. For ten years we were without a Minister. We were not entirely without religious instruction during those ten years 1948-1958. Home study courses were taken by some. Also missionaries from the Three Hills Sunday School Mission held services in several of the schools. Also adult meetings were held. In 1958, after a lapse of ten years, came Miss Mabel Willows, a Lay Missionary. Under her leadership the United Church was reorganized in our area.

Arrangements were made to hold services and Sunday School in the new school. Jean Miller (Antoniuk), and other nurses from the hospital helped with the Sunday School. The attendance was very good therefore it became evident that a church was needed. In 1959 it was decided to buy the land and buildings one mile east of the store from the Three Hills Sunday School Mission. A twelve foot by eighteen foot entry was built across the east end. The house was remodeled into a Church. Pews and an oilburning heater were purchased from Mannville and Minburn.

Through the influence of Miss Willows we got a very good organ and the rug for the aisle and platform. The Communion service, collection plates and pulpit chairs were contributed at least in part by the "White Gift" fund from Markham Sunday School, in Ontario. Dave Thomson built the pulpit and the Communion Table. Almost all of the work on the building was done by the congregation, both men and women. Even Miss Willows came out one day with a painting crew.

In 1967 a Christian Education wing was added. Even the material was donated.

Sunday School was successful under the guidance of Lorane McGregor and June Mowers with help from others. But change came: Young people got married and moved away. Many went away for further training and found work in Edmonton or elsewhere. Some families moved away. Others found it more convenient to go to service in Bonnyville. The net result was the discontinuance of service at Iron River.

An adult discussion group has been held for several winters in the homes. It is felt that these have met with some success and may continue. There is free discussion, a nice lunch and conversation. From nine to fifteen adults turn out to these meetings.

The arrival, for Sunday services, of only one or two families rang the knell for Sunday services.

The ministers holding regular services at our present church have been:

Miss Mabel Willows — 1958-1961 (moved to Flinton, Ontario)

Rev. Stewart Hewlett — 1961-1964 (moved to Red Deer, later to the east)

Rev. John Sallman — 1964-1965 (Finished teacher training, teaches in the East)

Rev. William Jay — 1965-1968 (moved to Winnipeg)

Rev. Philip Rodgers — 1968-1970 (moved to Kitchener, Ontario)

Rev. Cameron Reid — 1970 (may his services long continue)

Diminishing attendance and reduced income for a variety of reasons led to the failure of another small church.

Footnote: The church building and property were eventually sold to Art Paradis in 1974. Since then members have been attending Church services in Bonnyville. With the advent of this change the final chapter was closed on the United Church in Iron River.

Our Gospel Work in Iron River

Rev. Albert D. Marshall

I was a young lad in my early twenties when I was introduced to the "far north" district of Iron River. As a green "city boy" the call of the north was exciting and to be north of the Beaver and north on 63 was about all I could desire at that time. When I considered that north of 66 were only cutlines, trapping and fishing cabins, I felt I was in pioneer Gospel work where the Gospel of the Grace of God needed a clear enunciation. I arrived in Iron River the spring of 1936 and took up residence in the log cabin belonging to Osmond Peterson, just one half mile south of the Willie Peters corner. I had come on the invitation of the Assembly there, received through Louis Wilson, and I was delighted to settle into the pastoral duties of Iron River and District.

As intimated the work did not originate in me. Already one mile north of my residence was a little



Moving out. Louis and Mary Wilson.



Services held in Osmond Peterson's home.

Pentecostal Church and on a Sunday horses and oxen could be seen at the hitching rail as the owners worshipped inside the church. Then there was the Duclos Church that had been built. Rev. J. E. Duclos, a converted Roman Catholic to the Presbyterian faith and working for the Lord left a string of missions in that north country including Bonnyville, Rat Lake, Lessard and Iron River. The United Church was in charge of those churches and very graciously allowed us to use them for our services as so many times they were shorthanded and were not able to man the mission stations. Our particular Mission had its origin in 1934 with May Trimble and her Dad, John Trimble, who travelled with her. Together they started several mission works in this beautiful north country. May brought the simple Gospel message, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" plus the message of Pentecost and found a real response. Very soon after opening the Iron River work May married my brother, Art Marshall, and together they continued preaching at Iron River and Sandy Rapids and other outlying districts. Other men who followed as ministers or evangelists were W. J. Ern Baxter, Louis and Mary Wilson. While I was there I was married to Ruth Hobson in Saskatoon in 1936. The response was good and many were saved in the various ministries. Ma Byford loved to tell of God's healing power in her life when God healed her broken arm. Andersons and Petersons, Willie Peters and others were among those who became stalwarts in the faith. Sunday School found the Websters, Knapps, MacGillvrays, Taylors, Shillers, Carletons and many others as faithful attendants. One always hesitates to use names knowing full well that it will be at the expense of many who deserve special mention in these important areas of the Lord's work.

There were homes open to Bible Study sessions during the week. Well do I remember going to Anderson's for a Bible Study and Prayer Meeting one Wednesday night with Osmond Peterson as my companion. Of course we only had "shanks pony" (All



Albert and Ruth Marshall.



Ruth Marshall with their first son, Douglas.

horses were used in spring work). God blessed us with a house full and a good study and prayer meeting. Then home time. We crossed a slough up to our hips with ice and snow still showing and say!!! it was cold. We were glad to see the other side. Two miles more to the log house and Ruth had the house nice and warm. Believe me, we were glad to be inside.

The farmers loaned me a team of horses for winter time travel which helped expand our ministry. the "HARD TIMES" of the "Thirties" was felt in Iron river too, and as a result I never lifted an offering in the church services after the first service. I helped farmers on their fields and Standals in their store to augment what was given as offerings and donations outside of the Church. We had no outside organization backing us BUT THE LORD WAS FAITHFUL. Ruth helped the women at threshing time and in many other ways and the net result was a bond of love and friendship that is still very much alive today.

While at Iron River our son, Douglas was born at Duclos Hospital, and we shall never forget the welcome Iron River gave him when he came home with us. In 1939, Ruth and I accepted a call to Frog Lake to minister there and many were the remembrances we carried with us of such fine people in the Iron River District. We have never forgotten the meetings in the School houses, homes, church and Halls in the district. God was there and met the needs of so many.

Physical needs and spiritual needs were all ministered in the Name above all Names; the Name of Jesus Whom we preached. There is still no greater need for a soul than to be saved through faith in Jesus Christ RIGHT NOW. God bless you. We still enjoy visiting with you.

Rev. and Mrs. Albert D. Marshall.

Elk Point, AB, T0A 1A0

Iron River St. John The Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church

A Religious Experience

After the immigration rush of 1929 to 1931, many Ukrainian Catholic families felt a keen desire to attend a church they were familiar and comfortable with. Times were difficult. To these people in a strange new land, religion was of utmost importance. After much discussion, it was decided a church would be built. Two acres of land was donated by John Hunka, for a building site.

Work on the Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Church began in 1932. Labor and materials were given by residents of the community. Mr. Panas donated the shingles and lumber. The main carpenter for this project was Pete Sarachuk and Nick Lozinski with very capable help from people such as Roman Slawuta, Dmyeter Panas, Steve Kruk, Nick Panas, Pete Hawrylak, Bill Twerdohlib, Fred Yadowski,



Ukrainian Catholic Church Choir. Back row: Nick Twerdohlib, Walter Slawuta, Nick Panas, Steve Kruk, John Hunka, Nick Lozinski, Bill Twerdohlib. Front: Sannie Kardash, Stella Twerdohlib, Mary Twerdohlib, Andrew Orysiuk, Mary Orysiuk, Mary Yadowski, Mary Kruk, and Milly Procinsky.



Early congregation members.



Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Bill Benio and others. The actual cash, paid out for construction was a mere five hundred dollars.

All this time, while construction was in progress, the religious needs of the people were not being neglected. The first mass in the community was held

Easter Sunday, 1932 with Father Tymochko officiating. Slawuta's house was used for this special event. This residence became a place of worship until 1936 upon completion of the church.

In August of 1936, the very first mass was held in



Early Catechism class at Iron River.

the new church with Father Zadan. At that time, there were fourteen families with paid memberships and approximately thirty families who attended regularly.

The priests who conducted services on a monthly basis travelled from Radway until 1945 when a residence was built in Glendon. Some of the priests who have religious instruction over the years were: Father Dennis Dzygolyk, Father Laurence Dzygolyk, Father Dennis's younger brother, Father Paschak and Father Hnat who conducted services for some twenty-two years before his retirement. A vestibule was added to the church in the early "Fifties." This was built with Mike Davidovich as the main carpenter.

In 1938, a church hall was built on another two acres plot also donated by John Hunka. The same families who were instrumental in making the dream of a church a reality unselfishly gave of their time and energy in the construction of the hall. A special concert was held in 1938 to celebrate the completion of this latest venture. In the late "Fifties," a new addition was proposed for the existing hall. John Adolph was hired to construct the kitchen facility. The hall and kitchen were still being used quite extensively by residents of the area.

The cemetery is located just north of the church. In 1973, a Government grant for the upkeep, maintenance and restoration of existing cemeteries was re-

ceived. A new fence as well as leveling and improvement of tomb stones was undertaken. Again, volunteer labor was involved. All janitorial and upkeep services for the cemetery, church and hall were over the years, provided by members free of charge.

Gradually, for a variety of reasons, such as improved roads, easier and faster access to Bonnyville and retirement of original members, the numbers of parishoners became fewer and fewer. Upon Father Hnat's retirement, it was not easy to get a priest to perform church services. Church services are now held by a priest from Myrnam every month in which there are five Sundays.

An important chapter in the development of religious services in our community is slowly but surely coming to an end. Times have changed and we must move ahead. A church filled with mementos of earlier times stands in mute testimony of this undeniable truth.

History of La Corey School District No. 4425

The La Corey School District was formed in 1929. A committee was organized consisting of: Louis Dumaine, A. Bureau, J. Madelung.

A public notice was posted for the 25th of June, 1929. This was to decide whether the proposed district should be formed, and to elect three trustees.

Twp. 63 R. 6

26 N. Martel 1931	P. Chouinard 1929	25	A. Plouffe 1929	30
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Twp. 63 R. 5

La Coroy

J. Remillard 1930	P. Chouinard 1929	E. Chouinard 1928	L. Chouinard 1928	A. St. Pierre 1930
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23 M. Fushty 1920	D. Tribault 1929	P. Bonin 1928	A. Verrier 1927	E. Bonin 1930	E. Richardson 1931	20
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J. Verrier 1919	E. Chobot 1917	H. Verrier 1921	W. Verrier 1927	J. Verrier 1930	C. Duchesne 1923	G. Martin 1925
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14 J. Ferrier 1919	A. Verrier 1914	E. Ouellette 1914	A. Dumaine 1926	L. Dumaine 1921	A. Ouellette 1923	N. Ouellette 1923	T. Scott 1923	16
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	A. Limoges 1940	J. Ouellette 1914	A. Bureau 1935	School Land	J. Ouellette 1928	W. Dromerecki 1927	E. Ouellette 1919
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1 A. Cloutier 1929	2 A. Cloutier 1919	A. Bureau 1919	7 S. Pitre 1928	A. Ouellette 1930	8 E. Ouellette 1928	9 J. Ouellette 1938
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	E. Dehoy 1918		E. Gaucher 1938				4
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File date of
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	6 A. Bureau 1930		5 J. Carrier 1919	
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Twp. 62 R. 5

E. Ozero 1931	31
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W. Senecal 1930	D. Davies 1930		E. Collins 1933	M. Anderson 1936	A. Davies 1930	B. Cunningham 1932	C. Adams 1931	J. Remillard 1931
19		20		21		22		23
					L. Robert 1932	W. Sharkey 1928		G. Brown 1930
E. Dubuc 1928	A. Dubuc 1931	F. Davies 1930	M. Gabrieau 1929	A. Cunningham 1932	G. Laramée 1929	H. Sharkey 1929	E. Solberg 1937	A. Ljunggren 1935
18		17		16		15		14
L. Dubuc 1928	H. Robert 1928	T. Cunningham 1931	J. Plouffe 1929	P. Hawrylak 1929	N. Kolody 1929	A. Laramée 1929	Emil Rapp	J. Kolody 1928
J. Hunka 1928	W. Harper 1928	K. Kettleson 1926	A. Robert 1930	O. Cunningham 1928	D. Cunningham 1931	P. Hawrylak 1937	A. Kjetsas 1914	
7		8		9		10		11
M. Oyen 1915	V. Peterson 1914	O. Oyen 1930	H. Robert 1932	E. Webster 1929	L.S. Cunningham 1930	J. Sabatiér 1938	A. Plamondon 1928	

Churchvelt

Twp. 63 R. 6

E. Mailloux 1928	A. Byford 1932
5	4
L. Batke 1917	A. Anderson 1914

*File date of presumed
patented land.*

June 25, 1929, the elected trustees, I believe, were: E. Ouellette, Phil Chouinard, Louis Dumaine. The district in 1929, had forty-six ratepayers and in 1931 had fifty-nine. Many immigrants were arriving in the area at the time, mostly of Ukrainian origin.

Some of the first school teachers were "Stanisla Pitre," in 1929, on May 2nd nineteen thirty one, "Mrs. R. Al Smith." and September 4th, 1931, "Miss Ida Genovese. The agreement on their contract stated that they light the stove and also sweep the floors.

The salary to be paid was four dollars and fifty cents per day. It was said that this was not the true salary. It was agreed verbally between the School Board and the teacher that they be paid fifty dollars per month. Some teachers did get sixty dollars. This way the District was still eligible for the School Grant. It is not known how long this agreement was carried out. In 1941 the Sisters of Assumption arrived

in La Corey to teach school. The Sisters of Assumption were believed to be better qualified to teach school at the time.

Some of the first Nuns to arrive in La Corey were: Sister St. Jean (d'avila) and Sister Amedee (de Savoie), Sister St. Clotilde and Sister St. Gaetane who was a Mother Superior and teacher. There were also many others.

In 1955 the Bonnyville Centralized School District No. 87 was organized and not without many battles between the different School Boards of the area. The idea was to close down all the small schools and to bus the children to Bonnyville or Grand Centre. La Corey was one who gave up the battle in 1963 but not without some condition to what was to be taught in school with high regards to French and Religion. They were transferred to Notre Dame Public School in Bonnyville.



LaCorey School, 1955.

The La Corey School District No. 4425 is no more.

Recollections of the LaCorey School Year 1935-36

Romeo Lamothe

When I came out of Camrose Normal School in the spring of 1935 the outlook for employment was rather bleak as we were then in the midst of the "dirty thirties". So I considered myself rather lucky to have been hired to teach in LaCorey.

To minimize the hardship of young children having to walk to school during the winter cold the trustees had decided that school would begin in August, close for Christmas and re-open in February. A few days before school opened an uncle drove me from my home in St. Edouard, near St. Paul, to the Wilfred Pitre residence in LaCorey about a mile and a half from school.

On the first day of school I arrived fairly early but there were, already, quite a number of pupils there — and still they kept coming. By the time the pupils were seated and the roll was called I found to my dismay that I would have forty-six pupils to teach and all eight grades to be taught in two languages plus religious education. A pretty tough assignment for a young fellow just out of teacher training.

The school, previously the Catholic Church, still had the church home made pews, seating four, and to

which had been fastened two shelves, the bottom one to hold books and scribblers and the top one as the desk. A somewhat awkward arrangement for the pupils seated in the middle.

Finances, or lack of them, created many problems. Shortage of text books meant that notes and assignments had to be written on the board for pupils to copy. The only other alternative was the use of the home made copier — the hectograph. This copier consisted of a small can of prepared gelatin which was heated then poured into a cookie sheet then allowed to set. The master sheet was written with a hectograph pencil or ink and placed upside down on the gelatin. After removal of the master an undetermined number of copies, more or less legible could be obtained. Before another set of copies would be made the surface had to be washed free of ink then dried. The process was so time consuming that it was used only when a number of copies of the same content were required.

Being broke was a way of life common to mostly everyone in the thirties. I was no exception. My contract with the school board was seven hundred dollars which to me, seemed like an astronomical amount. When it would be paid had not been clearly established. No taxes were being collected and the board was flat broke too. The first money I received was a cheque from the Department of Education some time in February in the amount of some eighty-three dollars. In the meantime the Pitres needed some

groceries so I would give them an I.O.U. which was given to the storekeeper who gave it to the school board as partpayment of his taxes. Incidentally, I did receive all of the seven hundred dollars but the final payment was received some seven years later after the school division was formed and by then I was in the Royal Canadian Airforce stationed in a remote area of Great Britain.

That winter in LaCorey was a cold one. In February we experienced record lows for a whole week. Every morning the thermometer hovered between sixty and sixty-five below. I was walking the mile and a half miles and froze my ear lobes. I had a lot of respect for the youngsters some of whom were walking over two and one half miles who did not miss a single day during that cold spell. The school building did not have much insulation and was somewhat drafty but thanks to Louis Dumaine Jr. there was always a roaring fire in the heater when we arrived.

The schools of the area were the social centres and LaCorey, like the others held its Christmas concert. A number of dances were also held in the school. Everybody danced to the music of the Proconsky brothers. Most people seemed to enjoy themselves and the dances were usually orderly unless the moonshine flowed too readily.

In the spring a baseball practice was called and when enough talent showed up a team was organized to play against the neighboring centres. But how could we get there? Mr. Albert Limoges, the team manager came to the rescue. He had the only car in running order but that was too small to carry nine players. So he had a flat bed trailer made and hooked it to his car. Transportation problem solved? Almost but not quite. The car could not make the river hill with all that weight so when the car got to the bottom all those riding the trailer got off, walked up the hill then got on again and rode to our destination.

In conclusion, I was and am still grateful for the co-operation of most of the pupils which made my task less burdensome and more satisfying as well as to the warm hospitality of the many families I was invited to visit.

Many thanks to Jackie MacGillivray for her invitation to contribute these recollections to the history of LaCorey and Iron River.

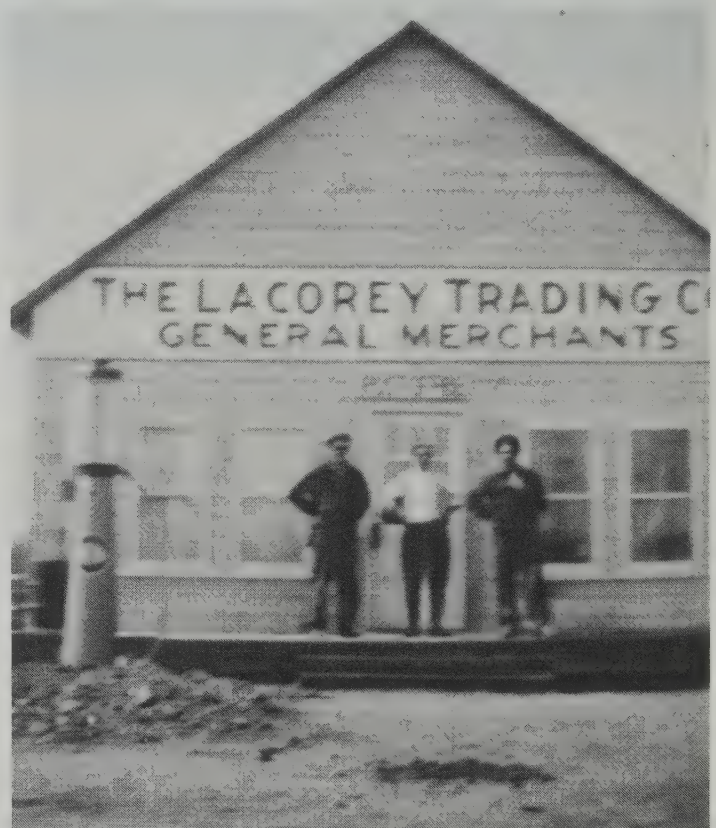
LaCorey School 1939-40

by J. A. N. Marcotte

In the summer of 1939 the Alberta Department of Education advertised in the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix that teachers were needed in Alberta at a salary of Eight hundred and forty dollars per year. I answered the ad and they put me in touch with Mr. Guilbault of St. Paul, the school inspector of what is now the

School Division of Bonnyville and St. Paul. Mr. Guilbault had schools at St. Edouard, Lafond, and LaCorey. Probably because of it's quaint name I chose LaCorey, resigned from my school in Saskatchewan where I had been employed for four years and made ready to move west.

Getting to LaCorey from Saskatoon was no easy matter. After three days of searching for LaCorey the ticket agent at the C.N.R. station told me there could be no such place as LaCorey as he could not find it. Rather taken aback, I went to the bus depot. No better luck there, but I was told to come back in three days, which I did. The best they could do was bring me to Bonnyville early in the morning. For a part of the way this bus went through trails between fields and for a long stretch I was the only passenger. We reached Bonnyville about mid afternoon on a bright, warm, August day. The bus stopped right in front of what was then the telephone office, on main street.



LaCorey General Store, 1930.

What luck, I thought. I went in at once to telephone LaCorey and have someone come get me. Another disappointment! There was no telephone to LaCorey so I spent the rest of the afternoon going to the stores and garages looking for someone to take me to my destination. No luck. I finally got a Mr. Morrison from a garage to drive me there after supper. It was quite a ride! There was a dirt road going through the bush, around sloughs and over bumps. I arrived at LaCorey at last, where I was to meet Mr. Louis



LaCorey School, 1940.

Dumaine, the school secretary, only to find no one home. The only thing left to do was to go to Limoge's store and explain my case. Limoges put me up for the night and the next day I moved in with Mr. and Mrs. Ouelette, an elderly couple retired in LaCorey.

During the year, Mrs. Ouelette died and the Louis Dumaine family moved into the house. I stayed with them the rest of the year.

There were still some ten days before the opening of school. I had come early to read over the courses of study and examine the textbooks as they were all new to me. I went around the big slough to the school at the first opportunity. What a find! The place smelled strong of mice, there were chewed up books but no curriculum guides or courses of study. A few days later Father Thibault drove me to Fort Kent where I was able to get the needed guides and some rather badly needed instructions about what to use and how to go about organizing some classes.

School seemed to have gotten off to a good start that fall. The children were very nice and well-behaved. They worked willingly with what little they had. There was very little in the library and not many reference books. There were forty-nine pupils registered that year, all in one room, from grades one to eight. French and English courses were offered, as well as courses in religion. The school building was of wooden frame construction with no insulation and no storm door or storm windows. The stove was a

gasoline drum fed with logs. During the winter we did not take off our overshoes. Of course I was the only teacher and had these children every day, all day, morning, noon and recesses.

Mr. Guilbault, the inspector, came from St. Paul some time in November. He seemed pleased with what he saw.

World War II broke out shortly after school opened and the effect was felt at once in LaCorey, with the departure of Curly McKinley and Rosaire Morneau for the armed forces. To keep up with world events, I went to Bonnyville at the first opportunity to purchase a battery operated radio from Joe Verrier, who was working in Brosseau's Store. After that, I got out of LaCorey only on two other occasions during the year, once at Christmas and again in the springtime to take the LaCorey children on a field trip to Bonnyville.

For many pupils it was their first sight of Bonnyville. Crossing the railway tracks was a new experience.

For me, who had lived all his life on the flat, treeless prairie, living in LaCorey was an interesting novelty. In the fall the big slough between my boarding house and the school was densely populated with prairie chicken. Prairie chickens, grouse, and woodchucks roamed the school yard as soon as the children left at the end of the day. In the wintertime some children came to school by dogsled. Some school

boys had traplines in which they took a great deal of interest. Then there was the great hunt for squirrel skins that winter. Wagon loads of these skins were sold probably for use in the war effort. Some people slept outside in sleigh boxes filled with hay next to Lauzon's shop when it was forty below. Then one morning the neighbor's thermometer registered seventy below.

A good deal of lumber was still being produced. Of course, there were still many log houses.

On January the first, 1940 the Bonnyville School Division came into being and LaCorey District lost its autonomy. It was a day for me too as pay day became irregular. In fact, I received the last of my pay for the year 1940 some three years later when I was stationed in Montreal.

Spring brought its own excitement. It was fun to go to Pierre Lauzon's farm and watch the fish run in those temporary little streams that came with the spring thaw. Also, I got a visit from Mr. Binette and Mr. Laporte of Bonnyville who convinced me that I should teach in their new school. At the end of the school year I left LaCorey to attend summer school in Edmonton, then began a two year stint in Bonnyville.

I always go to LaCorey every time I go to Bonnyville. I had a wonderful year there in 1939-40. The children and parents were helpful and friendly. Before leaving the school I had a school picture taken. Unfortunately, several pupils were missing that day. When I look at it I wonder what became of them all.

St. Michel Parish of La Corey (Memoir) **written by Mrs. Clemente Dery (nee Bureau)**

The beginnings of the St. Michel Parish were derived from the influence of three families who moved to La Corey from Sanford, Maine, on the 25th day of July, 1919. The new settlers were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ouellette and their daughter Nora. The second family was Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bureau with their five children and the third family was Mrs. Katie Paradis and her son Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ouellette settled in by purchasing the land and buildings which belonged to Mr. Esdras Ouellette (no relation). Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bureau purchased a homestead one mile south of Mr. and Mrs. Ouellette. Being that the Bureau homestead had no buildings on it, they lived in a little shack beside the Ouellette's until they had completed their house.

Mr. Bureau soon became the first blacksmith in La Corey, his duration as one was between the years 1921-35. During this same time they also took care of the post office from 1923-30.

The first parish started with a mass which was

celebrated in Mr. and Mrs. Bureau's house on the 18th of January 1921 by Father Joseph Lapointe, who continued to have mass once a month until the church was built in 1922 by only a few parishioners.

The first couple to be married by Father Lapointe in the church was Mr. Louis Dumaine and Miss Nora Ouellette in 1922. Father Lapointe held mass exclusively up until 1923, then Father Connoir would arrive a day before the service with some friends and they would stay overnight at Mr. and Mrs. Bureau's or at Mr. and Mrs. Ouellette's.

In 1929 it was decided that the church would also serve as a school and another church would be built, which is the church you still see today built back in 1932. Father Leo Thibault was the first resident priest who stayed from October 1937-47. During this time he worked with a few parishioners to have the school taught by nuns as the need for teachers grew with the settlement of La Corey.

In 1941 the sisters of the Assumption arrived, and stayed in the rectory for the first summer, then moved to the convent which was built during that year. The first two nuns to arrive were Sister St-Jean-d'Avila and Sister Amedee-de-Savoie who came to supervise the convent building. Sister St.-Jean-d'Avila only stayed until August and returned to the mission in Hobbema. Sister St. Clotilde and Sister St. Gaetane, who was mother superior and a teacher, arrived shortly after this. As the years went on several other sisters served the parish which makes it quite difficult to mention all their names.

The first spring for the nuns in the newly built convent was experienced with great difficulty. When the snow melted three feet of water filled the basement, where batteries for electricity were stored, which in turn was charged by a windmill. The nuns had also stored a lot of their preserves and some of their belongings which got damaged by the water. The nuns were very thankful to the families who helped them recover from this misfortune.

Soon after the School District decided to bus the children to Bonnyville (1963) the nuns left the La Corey Parish. Throughout the twenty-two years that the nuns stayed in La Corey they would like to thank the families who contributed tremendously, such as the Bureaus, Dumaines and the Limoges families.

It is very sad to see the St. Michel Parish diminish as the younger generations proceed to the larger communities. Only a few cherished the small church, thus making it harder for it to exist, leaving no choice but to sell the rectory which had housed in all fifteen priests for the twenty-two years of its existence.

I praise my dear father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bureau for all the work they did for the parish throughout the years.

Churchvelt Rememberings

by Viola Good

It is thirty-three years since I taught at Churchvelt School. I started in 1947 and taught there for three years, until the end of June, 1950. I made many friends which I still cherish and have contact with. There was Norma Knapp, a little girl at that time and now I see her often. She is now Norma Fersovitch and with her husband is a member of the same church as I am.

Then there are Axel and Jean Swanson who live in St. Albert now. Their children Donald, Ken and Karen are dear to me. As I think of Churchvelt many other friends of bygone days come to my mind.

When I was asked to write about Churchvelt I wondered what I could remember after thirty-three years. Then I thought of my diaries. I found the box, pulled them out and searching I found those from 1947 to 1950. I studied them and . . .

During the war years, many of us who had given up teaching to raise our families were drawn back into the work. My daughter and her friend, whose mother also went back would say jokingly that they belonged to war torn families.

Those were the days of horses so when I received my placement for Churchvelt, we drove the many miles from our home in Goodridge to Churchvelt. We thought we would become strangers by the separation but my husband would stay with me during the winter months. We had a farm in Goodridge which he and Stanley, our son worked. Dick, my husband, had heart trouble from the war so had to slow up on hard work.

As we neared our destination we passed a building with a large poster outside with a Bible Verse displayed. Dick remarked, "Well, there's at least one Christian living here. There may be a church."

What a delightful surprise we had the next morning. In answer to a knock at the door who should be standing there, to greet us with a big smile but an old friend. Axel Swanson had lived in a cabin on our farm with another young student from Three Hills Bible School for a year. They had been doing missionary work in Goodridge and beyond in Rich Lake and other district.

He had married since and he and Jean had two sons, Donald and Kenneth. Now he had a mission field in Churchvelt and a wide circuit of surrounding districts.

Now I knew I would have friends here and what wonderful friends they have been ever since.

The children of the school were Ukrainian except for one family; the Andersons. Axel came up after school and took us over for supper. We met his Scottish wife, Jean, and his two little boys. These

people were of the greatest help and encouragement to us. All of the three years I taught in Churchvelt this was so. My husband went home the next day to oversee the farm until winter came.

There was no well on the school grounds. For a while we got water from Mr. Hawrylak, just bordering the school yard. I melted snow in winter, for washing. Mr. Hawrylak could not supply enough water for me and the school. Water had to be delivered the whole three years I was there. Axel Swanson brought it to me and Kolebas as well as other neighbors supplied the school. It was not possible to get water unless a deep well was drilled and at that time the cost was prohibitive.

I found this a very co-operative community. As I had no transportation they were willing to bring out groceries or to take me to LaCorey or Bonnyville.



Churchvelt Sunday school. John Shiller, ? Wakulchyk, Mrs. Good, Bill Sawchuk, Miss Graham, Lena Solowoniuk, Mildred Ljunggren. Front row: Norma and Gloria Byford, June Ljunggren and Katherine Koleba.

I was called upon to help the children in a Bible Memory Verse Contest held by the Canadian Sunday School Mission which was at that time active in rural schools. There was a chance of free camp for verses learned in the summer. I heard them say their verses and sent in a report to the Canadian Sunday School Mission. I remember Nick and John Koleba being very good at this "Memory Work".

In the old days every school had a Christmas Concert. The whole community would turn out. The children would try going to the concerts of all the surrounding schools. For this reason we needed to have enough candy for many children. We would never know how many to count on. Later on the Divisional Office put a stop to this by ordering all teachers to have their concerts on the same day in December, the twenty-second.

We had been studying in our Enterprise, The

Selkirk Settlers. We were using for Literature and Reading, The Highroads Readers. In Book five was a play called, The Land of the Silver Chief. We decided to use this play in our concert. Of course the Silver Chief was Lord Selkirk and this really was a Canadian bit of history. We changed parts near the end to fit into Christmas time by introducing a Christmas party with carol singing. The children entered into the spirit of the play and these Ukrainian children became Scottish for a season and produced a very successful play.

Some of us met at Swansons, popped corn, and filled fifty-four bags of candy. The boys brought in a tree and made a stage. Jean Swanson gave help in training the children in singing. We felt our concert was very successful. We appreciated Jean Swanson's help in the singing. The money for the gifts for the children was donated by the people of the community.

When I reopened school on January sixth children came but the next day, January seventh, not a child came to school. It was Ukrainian Christmas. All of January was extremely cold most of the time. It was thirty to thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit below zero but the school attendance was very good.

In 1948 the Divisional Board gave permission to have religious instruction in the schools. It was wanted by the parents and there was no objection. Axel came every Friday and gave Bible lessons. All the children stayed. Marion Graham, a student from Prairie Bible Institute, was with the Swansons part of the time and came sometimes.

That year I decided to have a garden so I began digging a chosen plot. It was not hard as the soil was sandy. My garden did very well. When we returned after the holidays we had ripe tomatoes.

All of the time I spent in Churchvelt our children were interested in sports. We exchanged games (softball) with neighboring schools, Iron River, Wendell, Willow Trail, and Merton. Sometimes we won and sometimes we lost but we always enjoyed the game. One event we enjoyed very much and I appreciated was when on May twenty-fourth, 1948 Jean and Axel Swanson took us to Jackfish Lake to spend a day boating and picnicking with them and their children. Dick and Axel enjoyed fishing. Some of our school activities were quizzes and spelling matches. Nick Koleba and John Koleba often won the gold star given to the winner in the spelling match. In October carpenters were sent out to improve the teacherage. They lifted the shack and put cement under it. Mr. Sylvestre came out to oversee the work. When the new rooms were added to the teacherage, Stanley made a wardrobe and cupboards.

The winter of 1948 and 1949 was very cold and

the snow very deep. When we would come back from Goodridge after holidays we would find a very cold house. I had done a lot of canning of fruit and making of pickles and none had ever frozen. We had a good cellar when the new rooms were put on. In January, 1949 the Divisional Office sent out ten pounds of cocoa. At noon the children were served hot cocoa. They were more relaxed at their lunch and it improved their appetites. I always told them no one could play until after fifteen minutes of eating. Then no one could hurry out to play and leave their lunch. Nurses visited the school and taught nutrition and gave needles when needed. Miss Doyle and Miss Willis were two of these nurses.

On the evening of January 14, 1949 we were going to a meeting at Bill Peters. One of the horses began champing at his bit. He got it loose, became frightened and both horses made a mad dash which threw us all out of the sleigh. I fell hard, in a sitting position, on the frozen ground. Donald got a bad gash in his groin from being thrown hard on a frozen branch. Archie Peters and Jean, his mother, took him to the Bonnyville Hospital. Someone else took us to Bill Peters. Stanley and Axel caught the horses the next morning. Donald was ten days in the hospital but did not come back to school until February second. The children had written letters and sent cards to him in the hospital but we were all glad to see him in school again.

Valentines Day was always a welcome break in the school routine. Children love making valentines for their friends and for the teacher. The pre-school children usually came either with their older brothers and sisters or with a parent. Jean brought a cake and Kenneth and everyone enjoyed a party. On February 17, 1949 I closed school at two-thirty because of a blizzard. Roads were drifted and there was a cold wind. Parents came for their children. This blizzard was over all of Alberta. When the thaw came another time of fun for children was snowballing, making snowmen, and making forts. In early spring it seemed everyone who could, went fishing. They were generous and I was thankful for many a gift of fish.

All of January, 1950 was extremely cold (thirty below +). Once the chimney was blocked with ice. Winds were cold, roads were drifted, mail carriers were often late, and it continued into February. Mr. Sylvestre came and gave good reports as to the work of the children.

We had an Audabon Club which we organized in 1950. Mr. MacGillivray, teacher from Iron River, encouraged us in this. I was reading a series of books to the children called the Sugar Creek Gang. We had very hot weather in June, 1950. Well, I read some-

thing which might have a psychological cooling effect, a story of being lost in a blizzard. I think in listening the children forgot the heat. Even on these hot days they would play ball.

We were having an enterprise on South America, especially Brazil. At this time a missionary who had been to Prairie Bible Institute with Axel and Jean Swanson came to Churchvelt. He had over two hundred very large, beautiful and colorful slides on Brazil and the Amazon Valley. These were shown in Churchvelt school for a week in evenings. We all went. The missionary, Rev. Sargenson was a good speaker. When the children gave their reports it was these slides which they had seen which impressed them and not the books. A picture is worth a thousand words, especially a good picture. This missionary is now retired in Florida.

On May 5, a farewell was given at the Mission House for the Swansons. Mr. MacGillivray gave his school (Iron River) a half holiday and over fifty people came. We were losing Donald from school. The Swansons came for a quick lunch with us and Jean gave me a cup and saucer as a parting gift. I really missed the Swansons, but they did not go out of my life; as they later came to Edmonton and now live in St. Albert. Don is a teacher in East Glen Junior High School. Ken and his family live in Saskatoon.

I visited Churchvelt two or three years ago with Norma and John Fersovitch. I met so many old friends and pupils grown up and was reminded of this period in my life. Now again as I have recalled these incidents it has been a privilege to share them with others.

Curtain, "Curtain by Viola Good

"Let's give Ken a piece to say," suggested one of my pupils.

"Yes let's", All the children were eager to include five year old Kenny in our Christmas concert.

Jean, the minister's wife had two sons, one, Don was in Grade I and five year old Kenny was a pre-schooler. When she came on Friday to help in the music she brought Ken with her and he was given a part in the program. He showed his pleasure by starting at once to learn it as seven year old Don read it to him.

Kenny sang along with the children as Jean, his mother played the piano. He recited his piece again and again and again and the children praised him and clapped their hands lustily for him.

The day came for the concert. The boys put up the stage and girls hung the curtains. The boys brought in the Christmas tree and all had a hand in decorating it.

In rural areas, where the one-roomed school still existed, Christmas concerts were still popular in 1948. Parents came out with interest because this was something in which their own children were involved.

There was great excitement behind the curtains as the children were given last minute instructions and all the costumes were made ready for easy access when needed.

"Whose going to prompt?" someone asked.

"Helen will be ready if we need prompting," I said.

"Kenny won't need prompting," Helen said. "He knows his piece perfectly.

And I agreed that he did.

The concert began with the singing of "O Canada" and Kenny's voice rang out loud and clear as he stood with the other children. Don read a story "The Christmas Donkey" and proved to be a good Grade I reader.

Kenny would do as well. Then his name was called. He came out and stood with all confidence between the curtains. It was very quiet as the audience waited for him to speak. Kenny looked at all those people. All those faces looking at **him**, so many faces.

Suddenly all his confidence left him. Reaching out both hands he grabbed each curtain and quickly pulled them together shutting out all those faces looking at him. The stillness was broken. The audience roared with laughter. Kenny had stolen the show.

Osborne Lake School by Carol Morton

The Osborne Lake School District was established on March 9, 1936. In 1937, the school was built on the north-west corner of the south-west quarter of section 36, township 63, range 7, west of the fourth meridian.

The building of the school was a big event for the district, with many of the homesteaders working on it. Some of the builders were Mr. Cholik, Mr. Hinecker, Mr. Senecal, Mr. LeMays, Mr. Lukinuk, Mr. Ayotte, Mr. Van Raes, and Mr. Dubinuk. During breaks, Ernest Hinecker played the fiddle for the entertainment of all. The school was completed and plastered just before Christmas. Maurice and Gerald Plouffe stayed in the new school a couple of nights to keep the fire going so the plaster could dry.

In February of 1938, the Osborne Lake School was opened for the first time. Miss Mary Eliniski was the first teacher, and she taught approximately forty students that year. The next fall, Mr. Linglet took over the teaching of the school.

Forest Stream

File date of
presumed patented
land.

F. Ridsdale 1937	A. Ridsdale 1937		J. Erickson 1930						G. Sutherland 1938						
31		J. Yanchuk 1933	G. Erickson 1930	32		33		34	35	36					
	J. Smith 1931				I. Kreller 1928	A. Seidler 1928	B. Erickson 1937								
30	J. Oszust 1934			29		28	B. Sherstanko 1936	27	A. Erickson 1937	G. Erickson 1929	C. Armstrong 1929	26		25	W. Clark 1938
	D. Sawchuk 1938	A. Kocuipehyk 1933	J. Koziol 1938						A. Balla 1930	R. Mathes 1929					
19				20		21		22				23		24	
H. Fersovitch 1938	B. Razko 1933	W. Raynoha 1933	A. Horban 1938		N. Karas 1938	P. Petryshyn 1938	W. Balla 1930	F. Yablowski 1936	D. Panas 1930	Z. Panas 1933					
	B. Fedyk 1935		K. Marteniuk 1938	E. Yurkevich 1938	S. Netter 1930	Y. Netter 1934	N. Fersovitch 1931	School Site	N. Panas 1930	W. Twerdohlib 1930					
18												14		13	
	P. Koleba 1938	D. Koleba 1937	M. Yablowski 1931	P. Yaroshuk 1931	A. Kocuipehyk 1931	K. Martinuk 1931	J. Yurkevich 1931								
			M.W. Balla 1933	G. Matichuk 1933	N. Sawchuk 1931	F. Wakulchuk 1931	J. Michuk							S. Holobowski 1934	
7			8		9			10				11		12	
						A. Wakulchuk 1938	M. Sawchuk 1933								

† Garth Ukrainian Evangelical Church

† Garth Ukrainian Evangelical Church

The following two years, Miss Augusta Kuhn taught in the school. She had thirty-seven students. The register for the 1939-40 school year lists the following students: Andrew, Thomas, Pauline and Mike Balla; Lucy, Nellie, and Victoria Cholik; Peter Dubinuk; Delia, Theresa, and Charlie Gooler; Stanley, Eva, Elmer, and Allen Hinecker; Lucien Le Mays; Mary, Peter, George, Helen, Bill, and Alex



Play at Osborne Lake School. Front: Delia Gooler, Mary J. Lukinuk. Back: Lucy Cholik, Stella Petryshyn, Sam Sashuk, Eva Hinecker and Gene Van Rae.



Cabin used for teacherage at Osborne Lake.

Osborne Lake

Twp. 64 R.7

		11		12		7	
J. Lukinuk 1936	F. Chaley 1933		A. Tetrault 1931		D. Cholik 1935	D. Maciocha 1938	
3		2		1		6	
A. Sawchuk 1937	B. Plouffe 1937	Mrs. Slawuta 1937	J. Brosseau 1930		M. Cholik 1933	T. Cholik 1939	
E. Kuniski 1933	H. Balla 1936	A. Tetrault 1929	L. Plouffe 1929	J. Lukinuk 1934	M. Kalinski 1938	E. Hinecker 1930	A. Omilion 1938
34		35		36		31	
A. Kuniski 1938	Mrs. Lubomski 1933	J. LaCompte 1929	G. Plouffe 1930	N. Lemay 1929 School Site	A. Lemay 1929	J. Byford 1930	J. Ayotte 1933
	W. Rypik 1934	P. Petryshyn 1938	N. Villeneuve 1929	E. Gagnon 1929	L. Gagnon 1929	F. Villeneuve 1929	
27		26		25		30	
M. Van Raes 1934	A. Van Raes 1930	D. Voudrin 1929	E. Gooler 1929	A. Dubinuk 1929	J. Worobiy 1929	L. Forkin 1930	
Twp. 63 R.7		23		24		File date of presumed patented land.	
		F. Kruhlak P. Oudin 1934		C. Gooler 1929 W. Carlson 1933 C. Dubinuk 1936			

Lukinuk; Neda, Ruth, and Moses Mochocha; Albert Moore; Annie and John Mykolyshyn; Stella Petryshyn; Sam, Annie, Fred and Xenia Sashuk; Paul and Jean VanRaes; and Helen and Nettie Worobiy.

Some of the people who taught the school in later years were Mrs. Gladys Gablin, Mrs. Larkin Palmer, Mrs. Mary Broski, Miss Fowler, Mr. Bill Shulia, Mr. Victor Osaciuk, Mrs. Bowers, Hilary Sorochan, Mrs. Betcher, Miss Ewasiuk, and lastly, Mr. Fraser.

These pioneers teacher were hard workers with a lot of determination. In the first years, the teachers often boarded with different families and walked to school with the students. Mrs. Broski stayed in what she calls a "trapper's cabin" across from Hineckers. Getting to the school was only the beginning. Once there, the teacher faced the task of tending the fire in order to warm the schoolhouse enough for the children to do their work. Often, at Osborne Lake, the



1939 Sewing Circle. Back row: Mary B. Lukinuk, Nettie Worobiy, Lucy Cholik, Eva Hinecker, Stella Petryshyn. Front row: Nida Metoicha, Helen Lukinuk, Victoria Cholik, Helen Worobiy, Ruth Metoicha.

first half of the day was spent in a circle around the heater with occasional exercise breaks to warm everyone up. The teacher taught eight grades; this included children of various ages and abilities in each group. It was a real challenge for the teacher to meet the needs of each student. Some teachers managed to not only teach, but to accomplish other things as well. Miss Kuhn started the Osborne Lake Sewing Circle. After school, she taught the girls basic stitches as well as embroidery. Present day nutritionists would have approved of Mrs. Gladys Gamblin. She encouraged the students to bring a bit of meat or a vegetable each day. This was all put in a large pot to cook and by lunchtime, the soup was

ready to be eaten along with the students' regular lunches.

In 1946, the Plouffes constructed a cabin on their land across from the school, where teachers could stay. This teacherage, however, was privately owned, and later on, a teacherage was built on the school property.

In 1955, when the schools were centralized, the site and the school were sold to Mrs. Moore.

The school still stands, a solitary reminder of the early years, and of the teachers and students who once sat and studied within its walls. The trees have gradually crept nearer to it, until the school is almost completely obscured. The paint is faded, the windows broken, the blackboards partially removed. But the floor, the ceiling, the walls — all these are as solid as ever. The school was well built. It withstood the years and so have those who were educated there.



Osborne Lake School. Teacher, Miss Kuhn.

Forest Stream School District #4613 by Sharon Fersovitch

The area encompassed by the Forest Stream School District was settled by Ukrainian immigrants in the late twenties and early thirties. At about this time as well, the area received a number of settlers from other points in Alberta who were looking for a new beginning. To this time there were a number of English speaking homesteaders living here. Due to the large number of families with children, making their homes in the district a concern for education went up among them. Some attempted to give their

Bonnyville, Alta.
Nov. 27, 1934

M. Forest Stream Sch. Dist.
Willow Trail S.C.

In Account With

THE IMPERIAL LUMBER CO., LTD.

LUMBER AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES—COAL

Lumber, Lath, Doors, Shingles, Windows, Mouldings and Finishings, Cement,
Lime, Wood Fibre, Felts, Building Papers, Roofing, Brick, Etc.

"BETTER LUMBER FOR HOME-BUILDING"

Accounts Rendered Monthly

Interest Charged on Overdue Accounts

To Account rendered:

Aug 2/34	90	1x4-14	for use V-join	450' @ 34		
	120	--12		180' --		3060
Aug 24	56	1x6-14	for use ship lap	392' @ 33		
	56	1x6-16		448' --		2770
Oct. 19	12	Langth 6" x 12" x 12"	@ 20¢	-2.40		
	2	6" plow up		0.60		
	1	6" steel pipe damp		0.75		
Nov 16	1	Door 32x42x1 3/4 x P	- 8.10			
	11	Pair 4x4 Butt Hinges	0.55			
	5	Windows 12x16-12 lts.	@ 5.35 - 26.75			
	12	Sash 12x16-6 lts.	@ 4.50 - 9.00			
	1	Front door set	3.25			4765
	380	Brick @ 3¢	- 12.40			
	1	hbl lime	- 5.00			
	2	Ke. E. Tar paper @ 2.00	- 4.00			
	1	chimney	0.15			
	1	cement	1.15			
3.25		chairman	-			2150
55						115

Sec. Treas.

Mrs. Mary Yaddowski



\$131.65

children what instruction they could at home but this was not a satisfactory arrangement and too much of the instruction was not in the English language.

On January fifth, 1932 Dmytro Panas wrote to the Deputy Minister of Education requesting information on the formation of a new school district. The information was forwarded to him and a petition plan for the district was sent in. The Deputy Minister then, in February of 1932 referred the matter to the local school inspector, J. Gibault at St. Paul. Finally on November third Mr. Gibault called a meeting of the district. Here he concluded that even though the district was small there were a large number of school age children in need of receiving an education. The Deputy Minister then authorized a vote on the proposed district to comprise the following lands:

Sections 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 28.

East halves of Sections 8, 17, 20 and 29.

North halves of sections 11 and 12.

South half and northeast quarter of 25.

South half of section 26.

South half and northwest quarter of section 27.

Township 64, Range 7, west of the 4th Meridian.

He also informed the people that they could not use the name of Willow Prairie or Willow since both of these names were already in use as established school districts in Alberta.

A vote was duly taken on March the sixteenth, 1933 at the home of John Yurkewich. The results were seventeen members voting in favour of the erection of a district and six members voting against. The nominations were then opened for trustees. Dmytro Panas was nominated by Fred Yadlowski and William Twerdohlib. Mary Yadlowski was nominated by Harry Balla and John Yurkewich and Nick Panas was nominated by Mary Yadlowski and A. Forest. Dmytro Panas became Chairman and Mary Yadlowski took on the secretary's job. The name Forest Stream was chosen for the new district because of the abundance of forested land and the many streams running through the district. In April the order was signed by the Minister of Education erecting the Forest Stream School District #4613.

Now the department gave recommendation as to the location of the school. They advised a location in the center of the district but since much of the school population was near section fourteen this was the site that was most favourable to the people. Mike Fewchuk who homesteaded the northwest quarter agreed to donate three acres of his land for school purposes. The law at the time required that payment of ten dollars per acre be made by the school board. These were difficult times and this kind of money was simply not available, therefore no payment was ever

made. In February of 1935 new regulations were passed providing for the granting of vacant and available land free of charge for school sites. This new ruling enabled the district to finally receive their certification as a school district.

In October of 1933 plans were underway to begin construction of the school. It seemed however, that because of the lack of funds and the amount of communication necessary between the various departments that one could not just quickly build a school. Enough time had already gone by since the initial move had been made to provide schooling for the children and still there were no facilities. The board arranged to use Nick Panas's house, a mile from the school site, as a schoolhouse until a proper school could be built. From the beginning much correspondence had to be made between the board, the inspector and the deputy minister to gain final approval. In December of 1933 the much awaited classroom finally opened with Carrie Pekar as the teacher.

The board had come to terms with Miss Pekar agreeing to pay her five hundred dollars from December 12th, 1933 to December 31, 1934. This did not meet with approval of the Department of Education and the contract had to be changed to read from December 12, 1933 to June 30, 1934, since this was below the minimum salary of eight hundred and forty dollars.

Now that the children were in part provided for the attention of the board turned to the matter of the construction of the school. Fred Yadlowski submitted a tender of one hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents, for the erection of the school but the building supervisor of the Department of Education could not grant approval of this plan until the school board submitted a statement showing how they would pay for this along with a complete financial statement as well as a list of other tenders. No work was permitted on the school except by the voluntary labour of the ratepayers. The board was urged to apply to the Department of Lands and Mines for a free permit to cut logs for the building of the school, but this was delayed because the fee of thirty dollars had not been paid for the site. Finally in May of 1934 the director of Lands gave his approval for the permit without any payment but under the conditions that payment of the purchase price be made in a year's time along with an interest of seven per cent. Due to the late date of this approval no real work could begin until the fall of that year.

In the following months of May and June several grants were received by the school district. They were able to spend ninety cents at the School Book Branch because of a Library Inspection Grant. A total of one hundred and forty-eight dollars and fifty

PUPIL'S REGISTER No.			AGE	GRADE	Teacher. DAY OF THE MONTH	1ST WEEK					2ND WEEK					3RD WEEK					4TH WEEK					5TH WEEK					TOTAL
						3	4	5	6	7	10	11	12	13	14	17	18	19	20	21	24	25	26	27	28						
NAMES OF PUPILS						MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	
1	14-1	VII	Yadlowski, Anthony	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x				x	x	x	x											4	
2	10-1	VI	Martyniuk, John		x						x	x				x	x													5 1/2	
3	14-4		Martyniuk, Mary								1/2																			18	
4	11-3		Yadlowski, Gene	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
5	13-3	IV	Kociupka, Mary								x					x						x	x							5	
6	10-8		Sawchuk, Mary								x	x							1/2			x	1/2		x	x				6	
7	11-7		Sawchuk, Sam								x	x							x			x	1/2		x					5 1/2	
8	13-5		Zwerdohli, Stella	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	17	
9	9-4		Yadlowski, Helen	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	19	
10	11-11		Gurkewich, Nick								x	x	x	x		x					x	x		1/2						7 1/2	
11	9-9	II	Fersovitch, Fred	x												x	x	x							x	x				6	
12	11-8		Matichuk, Mike		x	x	x				x	x				x	x				x	x		x	x	x	x	x	x	11	
13	11-3		Panas, Bill		x	x	x	x			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	17	
14	10-6		Sawchuk, Bill	x							x	x	x								x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	7	
15	13-3		Sawchuk, Irene								x	x	x								x	x	x			x				7	
16	13-2		Gurkewich, Mary								x	x				1/2					x	x	1/2							5	
17	9-11	I	Armstrong, Teddy													x		x												2	
18	11-5		Fersovitch, Nick																												
19	8-9		Fersovitch, Steve																		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	15	
20	7-2		Forrest, Cleland	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	9	
21	9-9		Kociupka, Catherine		x	x					x	x									x	x									
22	7-4		Kociupka, Martha																			x	x				x			3	
23	7-1		Matichuk, Mary																		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	13	
24	9-11		Panas, Andrew		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	8	
25	8-7		Panas, Martha		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	17	
26	7-2		Zwerdohli, Katie	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	18	
27	9-3		Zwerdohli, Pete	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x		
28	7-7		Wakulchuk, Mike																												
29	7-4		Gurkewich, Annie		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x					x	x	x	x	x					14	
30	7-8		Gareshiuk, John		x	x																								2	
TOTAL DAILY ATTENDANCE						6	15	14	12	12	16 1/2	16 1/2	18	10	14	11	16 1/2	8 1/2	8	17	17 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	248 1/2	
NUMBER OF "LATES"							1						8	2	2	1	3	3	3	5	2	1	3	1	3	1	3	1	3		

Number of pupils in attendance during the month 26
 I hereby certify that the above record of attendance is correct
 and does not include any record of teaching on Saturdays or
 other holidays.

Renovar, Carrie
 Teacher.

No. of teaching days school was open during the month 19
 Aggregate days' attendance for the month 248 1/2
 Average attendance for the month 13.08
 Percentage of attendance for the month 50.31

NOTE.—At the end of each month transfer each month's attendance to the "Summary of attendance for the term."

cents was granted towards the teacher's salary and a grant of one hundred and fifty dollars was given for purchasing finishing materials for the school. As well, the school was given a gift of a map of Canada, an atlas and other material by P. G. Davies the Member of Parliament for Athabasca.

By December of 1934 the ratepayers working off a portion of their tax arrears were able to have the school partially shingled, built with a double floor, windows and doors. The walls still did not have the cracks mudded and the school could not be used for classes. The Nick Panas home was no longer available but Jacob Michuk had just finished his house and allowed it to be used as the classroom until such time as the school could be completed.

Each ratepayer had to pay five dollars cash in school taxes, having been allowed to work off a portion. Some who provided lumber or shingles were able to work off several years of school taxes in the building of the school without ever having to provide the five dollars. This led others to hold back on their cash payment demanding the right to work off their share as well. The school board was in financial difficulty partly as a result of this. Besides the cost of construction and teachers salary, five dollars each year had to be given to an auditor to audit the school books as well as twenty dollars to be paid the secretary for the keeping of these books. By the end of the summer of 1935 the school was completed and classes commenced there. In June of 1936 Miss Peward having taught for two and a half years at Forest Stream resigned and Miss Mary Elniski was hired to replace her. Miss Elniski taught at the school until Wednesday, December 4, 1936 at which time the school was destroyed by fire. It appeared as though a faulty chimney was to blame. The school district did not carry fire insurance and once again had to start at the beginning. The only items the ratepayers were able to salvage before the fire destroyed the building were a few of the windows. Now the process of gaining permission for the many steps required to build was underway. Classes for all students were suspended since there were not any homes available for classroom space. Besides this the teacher, Miss Elniski had accepted a teaching position with Osborne Lake School District.

The inspector advised the trustee to arrange to have the necessary logs taken out for a new building so that construction could begin as soon as weather permitted. At first the school board thought it more practical to build a frame school building but because of the high cost involved and only a grant of a hundred dollars being available the decision was changed. Vern Mathes was hired to take charge of the construction of the log school house. It was com-

pleted except for siding by September and Olga of St. Michael was hired as the teacher. She began her duties on September the ninth, with thirty students enrolled in the eight grades being conducted in the school. The school board made certain insurance was now taken out on the school which had cost them three hundred and fifty dollars, should a similar incident occur. Of course no such disaster befell them again and the children were able to attend school without any major interruptions. True, many of them were absent to help with spring work or harvest.

Education in this rural community extended to grade eight. If parents could afford to provide education beyond this the children were boarded out at Glendon or Bonnyville. Some ventured even as far as Prairie Bible Institute in Three Hills and a few journeyed to Toronto to the Russian Bible School. Many of the students that attended Forest Stream School made teaching their profession, some became missionaries, a few became millionaires and the others entered the blue collar work force.

Up to the end of 1937 Mary Yadowski served as secretary of the Forest Stream School District with Glen Erickson taking the job from February of 1935, to March of 1936. In 1938 the heavy responsibility fell on Ystina Netter who carried on to the end of 1939, when all the small school districts were consolidated under the Bonnyville School Division. Various people served on the board some of whom are: Andrew Balla, Harry Balla and Steve Netter.

Many people came to bring education to this rural community. Miss Prochinsky became Mrs. Palmer and taught for a number of years. E. Dougan taught one term. She was followed by Bessie Sherstanko who was at the school four consecutive terms. She taught the highest enrollments that the school ever had. Her largest class was forty-five students in the year of 1945-46. Karl Hansen served one term. C. Fleet also taught at the school as well as Hiloray Sorochan. Viola Marchuk spent two years as a supervisor and the final year a local girl Anne Sawchuk came home to work at the school.

In 1954 plans were made to centralize all the small school districts into a larger district to provide better education that would extend to grade twelve. The doors of the Forest Stream School closed at the end of June, 1955. Another page in the life story of the district was ended.

* All details contained in the above history are data found in the correspondence files of the school district. It is possible that names of some individuals who served here may be missing and I apologize if it is so. Those of us who have benefited from the struggles of these early homesteaders are grateful to

them for their efforts. We pay tribute to each one who had a part in the function of this school.

Sharon Fersovitch

Forest Stream School Days

by Sam Sawchuk

Looking back to our times at the Forest Stream School brings back many memories. Those of us who were old enough to attend the first school found ourselves being taught in Nick Panas' house by Miss Pewar. She had a gigantic task before her to educate a group of youngsters between the ages of six and fifteen, many of whom knew little or no English. Discipline problems were few because most of the children really wanted to learn.

One way that she taught us the alphabet and words that I recall is, she would get us to print what she wanted, then, we were to outline it with spruce needles. It was a tedious job but by the time we were finished we learned what we were supposed to.



Teachers get-together, Mary Yadowsky, Mary Broski (Maruniak), Carrie Pewar and Anne Shalka.

When the school room was moved to Jacob Michuk's house we had an exciting chimney fire. One of the students had gone out for some reason but soon rushed back to tell us the house was burning. Without panic Miss Pewar had us take our coats, lunches and water pails and file out. The bigger boys climbed up onto the roof while the smaller children passed water and snow and even a coat or two that had been soaked, to help extinguish the flames.

When we moved to our new school we had a few more materials like sand table and platercine. Never the less, we found time to play tricks on the teacher. One day during a cold winter we made a mess in the school while the teacher was out. Before we could

clean up she returned so we locked the door on her. She thought it had become frozen shut so she had it fixed so that could not happen again. This teacher saw that there could be a discipline problem with all the big boys that were attending schools. Those suspected as being the instigators she wisely appointed to help her decide the manner of discipline to be used.



Forest Stream School.

Our lunches were very simple. One took what one had and if it was only a potato then that's what was eaten. It was very unusual to have a piece of fruit in those early days. If somehow one did get a piece he made it last as long as he could. Usually it was played with and eaten toward the end of the day.

In the spring and summer it was common for many of us to play hooky and go to the creek fishing. We would catch the fish and then throw them back or just play around. Fish were very plentiful and we could use just a forked willow or a piece of hay wire to fish with. In those days groups of doctors and nurses would visit the schools to perform tonsil and adenoids surgery. When they came to Forest Stream many of us stayed away and went to the creek to avoid getting this treatment. Then when we returned we were given time off to go to Osborne Lake School to have this done. So back to the creek we would go. After two days or so we would return and make out as if we had the operation so that the teacher would leave us alone.

In those days the teacher's word was law and we respected them. No one dared to talk back. When the school inspector arrived to check our progress we trembled and did our very best.

We had a great deal of good times at recess and noon hour. Our favorite game was Prisoner's Base. We would chase each other through the bush and many times we would wind up a half mile or more away from the school just to get away from the person chasing us. In summer we would be barefooted so we used to play on the hay meadows and trample all the hay down during our game.



Forest Stream School.

Softball was also played. We made our own balls from twine and leather with different ones taking turns making them. Bats were made from Father's supply of birch wood. Many fathers wondered what happened to a particular piece of birch they had prepared for something. Once Andrew Balla made some good bats for us on his lathe.

We all walked to school and some had a great distance to go in all kinds of weather conditions. During winter the snow drifted high on the trails and would harden. The children would walk right on top, sometimes they did break through and get stuck. I recall rescuing two of my sisters from such a predicament. On the way to school many wrestling matches took place. Smaller, younger children had to be careful around the older ones. Close friendships could develop on the trips to and from school.

We enjoyed the rural schools and seemed to take great pleasure in even the simple things. Memories of those days are pleasant indeed.

Forest Stream Festivities by Doris Balla

As in most communities, the school was the gathering place of the people. How we enjoyed our Forest Stream School! We all worked together to have a festive time. Each Christmas the teacher would organize a school concert and the mothers would volunteer to make costumes. It was fun to make crepe paper dresses, a Santa suit or whatever was needed; then to see the children all dressed up. I recall one of the first concerts we attended with our little family. We just had one cow, one pig and one dog and when we walked the half mile to the school-

house they came along to listen to the fun and laughter inside. It was a big surprise to come out and see them standing there.

The school teacher also organized picnics at the beginning of summer. The entire community would come to run races and cheer the children on. Prizes were usually ten cents for first and so on.

Dances were conducted in the school sometimes, and anyone who had an instrument and could play it was welcome to provide the music.

The best part of the early years in our community were the ball games that would just happen on the Nikita Fersovitch hay meadow every week of the summer. Men, boys, women and girls, as long as they could throw and catch the ball were allowed to play. Some even made their own baseball bats. People often came from the Willow Trail area to play ball with us. In those days nobody waited for rides either, if they were lucky they might have a bicycle or a horse to ride, if not they walked.

Halloween was a time for good fun for the children. They would go from house to house doing some funny tricks that were harmless. Sometimes it turned out worse than they planned. Once they planned to upset the outhouse at the school. One fellow was rather short and when the taller boys pushed the outhouse over, the short one slipped and fell into the hole. It was too deep to climb out and no one could reach him. Finally one clever boy took a long stick and told the boy in the hole to hang on while he pulled. This poor fellow was glad to get out of there.

Children and adults found joy even in the simple things then. It was fun just to go for a sleigh ride with the people of the community, joking and singing as we went.

The times we had together were missed when the school closed and we became a part of a larger community. Gone were the days of the fellowship we enjoyed as a close knit community.

Garth Ukrainian Evangelical Christian Church

by Gust Koleba, Sharon Fersovitch

A wonderful description is given to us of Christ's Church here on earth in Matthew 16:18, "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Truly thus the Church of God stands founded on the rock, and that rock Christ Jesus, and His blood. It rests upon the power of the eternal triune God, who bears it in his hands, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Was there a time that the Church of God was unprotected? For nearly six thousand years has the enemy not bent his bow against it, and shot at it with

his fiery darts, but it stands indestructable to this day. For there is one shield over it, which is better than a thousand. Where is the arrow that will penetrate it? God is the Alpha and Omega, and His protection who can disannul it? As we think of Noah, Moses, Daniel, Paul and Peter and other heroes of the Church who were the men of righteousness and who knew how to handle the mighty Sword of the Spirit, we give thanks to God for them. It is because of their true faith, that we have the Gospel proclaimed unto us today. Among these valiant heroes are also those who took part in the battle behind the scene and were not well known. Some of these were our fore-fathers who first settled on their homnesteads at Garth. Although they were not men who came out of great colleges or Bible Schools, yet they wrought mightily for the glory of the Kingdom of God. They performed no mighty miracles like Elijah did, bringing fire down from heaven, yet they sounded the good news of Salvation just the way they experienced it in their own hearts. At this point I would like to say that their life may be made an abundant subject of encouragement, of strength, and refreshment to our faith, if we but speak out what the Lord has done for us.

The church at Garth was started by those people who had put their faith and trust in the saving power of Christ's blood while yet in Poland. When they arrived at Garth there was no place of worship and with the psalmist they truly felt the need for God as expressed in Psalm 63:1, "O God thou are my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is."

Where were they to receive this living water,

better known to them as God's Word? Glendon had a core of believers who had a work started and a church established, but that was thirty miles away and in order to get there one had to travel over roads and trails that were often in impassable condition. Pooling their energies, resources and knowledge, these men; Klem Martiniuk, Fred Wakulchyk, Nikita Fersovitch and Nestor Sawchuk decided to establish a work in their own disrict by holding services in their own homes. Now they were able to strengthen their own faith through regular worship and at the same time they were given the privilege of telling others of what the Lord had done for them, since many of the homesteaders who did not know Christ as their Saviour were invited to come and hear the Word of God.

By 1933, the meetings were rather large for the homes so plans were made by the men to establish a regular meeting place. Fred Wakulchyk donated two acres of land and an application was sent off to the Department of Lands to establish a church and cemetery site. The Evangelist Church at Glendon lent the group support by allowing them the use of their registered name. Klem Martiniuk was appointed the chairman of this board. Fred Wakulchyk acted as secretary. Although the application went in, the work did not go forward on the church building itself until a later date. The cemetery was needed much sooner than anyone realized it would be when a child from the Martiniuk family was interred there in June of 1934.

The group realized that Garth was not only the place where they were to enrich themselves, but that it also was a mission field into which the Lord put them. In order to reach out as far as they could, they



Baptismal service at Manatokan Lake.

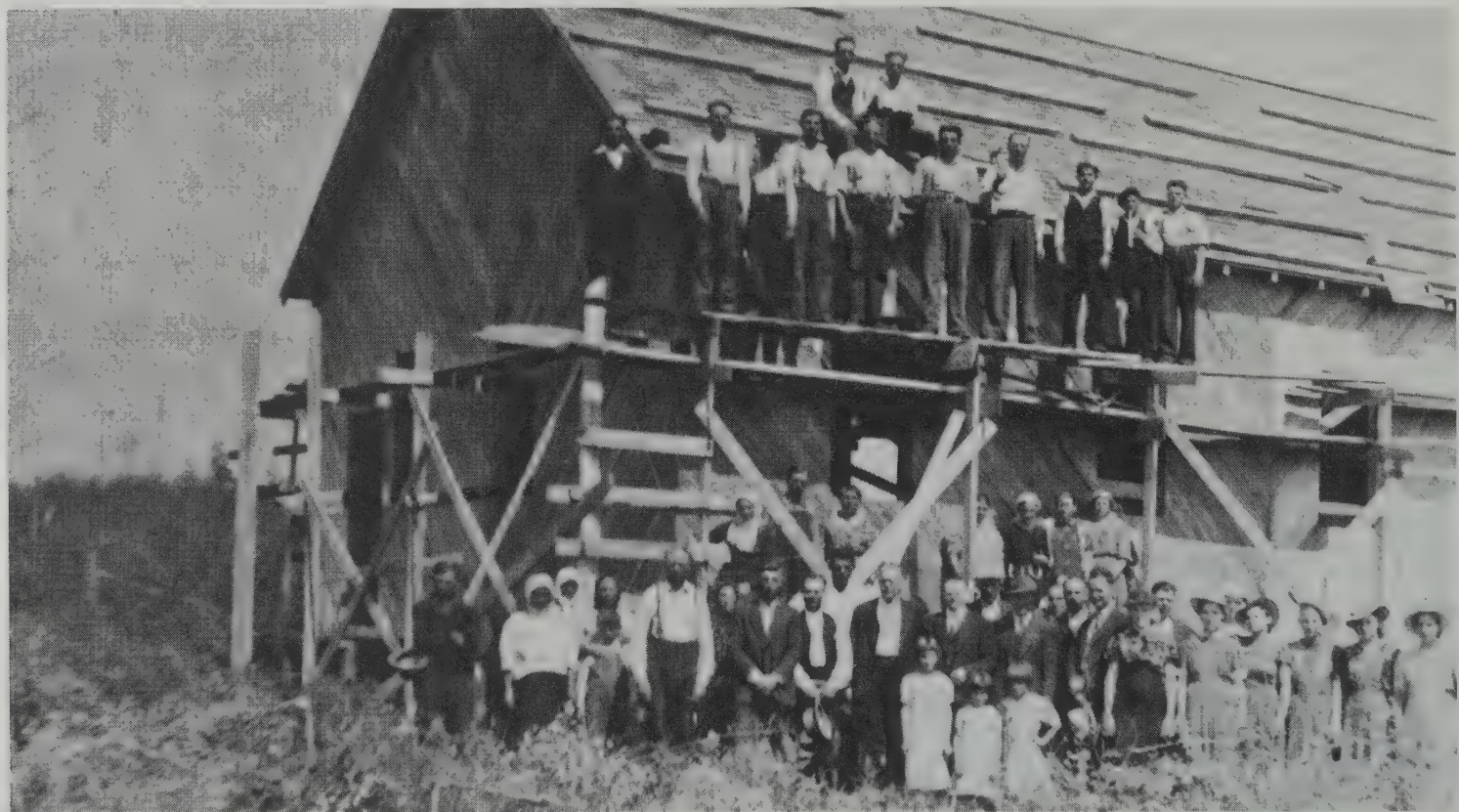
travelled with horses as well as walked into other communities. It was not long and they came over to Iron River, Willow Trail, Sandy Rapids, and La-Corey. These efforts were not in vain, as the Gospel was accepted by Koleba's, Melnychuks and Domagalas at Willow Trail, the same applies to Sandy Rapids. As the work grew, new and fresh help was summoned from Glendon. Evangelistic services were arranged. Not only did the older brethren that preached come from Glendon, but they brought in their Choir. Although the preaching was plain by plain people, yet it wrought wonders. Souls were saved, and baptisms followed. I remembered the first baptismal service we witnessed was in Sandy Lake, at Willow Trail. Rev. Bill Luciak baptized the candidates at that time. The service was conducted at Ephrem Koleba's home. There was great joy in the hearts of those who had found the Lord. The church at Garth grew stronger because of the new converts. Homes were not large enough to accommodate the people, and so, Jacob Michuk built himself a fairly large house. Large for those time, and he graciously lent it out for services. Services in his house were carried on until the late thirties.

At this point the congregation had increased in numbers and more new help was now available for building. Individuals applied for timber permits and everyone worked at cutting the logs. Then Nick Panas was hired to saw the logs and Meronick to plane the lumber. Once they had the materials needed

for building, they proceeded to erect a structure that was completed by 1941.

In the very beginning the small group was lead by various individuals but later on Martin Sawchuk was given reponsibility of being the regular Sunday morning leader. Nikita Fersovitch instructed the Choir and Jacob Michuk led the youth meetings and gave the Sunday School instruction to the children. At regular intervals, conferences were held and people from many different places came either by walking, by team and wagon or whatever means they had to enjoy three days or so of special meetings conducted by such people as the Reverend I. Sidorchuk, Rev. J. Huk, Rev. Peter Deyneka, Miss Kowalewska and others. These were times of great refreshing and people of many different faiths would come to the meetings.

The young people were growing up, and it was here that concentration in instruction was needed. Since the younger generation was going to school and were taught in English, the parents realized that help would be needed in English also. It was here that our parents prayers were answered, and the Canadian Sunday School Mission came to our assistance. Many of the young people came to Christ, under the ministry of the Canadian Sunday School Mission headed by Mr. and Mrs. Nick Sherstan. At this point I must say a great thank-you to the Sherstans for their sacrificial labour among the young people at Garth. Not only were many young people at Garth saved,



Building of the Garth Church.

but many of them went to Bible Schools and later helped in the Church as well as going to the Mission Fields in foreign countries.

Slowly the population at Garth decreased and the attendance at the church dwindled. Services were conducted occasionally with one of the local men doing the speaking. Many of the younger people now had a faster means of transportation and could go into Bonnyville to attend services in either English or Ukrainian.

The doors of the church were never officially closed, nor was there a complete ceasing in the work. Each summer vacation Bible School was carried on by members of the Canadian Sunday School Mission (see Canadian Sunday School Mission history) with the help of local individuals. One week is set aside each year to give instruction to boys and girls in the Word of God. Members of the original founding families: Wakulchuk, Fersovitch, Sawchuk and Matichuk still take an interest in the work. As well, the church is open for weddings or funerals. Nikita Fersovitch's burial service was conducted here in 1975 by the Rev. Gust Koleba and Mrs. Wakulchuk's in 1976. The wedding of Walter and Karen Freisan took place at the church in 1979.

When the government allowed a grant to upgrade the condition of the cemetery, a new fence was erected and at the same time the church was repainted. The grass is cut each year by various families and flowers are planted.

Even as the work among the English continues through the church at Garth, the work among the Slavic people is not at an end. Today God's Word is carried to the Slavic people by the All Canadian Union of Slavic Evangelical Christians. This union supports a number of missionaries in Poland and helps many who are suffering persecution in the Iron Curtain countries. The gospel is also given in the Slavic language via means of radio to those at home as well as abroad.

Thanks to those early homesteaders who strived to carry on the work of God and brought us up under the admonition and nurture of our Lord. All glory to God for his great love to us. May we continue the good work 'till He comes.

Willow Trail District #4675

by Mrs. Mary Broski

Preliminary work toward establishing a school district began in 1934. Mr. J. L. Gibault was contacted and with his help School District #4675 came into being in 1935. The school site was on three acres of land donated by Mr. Efrem Koleba which was situated in the northwest corner of his quarter section. The old log school still remains there today.

After a timber permit was obtained the logs were cut and taken to the sawmill where they were squared with some logs sawed into lumber. Mr. Karl Ryll was hired to erect the walls of the school building. However, much of the work was volunteer.

A government grant allowed the purchase of windows, doors, shingles, nails, blackboard, etc. Each family was responsible for providing home made desks for their children.

Heat for the school was obtained from a wood-burning converted oil drum. On very cold days it was nearly noon before the room became comfortably warm.

Mr. Alex Herman was the first chairman and Mr. Nick Broski was chosen the first Secretary-Treasurer, a position he held till 1955 when the school districts were centralized at Iron River. Serving on the school board were Mr. Homer Sharkey, Alex Hochachka, Steve Waskiewicz, Mr. Nick Maruniak, John Jacun, Joe Galick et al.

The school was opened on November 20, 1935 by Miss Annie Shalka. There were twenty-three pupils present but the attendance rose to forty-five before the year ended.

In attendance the first school year:

Anderson, Alvin

Boykiw, John and Pearl

Branstrom, Oscar, Olga, Gladys, Carl

Broski, Mike, Leo, Stanley

Chachula, Mary

Chirpis, Nellie, Andrew

Domagala, Macy, Josie, Teddy

Dubaniuk, Katie, Peter

Galick, Louis, Stanley

Greschuk, William

Hochachka, Mike, Fedora, Paul

Jacun, Nina

Kicia, Peter, Annie, Cornelius

Koleba, Philip, Gust, Walter, Helen

Melnychuk, Bill, Harry, Walter, Vera

Mykolyshyn, Xanny, Annie, Sophie

Omilian, Stanley, Bill

Saganiuk, John

Waskievicz, Anatoll, Angeline

In September, 1936, Miss Vera Ropchan was the second teacher. There were forty-eight pupils registered which now included Nick and John Herman; Joe Broski, Bill Waskievicz and Annie Wearbicki. Miss Ropchan resigned in May and I, Mrs. Mary Broski (Mary Noga) completed the term and continued the following year. Other teachers at Willow Trail were Mr. John Procyk, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Edith Crispin, Mrs. A. C. Buddruss, Mr. Allison Taranchuk, Mrs. Olga Palmer.

During World War II when teachers were un-

Bevin

Twp. 64 R. 6

Twp 64 R. 5

3	H. Byford 1930	18 T. Feenstra 1938	17 R. Feenstra 1930		16	15
		A. Prefontaine 1930		N. Wayne 1938		
12		7	8		9	10
				J. Knudson 1934	A. Knudson 1936	A. McKinnon 1934
1	C. Byford 1931	6	5		4 K. Knudson 1935	3 N. Kozak 1930 W. Chyz 1933
	A. Benoit 1930	P. Rash 1930	C. Anderson 1934	J. Matson 1932	P. Frohlick 1931	K. Frohlick 1931 R. Frohlick 1937
36	L. Larkin 1930	31 R. Bienvenue 1932	32 A. Matson 1933	J. Matson 1932	33 W. Matson 1932	34 A. Matson 1932 S. Nay 1932
	E. Gelinos 1930	A. Plouffe 1929	P. Lauzon 1930		E. Scott 1935	N. Matson 1932
25		30 J. Dounard 1918	29		28 C. Matson 1938	
			J. Jensen 1929	J. Richardson 1922	R. Scott 1932	P. Choquette 1929
			20 J. Beer 1934		21 C. Scott 1929	W. Scott 1929
					C. Scott 1916	W. Scott 1916 16

Twp 63. R. 6

Twp 63 R. 5

File date of
Presumed
Patented Land.

Unorganized Territory

				J. Jensen 1929			L. Nielson 1919		
31	32		33		34		35		36
30	29		28		27		26		25
					C. Solberg				
			A. Loza 1930		O. Solberg 1929				
19	20		21		22		23		24
			M. Pary 1935		G. Solberg 1931	A. Solberg 1937			
18	17		16		15		14		13
M. Kozak 1930					E. Chirpish 1938	B. Strus 1938			
			Josie Loza 1937						
7	8		9		10		11		12
			J. Wierzbicki 1938						
			J. Kicia 1929			M. Strus 1934			
	5		4		3		2		1
		P. Hochachka 1935	P. Kicia 1933		J. Chubey	P. Pary	E. Galick		
	A. Herman 1932	A. Hochachka 1931	S. Omilion 1930	A. Melnichuk 1930	J. Urbanik 1932	R. Galick 1932	J. Ulanicki 1928		
	38	37	36		34		35		36
T. Ayotte 1931	P. Waskiewicz 1938	V. Domagala 1938	A. Broski 1936	E. Koleba 1930	N. Maruniak 1932	J. Galick 1932	N. Ulanicki 1931		
			Y. Broski 1932	A. Wierzbicki 1929	N. Broski 1930	S. Benro 1934			
29		28		27		26			25
		A. Anderson 1929	J. Domagala 1928	W. Benio 1929	T. Benio 1928				

Willow Trail

File date of
presumed patented
land.

Twp. 64 R. 6

Twp. 63 Rg. 6



Early Willow Trail School.



Romeo Lamothe and Nick Broski.

available, school operated with correspondence under the following supervisors: Mrs. Edna Streets, Miss Therese Rivard and Miss Nancy Pelech.

In the early 1950's and new school was built beside the old one.

I, Mary Broski, resumed teaching there in 1953

and continued to do so till 1955 when the districts became centralized at Iron River.

In the summer of 1955 I saw the new Willow Trail school being transported. As it passed my gate I experienced a strange sense of sadness for this signified the passing of the old rural school era from which many pleasant memories still remain.

My First Teaching Experience

by Anne Poohkay (Shalka)

Willow Trail's First Teacher

Willow Trail School #4675 was first opened on November 20, 1935.

I, the first teacher, Anne C. Shalka, from Shalka, Alberta had just graduated from the Camrose Normal School in May 1935.

There were more teachers than schools in 1935, so when I noticed an advertisement in the Winnipeg Free Press I immediately applied for the school. To my surprise I was accepted.

My brother and I then drove up to La Corey in search of Willow Trail School to sign the agreement. We got as far as Galick's and they informed us that we would have to walk to Alex Herman's place (chairman of the School) Stanley Galick about nine years old then was sent as our guide. We arrived at Her-

man's only to find that Mr. Herman was haying about three miles from home. Now Mrs. Herman became our guide. She could have won in the Olympics, she walked so quickly. We barely could keep up to her fast pace.

I got my agreement signed right there on the hay meadow. I believe the secretary, Nick Broski, was there too. They informed me the school was not even built but would probably be ready after harvest. The men in the district contributed their muscle power and the school was open November 20, 1935.

Mr. Herman, Mr. Broski and myself were there to greet the children. I think there were about forty-five children. Each one arrived with a father and a brand new home made desk. A few were painted and some were not. There were several different styles and colors but they served the purpose. My desk was also home made but solid.

The children ranged from grade one to grade seven and ages from six to about fifteen. There were several groupings in grade one since that was the largest class and ages varied from six to thirteen. Most of these had never attended school before.

We had very little in the way of supplies such as paper and paints for art etc. In those days we had no audio visual equipment, library books or playground equipment. However, we managed very nicely. the



Anne Shalka — first Willow Trail teacher.

children were very well behaved and the parents were behind it all.

I boarded with the Herman family until Christmas. They had a small radio which I occasionally listened to, using ear phones. The reception in those days was poor.

After Christmas I moved to the Broski farm.



First Willow Trail School.

Mary Broski and I shared the house they had first built (by now the Broski's owned a new home).

We had no televisions or radios at this time so for amusement we went to ball games, skated, danced and listened to alot of story telling when neighbors gathered in the evenings. Walking was the best means of transportation. Wagons and sleighs were also used.

The experience I gained there will never be forgotten. I enjoyed it thoroughly and being my first school is was very special.

Bevin School District #4933

The Bevin School opened in September, 1947

and Mrs. Kathleen Batke was one of the first teachers. She taught at Bevin until 1955 when all the one-room school houses were centralized at Iron River.

The families who had children attending school were as follows: Ralph Batke, Bernard Beaudry, William Gizowski, Nick Kozak, Joe Kurek, Pierre Lauzon, Joe Leroux, William McDermott, John Orlesky, Henry Paradis, Karl Ryll, Steve Scott and Nick Ulanicki.

Children of various families also did janitorial work before school started in the morning such as haul wood, chop wood and start a fire in the wood stove.

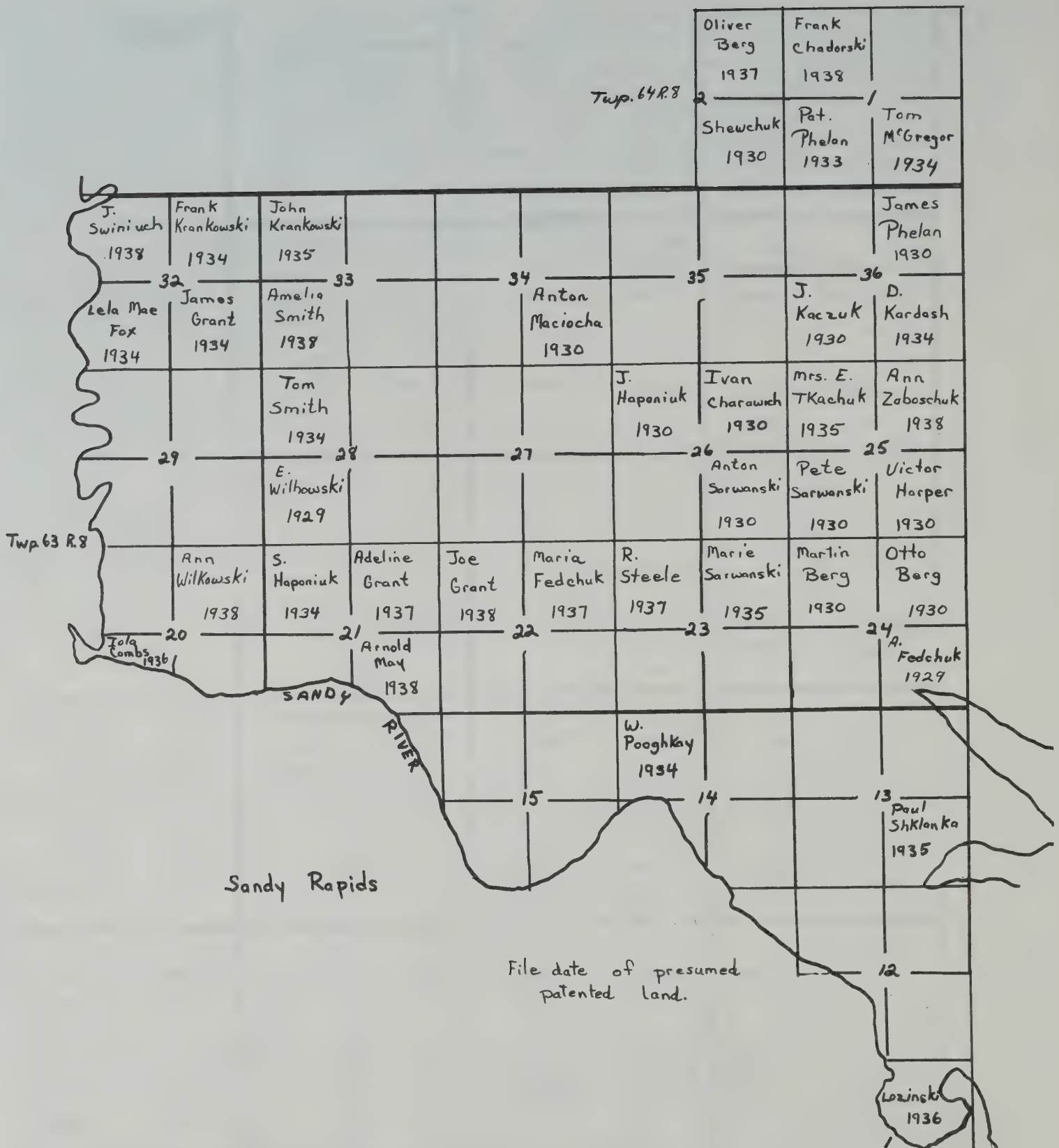
Sand River

Twp 64 R. 8

		R. Dunham 1937			J. Ward 1935	Mrs. J. Ward	
31	32	33	34	35		36	
						Mrs. F. Ward 1937	
30	29	28	27	26		25	
G. Emes 1934							
19	20	21	22	23		24	
N. Emes 1934							
18	17	16	15		M. Martiniuk 1938		
E. Gray 1938				P. Mazar 1938	L. Sarawanski 1938	13	
A. Hairsine 1938	G. Kaby 1937	A. Slipchuk 1938		J. Fedoras 1936			
7	8	9	10	11		12	
	J. Hoponiuk 1938	P. Chodoroski 1938	M. Syasinski 1938	P. Sjoetwk 1936			
		K. Slipchuk 1938	C. Slipchuk 1938	A. Primak 1938	I. Biloszycka 1933		
6	5	4	3	2			

File date of presumed patented land.

				W. Panas 1930	W. Clousen 1930	K. Hunka 1935	Wendel	
6		5		4				
Annie Boychuk 1935	P. Wilkensen 1929	P. Wilkensen 1930	S. Petryshyn 1933	C. Clousen 1933	Bill Lukinuk 1933	Twp. 64 R.7		
R. McGregor 1935	L. Johansen 1934	M. Sneath 1931	E. Mayhew 1928	F. Dertycia 1930	T. Tkachuk 1934			
31		32		33				
E. Kardash 1934	T. McGregor 1938	John Walker 1933	D. Sneath 1928	F. Sashuk 1935	Mrs. Tkachuk 1934	Twp 63 R.7		
						File date of presumed patented land.		
30		29		28				
D. Zaboschuk 1949	I. Boychuk 1933			E. Sabatier 1938				
Mrs. Biloshyski 1937	John Rashniuk 1929	R. Pelech 1938	B. Trosko 1934	Sokorinsky 1929	I. Karas 1929	P. Karas 1932	Mrs. Yaroschuk 1935	
19		20		21		22		
P. Szlanka 1930	A. Antoniuk 1930	B. Karasiuk 1929	P. Galiwoda 1929			Mrs. Galiwoda 1937		
P. Szlanka 1932	M. Dehod 1929	T. Dehod 1928	R. Palmer 1928	H. Smith 1929	A. Dudka 1934	P. Yaroshuk 1929	E. Knapp 1933	
18		17		16		15		
A. Orysiuk 1936	M. Dehod 1932	W. Golka 1930	W. Pelech 1937	H. Pelech 1928		J. Nelson 1929	W. Peters 1929	
N. Lozinski 1929	H. Davidovich 1930	M. Gurin 1930	M. Gurin 1934			J. Davis 1930		
7		8		9				
		J. Koprowski 1934			L. Taylor 1934			



The Phelans in Sandy Rapids by Thomas Phelan

Lest the name Sandy Rapids should pass into obscurity, I take pen in hand and welcome the opportunity of sharing with you a look at one of the earliest pioneer families, also some of the events that took place in that unique little corner of the community once called Sandy Rapids.

The Phelans, James and Mary, had ten children:

Patrick, John, Jim, May, Mike, Peter, Tom, Andrew, Marge and Kathleen. Their first seven children were born in Coagh, County Tyrone, Northern Ireland. It was there, James Phelan, having completed twenty-one years in the British Army, was honorably discharged from the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers after the first great war. Due to the troubled times in Ireland he decided to come to Canada, and so it was on May 8, 1926, the Phelan family sailed out of

Belfast Harbour bound for Canada. They arrived in Quebec City, Quebec on May 22 and proceeded westward by train to Vermilion, Alberta. Their destination was the little Scottish settlement of Clandonald about twelve to fourteen miles north of Vermilion. Here they were soon to celebrate the birth of their seventh son. It seemed appropriate that he should be called Andrew because by hanging on, as it were, he was the first baby to be born in the new St. Andrew Parish named after Father Andrew MacDonelle, who had persuaded the Phelans to come to Clandonald instead of Olds, Alberta. The next two years were eventful ones. On February 3, 1928, Mary Phelan, expecting a baby, got a surprise, when the baby decided to come a week or so early. One of the boys was sent to get a neighbor woman, but by the time they returned, the baby had already been born. This was their second daughter, Margaret.

A few short months later, tragedy struck. It occurred one cold, blizzardily winter night, as James Phelan was walking home from Vermilion. Trying to save time he had cut across an open section, got lost in the storm and spent all night in a straw stack. The result was that his both feet were frozen solid. While in Hospital, the doctors insisted that his feet would have to be removed at the ankle. He refused, got his sons to take him home where he spent six months in bed, with his wife taking care of him. One by one he lost the first joint of each toe, but he did recover and as history will show went on to walk hundreds of miles on those two feet.

Because the payment to the C.P.R. for the land and buildings was exorbitant and the blue gumbo soil was poor for farming, the people were looking around for some place to move. There was homestead land to be had up by Bonnyville, one hundred sixty acres for ten dollars, so in the early spring of 1929, John Phelan, the second son, went north to work on Dave Sneath's farm and take a look. A few months later the entire family and their worldly possessions were loaded onto a truck owned by Jimmy Maughn of Maughn Post Office, and headed for the homestead. The old trail was very bad and the truck broke down a few miles northeast of St. Paul in what was then called Shamrock Valley, so named by the Irish of St. Bride's Settlement west of St. Paul. All the family belongings had to be unloaded and stored in a log shack owned by Percy Hanna. A wagon was hired and the family continued their journey, arriving a few days later at their destination with only the clothes they were wearing. It was later learned that the Indians stole everything from the shack in Shamrock Valley. The Phelan's new home was a moss chinked, log shack that had been thrown together by Mort Kenison, a trapper from across the Sandy River. It

had a sod roof, an earthen floor and no panes in the windows. The shack was strategically situated on a small rise of ground about fifty yards from the creek, and almost completely surrounded by water. The homestead itself was one hundred sixty acres of mosquito-infested swamp and muskeg. It was through this swamp and muskeg that James Phelan would carry the family supplies on his back from Viggo Peterson's Store in Iron River fourteen miles, and/or from Bonnyville thirty miles away. Leaving early in the morning, his trousers over his arm, to be put on later when reaching higher ground, he would return late at night. Spring was the worst time of the year, for then the creek overflowed, flooding the surrounding area. The ice on the water in the early morning and late evening caused a problem for the walker. There was also the danger of accidentally walking into the creek, where the water was fifteen to twenty feet deep. In winter, there was the deep snow and bitter cold to contend with.

Who will forget the time he walked to Bonnyville in over forty below zero temperature returning late Christmas Eve with long icicles hanging from his beard and covered with frost? On his back a gunny sack full of toys for the kids, "So there was a Santa Claus". This was no easy life for an eighty percent disabled war veteran with bad feet into the bargain, but James Phelan never complained — had he not spent almost four years in the trenches during the war, where conditions were inhumane and men were constantly dying from disease or being killed. Here he could raise his family in peace, something that was not possible in his native Ireland, so no obstacle was too great.

These were very anxious days for Mary Phelan too completely cut off from the outside world and expecting another baby. She could only sit with her children gathered around her waiting for her husband's return from his weekly trip to the store at Peterson's or Bonnyville. The times when he was overdue, there was always that awful nagging fear; had he missed his way and maybe walked into the creek, or in the winter time could he have stopped to rest and maybe gotten frozen? During such times the overwhelming silence, broken only by the lamenting cry of a coyote or the hair-raising howl of a timber wolf did nothing to allay her fears, but then he would walk through the door soaking wet or covered in frost, depending on the season, and all was forgotten.

One summer night during an electrical storm the time for his arrival came and he did not. She sat in the dark, waiting hour after hour. Finally, when the dawn came and the storm subsided, a yell from the creek sent everyone running. There he was, unable to find

a place to cross the creek. A pole was quickly thrown over and with the groceries on his head he swam the creek, holding onto the pole.

Their closest neighbor was the Indian, Jim Bangs and his little band at Two Lakes about three miles to the northwest. Jim was a good neighbor and a most interesting visitor when he came to borrow or trade. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, dressed in buckskin with beaded moccasins, the smell from the Kinikinik mixture in his wooden pipe blending with that of the tanned moosehide. Kinikinik is dried leaves from the bearberry bush. It was said he had once been a Plains Indian Chief, who had moved back into the woodlands after the Riel Rebellion. He often spoke of the days on the Prairies when the Indians lived only on Buffalo meat. His wife spoke no English but understood the problems of raising a family in the wilderness and her home remedies were always welcome. She could never understand why the Phelans would not give her one of the kids, they had so many and on one occasion, actually hid one little boy in her tent.

About the middle of November, 1932, James Phelan, making sure there would be no more surprises, put his wife into the St. Louis Hospital in Bonnyville. It was not until December 4 that the baby was born. This was the only one of their children born in a hospital. Ten days later, they started for home. The mother, afraid of the sleigh tipping over on the Beaver Hill, walked up and Father carried the baby, Kathleen.

About this time a giant step was taken for transportation with the purchase of a horse named "Frank" from the Indian Jackknife. This scrubbie little two year old Indian Pony was to become a most trusted and valuable asset. A common sight was Frank and his master both carrying packs walking side by side on the trail home from Bonnyville. Despite the harsh realities of the wilderness there were redeeming factors. From the abundance of birds, water fowl, deer and moose, Pat Phelan, who had a homestead close by and was the game warden, became an expert hunter, keeping the family supplied with meat.

One could hear for miles around, and soon the sounds of axes were heard as the fingers of civilization probed the wilderness. New settlers were moving in proving up their homesteads. One of these was Martin A. Berg and his two sons, Otto and Oliver. It was Mr. Berg who took the initiative, starting a store and post office in 1933 which he named Sandy Rapids after the rapids on the Sandy River. Otto was later to start the first trucking service from Sandy Rapids to Bonnyville. R. M. Standal opened a store in Iron River, the post office was then moved from Peterson's store to its present site, the Iron River

Store. The mail from the Iron River post office arrived at the Sandy Rapids Post Office every Saturday about four P.M. However, the people would gather an hour or so earlier to talk and get caught up on the local happenings. The grocery section of the store was closed during the solemn mail sorting period and Mr. Berg, ruling with an iron hand, tolerated no nonsense. On one such occasion as a group of young people sat around on the floor of his store, Mr. Berg's little terrier took exception to being teased, snapped quickly, catching Parker Rafuse by the nose and refused to let go. Any attempt to get free and the dog would try to shake him like a rat. Finally coming from behind the counter, Mr. Berg called his dog off, then taking a chew of snoose he gave everyone a withering look that meant, "any further discussion of the subject would be done outside the store". Mr. Berg was a community-minded man. It was through persistent correspondence that he and Pat Phelan finally got a school built in about 1934. The school was located on the southeast corner of Otto Berg's quarter. The first schoolboard was: M. A. Berg as Chairman, Otto R. Berg as Trustee, and Patrick J. Phelan as secretary-treasurer. The first teacher was Helen Ewasiuk. The first tax levy to the forty-two rate payers was eight dollars per annum of which one dollar had to be cash. The balance could be worked off building roads. That first dollar was hard to come by because this was "The Dirty Thirties, The Hungry Thirties, The Depression Years". These pioneers arrived with only the bare essentials to survive; an axe, a saw, perhaps a team of horses or maybe a cow. They made do with what they had, necessity being the mother of invention, an alternative was found. Unable to afford wire or nails for fencing, the rail fence became the answer, using double fence posts with the rail in between, tied in place by winding green willows in the figure eight around both rail and post. When the willows dried they were stronger than wire. Sleighs and cutters were hewed from logs by axe. Holes were bored and wooden pegs were used where parts had to be attached. One settler made a complete wheel barrow from logs. He used interlocking blocks for the wheel and pork fat for lubrication — where there was a will, there was a way.

A young man on his way to Iron River by team and wagon, overtook a lady on her way to church and offered her a ride. One of his horses was a runaway, and shortly after the lady got aboard, the team ran away. Being the strongest man in the district did him no good for he dared not pull too hard on the old worn lines for fear they break. The plan was to keep the team on the road and let them run themselves out. However, the church was reached before that happened, so, rising to the occasion in true pioneer

spirit, he picked the lady up and threw her out as they passed the church in full flight. These hard times were well described by Mr. Van Rae, the veterinarian who lived by Jackfish Lake and drove a team of oxen. He made up a song to the tune of Casey Jones and it went like this:

"Now we're here, I think we're going to stay here
The land is good and the water is the best
Lots of wood and fishes in the river and as
Long as we got that, we don't care for the rest.
I have one cow and I have one calf
I have a team of oxen — Don't care if you laugh
I have no wagon nor I have no sleigh, but I'll
Make a toboggan and get along that way."

Willie McGregor and Tom Phelan spent a great deal of time over at "the Jackpine" hunting with slingshots or doing anything that would keep them away from work. One day, Mrs. McGregor informed them that Willie could not go. This was a crushing blow and as the two boys stood dejectedly by Robert's workshop planning their next move, Willie picked up a hammer by the head and drove the handle into the honeycombed end of one of the logs in the workshop. Immediately, they were attacked by a swarm of hornets, bees, or flying ants. Not stopping to identify the species, they flew towards the barn, Willie hollering over his shoulder, "Run Daddy, Bees". The repeated yells from the garden indicated the warning was received too late. Mr. McGregor was later observed coming up the hill from the Phelan's, where Mrs. Phelan had treated his bee stings with clothes bluing. His white hair spotted with blue patches; undoubtedly this was the first dye job in Sandy Rapids.

There were no doctors in the district, the closest being Bonnyville, so one year a nurse came to Sandy Rapids and surrounding schools making a list of the children requiring medical attention for teeth, tonsils, adenoids, etc. Later a travelling clinic was set up in Osborne Lake School. This was an unforgettable experience for those taking part. It was a one-room school, and each patient after his or her operation was carried by stretcher from the school and placed in a row in the school yard where the parents looked after them. With children in various stages of recovery from the anaesthetic, which was ether, all were sick to their stomach, some were crying, all were bleeding and the poor worried parents did not know quite what to do. It resembled a disaster area, credit to the medics however, for although it looked like a slaughter, not one patient was lost. A far cry, however, from today's modern hospital.

1939 brought the war and the Phelan family would never again be the same. Six of the boys volunteered for active service with the Canadian

Army. The three McGregor boys across the road did likewise. Sandy Rapids would change too, as other young men went to war. No matter where one went, there was someone from good old Sandy Rapids. This writer on his way overseas was to meet John McGregor in Calgary, Willie McGregor on the Queen Mary, Dave Lariviere and Willie McGregor in England, John Phelan in North Africa, Mike Phelan in Naples, Parker Rafuse in Salerno, Dave Lariviere in Avellino, Robert McGregor in San Leonardo. Then Oliver Berg and Dave Lariviere in England the day the war was over, just in time to join the world's greatest celebration. The following excerpt is from the poem "Lavender Blue" by T. Phelan describing that celebration:

"The lights went on and we danced til dawn
down the street in a world gone mad
With lipstick and tears, saved up for years
I sye mite this woar ain't auf bad."

The Phelan boys all returned from the war, but only Peter stayed on the farm. He died in Bonnyville in 1953.

Mary and James Phelan sold their farm in 1950 and moved to Ardmore, Alberta. They moved to Edmonton in 1951. James Phelan passed away in 1955. Mary Phelan passed away in 1969. John Phelan passed away in 1971.

Mike Phelan made a career of the army after the war. Now retired in New Brunswick. Jim Phelan now retired from the C.N.R. is living in Edmonton. Pat Phelan, now retired from the Federal Government is living in Edmonton. May Phelan, lives in Edmonton. Andy Phelan is with the R.C.M.P. in Yellowknife. Marge is living in Hay River, Kathleen Phelan living in Edmonton and Tom Phelan with Loomis Armoured Car Service is also living in Edmonton.

Sandy Rapids and Wendel School Districts

April 25, 1933 was the beginning of a new era for the people living in the Sandy Rapids area. On that date, the Minister of Education signed a declaration that made Sandy Rapids an official school district.

Preparations to build a school were started immediately. The first necessity was a school board. Some of the people who contributed greatly to the initial planning of the school as well as serving on the school boards were Patrick Phelan, M. A. Berg, Mrs. M. R. Palmer and Mike Lozinsky. In later years some of the others who served as trustees were Metro Dehod, Walter Guelko, Otto Berg, and Paul Szlanka.

On April 30 of 1934, the school board made arrangements with Otto Berg to build the school on three acres of his land. The school was to be situated on the southeast corner of the NE 24-63-8.W.4th.

The people living in the area were expected to provide the material and labor needed to build the school. The expenses were covered by people in the area, and labor was credited to the taxes of the people involved. However, money was very scarce and Sandy Rapids was fortunate in that they were given a special grant of one hundred and fifty dollars to cover costs of material.

The school was given an initial library grant of fifteen dollars, with this money the compulsory school books were purchased by the school board. Double desks sold for six dollars and fifty cents each, maps for two dollars and fifty cents each, and a hanging globe was seven dollars. The blackboards in the school cost thirty-seven and a half cents per square foot.

Through the determination and hard work of the people in the area, the school was completed and school began in November of 1934. The first teacher, Helen Ewasiuk, taught thirty-seven children ranging from beginners to grade four.

Annie Boychuk contributed much to the school in her role as secretary treasurer, a position she held for some time, beginning in December of 1935.



Sandy Rapids students going to play ball at Osborne Lake.

The teachers who taught in the Sandy Rapids school from 1936 to 1941 were Mr. H. A. Melnyckuk, Mary Romanchuk, William Sawchuk, Mary Shannon, and Helen Ewasiuk. Although, they had the same name, the first teacher and the Helen



New Sandy Rapids School.

Ewasiuk who taught in 1941 were two different people.

Some of the students who attended the school for a number of years were: Jennie Gurin, Mary Wilkinson, Bill Dymytryshn, Nick Karas, Mike Phelan, Peter Phelan, Bill Sashuk, Neda Sashuk, Fred Kuniski, Pete Sarawanski, Mary Gurin, Mary Antoniuk, Helen Antoniuk, Fanny Tkachuk, John Wilkinson, Anthony Wilkinson, Thomas Phelan, Andrew Phelan, John Sarawanski, Annie Palmer,



First Wendel School.

Memories of Sandy Rapids School by Helen Ewasiuk

It was late in November, 1934, that the Sandy Rapids Community had the honor of opening their first school, built of logs and mud. I, Helen Combs (nee Ewasiuk) had the privilege of being the first teacher in their new school.

I say it was a privilege because the cooperation and appreciation of the parents made it a great joy to work in this school. There were about 20 pupils ranging in age from 6 to 17 or 18 years. They were wonderful kids, all very eager to learn. Maps, chalk, blackboards, and a few books were the main supplies. It was a great challenge to the teacher!

The older ones made from two or three grades that year. Believe it or not, in spite of the short time that school had been in operation, we were able to put on a Christmas concert which was a tradition in every rural community in those days. Every family in the community contributed to the concert in some form so the event was a real success.

I returned to school the following September (1935). I shall make a few brief statements about the people of the community. The majority of the families were recent immigrants from Central Europe. There were only three English-speaking families. The Bergs were one of them. Mr. Berg operated the little post office. Pat Phelan was the first secretary-treasurer of this school.

In the summer of 1935 there was a severe killing frost that damaged the grain crops throughout the whole area. Fortunately, the Social Credit party who had won their first election that summer began to offer relief to needy families in many parts of Alberta. That fall, through the aid of the postmaster and myself, the local teacher, most of the families were put on relief.

My salary was supposed to be \$600 per annum. I received only \$90 of that in cash. A portion was given to me on food supplies for which I gave them tax receipts. In this manner a few of the farmers paid at least a portion of their taxes. Times were hard. Often some children walked to school barefooted as late as October. Lunches often consisted of boiled potatoes only.

I resigned in June, 1936.



Helen's gone a'hunting — loaded for bear!

Walter Kardash, Nick Kardash, Vera Dutka, Olga Dutka, Sam Sashuk, Alex Melnychuk, Olga Yaroshuk, Vera Fedchuk, Nellie Gurin, John Galiwoda, Alice Dymytryshn, Mary Orysiuk, Nellie Kuprowski, Nefody Fedchuk, Madge Phelan, Nettie Dutka, Katie Yaroshuk, Walter Biloshyski, Olga Kardash, Peter Fedchuk, Neda Machocha, Mary Sokorinski, Sergy Karasiuk, Bill Galiwoda, Nick Zaboschuk, Mary Biloshyski, John Yarashuk, Sannie Galiwoda, Ruth Mochocha, Walter Tkachuk,

Nick Gurin, Nellie Boychuk, John Karasiuk, Annie Kokorinski, Mary Charawich, Barbara McGregor, Steve Fedchuk, Henry Boychuk, Moses Machocha, James Shannon, Ivy Sokorinski, Annie Sashuk, Fred Sashuk, Zenia Sashuk, Harry Karasiuk, Kathleen Phelan, Annie Gurin, Nick Yarshuk, Mary Sarawanski, Mike Biloshyski, Peter Charawich, Annie Trosko, Annie Franchuk, and Lena Franchuk. These names are taken from the school register, and will probably bring back many memories to their fellow students.

On September 7, of 1939, fifty four small schools including Sandy Rapids were constituted a school division. They were divided into five subdivisions, Sandy Rapids being in subdivision number one.

In the fall of 1944 the Sandy Rapids school had an enrollment of sixty pupils. The teacher could not handle eight grades of sixty pupils. The school was divided in two groups, one half in the morning and half in the afternoon. The community was not very pleased with this method of education for their children. Some children had to walk as far as four miles to school. Mrs. Effie Sabatier went to their secretary Mrs. Ann Boychuk. Mrs. Boychuk did not think the Bonnyville School Division would listen to their concerns. Mrs. Sabatier wrote a letter to the Board of Education, Edmonton, stating the situation in the school. They answered her promptly and suggested she go to the Bonnyville School Board. Mr. Sylvester was the School Superintendent at that time. He was very concerned with their complaint. He had a meeting with the community and told them if they could buy the old school for four hundred dollars and use it for a community hall, the school division would build two new schools for them.

The community went to work to raise the money. They collected ten dollars from each family. This was not near enough money, so they put on many fund raising projects to raise the money (dances, basket socials, and picnics).

The new Sandy Rapids school was built on SE 27-8-4 on the southeast corner of the quarter and the Wendel school on the southeast corner of SE 29-63-7-W.4th in the fall of 1945 with twenty-six children. Bill Shcuhla from Bellis was the first teacher. The following were the teachers in the next nine years. Mr. Peter Sawchuk, Bellis; Miss Mary Antoniuk, Sandy Rapids; Miss Ann Pelech, Vilna; Miss June Buma, Glendon; Mrs. Charlotte Bowers, Ardmore; Miss Ann Chropko, Glendon; Mr. Ken Fraser, Sandy Rapids; Miss Margarie Phipps, Maloy; Mrs. ? Frazer, Edmonton; Miss Freda Drisner, New Brook; Miss ? Desnoyers, Bonnyville.

Many of the teachers took room and board with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Sabatier for twenty-five dollars a

month. The school was centralized to Iron River in 1955. The school house was moved to Iron River school yard and used for a class room for a short time.

The new Sandy Rapids School was located two miles west of the old school. The first teacher was Nick Duchinski, followed by Mr. Howatt, Billy Hanson, Gene Luciak, Mr. Fraser and Steve Darichuk.

As with all small rural schools the days of the Wendel and new Sandy Rapids schools were numbered. In the fall of 1955, the schoolhouses became part of the past. Both the Wendel and the new Sandy Rapids school were sold. However the original Sandy Rapids School still stands, holding within its



Wendell School.



Sandy Rapids School, June, 1940.

walls memories of school days and students long gone. Besides the education many received their memories also remain of the social gatherings that revolved around the school. Despite broken windows and the door that hangs on one hinge, the school stands sturdily bearing witness to the skill and the care taken by the pioneers who built it.

Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Church (Ukrainian)

Moses Kalinski arrived in the Iron River area in March of 1929 to claim his quarter section of land. To get to this land, he walked westward from the Beaver River bridge. Because there were no roads to follow, he walked across country in knee high snow. Walking those three or four miles through the snow was a very difficult task. The quarter section north of his was already occupied by a family called Kachirowski. To the west there were two families living in a crude shelter built that very same year. They were Aksanti Solowoniuk and Joseph Gavronski. Moses Kalinski spent the rest of the winter with the two families. During that time, he built a shelter on his land and helped Mr. Gavronski build his home.

The new land had great promise but the immigrant settlers were filled with loneliness for their homeland and friends. Mr. Kalinski was also lonely for the fellowship of his church. There were no

people to worship with and no church building to worship in. Moses Kalinski believed in the teachings of Christ who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel". He began with his neighbours. His first converts in Iron River were Joseph Gavronski and Aksanti Solowoniuk. Next to be converted, were Adam Shiller and Anton Dubiniuk. This small group reached further and soon there were converts in Sandy Rapids. Some of these were: Procor Yarochnik, Metro Zaboschuk, Anton Samchuk, Mr. Botha, Alex Herman, Stan Omilian and Fred Derlica.

These people had no building to worship in. From 1929 to 1936 they met in homes. As the group got larger they began to think of building a church. A



Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Church.



First congregation.

man by the name of Bill Melnychuk came from Glendon and settled on the quarter section of land where the church is now located. He donated three acres for the church and cemetery.

In March of 1936, eleven of the men, with Moses Kalinski as the main carpenter, went to cut timbers for the church. They chose jack pine along the north west shore of Jack Fish Lake. It was just a short distance from the church site. The logs were cut and squared. Mr. Herman, who had the only pair of horses, hauled the logs to the building site. It took the men only a short time to place the logs into position. The walls came up, the roof, and then the door and windows. That Easter, the young congregation held its first service in the church. There was great rejoicing because now they had a place of worship. That summer the men and women came and plastered the church. In later years, siding was put on and a porch was built. Lastly it was painted.

The church continued to operate until 1957. During its early years the first pastor was Anton Maciocha. When he moved, Moses Kalinski was again its Pastor.

Once again, under the leadership of Moses Kalinski a new church was built in Bonnyville in 1957. The congregation moved to this new church, where it continues until today.

The old church continues to stand on the original site as a monument to our pioneers who pioneered the work. Many of these now rest in the church cemetery. The pines stand guard, and as the wind whispers through the branches one can hear once again the happy voices of these people.



Sandy Rapids Church.



Blessing of the Church, 1960.

Fedchuk, John Haponiuk, John Kicia, Metro Franchuk, Tom Tkachuk and Prokop Galiwoda assisted in the building. They began with three hundred dollars and a donated three and a half thousand feet of lumber. The carpenter, Klym Martiniuk, charged a dollar an hour for the construction and his labor totalled eleven hundred dollars. The members raised money in various ways to meet these commitments and the church was completed, debt free.

Sandy Rapids All Saints Greek Orthodox Church

The need for a church to meet the spiritual side of the Ukrainian Orthodox homestead was realized when the area was settled. The first meeting was called in April of 1935. Present were Prokop Galiwoda, Bill Shymchuk, John Boychuk, Bill Karasuik, Egnae Sokorinski, Alex Kuniski, Petro Sarawanski, Alex Fedchuk, John Hopowich, John Charawich, Eliz Karas, Anton Sarawanski, Bill Fedir, Mike Gurin.

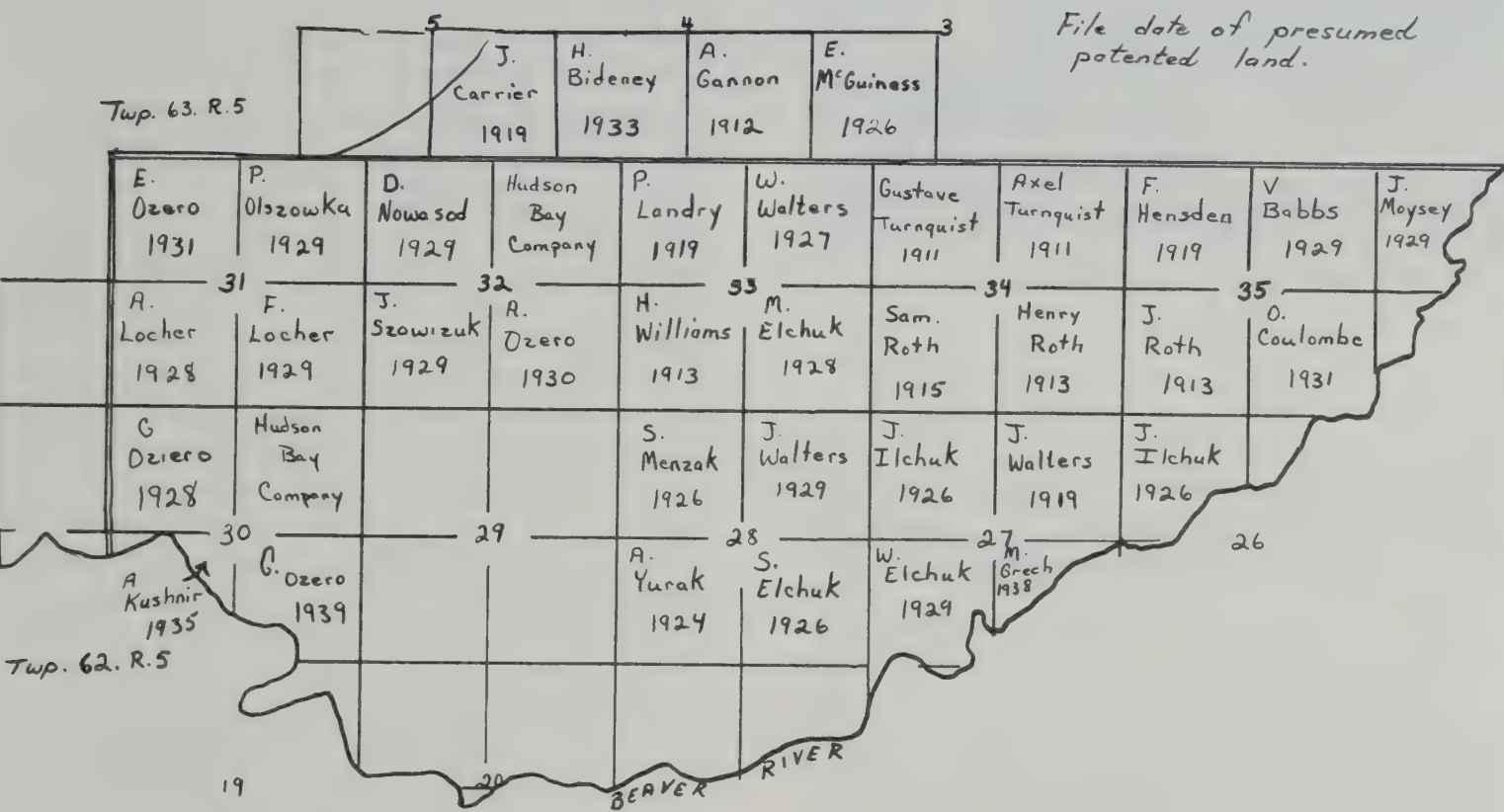
The decision was made to go ahead with the holding of services with priests from Smoky Lake coming to perform the services in the Sandy Rapids School. The church itself was finally built in 1948 with ideas for the design being taken from the churches as the homesteaders knew them in their homeland. Prokop Glaiwoda was the chairman and others, Bill Karasuik, Bill Shymchuk, John Woroby, Bill Tuhaniuk, Harry Franchuk, Mike Gurin, Alex Kuniski, Petro Sarawanski, Anton Sarawanski, Alex

The first priest to serve this parish was the Reverend Senechin. The church holds regular monthly services today with a priest from Bonnyville, Rever-

end Sawchenko, coming to lead. There are still eighteen active members carrying on the traditions of their fathers and forefathers.

Balm Tree

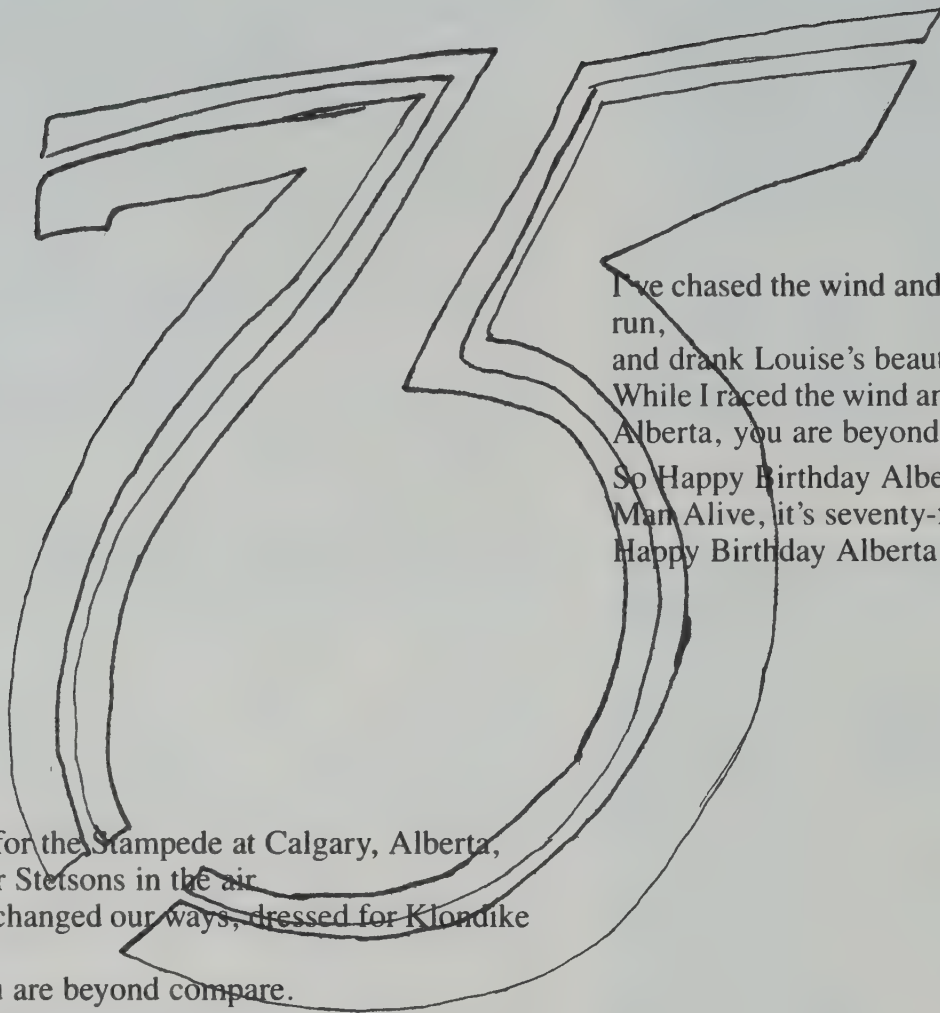
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Alberta

Thomas Phelan

I have walked the green forests of Alberta,
fished the lakes with trophies rare,
frolicked in the sun, had my fill of fun,
Alberta you are beyond compare.



I've chased the wind and sun, on a rugged mountain
run,
and drank Louise's beauty fair
While I raced the wind and sun on Silver Somet Run.
Alberta, you are beyond compare.
So Happy Birthday Alberta
Man Alive, it's seventy-five
Happy Birthday Alberta.

All dressed for the Stampede at Calgary, Alberta,
throwing our Stetsons in the air
Now we've changed our ways, dressed for Klondike
Days.
Alberta, you are beyond compare.

I've danced til the dawn in Alberta,
doing the polka and the square,
I've really had a ball at Iron River Hall,
Sandy Rapids was beyond compare.

So Happy Birthday Alberta,
Man alive, it's Seventy-five,
Happy Birthday, Alberta.



Family Histories

Andrews

Bill Andrews, or Uncle Billy, as he was fondly called by all that knew him, came here and homesteaded in 1911 on the N.W. 20-62-7 on the Beaver River near the mouth of the Sandy River. He was a trapper and a hunter and always had meat for himself and others in need. He also kept a few cattle and chickens.

There was a ford across the river by his place and nearly everybody passing through stopped for a meal or overnight. His door was never locked.

Even the animals were his friends. When he was building his second cabin in 1914 he saw a cow moose and two calves crossing the river. One of the calves got caught in the driftwood pile. He rescued it and fed and cared for it for two years. One day a group of hunters stopped at his place. They were talking about how good they could call moose. Billy said, "I can call one to the door right now". They all laughed as he went to the door and whistled. The moose came running up and put his head in the door. Needless to say, the men were surprised! Soon after some hunters shot his pet.

One day about 1916 he decided to go out and get mail and supplies at Rife about 30 miles away. Rife was a little store south of Moose Lake. He hitched up the team to the wagon and went to ford the river. About two-thirds of the way across the horses dropped into swimming water. The wagon box floated up, pulling up the bolster which uncoupled his wagon. He dropped the lines and the horses walked out with the front part of his wagon. He swam back and got his boat and went to get his wagon box which was floating down the river. He towed the box back. After getting the wagon back together he realized he still had his pipe in his mouth. After this he warned everyone to be sure their wagon box was tied down when they went to cross the river.

He lived there until 1929. Then he moved to Glendon where he died November 6, 1931 at the age of 75 years.



Laying down on the job, Billy Andrews and Mac McDermott.

Anton Anderson

Land of Challenge

by Gloria Balla nee Byford

At the age of twenty Anton and his cousin Gilbert, age twenty-one, came from Norway and landed in the United States. After working for some time (approximately 2 years) in the States they left for the "North Country". Land was advertised as being fertile and cheap. They worked their way to Cutknife, Saskatchewan where Ole Vikkle became their boss. Here they stayed for some time as their home language was spoken and they learned English.

In the fall of 1914, the two adventurers arrived at what is now known as the Iron River area. They filed on the SW 4-63-6-4. A cabin was immediately built and a well dug. That winter, and for the next two, the young men went to work on the railway (Grand Trunkline) across the Prairies to the Thompson Valley. They continued this work, only returning to their cabin to up-keep patent regulations.

On their return in 1919 they found their cabin burned to the ground by a bush fire which had taken its toll on many newly situated farmers. This fire swept the countryside taking with it not only timber and farm buildings, but in many low lying areas the complete top soil was gone and in later years ground fires were still smoldering.

Anton was determined to rebuild but Gilbert was disgusted. He did help rebuild the cabin but returned to work and later to the United States. The two friends separated never to meet again.

Anton continued building a bit more every year. He now stayed year round, trapping in winter and working for neighbors at threshing time and on building of roads. He worked seasonally for many years for the Veggo Peterson's on the farm and around the store delivering supplies. Petersons always had lovely horses and lot of this was to the credit of Anton who cared and groomed them as if they were his own.

Besides the Petersons, neighbors were the Reedy brothers, Tom Price, Bob Chinn, Earl Mailheux, Mrs. Peterson's brothers Anore and Otto Oyen became close friends also. Together they split many a wood pile. During one of these times Anton chopped off his left index finger.

Through the years Anton kept up his hunting ability, keeping others beside himself well supplied with meat. He sold furs to buy clothing.

A few years later the question of schools and churches arose. Anton donated a few acres of land for a cemetery and church. He always said, "One has to have a place to rest." This cemetery is still in use to date. The church was removed in 1947.

Anton never passed up reading all the news of the world. The "Time" magazine was his main every week around the world news with the "Country Guide" and "Free Press Weekly" supplying Canadian news. These papers were read from cover to cover along with a daily verse of the Bible. Anton was a man of few words, did his work steadily, and did not offer too many opinions unless prodded to do so. He said it, "kept him healthier."

He continued farming his quarter of land. Clearing more and more every year by hand. In later years, Ed Byford or Raymond Nelson did some breaking for him.

More neighbors were moving in — Millers, Plamondons, Byfords, Albert Batkes, Gavronskis, Solowoniuks, and many more.

As the years went on Anton and Ed Byford came to be close friends and they farmed their land together. In 1952 Ed bought the land and moved his family there. Anton had a smaller house built for himself in the same yard. They continued farming and improving.

Anton, now in his seventies, was still active and made Ed's children a set of skis and taught them how to use them. They never measured up to his ability even though he was considered "elderly." At the age of seventy eight, he still trapped. I remember him bringing home a lynx one day, gliding on his skis, dragging the lynx behind with his cane. He said he

had to "clunk" it on the head with his cane to get it out of the trap as it was alive. Larry learned many skills in the handling of a gun from these "little jaunts".

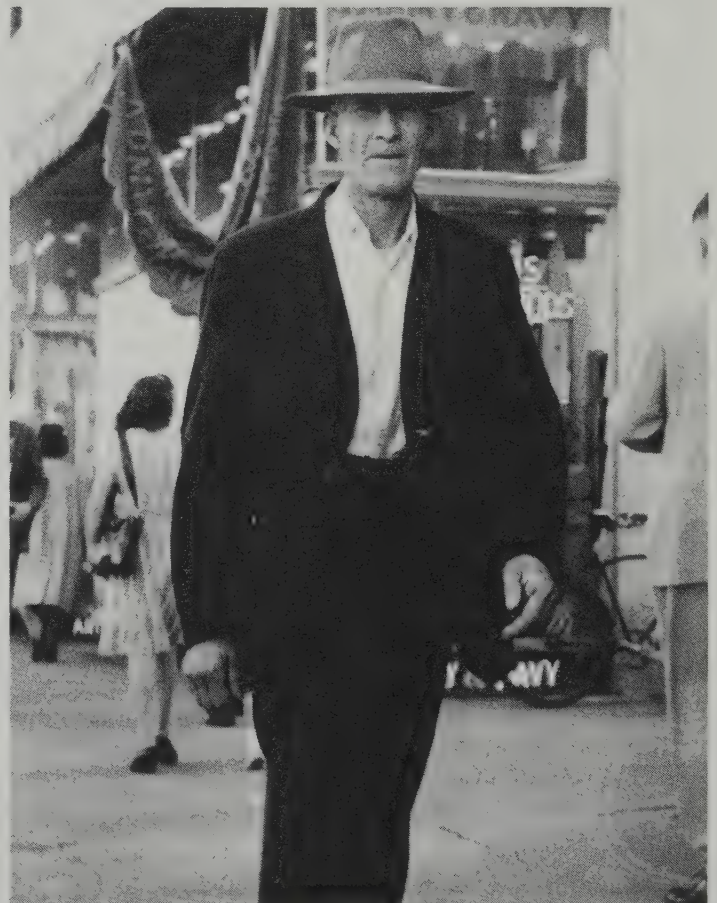
In his later years, when he could not go hunting anymore he would go to the wood pile and chop blocks for hours on end. He never did appreciate the nails Lonny pounded into the odd block while practising his carpentry. Anton blamed himself because he was the one who made Lonny the hammer "to his own size."

Social Studies was a whiz when it came to "world affairs." We would make our daily visit to Anton's shack for information. It was a sad day for Anton when he found his eyesight failing. He had an operation but they never were the same.

The tables now were turned and we found ourselves reading to him. We enjoyed doing it and it seemed like we were paying back a bit as he kept us off the "writing lines list" in school.

Anton continued living with us for thirteen years and was truly part of our family. Sharing with us the good and bad times and advising us many times with his wisdom. He had seen the times change, from pioneer to "indeed quite modern."

Until the time of his passing, August 13, 1968 he continued to amaze us with his thoughtfulness and understanding of mankind.



Anton Anderson.

August Anderson as told to Florence Matthews

It was in the year 1915 that August Anderson of Bashaw first became interested in the north country. An Indian, Mr. Bearskin stayed at the Anderson farm overnight on his way to Calgary. Mr. Bearskin told of the nice country and the lovely lakes. With his interest aroused, August went north to have a look at the country.

Later, in 1916, he loaded the family and household furnishings in wagons and headed north. On the way to Bonnyville he met a man that wanted to sell his farm by Floating Stone Lake, north of Ashmont. The Andersons bought the farm there but only stayed for one year. It was too far for the children to go to school so the Anderson family packed up once more and moved back to Bashaw. They rented a farm, but again, stayed only one year. Then they moved to Hardisty where they lived for two years. There the crops were hit, first by drought and then by frost. There was no feed for cattle so most of them were lost.

Even more hardships came to the Anderson family. Two of the children passed away, first baby, Mabel in 1919, then in the spring of 1920, nine year old, Hjalmer died in the 'flu epidemic' that was sweeping the country.

August decided to try the north once more. He loaded two wagons with a few household furnishings. He also took the hayrack and mower so that hay could be cut for the animals. After the winter there were only ten head of cattle left along with twelve sheep. Twelve and fourteen year old daughters, Alice and Agnes and son, Rudolph came with him to help with the drive.

One seven year old daughter, Helen and three year old nephew, Frank, who was in their care, made the trip with Mrs. Margaret Anderson by train to Vegreville. From there they had to hire a car to St. Paul where they stayed for a week before the mailcar could get through to Bonnyville. They rode with the mailman to Bonnyville where Margaret's parents from Muriel Lake met them.

The Anderson wagons could not go very far each day because the children had to chase the cattle and sheep. One child rode a horse while the other walked.

One day a boy about twelve came to the Anderson camp wanting to go with them north. The boy said he had no parents and after some deliberation he was allowed to ride with them part of that day. August, not convinced that the boy was telling the truth, stopped a car. As it was the police, they took charge of the boy. The Anderson children felt very badly. Alice still wonders what became of the boy.

When the family came to the Saskatchewan River

at Brosseau, they had to cross by ferry. Coming off the ferry the riding horse became frightened and kicked Agnes in the back. There was no doctor available and Agnes certainly could not help with the driving of the cattle and sheep. They camped for a time while Agnes recuperated.

About the same time, Mr. Anderson helped a man to get his wagon to St. Paul by lending him the riding pony to put with his horse. This meant the girls had to walk and chase the cattle. They certainly did not enjoy that, or the man's company as he was drinking moonshine.

Walking and chasing livestock for twenty miles a day was no easy feat. Where there were farmers the sheep went under the fence and the girls would have to go after them. The road conditions did not make matters any better. Nearly all the road was a trail with bush, mudholes and stumps. By Moose Lake, in and out around mudholes and thick trees the flies and mosquitoes were thick and down right annoying! The cattle spooked and ran in every direction. Alice thought as she stood in the trail, that they would never be found again. They had to camp at Moose Lake for a week because a cow had had a calf. After some searching the calf was found. While they were there, August especially enjoyed some fishing as he had been a fisherman in Norway. When it was time to go, August made a box for the calf and tied it on the back of the wagon. Then they were off to Bonnyville again. It felt good to get to Muriel Lake where Mrs. Anderson's parents lived.

August and Rudolph went to look for land to homestead. In Bonnyville they met John Carlson who told him about the land north of the Beaver River. As they neared the river they found the water was very high and part of the bridge had been washed out. Men north of the river had put logs from the bank to the bridge. It was necessary to take one horse across at a time. Then the wagon had to be pushed and pulled across. Rudolph held the pole to steer the wagon while August pushed the wagon over the bumpy logs. As the wagon jerked over one large bump, it threw Rudolph into the river. He hung onto the wagon pole. When August got to him he was hanging on with one hand. What a relief when they were finally across!

Rudolph took a homestead in the Merton area. The Andersons moved into James Byford's one room log house nearby. Mr. Byford was at Ryley where he was farming.

A very busy summer began. August cut logs for a house. It was also necessary to put up some hay for the cattle. Margaret and the girls picked berries to eat and more to can for winter. Unfortunately, sugar and everything else was expensive because the stores had

everything freighted from Vegreville by wagons. It was a difficult time for the Andersons because it was too late in the year for a garden. Mr. Anderson had to build a house and put up hay so he could go south to work. Of course, there was no employment here. To make matters more difficult the family had to vacate the Byford house late that fall. The Byfords came back to put in their time at the homestead which was necessary to get a patent on the land. That very day the Andersons moved into a small shack with no windows. It was cold and the snow blew in the cracks but it was shelter "of sorts" for a week while Andersons and John Carlson built a log shack with sod piled on the outside of the logs. The roof was made with hay and sod.

Anderson's two other sons, Gustave and Sigurd and the oldest daughter, Esther came to be at home so it was crowded with four girls and three young men besides Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The family did not have any cattle to kill for meat so they snared rabbits and were very thankful that the Wikstrom brothers had planted such a large patch of potatoes. For their help in picking the potatoes the Andersons got half of the potato crop. They dug a hole under one of the beds in the shack to keep the potatoes.

That winter two of the horses died and two went south and could not be found. Now there was only one horse left.

August worked for Bellemore Sawmill at the Beaver River for lumber to build a bigger house. In March the house was finished and there was a little more room for the family. When Spring came the older boys went south to work.

Now settled into their home, the Andersons found life a little easier.

During the fall August worked out harvesting to make a grubstake for the winter. During the winters he worked for the sawmill. Margaret spun wool and knit garments for sale to supplement the family income. She also acted as a midwife and took care of quite a few of the babies born in Iron River as well as the Merton area. Some of the expectant mothers came and stayed with the Andersons until the babies were ten days old.

There were no radios or television then but Andersons had a Edson cylinder phonograph. Their place seemed to be a gathering place for many young people who came to listen and dance to the music of the phonograph.

About 1929 Rudolph sold his homestead and they lived in a shack on Ernest Hinecker's quarter. In the early "thirties" the Andersons filed on a second homestead north-east of the present Iron River store.

In the "thirties" Rev. Marshall came to the district and held services. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson went

to church and accepted Christ as their Saviour. They were getting on in years now. August passed away in 1952 and Margaret in 1959.

Gustave, never married, passed away in 1970. **Rudolph**, never married, passed away in 1953. **Sigurd**, married Angela Cardinal. **Esther**, married Ernest Hinecker. (See Hinecker history) **Agnes**, married Charles Branstrom, passed away in 1952. (See Branstrom Story) **Alice**, married Alvin Tollefson. (See Alvin Tollefson history) **Helen**, married Olaf Peterson. (See Peterson Story) **Alvin**, married Nellie Scales. They had six children. He passed away in 1963.



August and Margaret Anderson.

A Friend to Many — Gustave Anderson by Helen Peterson

Gustave Anderson, a bachelor filed on a quarter of land one mile south of Merton School in 1927. Gustave built a small house and lived quite comfortably there for about five years.

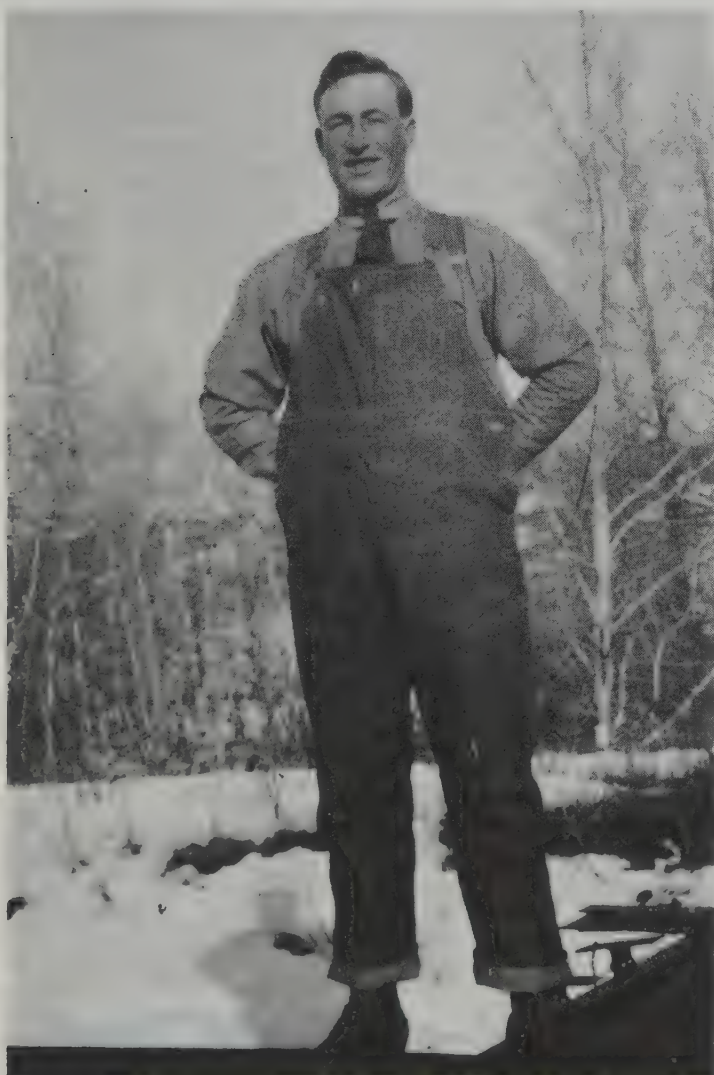
His family lived nearby until 1931 when they moved to the Osborne Lake district. When his sister, Agnes and brother-in-law, Charlie Branstrom sold their land they stayed with Gustave until they got a

house built on their second homestead northeast of Iron River Store.

Gustave did not have any means of transportation other than walking. With his folks and sister living so far away he decided to sell his homestead to Slipchuks. He went to stay with the Branstroms, helping them on their new place. When Agnes passed away, Charlie sold his place again and moved to Edmonton. Unfortunately, about the same time, Gustave lost his father. He went to stay with his mother who was alone now too.

The lived together there and were good company for one another until his mother had a stroke and was hospitalized. After his mothers's passing, Gustave went to Cold Lake where he stayed with his sister, Esther. His health was failing and he spent some time in the hospital. After his discharge from the hospital, Gustave went to stay with his sister and brother-in-law, Olaf and Helen Peterson.

In March, 1970, Gustave passed away leaving many friends. He liked children and had babysat for many relatives. He had spent his life helping others and being a companion to many a lonely person never wishing to be alone himself.



Gustave Anderson.

Armitage James and Pearl

by Hazel Hanson (nee Armitage)

In the month of April, 1918, Jim and Pearl Armitage started out on their first trek north from Mannville, Alberta, to homestead in the Iron River district.

They loaded their meager possessions onto two wagons, and with Jim's brother, Tom along to drive the second wagon, started their journey. One wagon contained the household items, small tools, Jim's trusty rifle and shells, the cook stove and food box; also the cook, our mom. Meals on wheels is really not a new thing at all.

The second wagon was loaded with larger tools, a crate of small pigs and a crate of hens that did their thing and kept the folks supplied with fresh eggs for the entire journey. The saddle horse and the cows and calves all had to walk. The first part of the journey passed quite peacefully, but slowly.

They had to cross the North Saskatchewan River with water on top of very poor ice. The ferry could not run until the ice had gone out and there was not a bridge at that time.

On about the seventh day, as they were getting quite close to Bonnyville, it was getting late in the day and growing dark but they decided to keep going to get in to Bonnyville to spend the night.

Uncle Tom tied his team to the back of Dad's wagon and was riding along with them when suddenly their wagon slid over the edge of the grade, upsetting on top of them. When they untangled themselves from the contents, the only casualty was Uncle Tom, with a dislocated shoulder. They managed to get things picked up and reorganized, and carried on into Bonnyville, now in the dead of night. They proceeded to get the doctor out of bed to attend to Tom's shoulder. The Doctor had him undress in a room that was so cold, he nearly froze. He had to wait there nearly an hour before the Doctor came in "with a big glass of whiskey in his hand". Uncle Tom thought that whiskey would surely help ease the pain, but the doctor drank it down and then went to work to fix his shoulder.

They managed to get a room somewhere to spend the night. They were just nicely settled down to sleep, when they were startled awake by an awful commotion outside, and they could hear gunfire. They dashed outside to see what was happening to discover their wagon on fire and Dad's supply of ammunition was exploding in the flames. Some very brave men managed to pull the front wheel section of the wagon away and save it from burning. The next day, Dad built some sort of box on that section of the wagon and they continued on their way with a two wheeled cart. They lost all their household possessions in that fire.

When they arrived at the homestead, S.W. 13-63-7, the first thing they had to do was build a house. There was a marvelous supply of timber there, so as was the custom then, all the neighbor men pitched in to help cut logs and build a cozy house. They lived in that house until the fall of 1925.

They made a journey back to Mannville the next spring for the birth of their first child, Kathleen who was born in May of 1919. Life carried on at the homestead with farming, trapping, and Mom's famous gardening. The next offspring to arrive was a son, Albert who was born in Bonnyville hospital in February, 1921. Next on the scene was another daughter, Pauline who was also born in Bonnyville hospital in October, 1923.

The Armitages gave up their homestead in the fall of 1925 and moved back to Mannville, where Dad took over his parents' farm and also worked as a carpenter. Two more children were born there, a son, Clarence and a daughter, Hazel (me) in May, 1926 and August, 1928.

The folks never lost their desire to go north and homestead. They eventually did go to the Cherry Grove district in 1932 where they farmed until all the family were grown up and gone. They sold the farm and retired, moving out to Nanaimo, British Columbia in 1964, where they lived until Mom passed away in April, 1971 and Dad passed away in January, 1980.



Jim and Pearl Armitage at home in 1918.

Fred Balko Story

by Pearl Marchildon (nee Balko)

I came to southern Alberta from the Ukraine. About 1920 Nellie Halliday and I were married and settled down to farming in that area.

Friends there decided to move to Bonnyville and being young and adventurous, we decided to come as well to take up a homestead at Tucker Lake. It was about thirty miles from Bonnyville and ten miles from Lessard, the closest store and post office.

Starting out was difficult in the dense bushland. We built a log shack and made fences for the cattle. We managed to break some land with horses and then there were a lot of rocks and roots to pick. The friends that began homesteading with us did not stay. They all moved, looking for something better.

During those years we were very poor. We picked blueberries to be able to buy clothes and whatever groceries were necessary. We kept cows and pigs which provided us with milk, butter, cream and some meat. There was always fish in the lake to catch.

We had a family of eight: John, Mike, Donald, Helen, Mary, Pearl, Annie, and Lilly. Education for our children was a problem as we lived so far from schools. They went to Duclos Boarding School thirty miles away from home, a two day trip with horses and wagon.

When the children were old enough they left home to work out, sending money home whenever they could. Life on the homestead continued to be difficult. I had to try to find work to supplement the little income the small crop brought. It was almost impossible to get a threshing crew to come so far to do our small crop.

In winter we cut and sawed logs to make a little money. People came to our area in the winter for logs and lumber. That was our opportunity for a little company as they would come over for coffee occasionally.



The Fred Balko Family.

We moved from the homestead after seventeen years, leaving only fifty acres broken. Now there is no one living there and the bush is all grown up again. Those seventeen years are just a memory.

Balla, Andrew and Doris **written by Doris Balla**

My parents, Michael and Graphina (nee Dvernychuk) Gregoraschuk, had eight children born to them at Kahwin, Alberta. Of the eight in our family only five of us lived to adulthood. Father moved our family from Kahwin to Whitford and finally to Sunland, Alberta. It was here that I met Andrew Balla, the son of Wasyl and Pauline Balla. We were married on November 23, 1935 and moved to Garth the following year in October, to the homesteads which Andrew, Mike, and their Dad had filed on a few years earlier. Their brother, Harry was already living here.

Waiting until harvest was over, Andrew started to make a truck out of his old Buick car with which we were to move our belongings. When it was ready we did not waste any time. Andrew and Mike packed the little truck twice in one week and moved the things we were taking to our new home, sweet home.

Before this move, Andrew had spent two weeks during the summer getting our house on the homestead ready for us. He had put the floor in and had gotten some neighbours to help plaster the house.

Early in the morning on October twenty-third we packed the rest of our items and took off down the road. We did not even have a license on our truck. Travelling was pretty good if it had not been for our two little children; Joseph aged two years, and four month old Mildred. One needed a bottle and a change and the other was hungry. We decided to stop for a hurried snack and soon were on our way again when we were forced to stop to fix a tire. While Andrew was pumping this tire the police stopped to inquire if anything was wrong. He told them he was just fixing a flat so they went on their way. It was a great relief to us to see them go without asking to see our license.

When we arrived at Glendon we bought some of the things we needed; a tub, some pots, a few groceries, and some glass with which to make window panes for our new home. By the time we were finished shopping, Andrew only had fifteen dollars left.

Once again we were on our way. It was getting dark already and the headlights only gave off a poor light. There was a new road close to the creek and it was quite soft. We slid off the road with the truck and could not go any further. Starting off for the homestead on foot we each carried a child and some of things that we thought we would need right away. We made it as far as Fred Yadlowsky's home where they

invited us in and Fred offered to go with Andrew for our truck. I bathed the children and put them to sleep. Later on Mrs. Yadlowsky provided us with a meal and invited us to spend the rest of the night with them, which we did.

The next morning, Fred and Andrew went to install our windows while I stayed behind. Late in the afternoon Fred and Andrew returned, having finished their task as well as making a heater for the house. This was made from a small oil drum and set up on a stand so the floor would not catch fire. Now we could pack up and move to our own home. I was excited to get going as I had not seen our house yet. When we arrived we hurried to put our things away where we could and quickly got a bed of hay ready in one corner as it would soon be dark. We did not have much coal oil for our lamp and could not find the candle we had brought along. All four of us slept on our bed made from hay and covered with a comforter. At dawn the first morning I woke up and could not help but notice the frost coming through the cracks in the ceiling and walls. I stoked up the fire and made a breakfast of black coffee, cottage cheese and bread. After breakfast Andrew went to his brother, Harry's place to get some potatoes and some milk for the baby.

The first while we were on the homestead Clara, Harry's wife baked our bread for us because we did not have an oven. This was a great inconvenience, taking things back and forth. We decided to construct our oven outside the window facing west. This way I could do things in the house and still keep an eye on the oven so that nothing would get my bread out of there. We built the oven in one day with the help of Andrew's brother, Mike. We took dirt from our cellar since the ground was already frozen outside. This way we increased the size of our cellar and got an oven made. Andrew was busy that winter cutting wood for this oven as well as for the house. I baked bread once a week and found it very difficult not to have a stove in the house. Andrew brought in an old stove tht he had used in a small house that had been built before ours. You could cook on this stove but the oven was full of holes and useless for baking.

The little house was used for a blacksmith shop later on. Andrew was a blacksmith, carpenter and mechanic by nature. He used to tell how they had dances or card games in this little house nearly every weekend when they first came to the homestead. It was easy to keep clean even if it was a rough floor. They just swept the dirt into the cellar and closed the lid.

One summer when Andrew and Mike were using this little house they had to move out because it rained so much that it soaked right through the sod roof.

They had to live out under a binder canvas until the rain let up.

They left a stump from a willow tree right by the little house and it certainly was a handy stool. The table was made from hand slit boards and we used it for all kinds of things. I even used it to stand on when I white-washed the ceiling in the house. To white-wash we had to buy some lime and put it in warm water. you would have to stir it all the while, then put in some bluing and some nice clean sand. When it was the right consistency you would spread it over the area you wished to white-wash. We used to paint our fence with this as well but instead of water we would use milk and boiled rice water.

After a short while of our being on the homestead we were able to buy a bred heifer from Harry. She calved in June and we no longer needed to buy milk for the children. At this time Harry moved further away from us and we let him keep the heifer because she did not want to stay without the rest of the herd. They kept her until she calved and Andrew worked out a system with which I could get her home. He made me a horn from an old cornet that sounded like a calf bawling when I blew it. The calf was kept closed in a barn which we built to house the four horses we intended to buy. When I wanted her home I would go out and blow my horn. If she did not come right away I might have to walk a ways out and call again as it was all open range and she could be most anywhere grazing. In later years, when we had other cattle, they would follow her as soon as she responded to my call.

Our first year on the homestead was very difficult. We had a lot to do and very little money. To top everything, Andrew injured his eye while fixing a plow shear. A piece of steel broke off and flew into his eye. Mr. Panas came with his little old car to take Andrew to the hospital. This was July, 1937 and times were difficult. There was no license on the car and no money to purchase one, but they went as far as Bonnyville to see Dr. Sabourin. He checked Andrew's eye, covered it and told them to get to Edmonton without delay. Mr. Panas explained the situation of no license and no money. The doctor advised them to see the police and explain everything to them. This they did and the police provided them with a paper giving permission to travel without a license and to fill the car with gas as was needed to complete the trip. Andrew was left at the University Hospital and here I was at home alone with two small children and one silver dollar that Andrew had given me for my birthday. I was not too worried about how I would manage since one could make money by sewing for others or by picking blueberries and other fruit to sell, but the condition of my husband's eye was a

worry. I took my children berry picking and picked enough to can for ourselves as well as to sell and buy the groceries we needed and twine for the harvest that was approaching. Nick Panas came and helped me to harvest my grain. I was kept so busy tht six weeks had gone by very quickly and Andrew was ready to come home. He had no money to return with but the doctor, who had taken care of him, sent him to the Administration office, where he was provided with a ticket. They told him at first that this was not possible on the same day but when he pointed out to them that he had no place to go and no money either the matter was taken care of and he went to catch his train. By the time the train arrived in Bonnyville, it was getting dark and there was no one in town to catch a ride home with. Mike Lukinuk was on the train also and he did not have a way to get home either so the two of them decided to walk. They got as far as Jack Lukinuk's and Mike was not feeling well so he stopped in there while Andrew continued on. This was not easy after being hospitalized for six weeks. When he arrived home at five in the morning he was exhausted. Upon removal of his shoes and socks he discovered that his little toenails had come off. Hurriedly, I prepared some salt water for Andrew to soak his feet in, then I sent him off to bed. He was not even asleep when a neighbour, who had found out that Andrew was back, came to get something fixed in the shop. I told him this would have to wait until another day. This did not make him too happy but he had no choice. Andrew was able to work little by little but gradually he was losing the sight in the injured eye until finally all sight was gone. The sight in the other eye was good enough to allow him to do all types of fine work.

I used to sew a great deal as well as spin, knit, and crochet. This was in addition to all the outdoor chores of milking, feeding the pigs and chickens. I sewed everything from under clothing to outer clothing. I would charge the neighbours thirty-five cents if they wished to have a lady's dress made and twenty-five cents for a child's garment. For suits and coats I charged a dollar. I even made a type of moccasin for children out of the back of men's mitts. By sewing I made more money than some men were able to, since most of them had to work for fifty cents a day.

In January of 1937, we received some pleasant news, Mike, Andrew's brother was making plans to marry Stella Twerdohlib. Andrew, Mike and Nick Twerdohlib built a granary to house the cook stoves for the wedding that was to take place in February. In those days no one sent out invitations. People were invited by word of mouth. The neighbour ladies came to help with the cooking.



Andrew Balla family — Greta, Joseph, Andrew, Henry, Mildred, Doris, Carol, Andre and Peter.

After the wedding Mike and Stella stayed with us until the end of March, then they returned to Sunland to help with the spring work there. Andrew was quite busy also trying to gather some machinery for spring work, besides that he was collecting all kinds of pieces of iron and whatever he needed to make his own shingle mill. Andrew was the sawyer, Bill and Pete Twerdohlib, trimmers and Andrew's father would put the shingles in bunches. Other men would help on occasion. We boarded all the men so that did not leave me out of work and besides I had to get ready for a new baby. Greta was born on April 19, 1939 with the help of Mrs. Clem Martiniuk who acted as a midwife for many of the ladies. Two weeks after the birth of Greta, Andrew's parents came to live with us. Our house was getting crowded so we decided to build another house for Andrew's parents.

On January 8, 1942, I had another son, Andre, born in the St. Louis Hospital. As the years went on we were blessed with even more children; Henry,

born on December 24, 1945, Carol, born on September 19, 1948. Peter, born April 15, 1954. Our five older children attended the school at Forest Stream and the two younger ones started at Iron River. Out of our seven children, four took up the teaching profession, one became a carpenter and one a truck driver.

Our eldest son Joseph farmed until 1975. He sold his farm to Preston Rash and lives in Bonnyville doing carpentry work. Mildred taught school locally, then married John Kolody in 1958. They moved to Kamloops, British Columbia where they both teach. They have three children; Brian, Brenda and Dale. Greta, also a teacher married Victor Ringuette in 1960. They live in Bonnyville where Victor operates B and R Transport. They have four children; Roxanne, who is attending the University of Alberta, Dena, Lorne and Norman, all still at home. Andre married Gloria Ouellet in 1965. They have three children; Daniel, Marc and Noella. Andre taught school for a number of years and today is in real

estate. Henry worked in the lumber camps in British Columbia and was killed by a falling tree in 1967. Carol, also a teacher, married Louis Frechette in 1969. They live in Bonnyville with their son, Henry. Peter is still single and is busy moving oil rigs in his job as a truck driver.

Andrew and I still live on our homestead pursuing our individual hobbies and enjoying our offspring.

Harry and Clara Balla

by Clara Balla as told to Gloria Balla

We married in February 1928 in Wostok, Alberta.

We farmed in the Whitford and Onoway districts for the next few years, but found with loss of crop and renter going back on his word we were not getting ahead. By this time our first born, Thomas arrived, and with all these previous encounters we only had in our possession; two horses, a cow, a bed and a home made table. Harry had to work away from home and I cared for our children. We now had two sons, Thomas and Andrew.

In the meantime we heard of cheap land in the Bonnyville area. In November 1930 Harry journeyed to the area and filed on a homestead in the Garth area NE 22-64-7-W.4th. Harry's father and brother Andrew did likewise on SE 22-and NW 23-64-7-4 within the next month. During this month Harry with the help of his father and brother began to build their own log shack fourteen by sixteen feet. All but the roof was finished before his trek back to the family.

In January 1931, Pauline was born and in July of this same year, Harry and Clara began their long move with their family to homestead. Besides very little provisions, they carefully packed windows bought with money Clara inherited from her grandmother. On arrival they stayed at Wasyl Twerdochlib's farm. In the next two weeks the unfinished log shack was tended to. A roof was put on made of poles, sod and covered with long hay. The rest of the cabin was plastered and the precious windows put carefully in place. There was no floor though.

A much needed well was hand dug and the family was now moved in. Fifty pounds of flour, potatoes, tea, coffee and milk was bought. We felt like kings.

That fall Harry returned to the Andrew area for threshing. The weather was so bad he had to return to the family as food had to be brought home. The nearest neighbour was Netters. Here we got our milk for our children. On one occasion when Harry was gone and the family was out of bread Clara walked to the nearest store which was thirteen miles away for yeast, but was refused them as she did not have the full ten cents and charging was not granted. Clara

returned empty handed and depressed but did not give up. Potatoe soup and bannock was the menu.

Approximately one acre of land was cleared for garden. The bush was so thick we could hardly pile the trees in the little clearing for burning. Things grew well and we had garden produce to fall back on. Land was continually brushed and the ploughing done by two horses. Five acres was broke and after eighty three loads of rocks we seeded it. During this time of breaking Harry had the misfortune of a tree falling and splitting one side of his head open. Clara stopped the blood with flour and the next day Nick Panas took him to Bonnyville where he had to stay for nine days. This accident left a speech impediment.

In the fall of 1932 we gathered our garden and returned to the Andrew area for threshing. This time Clara went with Harry and on October 7 their fourth child, Mike arrived. Clara and the little family started back, without Harry's aid. First from Andrew to Smoky Lake by wagon and from there to Glendon by train. In the meantime Harry was supposed to meet his family in Glendon with the extra team he was taking to the homestead. It had snowed and delayed Harry. Clara arrived in Glendon with no Harry to be found. Looking around and feeling very lost, Clara seen a most welcomed face. The man I saw was a "miracle man". It was Bill Ewasiuk, a man from our home area. Seeing Clara in her dilemma he rescued them and took them to his place, fed and sheltered them. The snow was quite deep and Harry did not arrive until the next day. They drove almost all night to their homestead. The snow was now as high as the axles on the wagon. It was some time before the house was warm for the children to be comfortable in bed.

Approximately in 1934 a man by the name of Vital Jackknife one day came with two milk cows for us to keep while he was going away. This was God sent. Now along with the two pigs and few chickens we had brought from the south we felt we had accomplished much, even though the rain still came in through the roof and we had to put the children under the table for protection. We, ourselves had to stand in the corner.

In 1936 Harry applied for a second homestead NE 34-63-7-4. In March of 1937, Rudolph arrived. Another log cabin was built much bigger in size though. That summer a big fire went through and left much damage.

The post master was Ernest Hinecker and the area was called Willow Trail. The school was called Osborne Lake.

Harry loved training horses and often he and Tony Squire brought home wild horses off the range

and tamed them, either for harness or riding.

In 1940 our sixth was born, Victor. They now had bedrooms and a kitchen built onto the present one room cabin. Clara applied in this year for her homestead — SE34. Brushing on this homestead was completely done by Harry, Clara and the older children. Land brushing was also done for other people for extra monies. The government was paying a person who owned a tractor \$5.00 an acre to break land. The first tractor to break land for Harry was owned by Fred Yadowsky. We later bought a binder. Hay was cut with a scythe and stacked.

In the years following — 1942 Benny was born, Lawrence in 1945, and 1947 Orest. In this same year Harry took a job of hauling mail from Garth to La Corey once a week. The snow was so deep that many a time Harry did not return home that same day. The policy was rain or shine, freeze or thaw the mail must go through.

In 1948 Howard was born, and things remained pretty much the same. Then in 1951 and mail route was changed to three times a week, and pay now was from \$60.00 per month to \$80.00 per month. Harry had invested in a tractor and at times it was used instead of the horses or the truck, especially in muddy roads. Times were much better now.

In 1953, David the eleventh was born. They finally gave up on hoping for another girl.

In 1958 tragedy struck and fire burnt their house. Very little was saved and they had no insurance. It was a great loss.

Once again a new house was built. This time a bedroom bungalow. Logs were sawed at Fersovitch's sawmill. Neighbours and friends got together along with Mr. Nowasad supervising and did much of the building.

In 1966, Clara started working for the Duclos Hospital. Harry continued hauling mail, now for five days a week to Bonnyville. In 1968 they sold their farm to their son Rudolph and retired to Bonnyville where they still reside and lead active lives. Clara is still a part time worker at the hospital and Harry is still hauling freight and mail from Bonnyville to Iron River daily.

The family is all married now and Harry and Clara look back over the harder years and say "all this was well worth it." Thomas lives in Stettler and has two children, Andrew in Whitehorse and has four, Pauline (Mrs. John Panas) now lives in Greece and has six children, Mike in Carstairs has five, Victor in Inuvik has two. While Lawrence residing in Red Deere has two, Orest in Edmonton has four, Howard in Edmonton has three and David in Edmonton has two. There are thirty-two grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Fifty two married years

have past and Harry and Clara are proud of their "happy big family."



Harry Balla family. Back: Benny, Lawrence, Mike, Orest, David, Howard, Victor, Rudolph and Andrew. Seated: Thomas, Harry, Clara and Pauline.

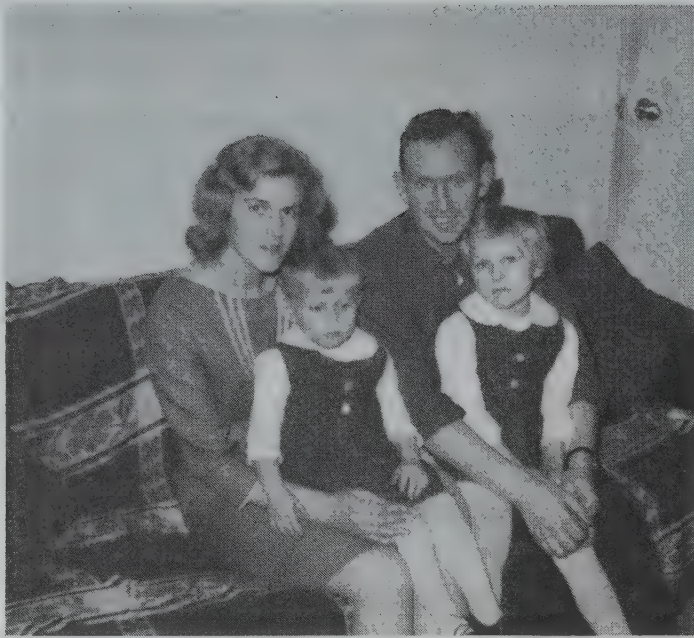
Balla, Rudolph and Gloria

Rudolph, the fifth child of Harry and Clara Balla had his schooling at Forest Stream and Osborne Lake schools. Out of the eleven children he is the only one that farms.

As soon as Rudolph was old enough he began helping out on the farm. Besides just chores, he hauled fire wood in fall and winter as far as fourteen miles away. Rudolph and his cousin, Joseph also did this for different schools for extra spending money. This was done for the last time in 1955-56 for the centralized Iron River School.



Sleigh bells ring out — Rudolph Balla's team.



Rudolph and Gloria Balla with their daughters, Maxine and Myra.

In 1961 Rudolph and Gloria (daughter of Edward and Kaye Byford) married.

Gloria's schooling began at Churchvelt school with Mrs. Good and Mr. H. W. Taylor as teachers. With the family move she completed grade eight at Merton and finally at the centralized Iron River School.

Rudolph and Gloria first started farming the E½ 3-64-7-4 and in 1968 they took over Rudolph's parents homestead and have turned it into a cow-calf operation and mixed grain farming. They then added SW 2-64-7-4. The love of the land has always been Rudolph's dream besides his harness horses.

Rudolph and Gloria have two daughters, Maxine and Myra who have both attended the Iron River School and Bonnyville Centralized High School. They are also active in 4-H Clubs and recreation clubs. The family supports community sports and activities.

This family thinks back and thanks the pioneer families for bringing us their wisdom, patience, cultural aspects and opening up this part of "Alberta for us."

Batke, Henry and Lena

Henry and Lena Batke came to Canada from North Dakota. Henry worked on the railroad as a section foreman. They moved often in the States following his work, living in North Dakota and South Dakota.

In 1912, Henry and Lena came to Canada with their family. They moved from Camrose to LaCorey with eight of their eleven children. The three oldest boys stayed to work and came later. It took them two

weeks to come by democrat, a two seated buggy and a wagon bringing all their belongings including an organ, horses, cows, pigs, and chickens. Here Henry took a homestead on a piece of land in the Merton area, two miles south of the Merton School. Henry hauled freight from Vegreville and St. Paul to Bonnyville. There was no railroad into Bonnyville so freight was hauled by horses and wagons.

Henry had a threshing machine with which he did custom work, threshing for the neighbors. He had a saw that he used to saw firewood for the neighbors. He also chopped grain for feed.

With such a large family a large garden and potato patch was a necessity. The sisters said they remembered that Dad had had his picture taken in the potato patch in August, 1927, and the potato vines were beautiful and green. The next morning the vines were all black and limp, as a heavy frost had ruined them.

Lena used to board some teachers to make a bit of money. Children who lived a long way from school would stay at the Batke house during the week so they could go to school, returning home only on weekends.

The girls remembered that their house burned to the ground in January, 1927. The family were away from home at the time attending a hard time dance. The neighbors took up a collection for them. Only three chairs were saved as they were at the school-house.

In reminiscing the Batke girls said that about every Saturday night there would be a dance or a sing. The ladies brought lunch. In the early days there was very little drinking. Mom played the organ (the one they brought from Camrose), Dad played the mouth organ, Ed Wyatt played the banjo, Ed Brandt



Old Batke house on homestead — Uncle Lou Batke, Ole Wikstrom, Lena Batke, Henry Batke, Lucy Batke, Uncle Charlie (Henry's twin), Aunt Emma. Front: Rena, Florence, George, Agnes, Ralph, Ed and Fred.

played the accordion, and Ernie and Fred Hinecker played violins. The dances were held in their house, their granary or a neighbor's house. There was time to have fun and to visit.



Five Batke Brothers — George, Ed, John, Albert, Ralph.



Mildred and Margaret Batke.

Lena and Henry had thirteen children: Lawrence, Gertrude, Albert, Johnny, Lucy, Edward, Ralph, Rena, Agnes, Florence, George, Mildred and Margaret. The youngest children went to Merton School. Agnes said the first school she remembered going to was at Ben Young's house. Then her father loaned a granary for two years as a school. After Merton



Neighbors — George Batke, Pete Oudin, Mrs. Vego Peterson, Albert Batke, Mrs. Lena Batke, Henry Batke, Agnes, Vego Peterson, Rena Batke, Florence Batke, Margaret and Mildred.



Batke Girls — Agnes holding Emma, Albert's daughter Gertrude, Florence, Mildred, Margaret.

School was built, the children attended there. The twins, Mildred and Margaret, were born in 1918. They were the first white twins born north of the Beaver River.

Lena Batke died in 1926 and Henry died in 1935. They are buried in Bonnyville Cemetery.

Lawrence Batke

Lawrence Batke married Irene Plamondon on December 21, 1927. They had two children, Henry and Alice.

Henry married Erna Ryll and had three children, Twila (Mrs. Ed Campeau), Lawrence and Randy.

Alice married Stanley Chachula (see Chachula history). Lawrence Batke died in 1936.

Voice of the Farm



PIONEER'S DAY

THIS is a true story of an incident that shows up some of the sterling qualities of the pioneer spirit of the old homesteader. My partner and I homesteaded north of the Beaver River in Northern Alberta in 1913. My partner was a Norwegian. I am an Englishman. We were both bachelors. About one mile north of us was a German family, named Batke. One morning at two o'clock, Mr. Batke came to our cabin and asked us to go for a doctor. He said his wife was going to have a baby. Ole and I said we would go.

It was 12 miles to the nearest doctor, and as we had no means of transportation we had to walk. So Ole and I made a bee line straight through heavy bush country. As it had snowed quite heavily the day before, we were going through the bush in single file. Ole would break trail for a quarter of a mile and then I would go ahead and break trail for a like distance. Ole was on the lead when he ran into a deer snare hanging on to a deadfall, he tripped the trigger, and the snare flew up, the wire catching Ole under the chin and tearing the flesh off his lower jaw, and throwing him head over heels backward. Swearing like a trooper he let me bind a handkerchief around his jaw. Then we went on to the hospital.

The Mother Superior took our message and notified the doctor. Then asked us to come in and have a cup of coffee. We accepted thankfully.

Now we knew the doctor had a fast horse and cutter he used on the main trail when going to patients, and we thought we would get a ride back. But the doctor went while we were drinking coffee, so we just had to walk back the 12 miles.

We followed our old trail back, and amused ourselves pulling snare wire off the trees. Considering the amount of wire we pulled down, you would think it would be cheaper to buy a deer.

We got back home all right, and Batke thanked us for going for the doctor, and told us that his wife had given birth to twin girls, and the mother and twins were doing well. This happened over 40 years ago. The twins are married and have beautiful homes and children of their own. But I still like to remember the day they were born.

—EDWARD WYATT,
Westlock, Alta.

Gertrude Batke

Gertrude was the oldest Batke girl. She married Jock Stevenson on February 28, 1922, and had three children, John, Raymond, and Anne.

John married Anna Chouinard and had four children; Gertrude, John Jr., Patrick, and Betty Anne. Gertrude is married to Edgar Gooler.

Raymond married Stella Chouinard and they had eight children: Agnes, Sandy, Edward, Claudine, Bruce, Ivy, Joyce, and Della.

Anne married Dave Bowers. They live at Ardmore and have four children: Joey, Jeff, Kevin and Carrie. Joey married George Normand and has one daughter, Bobb-Lee.

Gertrude died in 1973.

Albert Batke

Albert Batke married Elsie Deardoff on November 15, 1924. They had three children: Emma, Carl and Harvey.

Emma's husband is Conrad Tollefson and they live near Lessard. They have three daughters,

Charlotte, Sharon and Cheryl. Sharon and Cheryl are twins.

Carl and Marion Batke have no children and live at High Prairie.

Harvey's wife is Kathy Hall. Their three children are Shawn, Derek, and Tanya. They live at Morinville.

Albert died in 1970.

John Batke

John Batke married Hazel Isley in February, 1923. Their two children are Bud (John) and Dorothy.

Bud and his wife, Nan, live in Lloydminster and have four children.

Dorothy married Wally Westman and lives in Vermilion.

John died in April, 1955.

Lucy Batke

Lucy married Kenneth Frazer in August, 1927, and lives in Bonnyville. They had no children.

Edward Batke

Edward married Verna Smith December, 1952. Edward died in May, 1976, and Verna lives in Edmonton.

Ralph Batke

Ralph Batke married Kathleen Randall on April 1, 1936, and had four children: Vernon, Doreen, Joe, and Kathy.

Vernon lives near Lessard, is married to Lil Lever and has two children, Lynda and Douglas.

Doreen married Wally Zavaduk and they live in Edmonton. They have two sons, Loren and Trevor.

Joe is not married and lives in Creston, British Columbia.

Kathy married Reg Ducharme and has one daughter, Celeste. They live near Muriel Lake.

Ralph died on June 11, 1977, and Kathleen died July 15, 1977. See complete story elsewhere.

Rena Batke

Rena married Fred Magee in October, 1927. They have seven children: Viola, Clifford, LeRoy, Wilbert, Velma, Melvin and Marlene.

Viola married Jack Terrill and they live at Wyndell, British Columbia. Bill, Dusky, and Roxy are their children.

Clifford married Louise Brenda. They live at Camrose and their children are Ronald and Lynette.

LeRoy is married to Doreen Haynes and lives at Cranbrook, British Columbia. Their five children are Cindy, LeRoy (BoBo), Keith, Terry and Mary Anne.

Wilbert married Nita Guthrie and lives at Prince

George, British Columbia. Their children are Athena, Cheryl, Geraldine, and Wayne.

Velma married Chuck McDonald and have four children: Collin, Valerie, Lisa, and John. They live at Alex, Alberta.

Melvin married Karen MacArthur and they live at Canal Flat, British Columbia. Colleen and Blaine are their children.

Marlene is married to Steve McGougon. They live at Irricana, Alberta, and have three children: Clayton, Derrick and Kyle.

Agnes Batke

Agnes married Louis Schegel on December 18, 1932. They are retired and live in Bonnyville. Their three children are Louis, George and Marie.

Lewis married Ruth Rowley from Ontario and they live in Lloydminster. They have one son, Matthew.

George married Helen Truzic. They have two children, Theresa and Cindy, and live in Calgary.

Marie married Metro Shepert and they live in Bonnyville. Their son, Tim, is married to Thelma Poole and their daughter is married to Bill Prybysh. (See Louis Schegel story.)

Florence Batke

Florence married Armand Laramee on November 20, 1933. They live in Bonnyville and have five children: Madeline, Joe, John, Florence and Bernice.

Madeline married Bill Kozoil and lives at Fort Kent. They have four children: Linda, Edward, Michael and Andy.

Joe and Florence Laramee live at Peace River.

John passed away February 6, 1980.

Florence lives at Rochester, Alberta, and is married to Dale Berg. Warren, Karen, Kevin and Wanda are their children.

Bernice married Tom Richardson. They live in Edmonton and have Rickie and Randy.

Complete story elsewhere.

George Batke

George Batke married Dorothy Deardoff on April 22, 1943, and they live in Vernon, British Columbia. Their daughter, **Violet**, is married and lives in Prince George, British Columbia. **Mona**, their other daughter, is married and lives at Blue Sky, Alberta.

Mildred Batke

Mildred Batke is married to Buster Hebert and they live in Bonnyville. They were married on June 17, 1936 and their children, Bernice, Freddy and Garnet, are married.

Bernice married Marvin Berg and have two children, Brian and Cheryl.

Freddy married Shirley Luszc and they have two boys, Darryl and Kevin.

Garnet married Claudette Mageau and they have one son, Garth.

Margaret Batke

Margaret married Pete Procinsky January 25, 1936. They have five children: Mildred, Edward, Marie, Marjorie and Larry.

Mildred married Walter Solowoniuk and lives on a farm in Iron River. They have six children: Donny, Debra, Barbara, Sheila, Leanne and Michelle. Debra is married to J. C. Girard and they have one son, Dustin. Barbara married Steve Berkley and lives in Houston, Texas.

Edward married Shirley Sabatier. They have three children: Louella, Connie and Sherrie, and they live at Fort McMurray.

Marie married Ed Sielski and lives in Edmonton. They have two children: Stacey and Murray.

Marjorie married Malcolm McFayden and lives in Bonnyville. They have two children, Kimberley and Derrick. Malcolm is foreman for Department of Highways.

Larry is married to Yvette Gamache and lives in Bonnyville. They have two children, Desmond and Christan.

Margaret died on December 26, 1968, and Pete died in October, 1975.

Ralph Batke Story

Ralph Batke came to the LaCorey area in 1916 with his parents, Henry and Lena Batke. He left the area to work at Hughendon and then moved on to British Columbia for a couple of years. Ralph then moved back and worked for his Uncle George at Camrose for a couple of years. Around 1934, Ralph homesteaded in LaCorey on SE 27-63-5-4. On April 1, 1936, he married Kathleen Randall and moved back to Camrose where he worked again for his uncle for six months. Kathleen was teaching school at Merton when Ralph and she got married. In the fall of 1936, they moved back to the homestead. Vernon was born in March of 1937. In November, 1939, Doreen was born. In 1941, Kathleen returned to teaching at Harold Lake where she taught for four years. In December, 1942, Joe was born. Ralph was farming his homestead during these years and he started working for Albert Limoges, storekeeper and machinery dealer at LaCorey, around 1945. Ralph had sold his homestead and bought the quarter, NW 15-63-5-4 and built a new house before working for Albert Limoges. He hauled machinery from Castor

to LaCorey. In 1947, Kathleen started teaching at Bevin School until 1955.

In 1948, Ralph bought a Ford tractor and sawed firewood every winter for neighbors around the country. In December, 1950, a son, Loren, was born but passed away at a few days old. He is buried in the Lessard Cemetery. In 1951, Ralph operated the threshing machine for his brother-in-law, Pete Proconsky for two falls. Kathleen started teaching in Iron River School after the centralization. She taught in Iron River until she retired. Kathleen was also one of the first leaders for the Iron River 4-H Clothing Club.

Kathy was born in December, 1955. Vernon left school in 1951 to farm with his dad and they farmed together until 1970 at which time Ralph sold the farm to Vern. Ralph and Kathleen lived on the farm until they passed away. Ralph died June 11, 1977, and Kathleen died on July 15, 1977.

Vern still lives on the farm and is married to Lil Lever who had two children, Lynda and Douglas.

Doreen is married to Walter Zavaduk and lives in Edmonton. They have two boys, Loren and Trevor. Joe is not married and lives in Creston, British Columbia. Kathy is married to Reg Ducharme and they have one daughter, Celeste. They live in Bonnyville.

Albert Batke Story

Albert and Elsie Batke came to the Iron River district in November, 1924. They were married in Camrose and came to Iron River where Albert had his homestead on the quarter, 33-62-6. He had filed on this quarter two years before and had broke a few acres on it. There were no buildings on this quarter and Charlie Michel owned the adjoining quarter to the west which had a house and a barn on it. Charlie was a bachelor who had some land broke and had been renting his farm land to a neighbor. Albert rented the place from him and he and Elsie moved there. They continued to rent his farm for several years until Charlie Michel decided to sell his land and go back to the States where his folks lived. Albert and Elsie bought his farm and lived there until 1957 when they built a new house on the east quarter. They lived in that home until 1970 when Albert passed away from a heart attack.

Albert and Elsie had a family of three children. Emma married Conrad Tollefson of Lessard. Carl



Ralph and Kathleen Batke and their children, Vernon, Doreen, Joe and Kathy.

ORIGINAL
CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION
OF RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS

No. 174872

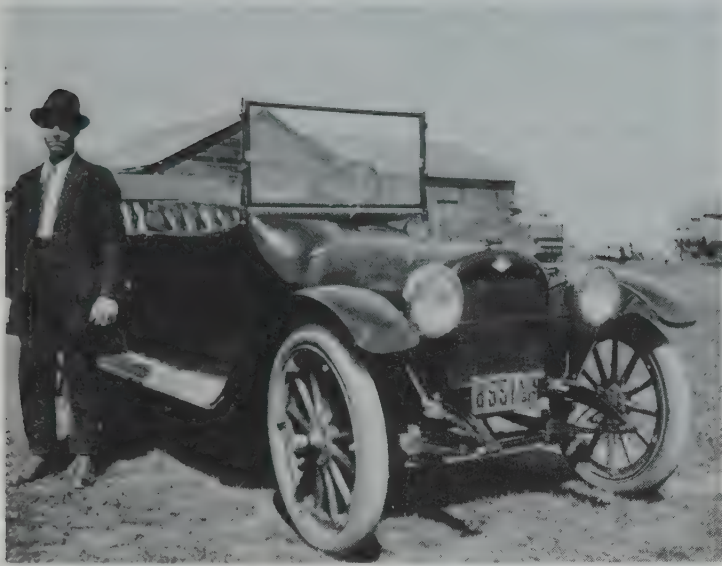
Owner. Ralph BATKE Brit. Subj. YES
Address. LACORDY, Alta
Occupation Farmer Racial Origin German
Used for Domestic Use. Date August 30, 1940

Type	Name	Model	Cal. or Ga.	Action	Serial No.
R	Savage	1009	250.3000 L		213851

Sig. of App. Ralph Batke Certified Registered by W.E. Ryerson Name
of RCMP BONNYVILLE Address



Albert Batke Family — Elsie, Albert, Emma and Carl.



Albert Batke, 1917.

married Marian Olson. **Harvey** married Kathy Hall of Hughendon.

Albert Batke's farm is now sold to George Dubilowsky and Elsie has moved into one of the units in Villa Ouimet in Bonnyville.

Vernon Batke Story

Vernon Batke is the oldest son of Ralph and Kathleen Batke. He was born in Bonnyville on March 23, 1937, and has lived in the LaCorey area all of his life. Vern attended school at Harold Lake, Jolly, Bevin and LaCorey. At the age of fifteen, Vern quit school so he could help his father, who was not well at the time, do the farm work. During the winter Vern worked at local lumber camps for a couple of years and then worked hauling lumber at Whitecourt for nine winters. Vern then worked a couple of winters for Bonnyville Trucking. He farmed all of the summers. In 1970 Vern purchased the farm from his dad and continued to farm since. In 1977 he married Lillian Lever, who originally hailed from Paradise Valley, Alberta. Lil was living with her two children, Lynda and Douglas, in Bonnyville at the time she married Vern. Lynda and Douglas are now attending school in Iron River.

Vern has been active in several community functions. He is the chairman for the Bonnyville Feeder's Association and the Municipal District Recreation Board. He has served as a chairman and director for the Lessard Community Hall and as a director for the Willow Trail Hall board. He has been involved in the Bonnyville Curling Club as member and on the executive. Vern is also on the Provincial Board for Feeder Associations of Alberta.

Lil is the secretary-treasurer for the Bonnyville Feeder's Association and has been for the past five

years. She has been an active member of the Bonnyville Curling Club and she has played ball for the Iron River Rockets for two years. Lil has also been secretary for the Willow Trail Hall.

The Chris Behrens Family

by Lois Vogel (Behrens)

Chris and Fanny Behrens came from North Dakota, United States, in 1902. Chris was a young man of thirty-two and Fanny, a young wife and mother of twenty-seven. The young pioneer couple had one child, a daughter Annie, aged eight. They settled in a small home on a farm near Bawlf, Alberta, and lived there for seventeen years. It was here, in 1903 that Fanny gave birth to another daughter, Frances. Although, they had good farming land and had established a good home, they again wished to pioneer a homestead, and upon hearing of the open range land available in the areas further north, uprooted their family and travelled north to a homestead three miles northwest of Fort Kent, Alberta, reaching their destination on Christmas Day, in 1919.

The family lived here for ten years and during this time, Fanny and Chris had a son, Fred, born on August 9th, 1921. However, due to the loss of most of their cattle during one extremely long and cold winter, they were unable to make the payments on their land, and lost nearly everything they had acquired.

Again they were on the move. This time to a farm two and three quarter miles northwest of Lessard. Here they settled in a small house and this is where they were to make their home until shortly before their death. They lived in the Lessard Community for twenty-one years. Fanny assisted in the birth of many of the local people in the Lessard area, as doctors in those times were few and far between. Many local residents can tell of the times Chris and Fanny set off on horseback during any type of weather because some soon to be new mother needed the services of a midwife. Both of their girls had grown and moved away from home by this time, and Chris and Fanny spent the next few years raising their son and building up their farm from a simple homestead into a fairly prosperous family farm.

In 1942, their son Fred, returned from the Army, bringing with him a wife, Mabel. At this time they took over the majority of the farming duties from their parents. However, Fanny still kept their many milk cows, and also had the task of teaching her new town raised daughter-in-law the ways of farm living.

The family lived together for nearly seven years in a large farmhouse. Chris and Fanny became grandparents, again, only this time they had to live with the grandchildren. They soon became accustomed, however, to two little children running around under



Chris and Fanny Behrens.



The Behrens Family.

their feet and became doting grandparents. Chris and Fanny had quite a number of grandchildren, and although Fred and Mabel were later to raise five children, they only lived to know two of them.

In the year of 1951, they moved into Bonnyville and were to begin their retirement. Unfortunately, it was to be extremely short. On the 20th day of March, 1952, Chris Behrens passed away at the age of eighty-two. One short month later, Fanny followed her husband, and died at the age of seventy-seven, on the 19th of April, 1952. They were both buried in the Lessard Cemetery.

Although the only child raised in the Lessard Community was their son, Chris and Fanny had four children. Their daughter, Alice, died at the age of three years in Alexander, Minnesota. Their oldest daughter, Annie, (Mrs. Annie Olsen) lived in Vancouver, British Columbia and died at the age of eighty-five on the 8th of May, 1979. Their second daughter, Frances, (Mrs. Glen Gardener) lives in

Lethbridge, Alberta with her husband and is now seventy-six years old.

There are very few of the family members still residing in the Lessard area, however, the farm that Chris and Fanny began so many years ago, and the community they pioneered in, will always be home to most of us.

As I Started My Life In Canada At Willow Trail District

Fred Benio and Family

by Annette Twerdohlib (Benio)

My Dad left July 12, 1928 for Canada. When he arrived, August 4, 1928 he went to work for a farmer, for fifty cents a day plus room and board. When farm work was completed in the fall, he set out to find his brother, Wasyl in the Bonnyville district, where Wasyl already had a homestead. They decided that my Dad should buy the next quarter that was vacant near Wasyl's. They began to batch together during the winter. Come spring Dad went back to work to make some money to pay the taxes and buy some cattle. He sent all his earnings to Wasyl, and later it was to be split half and half, but it did not turn out that way.

Wasyl took a wife by the name of Solomona, and Dad decided it was time to bring us to Canada. We arrived here December the fourth, to live with Wasyl and Solomona until spring. That was in 1936. Something went wrong, however, and we ended out in six feet of snow and sixty-five below zero on April the first. We stayed amongst the spruce trees until morning. We kept the fire going all night and made a shelter from spruce branches. In the morning we all walked to Mr. and Mrs. Broski's place. She gave us warm food and sent us to school. When the neighbors heard of this, they all gathered in the cold with hammers, nails, saws and even old pieces of lumber which was all brought on their backs. By night we had a little shack to sleep in. The ladies gave us some of their clothes to wear. We had gunny sack blankets to sleep on and cover up with. Someone brought us an old heater to use until spring, the kind you could cook on. They also brought us some food until Dad could make some arrangements to provide for us by himself. Tea, we had enough because we did not have to buy it. We made our own tea from raspberry bushes that grew along the fence, as many people did then. Dad made the bed from wood and we used straw for a mattress. All was coming along well. Come spring we started to build a house. While Dad and Mom worked on the house, my sister and I cut brush by hand with an axe to make land. We cut down trees and Dad and Mom cut the big ones. The big

ones were cut by tying a long rope to a tree as close to the top of a tree as possible. Someone helped pull on the rope while the tree roots were cut in the opposite direction.

Did someone say vacation? Never heard of it. What it is? School was out and more work to be done. It was time to make hay, cut grain and dig a well, all done by hand. The well was dug with a spade and pick. The grain and hay were cut with a sickle and scythe and tied with some grain. There was no twine and even if you did find it some where you had no money to buy it. So you say vacation? That was our vacation and recreation all in one. We had all the recreation that was needed here, sixteen hours a day of it. What more could you ask for when there was still more work waiting for you? I remember we were all invited to a christening party, the first of the kind, at a neighbors. It was a beautiful July Sunday, but the father was sad. He began to explain that he had put a batch, which was to be ready for cooking on Friday, under the old straw pile. But the pigs got loose during the night, and yup you guessed it, they headed straight for the wrong straw pile. "And so I have no drink and the pigs are still asleep come three days now;" he said. Anyway, someone saved the day, went home and brought enough drinks for everyone to enjoy the party.

Then my Dad bought a beautiful pair of red horses, the best there were around. Dad and Nick Broski decided to try them out and drove to LaCorey to pick up the mail. All went fine, the horses were very strong and it was hard to hold them back. Anyway, while they were gone, Mr. VanRae's came to our place to have dinner. He had two oxen and a cart instead of horses. When Dad and Nick turned into the yard, Prince and Kennes (the horses) took one look at the cart and oxens. Dad and Nick did not know what hit them. The horses took off over the fence with the wagon, into the field of wheat that I had just finished stooking, some thirty-six acres of it. You guessed it, they did not miss one row until it all was flat again and no wagon was left. That is when we found out why we got such a nice team so cheap. NO OXEN, allowed here! We learned the hard way.

The teachers did not have it easy either. They taught school in one small room, all grades from one to ten. They put on beautiful Christmas Concerts which everyone attended. These were free of charge. Mostly there was standing room only. All the parents come to see what their children learned during the year. You had better do a good job or after the concert was over and you got home your seat was heated up to the point where you would have to stand at the breakfast table if it was not to their liking. Hope you

could sit by the time you got to school, and your friends did not find out about it.

Now all was going well. Two farmers and others bought two old binders. They teamed up with one horse each to make four horses to pull the binder, so the harvest was done much easier now. Also, Mr. Panas moved into this area and brought with him a steam engine and an old threshing machine. That is where I met John Twerdohlib. He was one of the crew men hauling bundles to the machine. We met during threshing time in October and we got married January 21, 1945.

My sister, Frances got married January 12, 1952 and made her home in Edmonton. Mike and Frances have three children: one son, James and twin girls, Chris and Jane. All the children are now married and have their own homes.

As for John and me, we moved to Grand Centre, Alberta where I have made our home since 1952. My mom died April 25, 1959. In May, Dad sold out and came to live with us until he was old enough to get his old age pension. Then he moved to St. Paul, where he lives with his second wife, Mary.

Now we are all growing old, in a nice warm house watching the young generation having a much easier time of it. Some of them do not even appreciate the country we helped to build, and the life which is much easier for them. Sometimes it is hard to understand why.

Benio

Wasył Benio, his brother Fred, and Fred's daughters Annette and Fanny emigrated from Poland to Canada in 1927. They came directly to the Bonnyville area. Wasył filed on a quarter in the Willow Trail area where his son Peter now lives. Fred homesteaded on a quarter by Sandy Lake.

Steve Omilion, Anton Sarawanski, and Alex Melnychuk came to Canada about the same time as Wasył. Steve and Alex filed on land near Wasył.

Steve had a sister, Solomona, and on May 21 1931, she and Wasył were married by Father La-Pointe. They lived on Wasył's homestead until 1967 when they moved to Bonnyville. After her marriage, Solomona, filed on and secured title to a quarter near Sandy Lake.

Some of Wasył and Solomona's near neighbors in the homestead days were Anton Wiersbicki, Joe Domogala, John Krywiak, John Luchkanych, Nick Broski, and Nick Maruniak.

Wasył's brother Fred lived in the area for a number of years and then moved to St. Paul. Fred homesteaded a quarter near Sandy Lake where Stanley Chachula now lives.

Wasył's niece Annette, married John Twerdohlib

and they live in Grand Centre. (see Fred Benio History).

Annette's sister Fanny lives in Edmonton.

Wasyl remembers the first year of homesteading as very hard. He and his brother came to their homestead and built a shelter of branches for the night. In the tree above their shelter they saw a little animal and Fred shot it. Thinking it was a bear cub and afraid the mother may come and be angry, they moved on to the next quarter and built another shelter. The "bear cub" turned out to be a porcupine.

He recalls one incident when in return for some help, a farmer gave Wasyl a pail of cottage cheese and some bacon. When this was gone, he lived the rest of the year on rabbits and fish. However, Wasyl got tired of cooking rabbits and fish so he said he married Solomona so that she could cook rabbits and fish.

Their first house was about twelve feet by eight and was partly underground. The walls were dirt with a dirt roof. Their bed was made of planks on two saw horses and covered with straw. Here they lived until they could build a log house.

Their well was dug by hand. It was eight feet in diameter and eighty feet deep. Cribbing was made of rocks and a rock dropped on Wasyl's back while he was placing them in the well. As a result, he spent two weeks in the Bonnyville hospital and has had a weak back since.

After the first year, the Benio family no longer had to eat only rabbits and fish. They planted a garden and had plenty of potatoes and other vegetables. They got some pigs and chickens and bought a milk cow from Steve Scott. The cow was wild, broke the corral and got away. Steve came on horseback, found the cow and brought her back. The cow was tied inside the barn and she shook the whole barn in attempts to get away. She eventually became tame and was a good cow for years. Solomona speaks fondly of the cow, saying she was a peculiar blue cow, their blue cow.

Wasyl recalls one wind storm so violent, it uprooted and left dead trees. Dead birds were all over the ground after the storm was over.

When he and Solomona wanted to be married, Wasyl recalls he had no money for the dollar registration fee and the dollar for Father LaPointe's fee. Some years later, he saw Father LaPointe in Bonnyville and paid him the two dollars. By this time they had three children. Solomona had to borrow a dress and shoes to be married in, and Wasyl wore the clothes he brought from Poland.

Solomona remembers that before she was married her father needed some boards to build a door. She and her brother Steve walked to a sawmill near the Beaver River to get these boards and carried them

home. This was about twenty miles, round trip. The mosquitoes and flies were so thick they could hardly breathe.

Michael, Wasyl's brother, stayed in Poland when Wasyl and Fred came to Canada. Michael married and moved to Germany. He and his family lived in Germany for a number of years. In 1934, Michael, his wife Fanny, and their only son Michael, Jr. came to Canada. Michael worked on farms and bought a quarter of land. Michael, Jr. went to Willow Trail School. Mr and Mrs. Michael Benio are now retired in Bonnyville. Their son, Michael, Jr. continues to operate the farm near LaCorey.

By hard work and perseverance the Benio family made it. Their family is grown and Wasyl and Solomona are retired and live in Bonnyville.

Wasyl and Solomona have eight surviving children. A little girl died soon after birth.

Their oldest son is John. At legal age, he filed on a quarter of land west of Wasyl's place. Here, he lived and raised his family. He is married to Muriel Parker from Buck Lake. They have six children, Yvonne, twins, Lloyd and John, Jacob, Mary Jane, and Fred. John farms his original homestead quarter but also spent some time working in the Arctic on oil rigs.

Anne lives in Ontario and is married to John Fliss. They have four children, Nancy, who is married and lives in the United States, Peter, Michael, and Mary Ann.

Michael, the second son is married to Ruth Anderson and they live in Gibbons. Their children are Darrell, Darlene, Robert, and Darcie.

Mary, now a widow, was married to Aaron Fehr and she lives in Bonnyville. Her children are, Debbie, married to Brent Doda and they live in Lloydminster. David is married to Monique Bureau and they live in Edmonton. At home are Robert, Karen, Trent, and Aaron.

Agnes was married to Leon Kurek. (note Kurek history) Her children are Sharon, Dale, Tina, and Rocky. Sharon is working as a surveyor after attending college in Edmonton. Dale attends the Bonnyville Centralized High School and Rocky and Tina attend the Iron River School.

Nancy is married to Nick Ozero and they live in the Balm Tree area. Nick is part-owner and operator of Balm Tree Electric in Bonnyville. Their children are Conrad, Carolyn, and Richard.

William (Bill) is not married. He works in the Arctic where he has been a foreman for several years.

Peter, the youngest son, married Mona Lucas from Grand Centre. They have three daughters, Petrina, Cindy, and Rogera. Peter farms his dad's homestead. Petrina and Cindy attend Iron River School.

Mike and Mabel Boychuk

Mike and Mabel Boychuk first came to the Ardmore district from Shandro, Alberta in 1932. While searching for their own place they lived and worked, for one year, for Annie and Sam Hutzkal (Mike's sister and brother-in-law) who were already settled in the Ardmore area. In 1933, the Boychuk's were able to rent some land, in the Ardmore district. This land consisted of a small house and ten cultivated acres (very rocky). In order to work the land, machinery was needed, therefore Mike and Mabel returned to Shandro, Alberta to purchase an older threshing machine, a second hand tractor, a team of horses and a wagon. Also Mabel's mother gave them two cows, one hundred pounds of flour and one hundred pounds of potatoes. Mike drove the tractor pulling the threshing machine and Mabel came with the team of horses, leading the cows behind the wagon. They journeyed for five days before reaching their home in Ardmore.

While renting land in Ardmore the Boychuk's searched for two years before they found their homestead at Lessard, Alberta. Mr. Iverson of Lessard informed Mike of Mr. Russell's half section of land that was for sale since Mr. Russel did not reside there. This land was very heavily treed with a creek flowing through. The creek was one of Mabel's dreams so in 1935 they purchased this half section for two thousand (\$2,000) dollars and moved there. Since there were no buildings, they immediately built a small shack in which they had to store fifteen sacks of barley. On top of these sacks of barley they placed a mattress on which they slept. Their stove was outside where all the cooking was done with difficulty because of the rain. At this time they proceeded to clear some land, (twenty acres the first year, cleared and broke). Also they built a two-room house. Unable to live in the small shack, they rented nearby land and buildings from Sam Menzak for one year, during which time Mike went out threshing for money. At the same time, they bushed land and worked on their two room house. In the fall of 1936, they moved into their home which as yet did not have any door or windows. It had a dirt floor. In October of 1936, Elmer, their first child was born. After the baby came, Mabel was ill and had to get help to take care of the baby. Sadie Superniuk stayed for two weeks, after that there were other girls that were hired to help out because Mabel worked outside with Mike clearing and cultivating more land. They also worked on their house so that by the year, 1937 they had a livable home.

Mike was very mechanically inclined and self-motivated. He collected and fixed batteries, hooked up a generator and wired the house, that by 1938 they

had 32 Volt Electricity, no more gas or coal oil lamps. Another specialty of Mike's was fixing machinery and cars. He was never without a car of some sort. They came to Ardmore with a Model T Ford and from then on there always was some type of transportation (car, truck, etc). He always bought older vehicles, because he loved to fix them, and never did own a new car or truck. At one time he built himself a tractor from many different parts.

By now the Boychuk farm was established as a mixed farming business with cattle, pigs, chickens, ducks and geese.

Eleanor was born in 1941 and Victor in 1948. By this time more room and better accommodation were needed, so in 1950 a new two-storey house was built. Then, two more children came along, Ronald in 1951, and Roseann in 1953. In 1959, Eleanor married Charles Olszowka from the La Corey district. the Boychuk's eldest son, Elmer died in 1960.

In September of 1962, Mike passed away, leaving Mabel with Victor, age fourteen, Ronald, age eleven, Roseann, age nine and a crop in the field ready to be harvested. Friends and neighbors came to the rescue. The people involved were Erwin Pedersen, Ralph and Vernon Batke, Charles Olszowka, Norval Babb and Steve Shandro. With a total of five combines and a power wagon to haul the grain, they harvested one hundred eighty acres in one day and night. All time and work were donated. Mabel supplied the gasoline for the work as well as a tank full for each vehicle to go home with. No words can express the feeling of gratefulness to these wonderful friends who came forward in such time of need.

In order to survive on the farm, Mabel rented the land to Charles Olszowka. She and her married daughter, Eleanor each raised a lot of chickens, milked cows and grew a large garden just so they could deliver and sell their produce to customers at Medley Air Base, Cold Lake. They each would prepare eggs, cream, chickens and numerous garden vegetables and together deliver their goods once a week. During this time, Roseann (the youngest, age 10-11) would babysit Eleanor's children, cook and clean house.

In the year, 1967 the farm was rented to Norval Babb, and the end of August of 1967, Mabel and children moved to Bonnyville, where she still resides. By October of the same year, Mabel was working at the Bonnyville Bonnie Lodge Senior Citizens Home.

The Boychuk children are as follows: Eleanor married Charles Olszowka. They have four children, Debbie, Chester, Kenneth, and Marlene and reside in Edmonton, Alberta.

Victor married Martha Bustin. They have two

girls, Jennifer and Cheryl and reside on the Boychuk farm at Lessard, Alberta.

Ronald married Madeline Hamel. They have three children; Tammy, Kerryann, and Michael and reside in Quesnel, British Columbia.

Roseann married Dan Kardash. They have two boys, Wesley and Ashley and reside in Josephburg, Alberta.



Mike Boychuk.

Branstrom Charlie and Agnes

Karl Charlie Branstrom, born in Stockholm, Sweden came to Canada at an early age. He worked at different places in Canada and in 1922, he came to the La Corey district. He filed on a quarter of land about one mile from the Beaver River in the Merton School District. There he built a two room shack.

Charlie met and fell in love with Agnes Anderson, who was born September 8, 1905 at Tristom, near Bashaw, Alberta where the Anderson family lived at the time. Charlie and Agnes were married on November 11, 1923 at Duclos Hospital by Reverend Duclos.

Even in the twenties, it was difficult to make a living because there was no employment available in this new country. They had only one horse at first and no other farm animals. As time went by, they got a few cows and another horse. Charlie farmed and also worked on the bridge gang. He worked on the construction of the original La Corey bridge and when the bridge outfit left, Charlie went with them to work on other bridges.

Agnes stayed at home with the family. By this time they had four children, two boys and two girls, Oscar Martin, Olga Mabel, Gladys Laura and Carl Gustav. All were born at home delivered by a midwife. Agnes had to do a lot of hard work. Besides the gardening, she cut and raked hay for the livestock. Her brother, Gustav Anderson came and stayed with Agnes to help with the farm work. After a few years, Charlie did not go out to work, but stayed home to concentrate on the farming.

In the "Dirty Thirties", there was no money for taxes or anything else, so the family moved to Gustav's place where they stayed for about two or three years. The children went to Merton School until the family moved to a farm in Iron River in 1935. They then attended Willow Trail School.

Shortly after their move north of Iron River, Gustav Anderson sold his quarter and again went to live with the Branstrom family where he stayed for several years.

There Charlie had built a larger house out of logs he hewed with a broadaxe. They needed more room as the children were getting to be young men and women. During the "Thirties", it was not easy for a young family. The children had to walk about four miles to school in deep snow in the winter and mud in the spring.

After the war started, **Oscar** joined the Army Regina Rifles in 1942. He was sent overseas to Germany. He remained a bachelor and lives in Edmonton.

Olga went to work in Calgary and then in Vancouver. She met Jim Bennett from British Columbia. They were married and had one child, Jim. He is not married to date and he and his mother live in Edmonton.

Gladys worked at Duclos hospital for some time and then married Frank Fox of Bonnyville. They had seven children, Ron, Garry, Sandra, Kirk, Kelly, Cindy and Candace. Ron and his wife, Linda with their children Alyson, Ryan and Shelly live on a farm northwest of Bonnyville. Garry, his wife, Sandy and son, Shannon live in Edmonton. Sandra, husband, Wayne Verschoor and daughters, Wanda, Wendy and Linda live in Leduc. Kelly, Kirk and Candace are not



Five Generations. Seated: Martha Nelson, Margaret Anderson with Ron Fox. Back row: Agnes Branstrom and Gladys Fox.



Branstrom Family — Gladys, Oscar, Olga, Agnes, Charlie and Carl.

as yet married and all live in Edmonton. Cindy and husband, Gerry Dixon with daughters, Tamara and Alicia, also live in Edmonton. Gladys also resides in the city.

Carl has also remained a bachelor and lives in Edmonton.

After the children were all grown up, Agnes and Charlie went out working with road construction crews. Agnes cooked for the men while Charlie worked with the construction. Agnes remained working until 1952 when she became ill. She passed away on December 2, 1952, at the age of forty-seven years. Charlie lives in Hardisty Nursing Home in Edmonton.

Ambrose and Agnes Broski Family by M. Broski

In the summer of 1933 the Broskis arrived in the Bonnyville area in search for a homestead. They selected the N.E. 28-63-6 and filed for the land.

The winter of 1933 was spent in cutting logs which would be used for a house and barn. The house and barn were erected in 1934 and during the summer the effects and machinery were brought in by team and wagon. The farm animals were herded from St. Michael to their new home, a journey which took a week to complete.

In 1935 two more quarters of land were filed on. The land was cleared by hand and broken with horse drawn machinery. It was a slow process but each succeeding year saw more improvements on the homestead. Because of the lack of binders and plows in the district, the Broskis were called on to break land and cut grain for neighbors in the Willow Trail and Iron River areas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Broski brought a family of six children to the homestead. They were: Nick, Mary, Michael, Leo, Stanley and Joe. Three older daughters, Annie, Sophie and Ruth were living in Calgary.

During World War II Leo and Mike enlisted with the armed forces. Leo served in France and was wounded. Mike was also in France where he was taken prisoner. Leo and Joe are living in Edmonton. Mike is in Oyama, British Columbia. Stanley lives in Calgary and Mary is in Stony Plain. Nick has retired in Bonnyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Broski resided on their farm until their deaths in November, 1958.

Nick and Mary Broski Family by Mary Broski

Nick and I were married in 1938 and took up homesteading on the N.E. 27-63-6. We farmed there until 1967 when we sold our farm and went to reside in Bonnyville.

I found the area where we farmed very beautiful with all its trees and a lake nearby. However, through the passing of the years and with improvements of the land, most of the trees are gone.

Besides farming, Nick was interested in planting fruit trees. We obtained much pleasure when our grove of crabapple trees were in full bloom and then we appreciated the fruit in the fall.

Nick was also involved in community affairs. He held the position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Willow Trail School for twenty-one years and was involved with the Willow Trail Community League Hall. When this hall was destroyed by fire, he helped with the building of a new hall on a site near LaCorey. Nick helped with the organization of the Farmer's Union and held the position of Secretary for a number of years.

I taught school at Willow Trail, Osborne Lake and at the centralized Iron River school. While at Iron River I was also a 4-H Club leader.

Our oldest daughter, **Janice** lives in Edmonton. Our son, **Lawrence** married Vicky Sagal of Moose Jaw and has three children, Scott, Sherry, and Hugh. Lawrence lives in Devon. **Eileen**, the youngest, married Stan Madro and has three children, Robert, Shelly and Christine. They reside in Edmonton.



Janice Broski, Victoria Maruniak, Eileen, Larry, Mary and Nick Broski.

After our move to Bonnyville in 1967, I taught school at the Notre Dame Elementary for six years while Nick worked at the Air Base at Primrose. We are now retired and have time to enjoy our home in Bonnyville.

Brosseau, Joseph by Lucienne Hinecker (nee Brosseau)

Joe Brosseau, my father, was born in Quebec and came to Saskatchewan with the family in 1914. After two years the family lost the pioneer spirit due to lack of educational facilities, ill health, and job opportunities. When his family returned east, my father was sixteen and earning his own living as a farm hand, first around Blaine Lake, then south to Willow Bunch.

In the early twenties he got a job with a construction crew building schools and C.N.R. Stations around Vegreville, Streamstown, Myrnam and Two Hills. The last job was the Catholic Church in St. Paul in 1930. It was getting late in the fall when he and his carpenter partner, Eugene Lord, put the cross on the steeple.

The immediate future looked bleak to a carpenter, and since homesteads were selling for ten dollars, Dad decided to file on one and wait out the "depression". His homestead, SE 2-64-7 was at what was known then as Willow Prairie. There he built a log house, mudded from the inside and outside. Then he dug a well. It was all he needed until work started again!

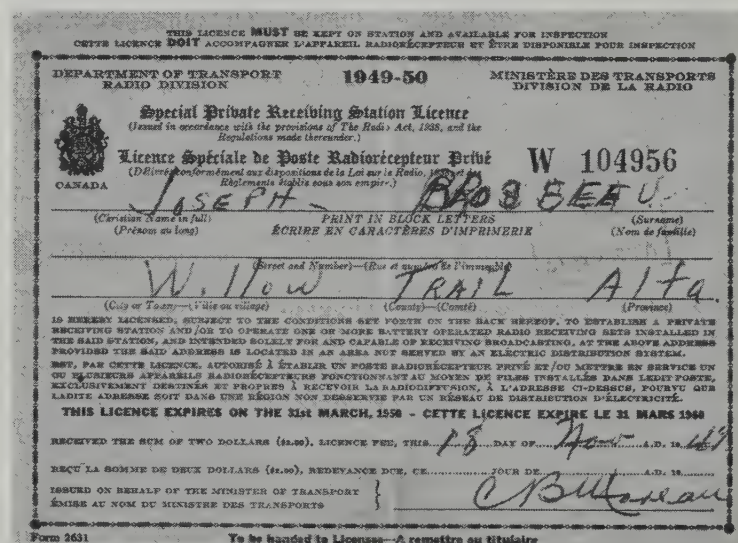
Joe's life pattern was about to change. The Model T Ford that he arrived with was traded to Glen Erickson for six heifers. Glen did not really need the Model T so he traded it to Mr. Panas for lumber. The following fall, Mr. Panas went south to do the harvesting and when he returned home the Model T was sitting on top of two old nail kegs. The rear end had been used for repairs on another car. The remains became a chicken coop for setting hens.

In February, 1933, Dad married my mother, Angelina Plouffe. With a small family and a small shack the only thing to do was to build a bedroom onto the shack. About a year later a kitchen was added on. The logs for the kitchen floor and the walls were hand hewed. The roof was constructed of rough board laid lengthwise with a good slab on the joint. Although my mother was a very quiet person, she seemed very pleased with the larger house. Dad, again, put his carpentry skill to work and built a large kitchen table and cupboard.

Life went on at a pretty normal pace. They had a few head of cattle and hogs. Anything for market had to be hauled to Bonnyville by horses and wagon. Mr. Ernest Hinecker bought a truck big enough to haul for the farmers and bring back supplies for his store. He told Dad he was picking his hogs up early Monday morning. Well, it was early! At half past four



Joe Brosseau Family — Jean-Paul, Lucienne, Grampa Brosseau, with Raymond, Joe with Ida, and Angelina with Maurice.



Radio license belonging to Joseph Brosseau.



Joe Brosseau family at Christmas, 1960 — Ida, Raymond, Joseph, Jean-Paul, Lucienne, Maurice.

they were loaded and he was on his way to the next farmer.

It was a known fact that every farmer should have sheep for wool and fresh mutton for the table so he bought six head. Fifteen years later he still had only six head and never had a taste of mutton but there were nice fat coyotes back in the bush. The wool was spun and knit into mitts, socks and even a bedspread.

My mother made tasty butter which she traded along with well knitted mitts to Joe Louis from Wolf Lake, for great big slabs of smoked whitefish. That was what we kids called a real treat. We also looked forward to seeing Mr. Louis on his pinto horse, bringing deerskin mitts with beautiful beaded backs that he traded for more dairy goods or handmade mitts.

In July of 1938, my grandfather from Montreal paid father a visit. He took a liking to the area and its people and bought Louis Gagnon's farm and settled right in. For a few years he raised weaner pigs which he sold for seventy-five cents to four dollars each. They provided him with a fair living. He was a real story teller and enjoyed life as it came. Around the neighborhood he was known for his very strong tea. He boiled it for fifteen minutes to "bring out the flavour."

As time went on, Dad built a lumber house and barn to replace the log buildings. Mr. Hinecker had acquired a sawmill by then, so lumber was plentiful. They were six children by that time, Lucienne, Jean-Paul, Helene, Raymond, Ida and Maurice. A bad time came. In March of 1947, Helene died of diphtheria at the age of eight years. Two short years later, in May, 1949 Mother passed away suddenly at the age of thirty-four and in November of 1952, our grandfather also passed away. He was seventy-eight.

After these trials, our family had to pick up and continue with our lives. I had finished grade nine and was helping at home. Jean-Paul went to Bonnyville

school, then on to Calgary to attend carpenter school. Dad stayed on the farm, keeping the home fires burning while we left to make homes of our own. I, **Lucienne**, married Allen Hinecker and live on Allen's father's old homeplace. We have four girls.

Jean-Paul married Georgette Ouellet. They have three girls and one boy. They live on Vancouver Island where he does carpenter work.

Raymond married Marlene Tucker and lives on the home place with their four boys and two girls.

Ida married Wilfred Belanger from Bonnyville and moved to Powell River, British Columbia with their three girls where they have an upholstery shop.

Maurice makes his home in Mayo, Yukon.

Dad built himself a small house in Ray's yard. During his retirement years he had time to reminisce about how many times he got caught in the rain hauling pigs to town, the time the milk cows broke into the garden and ate the garlic, the first hammer he bought for Jean-Paul (the first nail he pulled, one claw broke off).

In 1940, he had a well dug by James Nelson and ten years later Mr. Nelson's son, Raymond dug a second well with the same machine and same horse, "Minnie". The Christmas Concerts at Osborne Lake School were great times to remember. He recalled the time Ray hit a cat on the head and buried it in the ash pit. The next morning the cat was back at the kitchen door, meowing.

Over the years, he ate at the same table he made in 1933 and it was still in use at the time of his death in December of 1975.

Brosseau, Raymond and Marlene **by M. Brosseau**

Ray and I were married in the Anglican Church at Roblin, Manitoba on December 5, 1960 and we have spent most of our married lives on the farm that Ray's parents lived on; SE-2-64-7-4 and NW 1-64-7-4. Ray bought a well boring machine and dug wells for several of the neighbours between spring work, haying and harvest. He also made cement cribs for the wells.

On September 10, 1961 we were blessed with two sons, Ivan and Earl, who graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High School this year. (They both plan to work for a building contractor). On September 1, 1962 a third son, Mark was born. Mark is mechanically inclined and has been working on motors since he was ten years old. (He is presently employed in a construction job). With three boys so close together life has never been dull. (Who put the clothes pin on the cat's tail? Who almost drowned the cat in a barrel of rain water? How did the egg shells and the potato

peelings get into the gas tank of the old McCormick tractor?)

On November 1, 1962 Ray began working for Lyle Robinson of Vermilion on his Registered Short-horn farm. We stayed in a small house they had for married hired men. In January of 1964 we both developed jaundice and the doctor told Ray to quit working until he recovered. We returned to once again take up farming at Iron River. Ray added more land to what we already had and had a number of acres cleared and plowed. During the winter months he worked on the seismic rigs while I played midwife to the cows and saw that everything got to eat.

In January of 1967 our "Centennial Project" arrived. We named him Jason. When he was five years old he went to bed with gum in his mouth and woke up with it in his hair. That morning he required a very short hair cut. When he saw himself in the mirror he exclaimed, "I am bald. I am going to town to buy a wig."

With the opening of more land and Ray's working out with his seismic water well rig as well as working for Coronado at the Grand Centre plant we were able to make some improvements on our home. In 1968 we built an addition on to the house and in 1971 we installed a water system.

On July 1972 we had our first daughter, Ber-



Raymond Brosseau family. Back: Earl, Ivan, Marlene, Ray. Front: Mark and Jason. Inserts: Bernadine and Bonita.



Future farmers — Mark, Earl, Ivan Brosseau.

nadine. She is one of those talkative ones that has an answer for everything. On August 4, 1976 we had our second daughter, Bonita. She is a very active child who keeps us on our toes.

In 1974 Ray had bought a large number of cattle and another quarter of land. We tried raising cattle on a large scale but low beef prices were not very encouraging so we disposed of our herd and once again Ray went to work, this time for Fleming Cats, dozing seismic lines. In 1979 we increased our number of hogs and constructed a new hog barn. Ray has been a full time farmer ever since then.

In March of 1980 we took a trip to Australia and found things are a lot brighter for the farmer "down under". "It is a land of opportunity" says Ray and several other Canadians who have visited their farming area.

Charlie Burquist

Charlie Burquist was born in Norway and was a sailor in his younger days. Travels took him to the United States and then to Canada, eventually to Rat Lake where he lived in a log house beside the Beaver River, west of the bridge.

When walking to the store and Post Office became too difficult, some friends, Mr. John Newgard and his son, Earling, built him a little house behind the Rat Lake Store. Charlie liked to carve and make things of wood. Several children in the district had toys that Charlie had made. He lived in his small house and helped with small jobs around the store until he passed away.

He had no relatives that anyone knew of, so his

house and belongings were given to the district. His house became a kitchen for the Rat Lake Hall.

Charlie is buried in the cemetery up by the little log Rat Lake Church.

Dainty Bit

The Dave Byers Story

by Helen Gwynn (Webster)

Dave Byers was living with Charlie Carlson and some other men at the Carlson place in the winter of 1921 when the house burned and the men moved into a dugout. Dave did not like the thought of a dugout so he lived at Websters until spring. He was always friendly with them after that time. He had a little house close to the ford over the "Iron River". He worked out most summers, renting his place to others.

Dave married Sadie Strand from Red Willow where he had come from. Their life was rather stormy and finally, when her father came to see them,



Dave Buyers.

Sadie returned with him leaving Dave alone again. He finally decided to stay home and farm his own place but had to hire most of the work done as he never owned any machinery or horses.

One morning he opened the door and there stood a little dog, much like a German Shepherd but only as big as a large cat. No one knew who owned it and the animal stayed with Dave for quite a while. The dog, he called Rosie, liked his easy chair, but of course Dave liked it too. She would coax for it and he would ignore her. Then she would want out. Dave never liked to take the chance that her need might not be genuine. When he would get up to let her out she would make a dash for the chair. Dave would let her have it if she wanted it that badly. He would sit someplace else.

Dave Byers had a lovely singing voice and would sing at gatherings. It was well appreciated. One night as he was singing, Henry Batke was powdering his own face with the chalk brushes and many were laughing. Dave finished the song but never sang at large gatherings again. He sang at our place and a few friend's places but never for a crowd of people.

Dave's land was largely swamp and one year somehow a fire started in his field. It was stooked up and he had to wait for a threshing machine. When the fire started he kept moving the stooks ahead of the fire and went to Webster's for something to eat. He could not even sleep as he had to keep moving the stooks. Mr. Webster tried to get a machine to come ahead of schedule to thresh Dave's crop. For a week that went on. When he came to Webster's, Harry would tease him about being a "dirty devil" because he was so black with smoke and dust. Still, Dave did not dare stop at all. I think he got a well earned rest when he finally got threshed that year!

Fred and Florence Byng History

Fred and Florence Byng came to the La Corey district from Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, in the 1940's. They lived in this area until 1958.

Their children are: Bruce, Rose, Edna, Mabel, Marion, Gordon, Amy and Shirley (deceased).

Amy, Edna, Gordon, Mabel and Marion attended the Iron River School.

In 1959, the family moved to Edmonton and Fred passed away shortly thereafter.

The children are all grown up and married with families of their own. Florence remarried and is still residing in Edmonton.

What We Recall About . . . James and Anna Byford

Gloria Balla (nee Byford)

In 1914, Jim Byford along with three of his

friends the Thirsk Brothers (William, Edgar, John) came from the Wetaskiwin area in search of homesteads.

Upon several days of “nosing around” they returned to Bonnyville and filed on the respective homesteads. Jim, on the SE 3-63-6-W.4th, and the Thirsk on Ed Batke’s old place.

A certain amount of work had to be done before a patent was received. They set out in building a cabin immediately. This was on the Byford place. Camping out with all the mosquitoes and flies was almost a hopeless case.

Sugar bags were cut and put over the horses ears and the open part that hung down was shredded so that the horse was allowed to eat freely but the fringe part frightened off the flies everytime they moved.

Once most of the work was done, they went for the winter back to their families in Wetaskiwin.

The next two summers were done the same way. Improving the site for the arrival of the family, a well was dug, and a barn was built. On one of the occasions, one son, Edward, was brought along. He was major smudge maker that year, besides getting into all the other things he was not supposed to.

Approximately 1930 the big move was made. Much packing was prepared ahead of time. Anna (Ma) Byford was a very particular person. All her canning, was packed very neatly. Jars and silverware was amongst some of the luxuries brought and some nice chinaware.

Besides some machinery, livestock was taken — cattle, horses, and a few chickens. On previous trips, many things were already moved.

When goodbyes were said the Byfords headed “North,” — Jim, Anna, Harry and Carol. Edward chose to stay behind with his sister, Agnes. It was sad to leave the three oldest, Agnes, Gladys, Beatrice, and a foster girl, Inga behind with their own families.

After days of travelling the North Saskatchewan River was reached. This was to be crossed by ferry. Some animals were frightened to cross. When it came to the horses lots of problems arose. Many of the riding horses were high strung and had to be coaxed on the ferry. Once on, it was a terrible time keeping them on. Many tried, and some did manage to jump “starboard.”

When they came to La Corey area there was nothing but flies, (at least to “Ma” that is the way it was) sandflies, bullflies, botflies. You name it, they were all here, and of course the mosquitoes. They were so bad they could hardly see two feet ahead of themselves. and no one knew of chemicals then.

Soon as the family was settled in a bit, everyone got down to regular work preparing themselves for the coming winter. The meat they shot was smoked,

salted or canned along with fruits, etc. A hole was dug into the ground (root cellar style) and used to hide food in to keep it cool in summer and frozen in winter. To keep animals out, poles were put over the hole then covered with cow hide held down by boulders. This kept vegetables and other produce fresh for quite sometime after it was pulled out of the garden.

Those first years of homesteading were hard work. Land was cleared by hand by Jim and his oldest son, Harry. Hay was made in sloughs in fall usually after the water was dried up, and all sorts of preserves stored. The winters were terrible with lots of snow. The feed was poor and many people lost animals and by spring and through the next few years many had to get Government help. To pay toward the help received, man worked on roads cutting brush and grubbing tree stumps out with horses. Progress was showing and with more people moving in, a certain closeness and need for each other was linking these people together.

The need for education was recognized. After some time, 1919 (the year of the big fire) school was taught by Joseph Lirette. This was done in Batke’s granary, from March to June. Mars. Humpries, taught the next fall. The building was not appropriate so “Pa” offered their log shack, and it even had windows on the southside. Only a few children attended. Jack Smyles, a University student taught at this time and stayed at the Byfords. Much of school remained closed during the latter part of the year for haying and harvesting as many of the children that were attending were older and were needed at home in the fall. In the fall of 1922 a complete year of school (210 days) was taught by Hayward Taylor, and in 1923 a new school was built. The children that went to school the year before can well remember “Grandma’s sugar cookies.” She just never seemed to run out.

A small store was now started in Jules Oliviers house and ran by a Mr. Dussault.

Church was a big part of the family. Sunday school and meetings were held many times at their household. As the area was progressing and a church building was discussed, Pa and Ma Byford were ready to lend a helping hand. One of the first ministers who visited and stayed in the area was Albert Marshall. Later he married and he and his family have kept in touch with the entire Byford family to the present date of this book’s printing.

Things were expanding as the years went on. Two more homesteads were filed on. One in “Ma’s” name — N.E.4-63-6-4, and one more in “Pa’s” — S.W.31-63-6-4.

In the years that followed, the children left on



Mr. and Mrs. James Byford with their family.

their own homesteads and were bringing up their families. Ma and Pa continued to live on their original homestead until Carol married, then they moved next to their eldest son, Harry. Here they still farmed but in a much smaller way though. Fifty years of their married life had now gone and farming was getting to be a "chore". They moved to Bonnyville and resided there till Pa's passing in May 1947 and Ma's in December 1953.

Fond memories of this pioneer family still linger in the community.

Edward Clarence Byford

information compiled with relatives, friends and written by Gloria Balla (nee Byford)

In the nineteen hundred and thirties when "Ma" and "Pa" Byford left for the LaCorey area for good, Edward chose to stay in the Ryley area. He stayed with his married sister, Agnes Nord then went to work for the Ernest Andersons for a number of years.

Being an ardent sports enthusiast he spent much time playing ball and played with more than one team in different areas every summer. In approximately 1932, Edward came to LaCorey for a visit. He stayed here at his folks request.

Farming did not impress him as it did his brother, Harry though. He worked away from home for Henri Dumaine, trucking with a Model T Ford; for John Carlson choring and hauling logs. He trapped and had his own dog team.

In summer, he again, as he did down "South" played ball. LaCorey started their own ball club. In fact, they were getting pretty good and gave other areas a "run for their money". Some of the other players were Bill and Pete Procinski, Romeo Lamothe, Mannie Petrie, Clifford Ruhl, and the Ver-

riers. It seemed like after a days work, a few more miles of walking did not matter.

If John Carlson were alive, he would tell you how he would have loved to have gotten rid of that Edison gramophone Ed continually was attracted to.

Later Edward worked on the roads with "the gang". At this job, man and horse became close partners. The men used fresnos pulled by the horses to move the dirt from the ditches on to the grade. In 1934, Edward became foreman. He hung on to this job for several years to come.

In winter he went to bush camps. Over the years some of the ones he worked for were William Maronik; C. O. Carlson, Pete Jorgenson, and Pete Procinski.

In 1939 Edward married Kaye Bidlak of the Dupre area. They spent that fall with Edward's parents and from there went to the homestead on NW 4-63-6-W.4th and built their one room log bungalow. Edward's parents, along with Ed Batke helped hew the logs, built it and when finished, Kaye plastered and calcimined it and made it comfortable, at which time they moved in.



Right in Step! Ed Byford mixing mud for his barn.

In 1940 their first child, Gloria was born. The times were hard. Kaye took care of the baby, gardened and raised their first batch of chickens. Edward continued to work out. With the aid of their only team of horses (Toots and Mac), Edward broke land for Armand Laramée. His pay was a milk cow so milk and cheese were obtained.

Grouse were a delicacy and snared or shot. Kaye often did this chore when she went for cows. Rabbits were also very plentiful and besides meat purposes, four cents a pelt could be obtained. This helped buy

many odds and ends (thread, needles). In fact their first family Christmas was completely paid for by rabbit pelts. Gloria received her first doll and handkerchiefs and socks for the rest of the family.

In 1942, Norma was born at home. Mrs. Jorgensen was the mid-wife. Edward continued working on roads in the day times and in evenings broke land for the neighbors.

In 1946 Betty Anne was born. Then in 1949 a son; Larry Edward arrived. Were the girls glad! They instantly thought their wood carrying days were over.

The children went to Churchvelt School. Edward served on the School Board for several years. Some of the teachers were Roberta MacGillivray, Helen Yadowsky, Mrs. Viola Good, and Mr. H. W. Taylor. It was a real coincidence that Mr. Taylor should happen to teach the children as he at one time was Edward's teacher in Wetaskiwin and Kaye's in Iron River.

The farm continued to improve. More cattle were obtained and cream was now sold weekly for groceries and such. Log buildings were put up to house all the animals. Pigs were now kept year round, and more land was broke and neighboring land was rented.

In 1952, Anton Anderson's quarter was bought and the family moved. A small house was built for Anton and he continued to live with them until his passing.

The children now went to Merton School. In winter they combined forces with the Millers and went to school by horse and cutter. In spring, they went by two-wheeled cart and in summer with bicycles, unless it rained. The teacher at that time was John Kalinski. Some of the teachers that followed were Phillip Bodnar, Anne Sawchuk, Ella Kayko, John Kolody and Mildred Balla.

Edward now quit his foreman job and farmed fulltime. Veterinary work interested him and several people relied on him for help. In some cases, he was not always lucky as medicine and the methods were crude. He also did hair styling for a lot of neighbors too.

The family always found time for visiting neighbors, and of course the annual Iron River Picnic.

Whenever Edward was not playing ball himself, he umpired the game, helped with races and in his later years you would find him playing horse shoe with Raymond Nelson, Johnny Feland, and Olaf Peterson.

Kaye was very active, helping whenever needed and for years won the nail pounding contest and novelty races.

In the years that followed a car was obtained and the "horse era" was fading. A Massey 30 tractor now

did the hard pulling and the horses were used much less except in winters for hauling feed. In 1955, the centralized Iron River School was started and the children were now bused. Old school buildings were pulled to the centralized school yard as only part of the new school was finished. Edward worked with Poole Construction on the new building of the school which continued until 1958. Ed Helker was foreman.

In January of 1958, Lonny Calvin was born and Wauneata Lynn in 1960. In these years many, improvements throughout the country took place. Power was now in the area and the telephone was located at the school and local store.

The family was now involved with 4-H Clubs and the Junior Forest Wardens, but neighbors and relatives still played a large part of living enjoyment. Even in these later years, Edward and the family supported sports. Baseball was still the biggest soft spot in his heart. The girls as well as Larry played with the local softball clubs and still do.

The children were now growing. Gloria began working out in Bonnyville and left home. In 1961 she married Rudolph Balla (see Balla History) and in the same year Norma married Alex Gelety; they have two children, Patricia and Gregory. In 1964 Betty married Paul Davidiuk of Beaverdam and they have three sons, Kevin, Mark and Jason. In these next few years Edward and Kaye watched their grandchildren and community grow.

In February 1971 Edward passed away leaving a vacant spot amongst his family and friends.

The family farm was sold and is now a dairy, farmed by Robert and Linda Brundige.

Kaye and Larry and Gloria continue to live in the community. In 1977, Lonny married Trudy Walker and they live in Wainwright. They have a son, Kelly. Wauneata lives in Edmonton.



Edward Byford Family. Back row: Norma, Gloria, Betty. Front row: Kate and Lonny, Ed and Wauneata and Larry.

Carold and Lena Byford

by Gloria Balla (Byford)

Carold spent his younger days attending school at Ryley and here at Merton School, then worked some at home and elsewhere. During this time he became quite fluent in the Ukrainian language; and did master a bit of French.



Carold Byford with horse, Patsy.

His first homestead was located on SW 6-34-5-W.4. He later sold it.

In approximately 1946 Carold married Lena Franchuk. They took over the original homestead of his father. Here they raised their family, Shirley and Kenneth.

Carold continued living off and on the homestead. It was in later years sold to Edward Kalinski. He then lived in Bonnyville and in Therien till his passing 1978.

Those that do remember Carold will mostly remember him for his jovial mood at parties.

Harry and Bella Byford

by Gloria Balla (Byford)

Harry was born in the (Angus-Ridge) Wetaskiwin area and received most of his school there.

When Harry's father Jim, went land hunting to the Bonnyville area, adventure surged through Harry and he wished to go along. He was not granted his wish the first time. After several jaunts Harry's father consented to the trip. Harry, quite a young man, was proud to be tagging along on this, which he thought would be an enjoyable fun trip.

The trip took a week or so to make, as some farm machinery was taken along besides living provisions. When arriving during the winter of 1920, Harry learnt this was not altogether a fun trip. Much work was to be done. Almost immediately they set to

clearing land. The work was tedious and together, father and son toiled. In spring, Pa returned to the family in Wetaskiwin and left Harry to tend the horses he left behind and the responsibility to break more land. These horses were much larger than most people had here and gave Harry the "horse power advantage."

Harry being very conscientious and wanting to please his father, worked practically day and night clearing and breaking this land.

In July of 1921, Harry and his friend Louis (both 16) Martin, worked together clearing and burning brush piles on Louis Uncle's (Jules Olivier) place during the daytime. In the night, they broke the sod on Harry's father's land. Breaking land in the evening was the habit of all people because it was impossible in daytime. The horses would be hard to handle because of the hordes of flies. They all were there — sand flies, bull flies, bot flies, you name it. Mosquitoes were bad at night but the horses could tolerate them.

The land was broke with the five big horses that Harry's Dad owned. One of the mares, "Babe" would get bucky whenever the notion hit her and would cause a real "mix-up. Sometimes she upset the plough and all.

In September 1922, Harry, Louis and several older children attended the new school. Mr. Taylor was teacher. This school was located where George Dubilowsky now lives.

In 1930, Harry picked out his own homestead, married Bella Desjarlais, and settled down on their own (SW 18-64-5-W.4). Here they started their family, Mae, Roy and Marie were born. This particular land proved unprofitable as much of the top soil was



Harry Byford Family — Marie, Roy, Jim, Harry and Bella holding Mabel (1947).

burnt off by the big fire of 1919. He then settled on SW 31-63-6-W.4. It was here the rest of the family was raised. Maggie (died at the age of 5 with the diphtheria epidemic) Eva, James, Mabel, Dorothy, Henry, and finally Lucy.

Harry farmed as long as he was able to then sold the homestead to Loren Schwartz and he moved to Bonnyville where he spent the rest of his time till his passing in 1975.

Most of the family reside in the Valemont, British Columbia area.

The Cabanas

In 1918 a young man, namely George Cabana, came west from Masonville, Quebec, in the hopes of making his fortune. He first homesteaded in the Round Lake area and in 1919 he married Sylvia Bellamy whose family came from Chaley, Alberta, but originated from the north shores of Lake Superior. In 1925 George and Sylvia moved to Camrose where George worked in the Stony Creek coal mine until 1929 when they moved. This journey took twenty-eight days in a covered wagon. They homesteaded north of Lessard, in a district that came to be known as Harold Lake.

The couple raised a family of ten children. **Bert** and **Laura** both live in Bonnyville, **Bob** and **John** in Calgary, **Viola** in Viking, **Ella** in Lacombe, **Margaret** in Redwater, **Shirley** in Williams Lake, **Francis** in Lloydminster and **Tom** resides in Castor, Alberta.

George was instrumental in taking out the logs and helping to build the Harold Lake School. In 1950 the couple retired to Bonnyville and George passed away in June, 1958. His wife Sylvia passed away in 1969 and both are buried at Lessard Cemetery.

Their eldest son, Bert, born February, 1921 at Round Lake, stayed home and had a trapline at age twelve, trapping to supplement the family income. He also went to Vermilion each fall for harvest time. Bert owned a quarter section of land on the shores of Moore Lake which he bought from the late Sam Orton and sold when he enlisted in the army in 1942. He served overseas with the Royal Canadian Engineers, Tenth Field Squadron, fighting to the Po Valley in Italy then moved to Holland to the Arnhem Bridgehead and finishing the war at the Delzel pocket. While awaiting leave home, he took an agricultural course at Winschoten, Holland. He came home in January, 1946 and the following month, he was discharged.

Bert bought the late John Ogren's farm north of Lessard and started farming on his own. In October of 1946, he married Audrey Farrer. The couple farmed five miles north of Lessard until 1962 when

they bought Anton Gudmunson's farm and moved two and a half miles south.

They raised four children. The eldest daughter **Sharon** started school at Harold Lake School until centralization at Iron River. She attended school there until grade twelve which she had to take at Notre Dame in Bonnyville. In 1965 she married the late Anthony Tkachuk who was tragically killed in a farm accident on October 5, 1974. The couple had two children, Craig, now thirteen years and Cheryl eleven. Sharon, being unable to farm alone, moved with the children to Bonnyville, where she now works for North Eastern Alberta Health Unit.

Marilyn, the second daughter, attended school at Iron River and upon graduating, she moved to Edmonton where she worked for Alberta Government Telephones. In 1977 she married David Ferguson and the couple now live at Leduc, Alberta. Marilyn is now Assistant Manager at the head A.G.T. office in Edmonton and David is an Edmonton City Fireman.

Rick, the eldest son, attended school at Iron River and Fort Kent. After school he worked for Hamels Meats in Bonnyville, then decided to become a carpenter. He is now a journeyman carpenter and owns Rickmond Builders, a construction company in partnership with Ray Hebert. Rick married the former Marian Kolodka in 1974 and they have three children, Chadden Anthony, Clinton Lewis, and Kimber Lee.

Ken, the youngest son attended school at Iron River and Bonnyville. He is now an apprentice electrician presently working at Whitecourt, Alberta.

Bert and Audrey sold their farm in 1973 and moved to Bonnyville. Audrey works at Parkland Nursing Home. Bert still owns his trapline, trapping each winter and works part-time for Fish and Wildlife on duck control. He owns eighty acres of land south of Lessard on Jackfish Creek with gymkhana



Bert Cabana Family — Ken, Rick, Audrey, Bert, Marilyn, and Sharon.

corrals for training and riding horses as a hobby. Bert is involved in gymkhana and enjoys competing.

The couple feel fortunate in having their children and grandchildren nearby.

The Carlson Brothers

Carl, Johan, and Alfred left Sweden in 1911 for Canada and worked at different kinds of jobs; bush work, railroad work, etc. They decided to get homesteads and become farmers. They each got themselves a homestead, but of course they still needed money. That meant one had to stay and look after the homesteads while the others went out to work.

A lot of work had to be done. Land had to be broken up to make fields for growing grain. The bushes and trees had to be cleared away. It was a land of wilderness where you could hear the coyotes howling and the deer running around.

In 1918 Alfred was looking after the homesteads while Carl and Johan were out in British Columbia in a bush camp earning some money. This was in the fall. The Spanish Flu was going on all over the world including Canada. Johan died from the Spanish Flu at 33 years of age in late fall of 1918 and was buried in Kamloops, British Columbia.

There was now only two of them. However, in 1925 another brother left Sweden for Canada, Wilhelm, the youngest son of the family. Carl met him at St. Paul, Alberta, the closest railroad station at that time.

It was yet a wild country with only a few settlers.

In the spring many fires would be set to clear off the dry grass. Some of these fires would get out of hand for some of the settlers and others had to backfire to protect their buildings.

At that time Alfred was out west in the foothills of Alberta working. Threshing time in the fall was a great time to get a few dollars in so Wilhelm borrowed a team of horses and wagon from his brother Carl (or Charlie as he was called) and together with a Norwegian born in U.S.A. started out for the prairie in Southern Alberta to Wainwright. This was in the fall of 1925. It took a few days to get there.

The buildings, or shacks as they were also called, did not have proper chimneys, only stovepipes sticking through the roof. In cold weather these pipes would get coated on the inside with creosote from the burning wood and would cause fire. This happened to Charlie one time when he was not home. One day, coming home, there was no house left. He had to live in a root cellar for some time until he got another house built from timber. Lumber was not common in those days as there were no saw mills around.

Wilhelm (Willie) was working here and there, sometimes in Alberta, British Columbia,

Saskatchewan, but soon hard times came, the dirty thirties. Wilhelm worked once at a sawmill in Alberta for 60¢ a day including board. Later on in Edmonton the same year, 1931, in the spring, he worked for 75¢ per day, including board, cutting wood and hauling it out to different ones for firewood.

It was time to look for something else. Wilhelm and another Swede headed back to the homestead country where his brothers were. It had changed a lot, looking more like real farms. More settlers had come in so it was no longer a wilderness.

Carl and Alfred now had a tractor and threshing machine, also a portable saw mill. This was the place to be . . . plenty of food. There were still some homesteads available so Wilhelm got hold of one and cleared off some land. He used his brother's tractor and breaking plow to get some land under cultivation.

Carlson, Charlie

Charlie, Alfred and John Carlson came from Sweden and worked in the logging camps in British Columbia. While there, in 1919 the "flu epidemic" invaded the camp causing John's death. Shortly after Charlie and Alfred came to the Iron River District.

In the fall of 1921 a number of bachelors were living at the Charlie Carlson place when the house burned. They fixed up a dugout for a shelter and spent the remainder of the winter there. Charlie then built a large log house that he lived in for many years. Charlie also became quite a large farmer for the times. Alfred only remained in Iron River on a part time basis.

In the fall of 1927, Charlie bought the first threshing machine in the country. He did custom threshing over a wide area surrounding the Iron River district. While Charlie was away threshing, Harry Webster was left to do the farm work and stack bundles for late threshing. Charlie took time out from his threshing run to return home for Christmas. Even though he was a bachelor, he put twenty-five cents in an envelope for each pupil of the Iron River School. By the end of January the threshing machine was brought home and bundles stacked were then threshed. Harry Webster was the last threshed and Mrs. Webster cooked a turkey supper to celebrate the end of the run and Harry's birthday, which was February third.

During the winter of 1929-30 Charlie owned and operated a sawmill south of Iron River, across the Beaver River. Travel to and from camp could only be done over frozen ground. When the thermometer dipped too low, like 60 below zero Fahrenheit the men remained in the bunkhouse as it was too dangerous to work around the mill. This carried on for



Charlie Carlson and his bush buddies, Charlie (third from right).

several days. Finally one day the eaves began to drip and the men were sent out to work.

In 1943 Palmers rented Charlie Carlson's farm and Charlie more or less retired except for a few carpentry jobs. He moved in with the Pete Procinsky family. Pete bought the original Carlson quarter in 1945 and Charlie returned to his homestead to live in his own house alongside Procinskys. In about 1947 Charlie returned to his native land of Sweden. This lasted about a year before his return to Iron River. When Edward, Pete's oldest son took over operation of the farm Charlie moved to Bonnyville with Pete and Margaret where he resided only a short time before he was disabled by a stroke. He then moved to Blunt's Nursing Home where he, one of our community builders, passed away in 1969.

Chachula, Stanley

Stanley and Mary Chachula, with their family of four girls and a boy came to Canada from Poland in 1920 by ship.

Aboard the same ship were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirpish, Mr. and Mrs. William Greschuk and their families. The three families came directly to Bonnyville as Greschuk's knew the Ulańicki family who were already settled in the area.



Taken at C. O. Carlsons, 1939. The Palmer and Knapp families, Charlie Carlson and Rev. Albert Marshall.

Stanley and Mary Chachula located in the Merton area on a quarter of land now owned by Steve Kalinski. Two of their daughters, Julia and Jennie had finished school in Poland, their son Stanley and other two daughters Mary and Josie attended the Merton School. Stanley had finished grade five in Poland but when he came to Canada, he had to start again in grade one. He finished through grade five in two years, quit school and went to work. He worked for a Mr. Webster, picking roots for fifty cents a day, glad to get a job.

Stanley was thirteen years old when he came to Canada. As mentioned earlier, the family settled in the Merton area. Also in the area lived the Batke family. They had a baby girl, Alice. Stanley saw this beautiful baby and said to himself, "She's for me." He later would marry her.

Stanley recalls walking from Bonnyville to Elk Point, a distance of over forty miles. He, a young man by the name of Romanko, and a third man were walking this distance one day. Having no money to stay in a hotel they asked a farmer if they could sleep in his straw pile. The farmer at first refused but finally gave in. The three slept in the straw pile, emerging in the morning looking like three gophers but it was warm. When they came to the Saskatchewan River, the only way across was by cable. Stanley refused to cross on this, so the trio walked downstream to Heinsburg where they crossed the river, very thankful to have made it safely across. They walked on to Dewberry where they got jobs picking roots for a dollar per day. Stanley earned enough money to buy himself a horse.

One time Stanley had been out working and was returning home on foot. He was tired and hungry. A motorist passed him, not offering him a lift. Cars in those days were scarce. Stanley wished the motorist would have a flat tire. In about a half mile, there was the car with a flat tire so Stanley helped fix the tire and got a ride.

Stanley did a lot of trapping because he liked to be outdoors and it was a good source of income. He always went with a partner, for safety. He remembers going with Steve Kurek one time and when night came they built a lean-to of logs covered with spruce boughs. They built a fire in front of the open end to heat their shelter. Steve was reclining in the shelter and made the remark that it was as snug as any hotel room. However, their shelter caught fire and Steve evacuated quickly.

The mode of transportation of most of Stanley's trips was by dog sled. He used five dogs and a good dog team could easily do two hundred miles a day. In the winter, the feet of the sled dogs would often get sore and bleed. The men would make little mocassins

for their feet out of deer or moose hide. Stanley had a lead dog, Bob. This dog looked a lot like a coyote and grew so old that he could no longer get around. Mercifully, Stanley shot him, skinned and stretched the hide and took it into the R.C.M.P. office. Too big to be a coyote, they paid Stanley a timber wolf bounty of twelve dollars and fifty cents. Bob was a true friend to the last.

For shelter on their trapping trips, the men often took a tent. Stanley recalls that on one trip he and a partner were out three months. The weather cooled to sixty degrees below zero. One person would keep the fire burning while the other slept, then the role would be reversed.

Stanley remembers becoming lost in the north country where the bombing range is now. He had cached some furs and had gone to look at some new country. An Indian by the name of Jack Knife showed him the way out.

Muskrats, squirrels, coyotes, foxes, and weasels were most plentiful. Squirrels were worth only about twelve cents a pelt, but he recalls that on one trip he had a thousand squirrel pelts. Coyotes were worth about five dollars a pelt. Occasionally there would be a lynx caught. After one trip, Stanley sold enough furs to buy a Model A Ford for two hundred dollars. Later he had a chance to trade this car plus one hundred dollars for a quarter of land, which he still owns.

During the war years, rabbits were very plentiful. They were a serious pest, destroying haystacks and other feed. Many people shot them and sold the pelts to the government. The pelts were used to make liners for shoes.

Skunk hides were worth about one dollar and seventy-five cents but few people skinned them. If the hides were buried in sand for a while before skinning, the smell tended to dissipate somewhat.

Caribou and deer were plentiful. For a two dollar license, a person was entitled to hunt. Many early pioneers lived on wild meat such as deer, caribou, and moose. Also eaten were muskrats, beaver, and bear.

One commodity necessary for the trappers was salt. It seemed to be necessary for the diet and helped to keep one's strength.

Stanley worked for Henry Dumaine for several years. Mr. Dumaine milked twenty-one cows twice a day by hand and the milk had to be separated. The cream was sold in Bonnyville.

Mr. Dumaine planned to build a pig barn, so he went to the bush and cut a load of logs. Since it was Christmas time, he put a Christmas tree on top of the load to take home. On the way home, a terrible accident occurred. In the morning, the family found

Henry pinned under the pile of logs, dead. Somehow the load had become loose and spilled, pinning Henry underneath. The horses were standing quietly, still hitched to the sled. Stanley had to take the team and go to Merton School to get the Dumaine children and tell them of their father's death. Alice Batke, now Stanley's wife, was a grade one student at the time and remembers very vividly the young man who came to the school that day.

Alice recalls having to pass Mr. Webster's house on her way to school, and how frightened she was. Mr. Webster always told her he was going to get her. The neighbors spoke of him as "Long Webster" for he seemed seven feet tall. Further west lived another Webster, known as "Short Webster" because he was just over five feet tall.

Homer Sharkey was a bachelor who lived near the Batke family. Whenever he came to their house, Alice always hid because he told her he was going to put her in a gunny sack and take her home with him.

Stanley remembers a kiss by a little girl who was six years old. He had come to the house to court some young lady when this little girl kissed him. This little girl became his wife. Alice and Stanley got married in 1946. They lived on Stanley's father's homestead for about three years. They then rented a quarter from Nick Kolody half way between Iron River and La Corey. Here they lived for five years, and then they bought Fred Benio's homestead near Sandy Lake where they built their home and have lived for twenty-seven years.

When he and Alice were married, Stanley bought a democrat for thirty-five dollars, to take his new bride home. He still has this democrat and plans to fix it up for an anniversary. The people who came to Canada on the same ship in 1930 are planning to have a fifty year reunion in 1980 and Alice will get another ride in the democrat.

Farming was very difficult in the pioneer era. Farm land was cleared by hand. A stump puller was used to get most of the stumps out. Many logs were taken to the sawmills to be made into lumber. There was no power return on the sawmill carriages, so sawmilling was a hard job. Many logs were hewn with a broad axe to be used for building. Many fences were made of logs cleared from the land.

One time Stanley took a thousand pound steer to market in Bonnyville and got a ten dollar advance payment on the animal. When the return came, the steer had been sold for eight dollars. Times were very hard.

Alice said she never sewed much for her family but she certainly patched. Her job was keeping the house and caring for the children. She always planted a big garden and also helped in the field.

Stanley and his boys farm quite extensively and raise cattle. In 1977, at the Provincial Fair in Calgary, Stanley won a fourth place ribbon for Grizzley oats. In 1978, at the fair in Lethbridge, he won a second place ribbon for oats. In 1978, in Calgary, he won a first and third place ribbon for oats.

Stanley's boys have pretty well taken over the farm work, but Stanley is always around to guide, direct, and give a hand.

His children are fine athletes. Lloyd took fourth place in Canada in wrestling in 1974. Bryan likes basketball. Ernest was named best male athlete during his four years in the Bonnyville Centralized High school. He is also a wrestler. Carol likes running. The children keep in shape by working on the farm. The boys can buck over a thousand bales of hay a day.

Stanley has been active in community affairs, however, he is looking forward to relaxing a little more and taking a trip to Poland soon.

He has an antique tractor, a Cockshutt 80, which he bought during the war years, for fourteen hundred dollars. It has two sets of wheels, one set steel and the other, rubber.

Stanley and Alice have nine children: Bernice, Lawrence, Richard, Ernie, Ronny, twins Linda and Lloyd, and twins Carol and Bryan. Bernice lives at home with her parents. Lawrence is married to Terry Marty and they have a little girl, Melissa. They live north of Iron River. Richard was married to Kay Landry and they have a son, Jeffrey. Ernie is married to Elaine Baril and they have a little girl, Sasha. Ernie works with his dad on the farm. Ronny is a surveyor and is married to Nora Hogg. They have three children, Cheryl, Jennifer, and Jamie and live at Bow Island. Linda works in Bonnyville, and Lloyd works on the farm. Carol and Bryan are still in school.

Ivan and Wasylina Charawicz

Eighteen year old Ivan and seventeen year old Wasylina Charawicz were married in Poland in May, 1929. They planned to immigrate to Canada the same year but immigration authorities delayed their departure by one year. During this time, Ivan says he was ridiculed for wanting to venture out into the unknown wilderness of Canada. However, he had his mind made up and found the year a very long and trying one. Actually Canada was Ivan's second choice. The word was that people were getting paid to stalk and shoot large, wild animals in Paraguay and had the immigration offices allowed it Ivan would have gone there.

Ivan and Wasylina accompanied by Wasylina's mother, Mrs. Hopiniuk, and sister left Wolene, Ukraine in May of 1930. Ivan left behind his mother, father, two brothers and a sister. Wasylina's father had



Starting out, John and Lena Charawich.

been killed in World War I. The trip to Canada, costing one hundred and seventy-five dollars per person, took six weeks by way of Dansk, London, and Liverpool. Any personal belongings taken cost extra. Examples of some of the things they brought included two axes, a wood auger, a cross cut saw, adze, embroidered clothing, cooking utensils, a teapot, blankets, pillows, stationary, homemade comb, needles and thread, lots of bread, lots of salt pork, and about two hundred fifty dollars in cash. These belongings were carried in a woven fibre type of trunk.

The ship they sailed on was a freighting vessel containing many barrels and cargo crates. They had individual single bunks to sleep in but Ivan and Wasylina occupied only one. Wasylina wiped silverware in the kitchen in exchange for some herring which was a delicacy. The sea was rough and almost everyone on board was seasick for most of the trip. There were doctors on board who looked at them but gave them no medication. On the ship they were introduced to some new foods such as jam, coffee, fancy wrapped cheddar cheese, bananas and peanuts.

When they docked in Quebec, at immigration headquarters they were fumigated and disinfected. Their hands were examined thoroughly as healthy, muscular hands were needed in order to homestead successfully. Here they were also given a piece of bologna about three feet long before they boarded a train bound for Winnipeg. This trip was included in their one hundred and seventy-five dollar fare.

On June 15, 1930 the family left Winnipeg by train, for Edmonton. At the station, in Edmonton there were many immigrants, but all were strangers. This station resembled a cattle barn. There were rough lumber planks on the floor, bunks provided for sleeping and a large wood burning stove for preparing food. They bought several potatoes, a couple of

eggs and along with their complimentary bologna, dined sitting near their personal belongings. The station was located very near a stockyard with many animals. There was a lot of noise and the ever present smell of livestock.

The next day they travelled by train to Bonnyville. A room was rented and Wasylina, her sister and mother remained here while Ivan went in search of Ulanicki's place. Mr. Ulanicki was from Ivan's home village and would help them sort things out and show them around. Ivan ventured out walking to Ulanicki's which was about twelve miles. He struck out east of Bonnyville instead of north but eventually located the right place and sent Mr. Romanko with horses and a wagon to bring the women and their belongings. The women remained at Ulanicki's while the men went to look for Bill Karas, who was also familiar to them and was homesteading not very far from their ultimate destination. They remained at Karas' for about two weeks.

Bill's shack was small and after two nights of sleeping on the floor, Ivan, Wasylina and family moved out and made camp near the house under a big spruce tree beside the creek. They slept under the trees and cooked on an open fire. Macaroni and the remainder of the salt pork brought from the Ukraine were used. From here they moved to Sokorinski's and shared a shack which was about ten by sixteen feet. Ten people slept in a line of the floor. Ivan



The Charawich Family — John, Lena, Mary, Peter, Steve and Nellie.

walked daily from here to his homestead six miles away and worked building his first log house. This shack was about ten by twenty feet and had a door, two windows, a cellar, was built of black poplar logs and had a roof of fireweed and dirt. The building stood on a foundation of stones. The only furniture in the building was built by Ivan from materials provided by the forest around them. Their bed was made of slabs on top of wooden blocks. For comfort, they covered the slabs with soft spruce boughs and lots of firewood which was plentiful around them. Soon after completion of the shack a wood burning stove was ordered from the T. Eaton mail order company. The cost of this luxury was thirty dollars. It arrived in Bonnyville almost a month later and Ivan paid Mr. Sokorinski another ten dollars to transport the stove by horses and a wagon from Bonnyville to the homestead.

Clearing of land for gardens and fields was immediately begun. The first year they cleared two acres which were ploughed by Ed Shaffer with horses and a single bottomed plow. This work was paid for by returned labour. In return, Ivan remembers shaking the snow from stooks. This was September and due to an early snowfall this had to be done before Mr. Shaffer threshed. A gift of a hen with ten chicks and some screenings for chicken feed, were given to the Charawiczs by Mr. Shaffer. When winter arrived the chickens shared the cabin with the family.

Two more chickens were acquired from Ulanickis in payment for cutting grain with a scythe. Ivan also bought a cow from Vigo Peterson for seventy dollars and two horses from Glen Erickson for fifty dollars. Harness and collars were made using the leather boots brought from the Ukraine. The large woolen coat was used for padding. They borrowed a wagon before acquiring a sleigh from an Indian named Bruno in exchange for some pork.

During the first winter Ivan began cutting logs for a new more permanent type of log house. Rabbits were commonly used for food and shot with a 22 calibre rifle which Ivan had purchased for three dollars. Bullets for the gun cost twenty-five cents for a box of fifty. About seventy-five to one hundred squirrels were shot and skinned for their pelts which were worth about twenty-five cents each that winter. These were sold to Vigo Peterson, who ran a General Store, or to a travelling trader called Hunter, who traded with the Indians.

By now all the money brought from the Ukraine was spent. To earn money, Ivan went out to work in the fall, for established farmers in the southern part of the province. The average wage paid labourers in those days was two dollars per day. When Ivan returned, the family all walked to Glendon for provi-

sions. This was twenty-one miles away and approximately a two day walk down poor trails bordering rivers and streams. They would bring back items such as windows, nails, hinges and very basic food, all carried on their backs.

For the next five or six years Ivan went to work in Southern Alberta every fall until some of the more established farmers in the Iron River area needed help. Leo Sabatier bought a threshing machine and Ivan was one of the crew who followed the machine all over the countryside, threshing homesteaders' crops. This usually took about two months every fall.

Every year Ivan cleared one or two additional acres of farmland. Wheat was grown and kept for seed, bartering, or mainly ground into flour. Ivan began buying modern machinery. A horse drawn plough was bought for ninety dollars, a new high wooden wheeled wagon for one hundred two dollars, old discs for ten dollars and a new harness for thirty dollars. Ivan sent a bull hide away to be tanned for six dollars. This hide was used to make yet another harness. By this time Ivan and Wasylina seeded over twenty acres every spring. They had acquired an old binder in trade for an old horse.

About 1940 Ivan and Wasylina had well established roots in the Sandy Rapids district. They owned about ten horses, a small herd of about fifteen cows, several pigs and numerous other farm animals. They raised thirty turkeys, twenty-five of which they shipped to Swift's in Edmonton for fifteen dollars.

The land on their homestead was very rocky, so in 1946 they bought some land at Iron River. Here they had thirty-four acres cultivated. Ivan bought his first tractor, a Wallace. Ivan and Wasylina cleared an additional nine acres by hand, as wheat had become the prime source of income selling for one dollar and sixty cents to two dollars a bushel. Grain often averaged thirty bushels per acre. The wheat was trucked to Bonnyville for a fee of four cents a bushel. As tractors became more popular, by the mid forties, horses were only worth about five dollars each. Ivan traded a horse for a shotgun which he used to shoot ducks that were spoiling his wheat fields. In 1948 the Wallace tractor became inadequate and was traded for an Oliver No. 28 — 44. The difference in price was fourteen hundred dollars. By 1952 Ivan and Wasylina had about one hundred and forty acres cleared, had bought a new threshing machine and a new Ford pickup truck. In the years 1950 to 1955 Ivan worked in lumber camps around Wolf Lake and Fox Lake for Hermans and Pete Procinski.

By now they were definitely established, had a family and were successful homesteaders living in relative luxury and farming with fancy modern machinery.

In 1969 they retired and moved to Edmonton but missed the farm and old friends. In 1975 they returned to Bonnyville.

Wasylina and Ivan had four children. Mary, the eldest, is married to Nick Solowoniuk. They have nine children, Larry, Betty, Beverly, Russel, Michael, Ronald, Richard, Rhonda and Kevin.

Their oldest son Peter married Diane Ulanicki. Their four children are: Ronald, Donna, Tommy and Rodney.

Steve, the second son, is not married. He lives at Iron River on the farm Ivan and Wasylina bought when they left the homestead.

Nellie is married to Dan Fersovitch and they live in Edmonton. They have two children, Brad and Jody.

Chirpish, Stanley and Elizabeth told by Mrs. Nay

Stanley and Elizabeth Chirpish came from Poland to La Corey in 1930 with the Greschuk family. The Greschuks had relatives living near La Corey who wrote to them and others in the village telling of the abundance of land in Canada. To this time the Chirpish's had been farming only seven acres of land and really wanted to expand in order to make a better living for their growing family. Their daughter, Mary was fifteen and already worked out in the sugar beet fields, Andrew was seven and Nellie three. They decided to sell their land and livestock and move to Canada. For all their property they were able to get fifteen hundred dollars of which a thousand went on passage. They were left with the required five hundred dollars to prove they would not be a burden on anyone in Canada.

They arrived at La Corey in July with their few belongings which consisted solely of household articles. Together with the Greschuk family they went to live with the Steve Shewchuks until they could get established. Steve took Stanley out to look at homesteads and they were able to find one near Frozen Lake, a mile and a half from their nearest neighbors Kicia and Waskiewich. What a place this was! A mosquito could not stick his nose between the trees, they were so dense, and there were plenty of mosquitoes to try.

A crude shelter consisting of two poles covered over with grass and dirt and filled with smoke to ward off mosquitoes became their first dwelling. The family had to live in this strange shelter until they could get a regular log cabin built. With Greschuk as the carpenter and Shewchuk helping they were able to build a small house from trees cut on the homestead. In the process of building the house an acre and a half

of land was cleared at the site. This was used as a garden plot the following spring.

Much of Stanley's time was spent clearing his land by hand. Soon he, his wife and daughter had seven acres ready for breaking and they hired Nick Broski who had a team of horses to do the job. Later on they were able to have twelve more acres ready and this time Joe Galick came to do the breaking with a tractor. To be able to pay for the work done for him Stanley did brushing for others and during harvest season would catch a freight to work for farmers in other parts of Alberta as well as Saskatchewan. If they needed extra help stooking or threshing then Stanley had a job. The pay was small but a great help in those days.

One of the first things the family needed to buy was a milking cow and Stanley was able to get one with a calf from Sandy Solowoniuk for a hundred and forty dollars. The next year he bought a heifer from John Ilchuk and proceeded to build up his herd so a living could be made without always having to leave home.

In 1932 Mary (see Nay history) left home and got a job working at the Central Hotel in Bonnyville. She did not enjoy town life and soon hired out to work for Mrs. Pete Yarama on a farm. She did housework, milked eleven cows by hand, fed pigs and worked in the garden all for six dollars a month. When it was time to make hay and stook she was sent to the fields to work and earned three dollars a month extra for this harder task. For her wages she bought some dress material which was ten cents a yard and a pair of rubbers for seventy-five cents. The rest of the money was used to help the family at home.

In 1934 another daughter, Helen was born to the Chirpish's. The following year a school opened at Willow Trail where Andrew and Nellie were enrolled. Their first teacher was Annie Shalka. All three children attended this school for as long as they were able. As soon as Andrew was old enough he left school and home and worked as a labourer for farmers around Elk Point and in other parts of the province. Today he resides at Parkland Nursing Home.

Elizabeth passed away in 1943 and was buried in a little community cemetery not far from the land she first homesteaded with her husband. With the mother gone Nellie felt it was time to go on her own to work and she found a job in Edmonton where she met and married John Starchuk. They still live in Edmonton and have three sons, Ron, Larry and Jerry. Stanley was not content on his farm without his wife and daughter. He sold his livestock, machinery and other belongings and moved to Vancouver with his daughter Helen. The farm was signed over to Nellie, who

later sold it to Mike Benio. In time Helen married Loren Prasser and now they reside in Edmonton. They have five daughters: Janet, Nancy, Rollie, Goldie and Tina.

Stanley lived in Vancouver until 1963 then moved back to La Corey to live with his daughter, Mary. He dwelt in the area until his passing in 1966.

Mike and Doris Cholik

On the beautiful slopes of Mahania, Romania, a young slight boy grazed his father's flock of sheep. For entertainment he played his flute and dreamed of land far away called Canada of which he had heard stories told of opportunity and fortunes. Mike Cholik, at the age of seventeen convinced his reluctant parents that he was now ready and able to venture out into this new land and return with enough money to buy a piece of property necessary to ensure a better future. In the month of February, 1911, Mike and several other adult friends left their homeland of Romania for Canada.

After a long journey and encountering many difficulties the boy finally reached Mundare, Alberta. He worked on a farm of some acquaintances for his room and board. He soon got a job with the extra gang on the Grande Trunk Railway which was being built from Edmonton, Jasper and points west into British Columbia. Work on the railroad was harsh. Speaking only Romanian communication was a real problem and only seldom he met someone who spoke his native tongue. Unable to speak the English or Ukrainian language, the young lad was overcome with loneliness, homesickness and often in the night, alone, he gave way to a flood of tears. Fortunately, he knew enough of the German language to help him get by.

In 1914, Mike had now earned a sum of four hundred and twenty dollars, out of which he bought a ticket to return home to Romania. Just prior to his departure a letter arrived from his homeland requesting his return to serve his country at war. At this time Canada had declared war against Austria. Mike then decided against going back to serve in the Austrian army and tore up the purchased ticket and remained in Canada. He then invested his money in real estate that later proved to be a bad move.

Not being a Canadian citizen, he was now considered an alien, therefore had to report regularly to the authorities, in person, until the war ended.

In 1917, Mike bought a quarter section of land in the Mundare district where he married Doris Tymchuk who came to Canada as an infant in 1897. In 1920, Mike and Doris Cholik and their two children moved to Edmonton where they had six more children. The depression years now set in. Jobs were

scarce. They then decided to move back to the land, with the vision of a new beginning.

The search for a homestead began. Mike, along with friends, Bill Lukinuk and Steve Chahley, all from Edmonton, learned of homestead land available north of St. Paul. In 1933 the three men hired a truck and made a slow difficult journey along winding rough wagon trails through St. Lina — Mallaig across the Beaver River to what is now called the Iron River district. At the time, the area north of Iron River store was called Willow Trail.

Accepting the hospitality and help of two kindly families living in Willow Trail, the Worobiy's and the Dubinuk's, the three men then searched for homesteads in this area of timber, lakes and muskegs. Mike Cholik, always with an eye for beauty, chose a quarter section with a lake called Osborne and a patch of thick tall spruce and pine bordering one side of the lake. Now there would be plenty of water, wood for fuel, fish and wild life to add to the food supply.

Taking the description of the quarter section from the iron survey post of their choice, the men walked to the town of Bonnyville where they planned on hopping the freight train back to Edmonton. The watchful eyes of the authorities prevented the men from jumping on the train so they started out on foot managing to get a few short distance rides when some kindly conductor looked the other way. The trip took three days. In Edmonton, Mike filed for his homestead, costing twenty-five dollars because someone had previously filed the homestead and cleared three acres of bush.

In April of 1934, Mike Cholik and his eldest son Tom, and Bill Lukinuk and his brother drove from Edmonton to the homestead by wagon. There they built a temporary log shanty, which would serve as a home until a permanent house could be constructed. Three weeks later, leaving young thirteen year old Tom at the homestead, Mr. Cholik returned to Edmonton to move his family and belongings. Making the decision of leaving four children behind with friends in Edmonton and relatives in Andrew was very painful. This type of separation was endured by several new settlers who realized the importance of an education. As yet, there was no school nearby which the children could attend.

Fortunately, Mr. Cholik had kept a few of the necessary farm implements from their farming experience at Mundare. At this time government assistance was available which included one team of horses, a wagon and some cash, a sum of six hundred dollars. Not too many homesteaders were aware of this loan, which eventually was repaid.

Gathering together all their belongings including

one holstein cow, two calves, two horses, household items, seed, machinery, along with three small children, Mr. and Mrs. Cholik came by train to Bonnyville. At that time, Bonnyville boasted one hotel, blacksmith and a couple of stores, one lumberyard and no electric power.

At the Bonnyville Railroad station they loaded some of their possessions on the hay rack and made a slow tedious two day journey through swampy stumpy, narrow trails to their homestead. A second trip was necessary to get the rest of the belongings, tools and few implements.

Once again they accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Worobiy for several days until the log dwelling was made habitable by sodding the roof, chinking the walls with moss and packing hard the dirt floor.

Mike and Doris Cholik now set themselves to carve a farm out of the wooded virgin land. Mrs. Cholik found the isolation almost unbearable at times, and was comforted for not bringing with them, three daughters and one son. One daughter remained in the city and the others stayed with relatives in Andrew to go to school. The Choliks missed their children and friends they had left behind in the city.

There was untouched natural beauty everywhere. The homestead sat amongst tall evergreens overlooking a lake full of noisy mallard ducks. The howl of the coyotes, the ever hooting owls at night soon became familiar sounds. Hordes of black flies and mosquitoes tormented man and beast alike in the months of June and July. All these added to the loneliness and isolation of the newcomer. However, one consolation which gave the parents peace of mind was the fact that regardless of the depression here, there would always be plenty of food on the table and a new start in life toward a secure future.

The first year was spent felling the fine tall timber that was standing on the site and erecting a two storey log house. On the outside the house was chinked with mud plaster, however on the inside, the plaster was applied thick enough to give the wall a uniform, even effect. This was later white washed with lime. The home was warm and comfortable and had a balcony with a great view, but of course, in the early days no one had time to appreciate the scenery.

Shelters for chickens and other livestock were erected, a garden, and essential item providing the family with vegetables, had to be dug up. Mrs. Cholik tenderly raised a flock of chickens. It was one constant battle to keep the owls and hawks away from the precious flock.

The Choliks gradually became acquainted with their neighbours. The early homesteaders were de-

pendant on one another in many ways and lasting friendships were developed. They exchanged work as well as shared whatever they had that someone lacked. It was the custom to give lodging and a warm welcome to anyone who came by. Wagon loads of Indians en route to Wolf Lake reserve often came up to the Cholik homestead and were invited in to warm up. They would silently sit around the kitchen stove in their blankets, sip a cup of tea and quietly file out of the house. The young natives taught the Cholik girls where to find the best spruce pitch for gum and how to boil it in a can of water on the cookstove to remove the bitter taste and make it chewable. In exchange the Cholik girls gave them blacktar which was used by them as a chewing gum. This tar was purchased in large hard lumps, which Mr. Cholik used for water proofing roofs, boats, water troughs, etc.

Now the task of land clearing began. Each year, Mike with his sons cleared small parcels of the heavy bush land by hand, that is cutting down the timber and pulling out the stumps with a team of horses or with the aid of dynamite blasting the stumps to pieces. Another newcomer to Willow Trail was a friend, Bill Reptick, who owned a heavy steel wheeled tractor and breaking plow broke the land exposing the rock and root bound soil. The soil preparation was a very slow tedious task but the grain yields from their new fields was usually good.

Grass was plentiful and the meadows surrounding frozen lake now called Barbara Lake was a beehive of activity in the summer months. Settlers throughout Willow Trail and Garth leased patches of haymeadows for the winter hay supply for their animals. Often where it was too marshy for horses to tread, they cut the hay with a hand scythe and the women would help rake with large wooden hand made racks and stack the hay by hand which later in winter was hauled home by wagon and rack often upsetting more than once en route.

Progress on the homestead was slow with a limited cash flow but the important thing in life was independent survival and this could mostly be accomplished by cooperation with the neighbours, resulting in friendly relationships and no thought of racial prejudice.

Mr. Cholik did much logging in those years and sold the lumber and posts to trucks coming in from the "south". Hunting squirrels and rats for furs was the exciting event for Tom and Victor giving the boys some spending money.

Every member of the family had a job to do. Doris Cholik, a strong and capable person worked hard. She was an efficient and a very scrupulous person. Like other pioneer women she raised most of the food, grew a large garden, milked several cows.

put up preserves during the summer and winter months, spun yarn and made woollen clothing, took care of the sick with aspirins and her homemade remedies, repaired everything, and worked side by side with her husband. She was a good seamstress, everything was doubled seamed for strength. Folks for miles around had Doris sew and renovate everything from underwear to horseblankets. It was not unusual for Doris to sew until the wee hours of the morning by the yellow light of a coal oil lamp. There were also times when she acted as midwife and others when she helped prepare the dead for burial.

With no refrigeration or electricity, keeping the milk products was always a problem. Mike dug a hole in the shade of the large pine trees in the backyard. In the late winter he would cut with a cross cut saw large blocks of ice at Jack Fish Lake and haul these by horse and sleigh into the prepared hole covering the ice with shavings and sawdust. They then had a cold place to refrigerate necessities which often lasted the greater part of the summer. A real luxury. Shortly after settling on the homestead a root cellar was dug, providing proper storage for fresh and canned vegetables and wild fruit preserves.

Recreation for the young Cholik teenagers included house parties, school dances, dog sled riding, skating, and target shooting practice. Their main ambition was to grow up and leave the farm and acquire an education. The youngsters enjoyed reading, often to the annoyance of their father who would say it was a waste of coal oil. Many a time the books or magazines would quickly disappear at the sound of father's footsteps.

The post office was an important meeting place to the community. Once a week people walked, drove, rode horseback or whatever to the post office where they exchanged news and gossip while awaiting the arrival of the mailman with letters, newspapers etc., a link to the outside world. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hinecker operated the Willow Trail post office and small general store with the basic necessities. Ernest Hinecker was a knowledgeable man and often when the early homesteaders needed advice or explanation on important matters of business, they turned to Ernest.

Losing an animal was a heavy loss to the homesteaders. Mr. Albert Van Raes, a dedicated local veterinary, travelled many a mile by oxen and later with horses to save the life of the precious animals. Sometimes the treatment took several days, so the man stayed at the farmer's home and entertained the family with his anecdotes and jolly disposition. For what Mr. Van Raes charged was so nominal, that the farmer did not realize he was getting free veterinary services.

Road conditions were always a real problem and gradually the trails gave way to ones that were fairly straight. Much of the muskeg road had to be built up with logs and poles laid across the width of the road and covered with clay and sand. This was then called a corduroy road. The clay was moved with a metal scoop with a handle to which two men would hold the scoop down while a team of four horses drew the frizol ahead filling the scoop with earth which was then deposited to the necessary spot. Mr. Cholik worked with a team of horses three days of each year on the road in payment for his taxes.

Some years when rainfall was heavy it was not uncommon for a team of horses to almost drop out of sight in a soft spot of the road, especially on the road north of Iron River Store. The driver would then have to get another horse to pull his animals out or sometimes just coax his tired team to jump out on their own. Because the horses and men worked closely, the animals would sometimes become rebellious. A little red mare, whenever tired, learned to dismantle the Cholik girls by dropping to her knees. She made the mistake of dropping to her knees one time when Mr. Cholik was riding her, throwing him into a mud hole. In the event, the angry Mike Cholik swallowed his chewing tobacco. After that, the mare learned never to dislodge a male rider again.

Threshing was an occasion of hard work and best prepared meals. For the first years, Mr. Cholik stacked the grain bundles and awaited the arrival of Mr. D. Panas' threshing outfit. The machine powered by a steam engine fascinated the young and old. Young Tom and Victor, for several years hauled the enormous amount of water in large horse-drawn tanks which were filed by buckets to keep the steam engine going.

Education must be provided for the youngsters without the aid of the government. After meetings were held, a one room school was erected by the combined efforts of the homesteaders. Mr. Ayotte and Mr. Brosseau supervised the construction of the building. Mr. Baril from Bonnyville custom made the windows and Mr. Senecal, a local brick layer built the chimney. The European method of mud plastering was applied. This was done by a six inch deep hole in the ground, filling it with clay, straw and water. This was worked into a plaster by willing persons, bold enough to remove their footwear and work the mixture into a plaster by walking and stomping in their bare feet until the right consistency was attained. Mr. Ernest Hinecker played his fiddle to liven up the task. Each family had to provide their own desk for their children. Mr. Cholik built the teacher's desk and the doors. The school was named Osborne Lake. Miss Elniski from Edmonton was the

first teacher. The board members took their turn each month to collect the money for the teacher's salary. Maurice Plouffe, one time spent all day visiting the settlers, collecting a sum of seven dollars.

The Cholik children, Lucie, Nellie, and Victoria attended Osborne Lake School as well as Helen, completing their grade eight. **Ann** started her high school through correspondence lessons. She adapted well to the simple life and loved to walk alone through the wilderness exploring the great outdoors. Tom attended Agricultural school in Vermillion.

In 1935, a ninth child was born in Willow Trail. Marjorie was the youngest of the Cholik girls.

Second World War broke out. Two daughters and son Tom joined the R.C.A.F. to serve in Canada. The eldest daughter **Mary** did not live in Willow Trail but remained in Edmonton, married and had two sons. **Tom**, while in the forces married Edith Rathwell from Medicine Hat settling on a homestead adjoined to his father's where he farmed shortly after the war ended until after 1957. Tom Junior, Stanley (deceased in 1967) Kenneth, Glen, and Ronald. One more daughter, Lisa was added to their family in Hinton.

Victor (deceased in 1968) was unable for health reasons to enter the army, lived in Windsor, Ontario where he married and had one daughter Judy and one son Dale. **Helen** married, has three children and lives in the United States. **Lucie**, one of the twins, continued her education in Edmonton, married and had three daughters and one son. **Nellie**, the other twin married Mike Tkachuk. (See their story). Victoria and Marjorie the youngest of the family, completed their education in Bonnyville. **Victoria** is married and lives in Edmonton where they had a family of two sons and one daughter. **Marjorie** took her nurses training in Vegreville, married and had three sons and one daughter. She now lives in Ontario.

In the early sixties Mike and Doris Cholik moved to Bonnyville, where Mr. Cholik still lives. Mrs. Cholik passed away in 1972. Mike and Doris lived by the golden rule, trusting in God's mercy. They passed on to their children a heritage to open-mindedness and a desire to do one's best, regardless of the task in all their endeavors. As Mike Cholik reminisces on the past he says it is all a memory, a page in history. Like the young boy so long ago in Romania, Mike says with the impending crude oil development in their area, there are still indeed fortunes and opportunities to be made.

Philip and Mary-Ann Chouinard

Philip and Mary-Ann (nee Pellant) Chouinard, with their family came to Bonnyville in the spring of 1928 to work on St. Louis Hospital for the summer.

Philip, his sons Eugene and Pete worked as carpenters while another son, Louis hauled gravel for the cement work with his own truck. Louis also made the steps to the main door.

While there, Louis, the oldest, filed on a homestead two miles north of LaCorey. As winter came on, the family moved to the farm. In the spring, Philip took out his own homestead a half mile west and Pete and Eugene also took out homesteads of their own. Philip and Mary-Ann's (Grampa and Granny Chouinard) homestead was on a hill where granny kept herself busy with many things. Besides having a big garden, she spun wool to knit many pairs of mittens and socks. Her good cooking was enjoyed and remembered by her large family and a lot of friends. When she was not busy, granny entertained her family and friends by playing the autoharp or accordin.

Their children were as follows: **Pete** and his wife, Christine took out their homestead across the road from Philip Chouinard, N.W. 24-63-6-4. Their children were: Arthur 1928, Alice 1930, Florence 1932, Margaret 1934, Grace 1937, June 1939, Margie 1941, Ethel 1942.

Alida married Oscar Benoit and moved away. They had three sons, Al, Leo and Louis.

Louis married Lena Gamache. (Story elsewhere).

Eugene married Simone St. Pierre. Their children are: George, Ovid, Paul, Roland, Roger, Tony, Alma, Adeline, Louise, Jeannette, Lucille, were all born here and went to school in LaCorey. In 1954 the family moved to British Columbia.

Angeline married Joe Gamache and moved to St. Paul. Their children are Cecile, Alice, David, Eva, Albert, Louis (deceased), Alphonse, Eugene, Omer, and Rita.

Rose married Pat Bonin and homesteaded across from Willow Trail Hall. They had thirteen children, Joe, Irene, Cecile, Lida, Raymond, Albert, Denise, Roland, Margaret, Jeannette and Jean (twins), Dennis and Joe. They lived there for many years until 1954 when they moved to British Columbia where they are still living.

Antoinette married Roger Bienveue and lived three miles north of LaCorey. Their children are Raymond, Edward and Marie Louis. The family left the farm about twenty years ago but their son, Raymond moved back to his dad's homestead last year and plans to stay.

Marie married Camille Verrier and lives on the same quarter as the Willow Trail Hall as Camille donated the land for the hall. They raised seven children, Victor, Phyllis, Omer, Evelyn, Suzanne, Willie and Bernice. These children went to school in



The Chouinards — Eugene, Pete, Grandpa Phil, Christine and Louis.

LaCorey but are all married now. The children have all moved away but return for many enjoyable holidays where their parents, Marie and Camille have lived for almost forty years.

Cyril married Georgette St. Pierre and lived on the farm with his parents. They had six children, John, Annette, Morris, Armon, Diane and Dennis. One son, George died at eighteen and one daughter, Anna married and moved to Terrace, British Columbia where she passed away in her "thirties".

Granny, Mary-Ann Chouinard passed away in January, 1946 and Grandpa Philip passed away in April, 1950. Cyril inherited the farm and when he moved to British Columbia, he sold it to Mike Benio.

Louis and Lena Chouinard

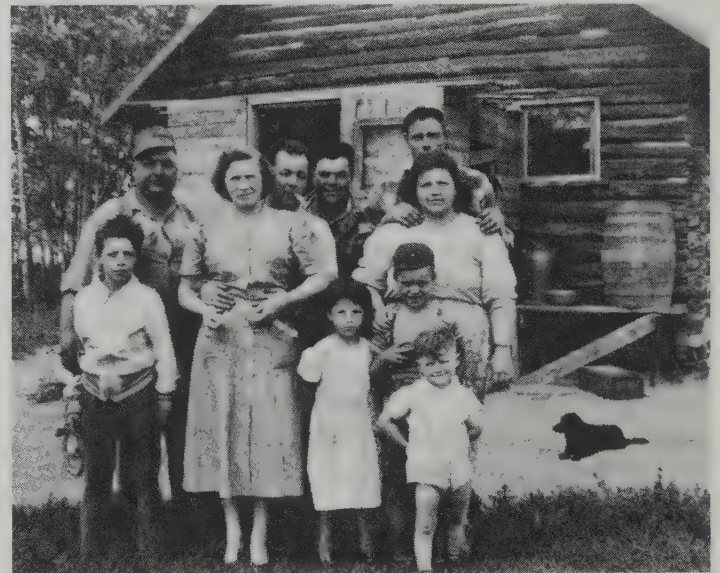
Louis married me, Lena Gamache step-daughter of Charlie Gooler, on February 19, 1932. We had eleven children; Helen, Marie-Ann, Ernest, Anna, Stella, Jacky, twin boys (deceased), Lorrette, Felix, and David.

Louis had a blacksmith shop on his farm for a number of years until he moved his shop to LaCorey in 1936. In 1939, while living in LaCorey, he worked from dawn to dusk in his big blacksmith shop for very little. Many people paid with chickens, milk, cream or whatever they had but Louis never minded because he was good hearted and was always ready to help a neighbor or person in need.

We lived in LaCorey for nine months. When our daughter, Stella was born in 1940, we moved back to the farm with Louis' parents because the house in town was too cold. We stayed there until we bought Louis' brother, Pete's farm, N.W. 24-63-6-4. Pete's house had burnt down so all the neighbors and the



Louis and Lena Chouinard.



Chouinard and Verrier Families.

boys got together and a big log house was put up in one day. We lived in that house until 1958 when we built a frame house.

While we lived there, our daughter, Anna broke her arm very seriously. Operations were not successful and the injury became bone cancer. Although she was later married and had three children, the disease became too much. She passed away in February, 1971.

Along with the bad memories, we had our humorous moments too. One day as the children were going

to school, an older neighbor told them that there was no use going to school as the teacher was sick. The children came home, quite happy for a holiday. The next day they started off again but the same thing happened. One more day this happened but Louis went to town that day and met the teacher. The obviously healthy teacher asked if all the children had been sick since they had not been in school. Louis went home to see who was in the wrong so the whole story came out and the holiday was over. The old guy had a good laugh and the children had a lot of homework.

Louis moved our family to Hinton in 1950 where he, his brothers and his brother-in-law Camille Verrier had a sawmill. He also worked as a carpenter on Jasper Lodge. We moved back to the farm in 1953 when Louis was also a school trustee at LaCorey and he helped to build St. Louis Catholic Church in LaCorey. He was on the church board for many years.

When the school was closed in LaCorey in 1964, there were only Felix and David going to school and they were bussed to Bonnyville.

In 1967 we sold our farm to our son, Ernest and moved to Bonnyville. Two years later, a very bad time came to our family. On December 27, 1969, our oldest daughter, Helen passed away of a brain tumor. My husband Louis passed away on March 17, 1970 and his brother passed away the end of April of the same year. Another daughter, Stella Stevenson died December 26, 1970, leaving nine children without a mother and it was only two months later that Anna passed away.

In June 1973 I married for a second time, this time to Cyril Lancaster of Beaver Crossing. The happy day was marred by the untimely death of yet another son, Felix only three days prior. He also left a wife and two children.

This was hard to take but the good memories of living on the farm in LaCorey with many good neighbors help to make up for it. I would not trade my life with Louis Chouinard for all the gold there is to have. He was a fun loving man who loved his wife and family, was ready to help any man who needed it and would have been insulted if pay was offered. Times were hard but life was good as we had close family ties. Friends are worth more than gold and we had many of them.

Chubey, John and Mary

by Debbie Hodinski

John Chubey came to La Corey from Norden Valley, south of Elk Point in 1929. At this time he filed for a homestead. Soon after arriving he met Mary Ulanicki, soon to be his wife, though not

known at the time. They first met when John, his brother and father stopped at the Ulanicki homestead to water and feed their horses. He then returned to Norden Valley until the following year. In 1930 he returned and began building a home. Once again he stopped at the Ulanicki homestead and he and Mary began dating.

Dating at that time consisted of visiting Mary on Sundays at her parent's home. After seven weeks of courtship they were married on April 22, 1930, in the Big Meadow Church. The day of their wedding was the first service and wedding to take place in that church. The Ukranian Greek Orthodox Church called Big Meadow remained the home church of the entire Chubey family.

Following their wedding John and Mary set up home on John's homestead. Farming was their main source of income but John earned extra money in many ways. One of these was cutting and selling firewood to the people in the village. A load of firewood at that time sold for one dollar. He also did some trapping. In 1935 he began hauling fish to Derwent and surrounding areas. This proved to be quite the task. He would begin by driving his team to Primrose to load up with fish. This itself took a week and in freezing cold weather John often ended up walking alongside his team rather than riding. Once having loaded up to seven hundred fish he would start his journey, which often, over all, could end up taking a whole month. He would sell the fish for twenty-five cents each and trade for grain. Since having bought the fish for one cent each there was not a lot of money made, but definitely a lot of hard work put into the venture. With well over a full month's hard work put in he would earn about one hundred and fifty dollars.

The first year they were married they had no stove. The only thing they had for heating and cooking was an old tin heater. Mary often had to take the team of horses over ten miles to go to her mother's to bake bread. When they would leave in the winter they knew they would return to everything frozen solid. They had a small dirt cellar into which they would put everything that they did not want to freeze, even Mary's house plants. John went to work for his father, and his father repayed him by giving them an old stove. The stove was missing one leg but it was a luxury to them.

John and Mary had three children: Agnes, born in 1931, Elsie, born in 1937 and Danny, born in 1940.

Their children attended Willow Trail School. It was one and a half miles from their home.

John and Mary stayed at this homestead for fifteen years after which they bought a farm by the Beaver River and sold their old farm to Pete Pary.

Agnes married Cyril Hodinski in 1949, after which they moved to Beaver Dam. They now reside in Grand Centre, Alta. They have five children: Marcel, Eugene, Orest, Christine and Wesley. Eugene married Debbie Olson in 1974 and they now are residing in Iron River. Marcel married Donna Edinga in 1976 and are now residing in Edmonton, Alta. Orest married Wendy Wilkins in 1977 and are now residing in Cold Lake, Alta. Christine resides in Edmonton, Alta. and Wesley still remains at home.

Elsie married Bill Lupul in 1954, after which they moved to Grand Centre. Elsie now resides in Abbotsford, British Columbia. She had four children: Leo, Cindy, Boris and Terry. Leo and Cindy are now residing in Niagara Falls, Boris in Winnipeg and Terry remains at home.

Danny married Elizabeth O-Kurly in 1964, after which they moved to Edmonton and still reside there. They had two children, Kevin and Koreen both of whom still remain at home.

John and Mary have two great grandchildren, Stacy and Cole Hodinski, children of Eugene and Debbie Hodinski.

Mr. and Mrs. Chubey now reside in Bonnyville, Alta. They shall be celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary on April 22nd of this year. Through the fifty years they have seen many changes but there will always be one thing that shall remain the same, their love for each other.



The Chubey Family.

Chyz, Walter Sr. and Agafia

written by Anne (Chyz) Gurin

In 1927, Walter Chyz arrived in Canada from Europe and travelled west till he reached Bonnyville. He proceeded to find work and travelled north to the LaCorey district. When he saved enough money he was able to send for his wife and two sons, whom he had left behind in Europe. His wife, Agafia and two sons, Sam and Nick arrived in Halifax by ship and then proceeded west by train. The family was reunited with husband and father on his homestead in the LaCorey district in 1930.

The family lived in a two room shack that Walter had built out of logs, moss and mud. On this homestead Walter and his wife, Agafia raised cattle, pigs, horses, sheep, chickens and ducks. Walter would shear the sheep from which his wife would spin her own yarn to knit socks, mitts, scarves and touques for her family and friends. She would also make quilts from the wool. With the down feathers gathered from her ducks and geese, Agafia made her own pillows and quilts.

Gradually after much hardship Walter cleared more land by hand and began to seed more grain. By



Second home on Mr. John Chubey's.



Managing nicely. Mrs. Chubey with their team.



Arrival in Canada. Agafia with Nick and Sam in center.



Walter Chyz on right in 1927.

this time Mary, Anne, Bill and Walter Jr. were born, and a bigger house was needed. Walter Sr. not only mixed farmed, he also owned and operated a sawmill and a planer. Walter Sr. sawed enough lumber to not only build a large two storey house, which is still on the original homestead, but all the other farm buildings as well. In the new home another daughter, Helen was born. In spring of 1945 the Chyz family moved to the Bonnyville district. Following the few years residency in that district, the baby of the family, Joie, a daughter was born.

Walter Chyz Sr. passed on in 1955 and the same

year Agafia Chyz with her two young daughters, Helen and Joie moved to Edmonton where she still resides in a home that her husband built before his passing.

The family at present are: Sam the eldest, a city employee who has three sons and two granddaughters. He now resides in Edmonton. Nick, a certified welder, is also employed in Edmonton. He and his wife Norma and two daughters reside in Edmonton. Mary and Nick Hutzkal have two daughters, three sons and four grandsons. They now reside in Kelowna, British Columbia. Anne and Nick Gurin have three sons, one daughter, one grandson and one granddaughter and reside in Edmonton. Bill, employed by Double N. Earthmovers Construction Co. and his wife Ruth have one son and one daughter and reside in Edmonton. Helen and Louis Galick have three daughters. They own and operate their own electrical business under the trade name of Polar Electric. They reside in Provost, Alberta. Joie and Ray Necula have four daughters. They reside in Edmonton where they own and operate two different businesses. Mrs. Chyz is very proud of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, never forgetting to mention that her two youngest daughters, Helen and Joie each gave birth to a set of twins. At age of seventy-six Mrs. Chyz enjoys telling her grandchildren of the joys and sad experiences of her life in Alberta. Mrs. Chyz also takes great pride in providing her grandchildren and great-grandchildren with knitted socks, mittens and scarves.

The Cunninghams — 1928-1942 by Grace Myer (Cunningham)

Orville Desmond Cunningham was born in Peterborough, Ont. and came to Alberta as a young man in 1896.

In 1902, he filed on a homestead in Vegreville, which was then part of the Northwest Territories. In 1905 he married Annie Still who was born in Texas, United States and had come to Vegreville, Alberta with her folks at the turn of the century.

Their nine children were born and raised there.

The four older children, Percy, Violet, Mae and Bernice had left home in 1928, when father got the homestead bug again.

The north Bonnyville country was open for homesteading and father filed on land there, at Iron River.

The Cunninghams and their four youngest children left Vegreville in September, 1929. The old touring car was really loaded. Mother even insisted on taking a dozen of her best laying hens. They were in a crate and tied on the back of the car.

After an exciting trip, we arrived at the farm

about midnight. Our brother Don, who was only fifteen, was so glad to see us. With our dog as his only companion he had stayed alone for nearly a week. Tired and sleepy, all seven of us bedded down in a ten by twelve tent.

Early next morning, father roused us "Come on kids, a big day today". We crawled out of the blankets and tent and rubbing our sleepy eyes, we looked around with awe at our new home. The tent, a makeshift barn and corral and a funny looking thing, four posts and two rails nailed on each side to form a square and a smouldering fire in the centre. Our horses were all standing around it. We soon learned the value of that smudge corral.

That was it, trees to the north and south and a lovely meadow to the west and five acres of broken land just east of the building spot. Not a neighbour, not a road, just land.

This was September, so the house had to be put up. Father and Don had cut and hauled the logs. The men soon had the logs up. We all helped to chink between them and stuff moss in the cracks. Sod for the roof and Lo and Behold, we had a snug new home. Father was short one window so a flour sack was nailed over that, and would you believe we never even caught a cold that winter.

School came next. We knew the Merton school was four and a half miles south east of us. Earl and I took off one morning on horseback and we came out just one eighth of a mile from it.

Miss Harriet Jewell was the teacher and as I recall, there were about twenty odd pupils. Margaret and Mildred Batke, Mary, Pauline and Nick Fretz and cousin Madeliene, Pete, Mildred and Paul Procinsky, Alex and Ted Slipchuk, the Kolody boys, Alvin Anderson, Stan Chachula, Irene and Dennis Mailoux, Mary Ramonko, Alice and Celie Dumaine are the ones I remember.

We soon made friends and formed a ball team and proceeded with our schooling.

That first winter was pretty hard although we kids thought it was a lark. Luckily we had our own milk, cream, butter and eggs. We picked the only berries left that fall, Cranberries and chokecherries. Prairie chickens and partidges were plentiful, also deer and moose and fish from Jack Fish Lake. We ran out of potatoes before spring. Albert Batke met father one day, at Petersons store and Post Office and told him he had sacks of potatoes to spare, I will never forget our supper that night — baked spuds and Mother's homemade butter, what a feast!

We soon got to know our neighbours and house parties and school dances were the most exciting events in our young lives.

The Iron River annual picnic on July first was the

highlight of the year. Folks came from far and near to join in the fun. There were ball tournaments, foot races and games for all ages. A picnic supper, followed by dancing in the school house at night.

Our Grandfather, Thomas J. Cunningham and Uncle Roy had also filed on land close by. Mother and Don had land, so all in all, the Cunninghams had five quarter sections of land.

Horses did not do too well up there, they were used to the grass and prairie wool in the south and the coarser grasses in the north did not agree with them. Many of them died of swamp fever. Father bought a team of mules about this time, Old Jack and Jenny. I can still see father on the breaking plough with two mules and the horse.

On his next trip back to Vegreville for more of his machinery, he brought our old Titan tractor, this made his work a little easier.

Homer Sharkey was our nearest neighbor. He loved to play cards and taught all us kids how to play crib.

Bernice came home to stay in 1930, and she surely livened up our place. I got to go to dances with her, but this did not last long, she met and married Glen Erickson. Glen and his two younger brothers, Jesse and Allen went a bit further north and took up land at Willow Prairie. What times we had getting up there to visit, the poor horses had to lunge and pull wagons buried hub deep in mud holes and muskegs.

Money was scarce as hen's teeth in those days and the men worked whenever they could to make a dollar.

Mr. Henry Deschenes was the Liberal M.P. for our area at that time. He got a road grant and hired men and teams to build roads. A dollar a day for man and team. The men would cut and haul logs, then lay them side by side over the muskegs. This was known as a corduroy road. Anyone who has not bumped over that mile strip known as the big muskeg, in a lumber wagon, has not really lived.

Father had his steam engineers papers and would make extra money in winter, running steam engines at various sawmills. He also chopped wood and hauled it in, sawed and split it and then took it seventeen miles to Bonnyville in a team and sleigh and sold it to the local townspeople for two dollars a wagon box full.

Times were hard in those days, but we grew and thrived and so did the land. Soon there were beautiful wheat and other grain crops waving in the summer breeze. Hay was plentiful and every meadow would be mowed, raked and stacked for the livestock in winter.

Grandpa Cunningham was a retired homestead inspector for the Alberta Government. He would



Annie Cunningham, Grace, Lola, Pete Jorgenson, Violet.
Seated: Pearl and Orville Jorgenson.



Orville Jorgenson in 1930.

come up and spend his summers on his homestead till he proved up on it. He would go around to all the neighbors and any one else who would listen, preaching conservation of the land and saving the trees. He claimed every farm should leave a grove of trees and wind breaks along the fence lines. He pointed out the south country as an example. The land was cleared of trees and soon wind, hail, and drought plagued the farmers. In our virgin land these three enemies were unheard of then.



Mrs. Cunningham with grandchildren, Theresa Erickson, Louise Tondy, Orville and Donnie Jorgenson.

In 1933, father and Uncle Roy and Don and Earl built a two storey log house on Mother's place, which was a mile north. Two big rooms downstairs and bedrooms upstairs, the house was a big improvement, it was built right in the middle of a lovely grove of pine trees.

As time went on, we kids grew up and left home. When war broke out in "thirty-nine", Earl joined the army and the folks were alone.

Lola, Pearl and I lived down in the Turner Valley Oilfields, so the folks decided to sell out and move to Millarville. Father worked for some years as boiler man for an oil company. They then moved to the town of Turner Valley where father passed away in 1962 at the age of 79, Mother was also 79 when she passed away in 1965.

George Emile Dallaire Family written by Simon Dallaire

The Dallaire family left St. Coeur de Marie, Lac St. Jean, Province of Quebec in two separate groups. The family of ten, six boys and four girls, ranging in age from nine to twenty-three, settled on the Koleba farm five miles west of La Corey, purchased a few months previous to their journey.

The six boys, Rene, Maurice, Marcel, Charles, Pete and Simon made the long, twenty-five hundred mile journey in two half-ton trucks. They left Quebec on April 16th and arrived on the 22nd of April, 1953. Mr. and Mrs. Dallaire, along with the four girls, Aline, Elaine, Cecile, and Martha made the journey by train, April 18th to April 23rd, when they arrived in Bonnyville. There they were met by the six boys along with a delegation of French Canadians from the LaCorey area. Everyone gathered at the Louis Bureau residence for a get-together after which the



The Dallaire family.



An earlier version. (The Dallaire family).

family was housed with various families for the night.

The family took up residence on the Koleba farm situated five miles west of La Corey. The farm consisted of one-half a section of land. Beside their farmland the family also purchased the welding and blacksmith shop from Abe Richard, in the hamlet of La Corey. Before coming west, two of the boys had taken a course in welding and another took a course in mechanics, so were qualified to run the shop. Maurice, the eldest son was the welder and Marcel, the third in the family was the mechanic. Both had attended a technical school in Montreal. Instead of remaining a mechanic, Marcel very quickly became a blacksmith. The roads were so poor in those days very few cars or trucks were in use, therefore there was little demand for a mechanic in the area. A blacksmith seemed to be the occupation to pursue and that is what Marcel became almost overnight.

Dad was laid to rest in 1965, twelve years after arriving in the area. Mother, who later married Prudent Poirier, resides in Bonnyville.

Rene who farmed in the La Corey district also lives in Bonnyville and owns several school buses.

Maurice lives in Edmonton.

Marcel is a mechanic at Lakeland Boat and Van in Bonnyville.

Charles now makes his home in Hinton, Alberta.

Jean Joseph or **Pete** as he is better known, is employed by Payload in Bonnyville.

Simon is the administrator of the St. Louis Hospital in Bonnyville.

Three of the four girls live down East. **Aline** and **Martha** are living in Quebec, **Elaine** in Montreal.

Cecile's place of residence is Edmonton and she owns a hair stylist shop, Hair Dimension in Bonnyville.

The Davies

Wales was home to Mr. and Mrs. Davies who were married there around 1910. Three children, Harold, Nora and Trevor were born in Wales. In 1926 the family came to Canada and settled in Southern Alberta. Here they remained for four years until finally the constant drought and hail persuaded them to move northward. In 1930 they came to the Lessard area and homesteaded near Fox Lake. While trying to build on the homestead the family spent one summer and part of one winter in an Indian shack, on land where John Kunec now lives. In the fall it snowed heavily and the snow, which blew in through the cracks, piled up about one foot deep under the bed.

The original homestead proved to be mostly swamp land, thus it was given up and a second

homestead filed on, where Trevor lives today. A house, which the family moved into before the roof was on, was built on the new place. Nora can remember going to bed and looking up at the stars overhead. A few acres of breaking was done with horses in the spring. A scythe was used to cut the fall crop which Mrs. Davies tied into sheaves, by hand. Times were difficult and money scarce. A herd of cattle was established. Cows were milked and the cream sold in Bonnyville. Mr. Davies began a cream route to Bonnyville, charging twenty-five cents hauling charge per can of cream. The small amount of money earned through this operation helped out financially. Mr. Davies continued this operation for twelve years. During this period more land and cattle were purchased. In 1956 Mr. Davies retired from farming. He purchased a piece of land beside the school (which is now the Lessard Hall), bought a house from Hartwick Newgard, which he moved onto the land and he and Mrs. Davies moved into their new home. They lived there until Mrs. Davies moved into the Bonnyville nursing home. Mr. Davies resided firstly with Nora, then with Trevor until such time as his health also required a move to the nursing home. Mr. Davies passed away in 1977 and Mrs. Davies, still in fair health, lives in the nursing home. Mr. and Mrs. Davies celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, a celebration reserved for only a few honored couples.

Harold lived with the family until 1940 when he enlisted and went overseas. After the war he returned and married Elsie Becker who was teaching school in Lessard at the time. Upon completion of the school term they moved to Edmonton where he worked for Silverwoods Dairy for more than twenty-five years. They eventually began farming near Tofield where they still live. Harold and Elsie have two children, a girl, Gwyneth who is a nurse, married and living on an acreage near Tofield and a boy Glen, a teacher at NAIT, married and living on an acreage near Ardrossan.

Nora remained at home until her marriage to Aage Kundsén (See Knudsen story).

Trevor who lives on the original homestead purchased from his father, married Madeline Hebert. The couple have four children. **Janice** works for the Treasury Branch in Bonnyville and is married to Sid Sabatier, a tinsmith. They presently live in Bonnyville but are building a home at Lessard.

Keith works for the Department of Highways and helps on the farm. He lives at home.

Ivan and **Tammy** are home and attending school; Ivan goes to the Bonnyville Centralized High School and Tammy attends the Iron River School.

Doonanco, Sam and Sophie as told by Ernest Doonanco

Sam Doonanco was born in Kisca, Russia. Later, he and his family immigrated to Canada and settled at Flat Lake, Alberta. His wife-to-be, Sophie Shakun, was born in Austria and came with her family to Lamont in 1906. In 1916, they moved to Flat Lake. On July 14, 1918, Sophie and Sam were married by Sam's father the officiating clergyman at Flat Lake. They lived there until 1932 when they and their children moved to this area to homestead.

The following years were filled with raising a family, and the labor required to break land and farm without the modern machinery people have now. Horses were the mainstay of the farming operation. They used three horses on the harrow, four on drill, and five horses to pull the plow. The hay was put up in shocks and left in the field. Later, when the harvesting was done, they hauled the shocks and stacked them.

Sam and Sophie lived in a small, two-room house. Sophie cooked on a coal and wood cookstove and baked her bread outside in a Dutch Oven made of mud and straw and clay. The house was heated by an air-tight wood heater. Sam cut the wood with an axe, sawed it with a swede saw and hauled it with a horse and a wagon. When it was necessary to use the bucksaw, the neighbors would lend a helping hand.

Over the years, Sam and Sophie raised a large family. One son, Eli, only lived one and a half years. Lucy was born in 1922, Metro in 1924, Vera in 1926, Leonard in 1928, Edelia in 1930, William in 1932, Ernest in 1935, Irma in 1937, Clara in 1940 and Dennis in 1945.

Ernest's education began at the Berg School two miles from the homestead. About fifty students attended the one room school. They only had a part time teacher so they did correspondence lessons. In 1947, the Berg School burnt down and the Doonanco children had to go seven miles to the Fort Kent School.

The children had to get up at six in the morning in order to do the chores and get to school on time. Among the chores they had to do was the feeding and watering of thirty pigs. In the summer they rode horses or bicycles to school, and in the winter they travelled to school with the horse and cutter and caboose. They brought their hay from home, and stabled their horses in a barn at the school. Each child tended its own horse. In the winter they covered the horses with blankets.

In 1949, Ernest quit school at the age of fourteen to help with the farm work. His sisters started school that year, and the school bus began to take the students to Fort Kent School. The school had a separate

room and teacher for each grade, and by 1950 about two hundred pupils were enrolled. The nuns were the main teachers. If homework was not completed, the student had to stay after school and finish it.

The weekends were a mixture of extra work and of pleasure. They caught up with their regular work as well as doing odd jobs such as trimming the horses hooves with a hand saw and breaking horses. The neighbors sometimes gathered, and the children would play hide and seek and kick the can. Sometimes they made homemade ice cream. On Sundays they went to church which was held occasionally at the school.

Meanwhile the Doonancos continued their mixed farming operation. They milked fourteen cows and hauled the cream to Bonnyville with a horse and cutter. In 1952, they bought a McCormick tractor, and the gradual change to a more modern way of farming began.

In 1954, it rained so much their fields were flooded. They could not get on the fields to cut their grain as the horses got stuck in the mud and were unable to pull the machinery. It was not until the ground froze that they were able to get their grain.

In 1956, they purchased a combine and switched from threshing to combining. In 1963, Ernest bought the family farm and took over the farming operations. In 1970, he put the power in and a year later installed running water.

In 1977, Sophie died at the age of seventy-four.

Lucy married a Mr. Twedohlib from Two Hills. They have six children, Irene, Ronnie, Jamie, David, Susan, and Irvin.

Metro and his wife live at Cold Lake with their six children, Gordon, Linda, Debbie, Judy, Michael and Rita.



Sophie Doonanco with brother-in-law, Ernie Doonanco.

Vera married a Mr. Boissent. They had seven children. In 1978, Vera passed away in Edmonton.

Ernest still lives on the farm at LaCorey.

Irma married and she and her husband have three children, Shawna, Jeffery and Carlos.

Clara is married to Gerald Frohlich of this area and has five children. (See Frohlich history)

Elsie married and has one son, Bobby. They live in Calgary.

Dennis and his wife also live in Calgary. They have two children, Kevin and Tammy.

Peter Dubilowsky Story

written by Mary Synowec (nee Dubilowsky)

My father, Pete Dubilowsky came to Canada from Ukraine in 1927. He worked for farmers around Andrew and Mundare, Alberta. After a year, he saved some money and decided to buy a farm. He walked to Bellis and gave a down payment on a farm with pretty good buildings. In the morning, he told his boss that he needed the day off to finish the deal. His boss told him that land in the Bellis area was not good to grow grain. He said buy some good land and it will be food for you and your family, but poor land will be poor as long as you farm. Father worried how would he get his money back, but when he went there the family was all upset about selling their land and so father got his money back very easily. He went to work on the railway which was being built to Bonnyville and he found N.W. 26-62-R6-4. quarter which he liked. He bought it for seven hundred dollars from the Veterans Land Act.

In 1929, my mom, my brother Mike and I came to meet my father here. We had no house to live in so my father cut down some logs for the house and left for work again. Mother levelled the logs for the house by herself and in the winter they built the house. In the spring, we moved in. There were big trees everywhere. One Sunday, we had visitors and I walked outside and saw my puppy run into the bush. I called and then ran after him, and got lost. This was early spring with some snow here and there. I had no coat or sweater on and soon lost my shoes in the mud. I was very tired and scared in the bush and wanted to lay down. I heard a dog bark so went that way thinking it was home, but it was John Romanko's place. I got there about 8:00 or 9:00 o'clock at night. They were astonished to see me alone so late. When they heard what happened, John Romanko brought me home. In the meantime, mom and father were searching for me everywhere. I was very sick after that ordeal.

My mother was ill very often and died in 1947, at

only forty-six years of age. There were five children, Mike, Mary, George, Annie and Kathleen.

Mike married Sabina Cydejko and they are farming at Iron River. They have two children, David and Donna.

Mary married Louis Synowec and lived in La Corey, near the Beaver River and they have two daughters, Elizabeth and Jayne. Elizabeth married Allan Reed, son of Bill and Francise Reed of Ardmore and they have two boys, Nathaniel and Jonathan.

Jayne married Garry Blume, son of Russel and Muriel Blume of Provost and they have a son Jarret and live in Provost.

George married Mary Domegala and they had four children, Sally, Robin, Mark, and Brenda. Sally is married to Joe Meleshewsky and they live in Edmonton. In 1967, Mary died and George married Anne Bolotiuk (nee Anne Worobiy) and she had three children, Nancy, Terry and Iris. Three more girls were added to this union, Lisa, Denise and Melaney. George and his family live on the old Merton school yard.

Annie married Newton Tattrie, a professional wrestler and they have three children, Blanche, Robin, and Heather. Some of her children are married and they live in Pennsylvania, United States.

Kathleen is married to Ben Babbitts and lives in Edmonton. They have two children, Dian and Benjamin.

Pete Dubilowsky retired from farming in 1950 and lived in Bonnyville and now is living with his oldest son, Mike.

We were farming until 1973 and then sold our land to Alfred Toker and now are living in Bonnyville. Later, Louis bought Roland Duchesne's land and is farming in the summer for a pastime.

My life-long dream was to see the place where I



Peter Dubilowski Family. Front row: Mr. and Mrs. Dubilowski with Kay. Back: Mike, Mary, Anne and George.

was born and after we left the farm, we went to Europe and did see the village and the many, many relatives I did not even know. My husband saw his brother there also, who he had not seen for fifty years.

Anton and Christina Dubinuk (as told by Katie Koziol to Mary Koziol)

Anton and Christina Dubinuk left Poland with their two children (Katie, nine years and Pete, four years) and arrived in Halifax on May 25, 1929.

I remember when we arrived in Halifax I saw a Negro for the very first time. I stared and stared and asked my Mom "What is it?", "How could a man be black like a raven?". In Halifax we boarded the C.N. train for Bonnyville, Alberta. Our parents chose to come to Bonnyville because some of their friends (Ulanickis, Ozeros, Gavronskys) were here.

In Bonnyville the Dubinuks rented a room in the Bonnyville Hotel. Mr. Dubinuk and Mr. Worobiy along with Mr. Shiller and Mr. Slawuta went to look for homesteads in the Iron River area, while the women and children were left in the hotel. After remaining in the hotel for a few days the men returned to take the women and children to their new homestead. Before they left for Iron River, some basic tools (saw, axe, etc.) were bought, as well as a wood stove. The Dubinuks and Worobiys hired a truck to transport them and all their belongings to Iron River. There was not enough room for everyone to go on this little truck, so the women and children went with the truck while the men and the heavier items went by wagon with Mr. Peterson's employee, Otto Owen, who had come to Bonnyville for the mail. (Petersons were the owners of the Iron River Store.) Of course, the women and children who were travelling by truck, arrived at the Iron River Store long before the men who were coming behind them with horse and wagon. The Iron River Store that they were dropped off at was two miles south and one and a half miles east of the present Iron River Store. There we patiently waited like lost sheep until the men arrived with the wagon. I can remember sitting by the roadside fighting off swarms of mosquitoes. When the men arrived, darkness had already set in, and we literally shouted for joy. Late that evening Dubinuks and Worobiys arrived at an empty one room shack where Mike Dubilowski now lives. There they stayed for two weeks before moving on.

From there they moved to Adam Shiller's shack across the road from the present Iron River Store. Dubinuks and Worobiys lived with Adam Shiller till March, 1930. Every day Dubinuks and Worobiys walked two and a half miles north of the present Iron River Store to their homesteads to cut logs, while I

took care of my brother, Pete, who was four years old and Nellie Worobiy who was two years. Mr. Dubinuk and Mr. Worobiy hired a man with horses to haul logs. Anton Dubinuk dug a cellar by hand and started building his log house, which is still standing. After a well was dug by hand, Dubinuks moved into their new log house in March, 1930.

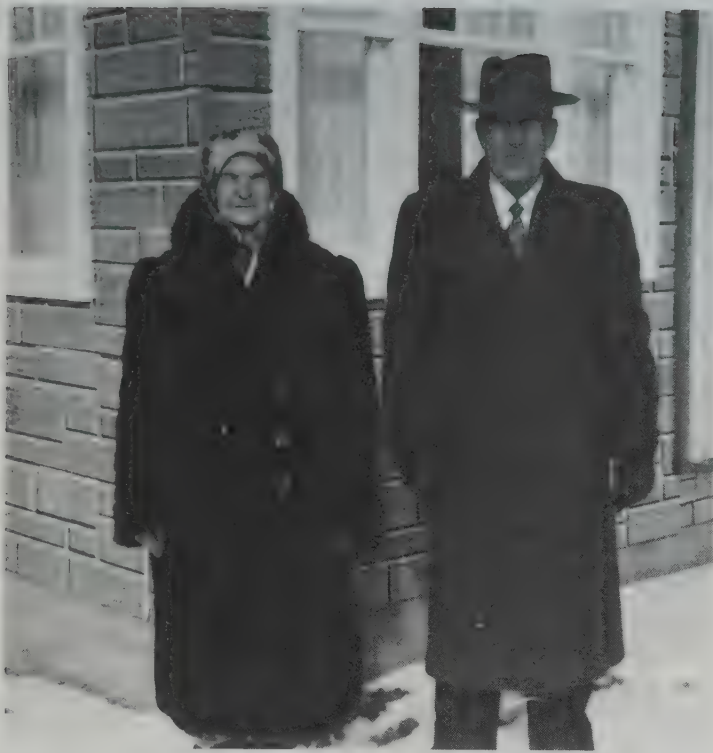
Since there was no open field near the house, Anton Dubinuk rented half an acre for a garden from Dave Byers. This garden was where George Tkachuk is presently living. In the spring of 1930 Anton bought a clucking hen and some eggs and the hen hatched fifteen chicks. What an addition to the family farm! Len Johanson was hired with his four horses and a horse breaking plough to break four acres of land on the homestead. In the spring of 1931 Anton hired a neighbor to work his breaking after which he seeded his four acre field by hand. He made a fence around this field, and cut posts and rails as there was no money for barbed wire. In those early days Anton cut the grain with a scythe and his wife, Christina, followed him tying bundles.

In the winter, Anton had the job of cutting cords of wood for the corduroy road one mile north of the present Iron River Store. While Anton was cutting cords, Christina brushed three acres by hand, as the winter was very mild.

It was usually my duty to make the five mile hike to Iron River Store to buy a few groceries and pick up the mail. I would usually carry the groceries on my back in a sack. In spring when the meadow was flooded I would walk barefoot across the meadow.

In 1935 the Willow Trail School was built and brother, Pete and myself started school. I was fifteen years old and was put in Grade two, however, because I was too ashamed to be with the little ones I quit after two months. Brother Pete was ten years old and had to make the four mile hike to school alone. In 1936, when Osborne Lake School was built, Pete attended there which was only half as far to walk.

In the spring of 1940 many fires swept through the area because the spring was very dry. One bright morning the southeast wind was blowing but nobody was aware of any nearby fires. However, all of a sudden we saw clouds of black smoke about a mile southeast of home. We never thought the fire would be in our yard in no time at all. As the winds started blowing harder, twigs from burning spruce flew into our yard and set our whole yard on fire. Then I (being nineteen years old) ran to the neighbors for help. Worobiys immediately came to help and while they were helping to extinguish the Dubinuk fire, the Worobiy yard went up in flames. Worobiys lost everything except their house while Dubinuks never lost anything.



Anton and Christina Dubinuk.

On June 23, 1940 I married Jacob Koziol.

In 1953, Anton and Christina built a new home on the farm and lived there for a few years, until 1957 when they moved the house to Bonnyville and retired.

In 1965, Christina Dubinuk died. In 1967 Anton remarried to Pauline Babkyvich. In 1972 Pete Dubinuk died.

Anton Dubinuk is now eighty-five years old and resides in Bonnyville.

History of Charles Duchesne

Charles Duchesne left La Belle Province Quebec to work on farms in Western Canada in 1916. His first job was on a threshing crew at Pontex, Saskatchewan. It was a tedious job, but he enjoyed the work. There he decided he would be a farmer someday.

He went back east to Montreal and worked as a Sign Painter and attended Night School in Art. In 1918 he decided to return west to his dream of becoming a farmer. He worked in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan on a farm then The Pas, Manitoba for the winter in a logging camp till spring break-up. He finally ended his westward trip at La Corey, Alberta. He settled on a ten dollar homestead, which is now a part of the La Corey hamlet

This is where he met the Joe Ouellette family, which still had a couple of daughters available for matrimony. Mr. Duchesne decided to become a family man, his wife Kate (daughter of Joe Ouellette) was a widow with one child by the name of Henri Paradis; born June 11, 1911 in Madison Maine, U.S.A.

The boy was raised by the grandparents, the Joe Ouellettes. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duchesne's first child was a boy, Rolland who was born on November 25, 1924, who is now living in La Corey.

The second child, Ernest, born May 17, 1926 is now in Tofield, Alberta. The last child, Therese was born July 23, 1931 presently in Superior, Wisconsin, U.S.A. All the children were born at home. The midwife for the area at the time was Mrs. Joe Ouellette.



Charlie and Kate Duchesne — early pioneers.

Excerpts From Mr. Duchesne's Diary

1921 — "One of the first farmers in La Corey was Esdras Ouellette presently living in Bonnyville. He is old and sick; he took his homestead in 1916 sold it to Joe Ouellette (no relation) in July 1919. Some of the names of the young and old bachelors arriving in La Corey from the East at the same time as the families, and a little later were P. Langloes, A. Cloutier, Louis Dumaine, Salomon Lacaille, Pierre Choquette, C. E. Duchesne, John Dawnard (from Kentucky, U.S.A.) There are many that have come to this area to look at the land in 1919 but have returned East never to come back."

July 19, 1929 — "The first picnic in La Corey was organized for the church and Ball Club.

July 27, 1929 — "I seen and killed the first prairie gopher, north of the Beaver River. They are plentiful in the south but was unknown here."

October 8, 1929 — "I believe I seen the first airplane to fly over La Corey, it was quite an event.

Life for the homesteaders was hard work and very little cash in return. They had to subsidize their living by working out and trapping. He wrote in his diary: September, 1930 that he is starting to see the fruit of his hard work on the farm, maybe life will be a little easier. He bought the first new pair of coveralls for the boys. It seemed that the standard of living did

not improve for many years. He mentioned in his diary October 22, 1932, "Went and sold fifty-four bushels of wheat in Bonnyville at twenty-six and one half cents a bushel, oats is worth eight cents, barley is ten cents a bushel. Eggs in La Corey are one cent a dozen and in Bonnyville they are five cents. Farmers are asking themselves how will it be possible to pay their taxes.

To this very day at eighty-two years old, Charles Duchesne never regretted his decision to move west and fulfill his dream as a farmer.

Wealth and the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was not achieved but the freedom — freedom that farmers do not have now was worth all the hardship he says.

Henri Dumaine

by Alice McDermott (Dumaine)

In 1929 my parents, Henri and Josephine Dumaine came from the east to settle in the St. Paul area. Five of the eleven children were born there.

In the summer of 1930 the Dumaines moved to the LaCorey district where Henri took up a homestead. We lived in a vacant house nearby until our own home was built.

In 1931, I started school at Merton about one and one half miles away. Two of my sisters and one brother started school there but later went to LaCorey.

In addition to his quarter, Dad also rented a school section on shares from the Government. He had quite a large herd of milk cows and at the time we milked nineteen cows by hand. We used to sell cream to the creamery for seven or eight dollars for an eight gallon can.

During the winter Dad would cut logs. In 1938, as he was coming home with a load of logs an accident took his life.

Mother hired men to help with the work until the boys were big enough to help. A few years later I married Bill McDermott and he helped Mother with the work.

Bill joined the army and went to war for four and one half years. During that time I stayed with my mother.

Mother lived on the farm until the late "Forties" when she sold it and moved to LaCorey. She passed away in 1960 at the age of sixty-seven years.

Alice married Bill McDermott. They had seven children.

Cecile married Andre Remillard and they have six children.

Beatrice married Albert Hamel. They are parents of seven children.

Romeo married MaryAnn Chouinard. They have five children.

Annette is married to Guy Limoges and they have three children.

Morris married Betty Friesen. They have four children. **Omer** married Cecile Norman. They have four children.

Yvonne married George Lorenz. They now have two children.

Raymond married Agnes. They are parents of four children.

Dyck — Ben and Joan

by Joan Dyck

We moved to LaCorey, Alberta in May of 1973 from Chilliwack, British Columbia because land prices were quite reasonable here at that time, by comparison.

We purchased a quarter northeast of LaCorey, where we lived for seven months. We then sold it and bought a quarter from Henry Paradis. We still live on this quarter which is located four miles north of LaCorey. When we first moved here we had two children, Wendy five and Wesley was one and a half years. Our youngest child Wayne was born in 1973, five months after we moved here.

We found it hard to adjust to the winters here which were longer and colder than what we were used to. However, we enjoyed the summers even though they seemed much too short. The roads were muddy after a rainfall and seemed quite bad to us as we were used to mainly paved roads. Each year though, more gravel was put on them, we got used to driving on them. Another hardship was caused by the fact that we had no electricity or running water at first. We used gas lamps, and later got a power plant. We carried water from a well.

Despite roughing it at first, there were compensations. My daughter, Wendy, and I like horses. Since coming here we own horses and spend a lot of time riding them. We marvelled at the beauty of the countryside as we rode through fields and followed trails in exploration of our new surroundings. It was incredible to us that we could ride so far, with so few people nearby.

We sit and watch the lightning storms through the window at night. The storms are different than those in Chilliwack. We find there is a lot of wildlife around. Strangely, though, this was something we might enjoy watching once. Here we learned what a pest they could be, losing one chicken a day the first year we lived here. An assortment of predators visited us, including fox, weasels, hawks, owls, coyotes and dogs.

Our three children attend the Iron River School,

via Mr. Charawich's school bus. Although we live only eight miles from the school, the children are on the bus from one to one and a half hours because of all the long country roads the bus has to travel to pick the children up.

The anticipated oil boom has brought a bigger population to this area. When we moved to this little place, we never imagined it would one day become the location of a booming oil project.

The Edstroms

by Alvin Edstrom

Clarence Edstrom homesteaded on the northwest quarter of section ten in the Rat Lake (Edwards Lake) district in the year, 1923. His parents were living nine miles east in the Riverhurst district at that time. There were only seven homes in the area, very few farms were fenced and the roads were just trails. The nearest railroad was at St. Paul.

In 1924 Clarence built a small log house and barn on his homestead. In the fall of 1925 he married Jeanie McGowan of Galahad, Alberta. They spent the summer of 1926 on the homestead and later that fall they moved to Galahad where they farmed for seven years. While at Galahad, a son, Alvin Clarence was born to them.

The early 1930's were very difficult on the prairies. The depression and continuing years of drought forced the Edstroms to leave their farm at Galahad and return in the fall of 1933 to the homestead at Rat Lake where crop failures were unknown. In this district people could exist with little or no money. There were fish in the lakes, wild game on the land for meat, and fertile soil to grow great gardens and cereals. The people could live off the land and the Edstroms did just that.

During the years that the Edstroms had been in Galahad, several more families had settled in the Rat Lake area. The settlers realized the need to educate their children, so with volunteer labor, a one room log school was built about 1928. During the "Thirties" it was a real trial to get enough tax money to keep the school operating. Sometimes the salary for the teacher could not be paid when due. However, despite the many problems and hardships, some of the teachers were very devoted and did a marvelous job in the little school. Clarence served on the local school board acting as secretary-treasurer for several years.

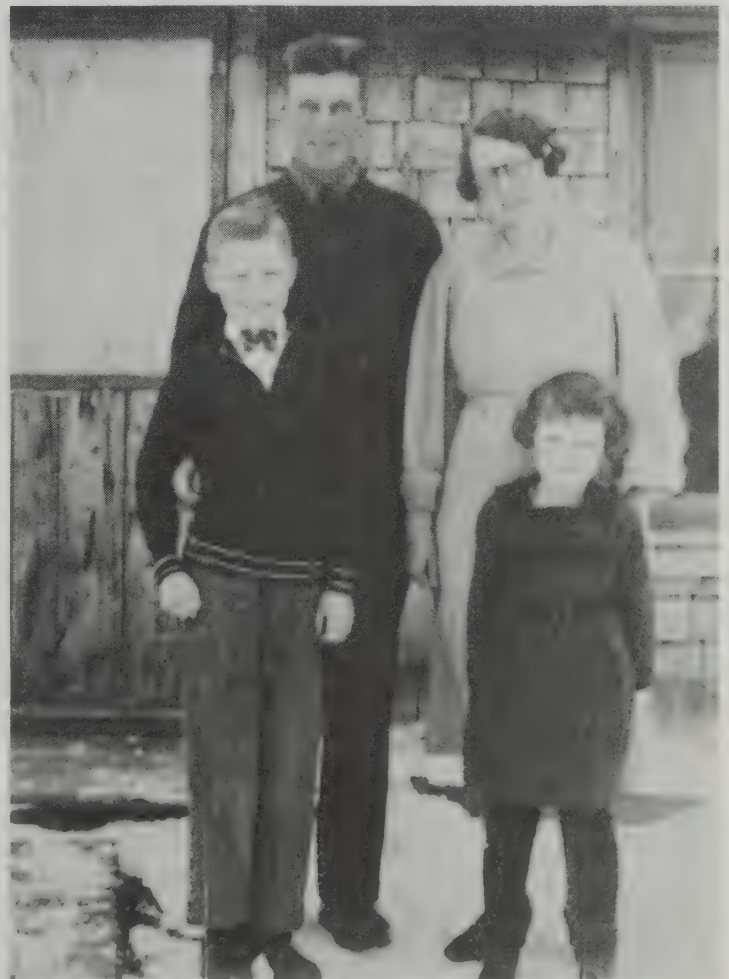
Upon their return from Galahad, the Edstroms built an addition to the log shack and in that home a daughter, Fay Jeanie was born in 1934. They lived in that home for many years before building a new frame house which is still in use today. The logs were cut on their farm, sawed into lumber, planed, and

used to build granaries, sheds, a new barn and in 1950, a new house.

Farming during those early years was done with horse power and man power. Horses were also the main means of transportation. In the summer it was a wagon or buggy and in winter a sleigh or cutter, so distances travelled were not extensive. In fact, the visits to Grandmother Edstrom, who lived at Cold Lake, were of necessity, rather infrequent. In 1942, the Edstroms purchased a second hand Buick Sedan which meant they could get around a little easier. However, in the springtime or rainy weather, getting stuck in the many mudholes was a frequent occurrence. In the winter, the car could not be used because of the drifted snow on the roads. About the same time a small tractor was purchased which replaced the horses for field work.

As a young man, Alvin purchased some land close to home, the southeast quarter of section ten. In 1952, he married Cecille Rhyason from Cold Lake and they moved to this farm and lived there for many years. The two Edstrom families farmed together until 1971 when Clarence retired and the farms were sold.

Alvin and Cecille live at Cold Lake where Alvin is the Administrator of the John Neil Hospital. They



Clarence Edstrom and family.

have one son, Bradley and two daughters, Tanice and Linda.

Fay (Mrs. Donald Rickels) lives in Texas with her husband and two children, Don and Rhonda.

Clarence and Jeanie are now retired and living in White Rock, British Columbia where they are enjoying a more leisurely life than they had on their homestead at Rat Lake.

History of Glen James and Allen Chester Erickson

Sedgwick, Alberta was the home of Glen, Jesse and Allen Erickson, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Erickson and grandsons of Mr. and Mrs. Ole Erickson. It was during the winter of 1928-1929 that Glen decided to venture out and take up a homestead, after listening to stories of homesteading days told by his father and grandfather. Glen's grandfather wished he were younger, so he could take advantage of a second homestead, a decision passed by the Government sometime before! Glen, who was nineteen years of age, decided after discussions with his dad and grandfather that north of Bonnyville was the place to go. Glen's mother had passed away on July 16, 1928 and Glen's Dad then took a job at the Betuminus Tar Sands Plant in Fort McMurray, so the boys were left on their own. Glen had been a "sale hound" from the time he was old enough to have his own money so moving was no problem as he owned horses, wagons, furniture and his own belongings.

In the spring of 1929 Glen, nineteen, Allen and another boy named Tom Taylor, both sixteen headed north of Bonnyville. They arrived in Bonnyville on May 22nd and camped by a small slough just southeast of the Number One Pool Elevator. Four wagons with hay racks on them carried their belongings. One wagon had a closed in cutter on it where they stored their food, another held their tent, some miscellaneous items, and their beds and blankets. The third wagon load consisted of furniture and extra harness and the fourth wagon was loaded with hay and feed for the horses.



On the move — the Erickson family.

The day after their arrival Glen and Tom Taylor left, on horseback, to look for land. Allen remained at camp to keep an eye on the horses and outfit. When Glen and Tom arrived at Iron River Store they stopped for a break and talked to Mr. Viggo Peterson, owner and operator of the Iron River Store and Post Office. He told Glen that there were two open quarters of land about three miles from the store. Glen looked over the quarters and chose one for a homestead, which he filed on in Bonnyville. Unfortunately, someone from Edmonton had filed on the quarter earlier in the day so that expedition was in vain. Unknown to Glen at the time, his future brother-in-law was to be sole owner of that quarter.

The land agent gave them the description of some open land north of Iron River at Willow Prairie, so the boys headed north. The first night they journeyed as far as Mr. Rapp's, owner of the land Mr. Axel Ljunggren later farmed, and stayed overnight. Next day they chose a quarter and after looking at the corner mounds it was found to be the South West of Twenty-Six, Township sixty-four, range seven West of the Fourth Meridian. Glen and Tom met two young neighbors, August Sidler and Ivan Kreller, who had taken land nearby. On their return trip to Bonnyville, Glen and Tom took a so called short cut, but became lost. In the darkness a cow bell could be heard in the distance. Using the sound of the bell to guide them, they luckily came to a barnyard. Quietly they tied their horses and decided to sleep in a haystack until morning. At daybreak they were discovered by a large bull, who put up a real fuss by bellowing and pawing the ground. The owner of the farm, Mr. Pete Oden, who was very hospitable invited the boys in for a hearty breakfast and asked them to stop in again.

On their way back to Bonnyville a farmer, who lived at the top of the Beaver River hill, stopped Glen and wanted to buy a horse. Since funds were becoming low, Glen was pleased to sell the animal. This, however, left two riders and one horse, so the boys took turns riding the rest of the way to Bonnyville. The land was filed on the same day and preparations were made to move the next morning. They arrived at the homestead May 29, 1929 and three days later decided to build. They were in the process of digging a well when they realized their tent was on fire. It burned down so quickly that they had no chance to save a thing. Blankets, clothes, guns and other miscellaneous items were lost in the blaze. Glen drove to Iron River with a team and purchased some blankets, groceries and a few clothes. He went to Charlie Carlson's sawmill, where he bought enough lumber to build a small building to sleep in until a log house could be constructed. In the fall of 1929 Glen's Dad

and Jess Erickson came to Willow Prairie. Only the four brothers, George, Glen, Jess and Allen took up residence in the little log house Glen and Allen had built as Tom Taylor returned to Sedgewick and the boys never heard from him again.

In the spring of 1930 Glen rented three quarters of land, two from the Reedy brothers and one from Mr. Rousseau. That same year he broke twenty-five acres on his homestead and built a larger log house. The land produced a good crop of wheat, but the price of wheat was so low that he decided to hold the grain over for sale in the spring. Things were no better in the spring as a mere nineteen cents per bushel was all wheat was worth. Bills had to be paid, thus Glen was forced to sell at a loss. That was the beginning of the well known "depression of the thirties".

During the winter of 1930-1931 Glen met and courted Bernice Elaine Cunningham of Iron River. They were married May 7, 1931, on Bernice's birthday, by Reverend Freske in Bonnyville. After being driven to the service by Mr. and Mrs. Viggo Peterson, the newlyweds returned for a lovely wedding dinner at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Cunningham. That same day Glen and Bernice set off in a wagon for their new home at Willow Prairie. The roads at this time were mere trails winding around and through muskegs. The easiest and quickest means of transportation was horseback, the mode of travel used most frequently. Neighbors were few, especially women. Mr. August Sidler, Mr. Ivan Kreller, Mr. Ralph Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Panas, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Netter, Mr. and Mrs. Twerdohlib, Leo and Ted Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Balla were some of the closer neighbors.

By the fall of 1930 George, Jess and Allen Erickson had filed on land. Glen Erickson and Ralph Hayes lent a hand and broke land and built a house for George Erickson. Allen broke land on his own quarter. In 1932, March 17th, Jess married Faye Palmer, a daughter of one of the early pioneer families. They went to Vermilion to work on a farm. Their eldest son Ole was born March 9, 1933.

Homesteading entailed much work such as brushing, breaking, fencing, choring, gardening, preserving food and washing clothes by hand. Money was in short supply. Purchases were reduced to the bare necessities. "Living off the land" was a definite truth in those years.

Glen and Bernice's first child, a girl Theresa Ann, was born March 1, 1934. At this time they were unaware that their family would be comprised of four more girls, Glenna June born May 7, 1936, Mae Anita born March 4, 1938, Grace Ellen born July 8, 1941 and finally Ellen Lois on January 31, 1943. The last two girls were delivered by Violet Jorgensen,

Bernice's sister who was a registered nurse. Mae was delivered by her father, who acted as doctor until Faye Palmer arrived to care for mother and baby.

In the summer of 1940 the old log house was torn down and they built a four bedroom home of lumber sawed by Dmytro Panas, from logs taken out by Glen. The cooking was done in a granary and nights were spent in a tent for a few weeks. Fred Hattebuhr was the carpenter receiving one dollar fifty cents per day plus room and board. Jess and George Erickson received one dollar per day plus board, working as carpenter's helpers. Vern Mathes, who planed the lumber by hand, was paid by return labour.

Prices and wages were extremely low at this time. Some prices quoted from Glen's diary are the following. In 1940 pigs were seven cents per pound live weight; cream was eleven cents per pound of butterfat. During 1941-42 rabbit pelts sold by Glen at Hinecker's store were worth five cents each. An evenings hunt brought between twenty and thirty cents, quick, welcome income. They later rose to seven cents apiece. Wheat was worth fifty-seven cents a bushel. Bernice sold butter for twenty-five cents a pound. A forty-five gallon drum of gasoline was worth eight dollars and eighty cents. Forty-one sheep were sheared by Mr. and Mrs. Nick Fersovitch for five dollars in May, 1942. In the winter of 1942-1943 rabbit pelts were worth a mere three and one half cents each.

On June 3, 1942 Allen Erickson married Viola Ridsdale and the couple made their home on the S.E. 27-64-6-W4th. Three children were born to this marriage. Robert was born June 29, 1943, Roy Allen, born May 24, 1944 and a daughter Maryanne, born March 22, 1949. Allen lost his twenty-six year old wife November 1, 1950. While Allen worked out and looked after his trapline along the Sandy River, Glen and Bernice kept the children. On July 26, 1953



The Glen Erickson children, Glenna, Mae, Grace, Ellen, Robert, Roy and MaryAnne.

Allen's oldest son Robert was killed by lightning. Allen passed away on April 3, 1969 after spending the greatest portion of his life in the "great outdoors", hunting and fishing. Allen's second son Roy, married Maxine Papirny and had two boys, Clayton and Grant. Roy was killed suddenly in a disastrous plane crash, which claimed thirty-two men's lives, at Rae Point North West Territories on October 30, 1974. Maryanne married Andrew Leroux. They have two children Bonnie and Ashley. Maryanne now owns the original homestead, but resides at LaCorey.

During the "early forties" some items such as



Allen and Viola Erickson, Glen and Bernice Erickson, Jess and Fay Erickson.

sugar, syrup, tea and coffee were rationed, but on a whole prospects for the economies future looked brighter. One needed a permit to buy tires and a licence to own and operate a radio. The long awaited end of World War II came in 1945. Glen wrote in his diary on August 14, 1945, "The Allies whipped Japan, there's peace in the world once again." Also in 1945, July 21, the first family allowance cheques were issued, ours totaling twenty-eight dollars per month for five children.

Money was more readily available, but the cost of things had also risen. One of the girls had an operation, the removal of her appendix and tonsils. This operation totalled one hundred and twenty dollars, a large sum then, with no medicare to offset the expense. After many years of washing clothes by hand, Bernice purchased a new motor powered wringer washer for one hundred eighty-six dollars. A bike for Theresa's birthday was thirty-six dollars and ninety-five cents.

The family continued to make do in many ways. Much wild fruit was picked and preserved. A large garden was grown and many of the vegetables canned for use in the cold winter months. Glen made toys for the girls for Christmas and gave a piece of pork to family and friends. The Erickson brothers fished commercially at Wolf Lake, which helped to

supplement their income. The cabin they built still stands and is presently owned by Glen and his daughter Ellen.

The children walked to Forest Stream School located one and one half miles south of their home. They sometimes traveled by horse and cutter in the winter. This school was a one room building, housing grade one to eight. To receive part of their education, the three oldest girls had to be boarded out in a girl's home in Bonnyville. On September 2, 1955 Iron River School was centralized. Mae, Grace, Ellen, Roy and Maryanne walked a mile and one half to catch the bus, which took them to Iron River. After one school term a new road was built past our farm. A heavy snowfall in December, 1955 blocked the roads and the school bus was unable to pick up the children for nine days.

In 1955, electrical power was installed. Glen and Bernice went on a shopping spree and bought many electrical appliances, which included a refrigerator, deep freeze, television, electric iron, radio and a few other luxuries.

As the years passed the girls married and Glen and Bernice were blessed with several grandchildren. **Theresa** is married to Wilfred Ward. She had three children from a previous marriage, Randy, Russel and Blanche. **Glenna** married Wilfred Vezeau and they have three children, James, Ruth and Judy. **Mae** married John Moore, they have five children, Georgina, Theodora, Marilyn, Derek and Patrick. John passed away April, 1980 at forty-seven years of age. **Grace** is married to Allan Smith and has two children from a previous marriage, Donna Wizniuk (Knapp) and Daryl Knapp. **Ellen** married Fred Sashuk and they have three children, Kelly, Douglas and Dixie. Glen and Bernice sold their farm to their daughter Ellen and son-in-law Fred Sashuk, but live in a home of their own in the same yard. Much of their time is spent at the trapline at Wolf Lake and on the Sandy River. Glen and Bernice are now blessed with five great-grandchildren, Karla, Lee, Clayton and Clinton (twins) and Vickey.

Glen is quite fascinated with our present times, when a man with his bare hands can earn from twelve to fifteen dollars an hour. The hospital and doctors' fees are covered by medicare, which is next to being free. Jobs are plentiful and people think nothing of a trip to Edmonton, when at one time a trip to Bonnyville was a two day affair. Glen was an auction "sale hound" in the "twenties" and remains so in the "eighties". He spends a great deal of time going to sales or worrying about what he is missing if he is not there.

Glen and Bernice have commented, different times through the years, that when they retire they

would travel. Bernice did venture out; she flew to London, England and travelled by train through Europe, down to Spain to visit her daughter Mae. Glen is happy to travel up to his trapline to relax with his wife Bernice in the peaceful surroundings of the cabin and the wildlife he has made friends with.

Footnote: Glen has faithfully kept a diary since 1936 and now has nine five year diaries. Some price quotes taken for these diaries are the following: In 1946 a good work horse sold for thirty dollars. An eight gallon can of cream was worth six dollars and twenty-five cents depending on the grade. August 1945, one hundred pounds of twine sold for ten dollars and fifty cents and one hundred pounds of brome grass sold for nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Glen paid one dollar per acre to Mr. Newlove to get his grain cut. Ronald Newlove stooked for forty cents per acre. September 1945, Glen bought a platform scale for fifteen dollars. He also purchased a Renfrew cream separator for forty-five dollars. Bernice bought two hundred twenty-five pounds of cabbage for three dollars and forty-five cents. A drive belt for the threshing machine, seven inches by one hundred and twenty feet was eighty-three dollars. A new battery for a car was fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents. A spool of barbed wire at Valley's Store was four dollars and seventy-seven cents. Threshing charges were seven to eight cents per bushel of grain. One thousand pounds of flour was twenty-eight dollars. Squirrels in 1945 were fifty cents each. August 31, 1950 Glen bought a new Oliver 88 tractor for

twenty-eight hundred dollars. In 1953, farm wages were one dollar per hour. Wheat was worth one dollar twenty-eight per bushel. Whitefish sold for the twenty cents per pound and Jackfish for twelve cents per pound. Cream sold from three dollars to twelve dollars and fifty cents for an eight gallon can.

George Erickson Family by Georgina Erickson

George was born on June 4, 1937, to Jesse and Faye Erickson of the Garth District. During his teen years he worked out planing, trucking and helping at home. He also spent some time on the seismograph crew. In July 1955 he met me, Georgina, daughter of George and Hazel Seminowich of Ardmore, Alberta.

I was born September 7, 1938, in Cold Lake Hospital. I received my schooling, until grade ten, in Ardmore and graduated from Fort Kent in 1956. In order to pay for my clothes and books I worked out in the summer holidays. After graduation I was employed in Edmonton and Bonnyville.

George and I became engaged Christmas Eve, 1957, and were married June 20, 1958, in the United Church in Bonnyville. We settled in the Garth area and farmed with George's parents. We purchased an additional quarter and I also took out a homestead.

Over the years, George worked out and also farmed. I remained at home doing chores, gardening and raising a family of five children, Stewart, Bruce, Valerie, Perry and Colleen. We lived one mile from a graded road the first few years. The trail was eventually brushed and graded just before Bruce started school. Our entertainment during these years consisted of visiting and television watching. Many Sunday afternoons were spent at our relations who lived at Manatokan Lake. Stewart was now attending school at Iron River. One afternoon Stewart fell asleep on the way home from school. The bus driver Tony Tkachuk carried the sleeping youngster to the house. It was a long, tiring ride for a six year old!

The farm grew to include two sections. The main addition was the purchase of Agnes and Frank Ridsdale's farm in 1967. We moved to the Ridsdale farmstead in 1968.

In the fall Valerie our eldest daughter began school. The boys were away on a hunting and fishing trip so she attended the first day of school without the company of her brothers.

After the road was built to Wolf Lake we went swimming, water skiing, boating and picnicking many times. We met many people at the lake and have often visited the people manning the lookout tower.

George, along with his cousin Roy, worked on the oil rigs. They were also partners in fishing and



Glen Erickson Family — Theresa, Glenna, Mae, Grace, and Ellen. Seated: Glen and Bernice.

trapping ventures for a number of years. We were saddened by Roy's untimely death in a plane crash in the Arctic. Through the years each fall's hunting season was full of new experiences of success or failure. Moose, deer, ducks, geese, partridges, and prairie chickens were brought home for the family's nourishment. George and the boys have and are still enjoying these hunting trips. I, personally, have enjoyed the time spent driving the children to and from sporting events. The girls' activities in the Iron River 4-H Clothing Club were also treasured times.

Beginning last spring we decided to build a new home. We were very busy during the summer and fall choosing, and purchasing materials and building our house. We moved into our new home before Christmas, a lovely Christmas present for 1979.

In conclusion, Stewart and Bruce have both finished high school and Valerie, who completed her grade twelve in January will be graduating June 28,

1980, on her birthday. Perry and Colleen are attending Bonnyville Centralized High School. George and I are presently ranching, a switch from our mixed farming operation of a few years ago.

Engwall (Slim) and Katherine Espetveidt as told to Doris Ulanicki

Engwall "Slim" Espetveidt was born in Wahbay, South Dakota, U.S.A. in July 1907. He moved with his parents to Kincaid, Saskatchewan in 1910. He began working out on his own in 1926. Some of the jobs included bridge work in the Peace River country, working on farms in Provost. In January, 1929 he married Katherine Leonard, of Provost, Alberta. He tells of being married at Empress but since this town was on the border between Alberta and Saskatchewan he is not sure which province they were married in.

Slim and Katherine decided to go homesteading so they bought an old Dodge car and drove to the Lessard district. He acquired a homestead one mile east and one mile north of the Lessard store.

Their first child, Alice, was born in November, 1929 at the Duclos Hospital. In August, 1931 their second daughter, Margaret, was born also at Duclos Hospital. Their son Donald was born July 14, 1933 at the home of Mrs. Chris Behrens, who was a known midwife in the district.

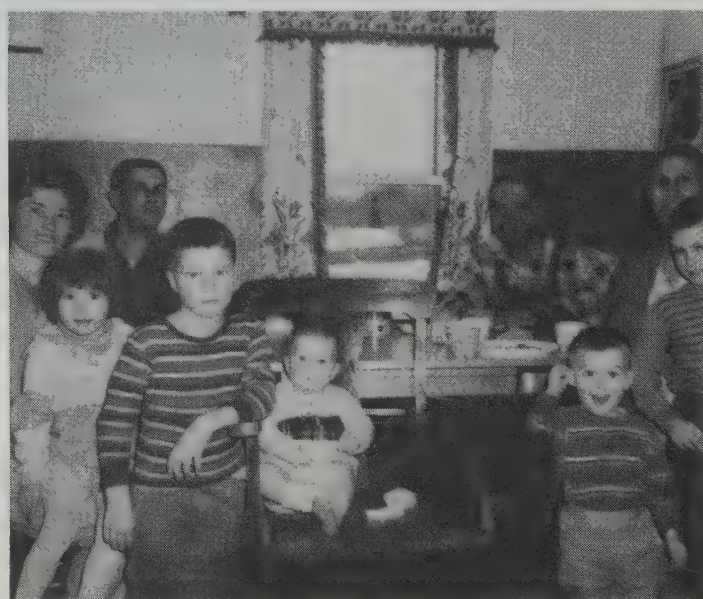
Slim tells of the thirties being really rough times. He is thankful for lots of wild game, lots of fish, and also tells of the countryside being loaded with wild berries such as blueberries, cranberries and raspberries. Everyone grew good gardens and seemed to manage. They were fortunate to have a flour mill in Bonnyville where they took their own wheat and for a few dollars they had their years supply of flour.

They found the district of Lessard a good place to live with good neighbours and a friendly community.

In April of 1952 Slim started working for the Department of Highways and in 1954 they bought a house and moved into Bonnyville. Lawrence and Rita Leonard (Katherine's brother) bought their farm in 1971 where they now reside. Slim continued to work for the Department of Highways for twenty years and retired in July, 1972.

Their oldest daughter, Alice, is married to Ole Hermundrude, who is chief Park Warden of Radium Park and they live at Invermere, British Columbia. They have four children.

Margaret is married to Mike Hudema and they



George Erickson Family.



Jess and Faye Erickson with their grandchildren.

farm at Dead Wood, Albert (in the Peace River country). They have five children.

Donald married the former Louise Martin of La Corey, Alberta. They are farming at Dixonville, Alberta. They have five children.

In June 1978, Slim and Katherine sold their house in Bonnyville and moved to Berwyn, Alberta, a friendly little town near Peace River, Alberta.

On June 16, 1978 Katherine passed away and was buried at the Central Grove Cemetery at Dixonville, Alberta. Slim continues to live in Berwyn.



Engwall (Slim) Espedviedt and family.

Alexander and Marie Fedchuk by the Fedchuk children

Alexander Fedchuk who was born on September 31, 1894 in the Ukraine, and married Marie Pashko in 1921 in their homeland. On March 23, 1922, a daughter, Vera, was born to the couple. At the time they lived in a small village, Waschaten in Poland. A second child, a son, Nefody arrived April 11, 1927. In 1929, the Fedchuks decided Canada would be their new home. On May 5, 1929, the small family set out for their destination.

Upon their arrival in La Corey the Fedchuks bought a farm near La Corey, in partnership with Mr. Koleba. Here they remained for about two years. A second son, Peter, was born while the family lived there. This farm was sold and the family of five moved to the Sandy Rapids area. Here they lived in a one room shack. Two more children arrived, Steve and Anne. This necessitated the building of a larger home. Alice, the youngest in the family, came along after the construction of the larger house in June, 1941.

During these years Alexander and Marie Fedchuk acquired more land in the Sandy Rapids



Fedchuk home in the wilderness.

district and continued to farm on a larger scale. The children attended Sandy Rapids School three miles away. Mainly, this distance was walked except during cold weather when the children were driven to school in a homemade caboose drawn by horses. Anne and Steve received their high school education in Glendon, where they lived and attended school. By the time Alice was ready to attend high school, the centralized Iron River School had been started.

In 1958 Marie Fedchuk passed away after a lengthy illness. Alexander continued to farm until 1964 when he bought a house in Bonnyville. Here he lived until his death in December of 1969.

Vera married James Husieff of Shamrock Valley, Alberta, in 1944. They farmed for three years before making the decision to move to Vancouver, British Columbia, where James was employed at a sawmill for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1973.

They have two children, a son, Peter, born in 1945 in Elk Point and a daughter, Iris, born in Vancouver, British Columbia. Peter is a draftsman and was married to Mary Brock in 1969. They have three children, David, Ian, and Tania. They live in Langley, British Columbia.

Iris, a hair stylist, married Allan Dunfield, a painter. They make their home in Newton, British Columbia.

Nefody started farming on his own place in the Sandy Rapids area in 1949. Besides farming he has worked at sawmills, pulp mills, and surveys for the Department of Highways. These were part time jobs. Nefody never married and presently lives in the Sandy Rapids district. He has taken to raising horses.

Peter was married at the Fedchuks' residence in Sandy Rapids in 1956. He moved to Edson where he is employed in the lumber industry. Their children are Randy, Kenny, and Debbie. The couple also have three grandchildren, Angela, Nicol, and Alex.

Steve who moved to Edmonton in 1959 began a career with the city of Edmonton as a transit operator and in 1966 transferred to the Department of Telephones. In 1960 he married Anne Kruhlak of Sandy Rapids. The couple have three daughters, Linda,

Brenda, and Sandra. Linda is enrolled in Computer Systems Technology at the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in Edmonton. Brenda is completing her Grade twelve and Sandra is attending junior high in Edmonton.

Anne moved to Edmonton in the fall of 1957 and worked as a stenographer for Alberta Government Telephones for four years. During that time she met her husband Clarence Broten and got married in June of 1960. Their wedding was a typical five day Ukrainian affair at her father's farm. Clarence was born in Viscount, Saskatchewan. During the next two years they lived in Edmonton while Clarence was a meat cutter at a food plant.

They moved to Calgary in 1962, Clarence working for Canada Safeway and Anne was employed with Canadian Freightways as an accounts payable clerk for two years.

Their three children, Karen, eighteen years old, Cheryl, fifteen years old, and Byron, fourteen years old, were all born in Calgary.

In the last twelve years they have owned their own Broten Insurance Agency where they are both employed at present.

Even though they live in the City of Calgary, they spend a lot of their spare time at their 'home away from home' on an acreage which they own fifty miles from the city. There the family ride horses, grow a garden and do things country people do.

Alice, sixth child of Alex and Mary Fedchuk, was married in 1962 to Fred Casper of Fairview,

Alberta. Two children, Wayne born December 3, 1965, Kevin, born April 4, 1968, were born to this marriage. Since leaving Sandy Rapids, Alice has resided in Edmonton.



The Fedchuk family.

How I Came To Live In Iron River **John and Alberta Feland Story** by Alberta Feland

I was just a girl of seventeen when I came to live in the district of Iron River in the year 1928. My father had originally homesteaded in the Glendon area, but my brothers had moved to settle in Iron River. We moved in with my brother Osmond after Dad sold the place in Glendon, and Dad later took up a homestead down along the Sandy River.



The door was always open. The Fedchuk home.

It did not take us long to get to know our neighbours, not with all the dances, parties, and picnics that were held regularly in the area. Many of the boys and girls were around my age too. By 1930, I found myself going with a man named John Feland. We planned to get married that fall and John wanted us to go and rent a house in Glendon.

Somehow, I was not too keen on the idea of moving away from my family and the Iron River country. Dad still had to build a house on his new homestead, so I talked John into helping him build it. That way, I said, we could stay with them in the house over the winter and then spend the summer in a tent following the rest of the highway crew. John agreed and we were married on the 24th of December, 1930.

John took a liking to my family. He had never had a real family since his mother had died when he was very young and his father had never re-married. During the winter John cut some logs for our own house and leased some land south of dad's place. On the first of May he started to work helping build the highway to Cold Lake. There were twenty men on the construction crew and we were camped on an Indian reservation between Cold Lake and Bonnyville. I would stay in the mess tent with the cook during the day and keep her company. She would keep the perishable food in a box which she stored in the creek.

John Gets Hurt And Clara Gets Sick

It was toward the end of August when John got hurt on the job. It was a back injury that was with him for life. He spent two weeks in the Bonnyville Hospital. Then the doctor started sending him to the University Hospital in Edmonton. I was pregnant with our daughter at the time and was expecting the baby by the first of October. Even as bad as he was, John loaded up our things and took me out to Dad's place. He had to return to Edmonton but was back soon, though not much better than when he had left.

John stayed with me until our daughter Clara was born on October 1st, 1931. She was born in our tent which was pitched in Dad's backyard at the time. Then John had to go back to the city, so he left me with my mother, the only real nurse I had had while I was in labour. Mom stayed for a few days to make sure I was all right, but she had to go back to work cooking for Charley Carlson's men. Dad was working too so I was left home alone with the baby. I had to fetch my own water from the spring or river, cut my own wood, and dig vegetables from the pits we had stored them in. There was snow on the ground and the soil had started to freeze, so things were not easy.

One night I was nursing Clara when she started to cry. She cried and she cried, and she would not nurse

either. I could tell she was sick, but I did not know what it was. I was so scared that pretty soon I was crying too. Suddenly a pair of car headlights came bouncing down the road. I thought maybe it was John, but it turned out to be his sister Dassa and her husband, Ed. I felt so relieved when Dassa took the baby in her arms and cared for her. She warmed Clara's feet and gave her warm water for she knew what was wrong, Clara had colic. She got better and I soon learned to care for her properly.

It was not long before John came home to stay. He was never completely healed and had to be careful when lifting anything heavy or he would slip a disc. Then boom!, down he would go, and it would take anywhere from minutes to days before it would right itself. Even so, John was bound and determined to build us a house. He got my brother Olaf and some neighbours to help him and they built it on the frozen ground. We moved into our new home just before Christmas.

The weather turned very cold shortly, so cold that if I spilled water anywhere away from the stove, it froze as soon as it hit the floor. John hung wires from the ceiling all around the stove and table, and we hung blankets on three sides. It was warm in there by the stove and that is where I bathed Clara.

The Fire In The House

It happened the same winter that we had moved into our new house. John got up one morning to stoke up the stove, and then crawled back into bed. I drifted back into sleep, too. The next thing I knew John was shouting "The house is on fire!" Sure enough, flames were rippling from the stove pipe off the peak of the ceiling and there was already a hole in the roof the size of a dinner plate. I kept a tub of snow water next to the stove for washing clothes. John grabbed a wash dish, scooped up some water and threw it right at the ceiling, putting the fire out on the inside of the cabin. He then went to run outside, but I yelled "Put your socks on or you will freeze your feet!" He yanked on his pair of heavy wool socks and grabbed the pail of water I handed him. He kept a ladder up against the back of the house and was up there in a flash and had the fire out in no time. While he nailed a board over the hole the fire had made, I chipped at the frozen water and swept up the ice. It had splashed about everywhere even into the cupboard. Luckily, it was so cold that the water froze before it could soak in to the flour or sugar.

Clara's Hands

It was very cold that winter. Clara slept in a crib and I was always afraid she would get her hands out from under the covers and freeze them. I thought I had the problem licked when I knitted her a pair of mitts. I tied them with a string around her wrists so

she would not tug them off. One morning John was up building the fire and I took a look at Clara's hands. They were puffed and white and cold as ice. I was sure they were frozen.

"Her hand are frozen!" I yelled. John jumped up and ran outside to get some snow to put on them. By the time he got back, I had realized the truth. Her hands were not frozen, I had merely tied the strings on to tight and cut off her circulation! I felt quite relieved, and I certainly never did that again. From then on I pinned them to her sleeves . . .

The Place Where We Lived

Our house was built on the top of a sandy hill on the land we had leased. There were large pine trees all around and hardly any undergrowth, so that you could see from one end of the hill to the other. There were a few small pines near the house too, and they were spaced so evenly you would almost swear they had been planted. The land all around the hill was clear of brush, I called it my own private island. It was the most beautiful setting you could imagine for a home.

My folks lived nearby and two of my brothers were married and lived with their families in the Iron River district. Later my sisters Elsie and Florence got married and lived in the area. It was good to know my family was nearby.

Good Times With The Bad

The depression during the "Thirties" was hard on everyone and in Iron River there was no exception. John was lucky enough to be working for the Highway Dept. in the summer and in the winter he would trap with Bill McDermott. They would travel by dog team and sleep in an old shack if one was on hand. Otherwise, they had to spend the night out in the snow. I think the hardest part was the loneliness, with John away from home most of the time and me alone with the baby. At least my family was close by to lend a hand when I needed it.

Yet I can remember those days as the happiest ones of my life. We took pleasure in so many of the simple things. We would go swimming in the Sandy during the summer, the kids wading in the sand bars. We would catch fish where the Sandy and Beaver rivers met, just by throwing a line out into the deeper water.

We loved to be outside and spent more than a few weekends camping out in the wild. John was so handy as a woodsman. He could whip up a great camp stove with just an old piece of tin, some stove pipe, and some nearby rocks; or do just as well over an open fire. He would set up the tent on ground with just the littlest bit of a hill to it, and dig a trench all around the outside. That way, when it rained, the water would not run across our floor. My parents

would sometimes come with us and we would all sleep on a mattress of spruce bows. Dad would smile and say, "Isn't this grand!"

If we were not camping, quite often, we would just go out and pick berries for the day. We would take a lunch and make some coffee over the fire. And oh, the berries we would pick! Blueberries and cranberries, highbush and saskatoon, pincherry and chokecherry, all of them by the gallonful. Then I would spend days canning them, making jams and jellies, and storing them for winter. I would can vegetables too, and pickles, fish, moosemeat and make sauerkraut.

I did a lot of things for myself. In the winter, I had the time to make most of the clothes we needed. Wool was cheap the time we bought it from a farmer. I carded and wursted it myself with hand carders, and then I spun and dyed it. I knitted socks, mitts, and sweaters, made wool quilts for the beds, and hooked rugs from the scraps that were left over.

Naturally, we did not spend all of our time sitting at home. Neighbours would often get together and we would go to dances. Someone would play the violin and guitar, and there was always someone to spell them off at lunch. People would be called upon to sing. John was a good singer in those days and knew a lot of songs. Then we would dance most of the night while the kids slept in the next room. Everyone had a good time at the dances, whether they were held in the school or someone's home.

Dances were not all we looked forward to. There



Berry picking picnic, Alberta Feland with her mother and father.



Riding high, Lloyd and Clara with mother's watchful eye.

were card parties, or just visiting your neighbour, and everyone waited expectantly for the First of July Picnic. There were races with prizes for the winners, ball games for young and old, while the evening ended with a dance.

In the winter everyone looked forward to the School Christmas Concert. The children would sing carols, put on plays and act out skits. Even the parents would get involved and tiny tots would get up on the stage to say their piece. Yes, we lived in a friendly, close-knit community.

The Mean Bull

In the fall of 1933 I was pregnant with our son. It was early September and Amelia Ston was staying with me. She went home for the weekend. I was in the house and the door was open so I could keep an eye on Clara. She was outside playing near the fence in her red dress. Suddenly, I heard the angry bellow of a bull. There was a mean bull roaming the range with a herd of cattle. I do not know if he had seen Clara but he was headed right in her direction. I ran as hard as I could, scooped her up in my arms, and dashed back to the house, just in time!

The exertion was too much for me. I started to have pains because I was so close to term. I thought I would lose the baby right then and there, with no one else to help me. I went to bed and stayed very quiet for the rest of the day. the pains subsided and I was all right. It was not until a month later that our son Lloyd was born on October 9th, 1933.

The Calf Burning Up

It was in the spring and the snow had already

gone. Dad was burning grass on his land west of the hill. John was away trapping rats, so he had arranged for Old Fred to come over and do the chores. We had a cow out in the pasture and a calf we kept in the barn. Our barn was a ways from the house, over on the old Bill Andrews place. Old Fred took it upon himself to burn the grass around the barn. Well, that grass was high and dry. It caught fire so fast it was soon out of control, and it spread to the hay on the barn roof.

I glanced out the window and saw the flames. Dropping what I was doing, I ran down to the river flat.

"The Calf" I screamed, "I've got to get it out of there!"

"No!" Fred said, "You can't. I tried, I could not get in!"

I still wanted to go in there, but Dad held on to me and would not let me go. I had to stand there helplessly, and watch the barn burn to the ground with our poor calf trapped inside.

The Wolf Dog

John had purchased a cart so I could hitch up the horse and take the kids with me to the store and other places. John was away one day so that is just what I did, hitched up the horse and went to the store. On our way, we would pass by Hargrove's place. Before I got that far I heard some dogs barking and something bawling like it was getting murdered. When I got closer, I could see one of Myles' big sled dogs had a calf down and was chewing it alive. There were also two other dogs running back and forth and barking excitedly.

It was obvious no one was home and the big dog had gotten loose. I tied the horse to a tree and went over to where the dogs were. They ran to the house, but I knew they would be right back at that calf as soon as I left. I could see a chain nailed to a shed with a snap on the free end. The big dog still had his collar on, so I knew what I had to do. Let me tell you, I was scared! That dog looked pretty vicious with blood all down his front, but I had to take the chance. I knew his name was Rex so I gentled my voice and called him over. He came and I quickly snapped the chain to his collar.

Mr. Hargrove had to kill the calf afterward. The dog had cut the ham string so that calf would never walk again.

When The Cows Drowned

We had two cows with calves and a one year old heifer. We were milking one of the cows that spring and the snow was almost gone. The ice was close to breaking up and John was trapping down along the Beaver river. When he got home, he said the ice was

out in the corner where the Sandy and Beaver meet. Worse yet, the cows were on the other side and would now have to stay there till the ice was completely gone.

John took a pail and crossed the river in a boat so he could milk the cow. He did that for two days. One day I took Clara and Lloyd down to see the ice going out. It was something spectacular to see, with great slabs of ice rolling up, and then splashing back into the water. Yet the river was still jammed, the ice had not started to run yet.

When we did get down to the river, what did we see but our Holstein cow (the black one) standing in water halfway up her side. She was trying to keep her head above water, but it kept going under. Our other cow had already gone under near the other side of the river. They had tried to cross, fell through, and had been trapped by the ice floes. Now there was nothing we could do, for there was no way we could get out there to help her. We could just sit and watch both our good cows drown.

The School Days

Clara had finally reached the age where it was time for her to begin her schooling but the Iron River School was too far away. She was much too young to walk that far so we sent away to Edmonton for some correspondence lessons. They were good lessons and with them Clara passed her grades one and two, and Lloyd passed his grade one. But we finally decided we should move closer to a school so the children could benefit from learning with others. We found a place on the south side of the Beaver not far from the Pinecrest School. Unfortunately, it closed down one year after we moved there due to shortage of teachers.

We did not want the kids to miss any of their grades, so we sent them to Iron River School. John would see them across the river with a boat until the ice had froze. They would go to my brother Olaf's place and join his kids. They would all ride horse-back to a neighbour's place near the school and then walk the last two miles. Although we eventually moved further away, we always called the Iron River country **our** country.

In 1942, we bought some land near the Moose Creek School, just four miles south of Franchere. We farmed the place for five years, but horse machinery was becoming a thing of the past. New machinery was too expensive so we sold the farm and decided to work out for wages. Wages were getting better for men and women at that time. We moved around a lot, both of us were working, and the kids had gone their own ways.

In 1961 we settled in Edmonton to live. This does not mean we had forgotten the land we had grown up

in, for we often went back to pick berries and visit relatives or friends.

Clara and Lloyd are now both married. Clara and her husband Alfred live near Edson and have seven children. Four of their children (3 girls and 1 boy) have married and I am now blessed with seven great-grandchildren. Lloyd and his wife Eileen live on Moose Lake, not far from Iron River. They have five children (would you believe two sets of twins?) but none of them are married yet.

The Double Wedding Anniversary

December of 1970 was John and my 40th wedding anniversary. My brother Olaf and his wife Helen, who had been married a month before John and I, were also celebrating their 40th that year. All of our friends and relatives got together and planned a party for both couples on the 15th of December, about half-way between the two wedding dates. They told John and I that it was a surprise for Olaf and Helen, and they told Olaf and Helen that it was a surprise for John and I. Even though we knew of the party, we were quite surprised to find that all four of us were being honored. There was a lovely wedding cake, a supper, and lots of presents from everyone. The children and grandchildren sang songs and there was even a card party afterward.

The Family Reunion

On July 1st, 1979 we all got together for a family reunion. It was held on Olaf's old homestead down by the river. Family and friends from everywhere brought their tents, campers, and trailers or just stayed with relatives close by. It lasted for two days and I met a lot of old friends I had not seen for a good many years. John played a lot of horse-shoe, a game he had always loved, and I waded in the Sandy River with my grandchildren and great-grandchildren. There was lots to eat set on tables outside, and barbequed dinners too. Afterward we would sit around the fire and sing or just relive old times.

In August of that same year John said "Let's go to Iron River and camp out and pick berries and fish like we used to do." I knew just the spot I wanted to visit, out by Tucker Lake. The only thing holding us back was that we did not have a car, John had given up driving a few years ago. As it happened, Lloyd, Eileen, Olaf and Helen were going to a wedding anniversary near Edmonton. On their way back, they picked us up with our camping gear. When we got to Lloyd's, they threw in some more things to make us comfortable; sleeping bags, a table and chairs, even a truck to haul it all in, which they left with us in case we had need of it.

We picked a lot of blueberries and some cranberries while we were out there. John walked and



The Feland family — Clara, John, Alberta and Lloyd.

walked, it seemed he could not get enough of it. He would lie in bed at night with cramps in his legs, but in the morning he was ready to go again. He went fishing but never caught a thing, they just were not biting like they used to. At night we would listen to the sounds of the coyotes howling and the loon on the lake. There was another sound that I could not recognize. John said it was bear cubs not too far from our camp.

Later on Lloyd and Eileen moved us to the place where the family reunion had been held. It was nice there also but the weather had changed. It rained quite often and was foggy in the mornings. We had company in the evenings and friends like Nancy and Mike Selezinka came to see us. Lorraine and Bill McGregor brought a hot supper and shared it with us one night. We played whist by the fire-light when Lloyd and Eileen came by. The weather was getting pretty miserable but John still wanted to stay out there a little longer. I went home with some friends on a Sunday, taking the berries with me and leaving John to his camping for a few days. He soon gave up camping and stayed at Lloyds a few days before coming home.

We really enjoyed those few days we spent in the Iron River country. I am so glad we had that camping trip together because John died shortly afterward on October 27th of that same year at the age of 78. He was laid to rest in the Iron River Cemetery on the 31st of October, 1979.

Paul and Klara Frohlich as told to Carol Morton

In 1931, sisters, Klara and Melanie Langenhahn and their respective fiancées, Paul Frohlich and Fred Kipps came to this area to find a homestead. They made the trip from Vermilion with a covered wagon,

three horses and a car belonging to Fred. They left the car at the bridge, east of the present LaCorey store and went on with the wagon and horses to look around. At times they left the wagon behind and either walked or rode horseback exploring more of the countryside. They finally made their choice. Klara filed on N.E. 33-63-5-4 and Paul filed on the N.W. 33-63-5-4. They had to pay ten dollars down on each quarter and the remaining forty dollars was payable later. However by then everyone was hard up and the government cancelled the remainder. Melanie and Fred Kipps filed on a homestead as well but they never returned to the area.

Klara and Paul returned to Vermilion where they were married at the parsonage on June 14, 1932. They then returned to this area with the covered wagon. A neighbor of their's and Klara's father helped them chase their cattle. They rented Hugh Harrington's cabin, now the property of Vernon Batke. Klara has fond memories of this cabin. "It was fixed up beautifully. It was just like heaven to me," she reminisces. Klara's sister, Melanie stayed with her while Paul and Fred Kipps went out to dig wells at Myrnam.

In 1933, Paul took out logs and he and Klara built a two room log house on their homestead. Paul hewed the logs and Klara peeled them with a butcher knife. In August, that year, they moved in.

Paul and Fred continued to dig wells. In payment they accepted all types of goods ranging from livestock to flour and sugar. Klara used to pick blueberries and cranberries which she sold at local stores or traded for other necessities. Blueberries brought five cents a pound and cranberries brought two cents a pound. Paul also hunted squirrels which sold for about five cents, occasionally they brought ten cents and this was considered a very good price.

In 1934, Klara had an appendix operation in the Duclos Hospital. Dr. McFarlan was the doctor, and Miss Shipley was the matron. She remained in the hospital for one month. Shortly after she left, the hospital burned down. When Gerald was born on September 22, 1935, he was born in the Nurses' residence because the hospital was in the process of being rebuilt.

The closest neighbors to the Frohlichs were Pete Rask, Nick Kozak, Walter Chyz and his family, the four Matson boys, the Karl Ryll family, Carl Anderson and the Knudson family. They were all good neighbors who always managed to have a good time despite the lack of money. They often went to picnics in the area. One picnic is particularly memorable to Klara. It was the year before Gerald was born and Klara had no shoes since they could not afford to buy any. Paul assured Klara that at the Lessard picnic, he would win enough prize money to buy her a pair of

shoes — and he did! He took first prize in the high jump.

In 1933, the “Jackpine Savage” ballteam was formed. Paul Frohlich was one of the players. Some of his teammates were: his brother, Rudolph, Arthur Albert, Sherman Matson, Benoit and Frank Norgren, and Pete Lauzon. The team played for three years.

In 1940, Gerald started school at the Harold Lake School. Klara walked the three and a half miles on the bush path to the school with Gerald. Bill Ivorson was hauling cream so he gave Klara a ride back. Later, when the Bevin school opened, Gerald went there instead. Although it was still a three mile hike, it was a better road. Mr. Brosseau was the first teacher at Bevin. Gerald remembers him for his devotion to fitness. He never drank or smoked and he ran a half mile every morning.

Gerald had many interests as a child. He taught himself to ski with a pair of skis Paul and Klara gave him at Christmas one year. Gerald was ambitious and received two awards for selling seeds and cards.

In 1945, Paul had his own sawmill and Klara cooked for the eight or nine men who worked on the mill. The men used crosscut saws to saw down the trees.

In 1946, the first stampede was held in LaCorey where the Forestry Station is now. Paul was one of the directors of the first stampede. Riders came from all over to compete in the stampedes which were held in LaCorey for three years.

Klara was always interested in projects of all sorts. She likes to collect antiques, rocks and stamps. In 1966, she planted a test plot for barley, wheat, and oats. She planted different varieties to see how they fared in this area. The agriculturist would inspect the plot and her work was entirely voluntary.

Paul continued to farm and trap as well as fix sawmills for the people. The last few years he was unable to do very much. Gerald took over the farm work. On December 26, of 1978, Paul passed away. Klara still lives in the yard, in a trailer that is parked beside the original cabin.

Gerald also lives in the same yard in a new house. He is married to Clara Doonanco and they have five children. Lori, Christine, Leon, Clayton and Daniel.

Klara speaks fondly of the homestead days and of her neighbors. “We had wonderful neighbors and friends. They were all nice and always so helpful.” Speaking of her husband, she says, “Paul, when he proposed, promised to always provide a roof over my head, and plenty to eat. He kept his promise. He was a wonderful man who was always thinking of me and bringing me presents.” Klara is rightfully proud of the last present Paul ever gave her, a one-step camera.



Fishing at Tucker Lake, Rudolph, Gerald and Paul Frohlich.

Fersovitch, Nikita and Anna

Nikita and Anna Fersovitch came to the area known as Garth from Osepovich-Antopol, Poland. Land was scarce where they lived and the Fersovitch family worried there would not be enough to make a living on since Nikita and Anna already had four children and a fifth was expected any time. In 1928 Nikita sold the cows they had and one horse to obtain passage for himself to Canada. He along with two friends, Fred Wakulchyk, and a man named Tunchyk sailed for Canada. Anna was left with Nikita's mother and his brother Paul. She had one horse and Nikita's farm with which to provide for her family while Nikita was away. Nikita, Fred, and Tunchyk found work in British Columbia in the lumber camps. Here they met up with Martin Sawchuk who advised them to go to Brosseau in Alberta to work on the farm to see what farming was like, since they could not decide whether to remain in Canada or return to Poland. Tunchyk returned to Poland, and Nikita and Fred went to Brosseau. In 1930 their employer at Brosseau, Metro Sheristanko, brought them to Garth with his Model T. to look at homesteads. Along with them came Nestor Sawchuk and Yurkewich. Here they met up with Klym Martiniuk and Andrew Kocuipchyk. They settled on the homesteads of their choice and started to work on the necessary improvements. As soon as Nikita had enough money he sent for his wife and children;

Harry, Nick, Fred, Steve, and Mary. They arrived in Edmonton in 1931 with what they could carry. Some of the things they brought were a loom for weaving and flax seed to plant so they would have yarn for the loom. Since Mrs. Wakulchyk came with the family, Fred Wakulchyk met them at Edmonton and they all took the train to Glendon. Here Mr. Wakulchyk bought each family a stove and an axe. The rest of the summer was spent in Glendon with the Filipchuk family, and that winter they came on to Garth where Nikita had a house started but not complete enough for the family to live in. The family stayed with the Martiniuks while Anna helped Nikita hew the logs into boards with a hand saw and a broad axe so they could finish their small house.

The first year they were homesteading they broke five acres with a walking plow and planted 222 wheat. The crop was so heavy it was difficult to drive a rack among the stooks there were so many.

Nikita cut posts during the winter months to trade for flour, garden seeds, and other things they needed. In the fall he hired out to farmers in the Two Hills area for stooking and threshing time. One year Nikita and two others worked for Metro Sheristanko and he knew that they had no livestock so besides wages he gave each of them a cow and calf as a gift.

In 1933 another son, Alex, was born to the Fersovitch family. Nick who was ten years old at the time was hired to go and live with the Walter Bubenko family at Franchere for most of that year since Walter worked away from home and needed some one to keep his wife company and help with chores. During this same year Steve, who was six years old, was involved in a near fatal accident. He found a 303 shell without any lead in it in the yard. Being curious to see what would happen if he pounded on it, proceeded to pound. It exploded, burying itself in his stomach. Nikita was away working on a threshing crew at Two Hills so Harry was sent to Yurkewich's for help. Steve and Anna were driven by team to Bonnyville, a six hour drive in those days, where Steve was hospitalized. Alex, who was still nursing, was left with Mrs. Wakulchyk since she had a baby of her own to care for and was willing to nurse this child as well. Harry, who was fourteen was left to care for the rest of the family at home. Steve recovered from his accident after spending some time in the hospital.

During the fall of this year the first school at Garth opened in the Nick Panas house. The Fersovitch boys attended this first school. Since they knew no English they were all placed in the first grade. Harry was promoted the next year to grade two but got ringworm and spent the winter at home. When spring came, it was time for spring work and

Harry stayed home to help. That completed his schooling because in the fall it was felt he was big enough to work on the threshing crew with Nikita at Hairy Hill. They earned forty dollars a piece for their labor. It was a great help now to have two wage earners instead of one.

As Harry grew older he learned to operate a tractor at Fred Yadlowskys. He broke land with Yadlowsky's equipment for the Fersovitchs and others who had given Yadlowsky an advance payment on the work in order to enable him to get a tractor and plow. In 1936, Nikita purchased a John Deere brush breaker and tractor and Harry along with Nick were able to do custom breaking for others. They broke three hundred acres that first year and by the third year had a good portion of money made so that a threshing machine could be purchased. There was a great need for one in the area since Mr. Panas, who was doing threshing, had to do stack threshing before he could finish everyone. Nikita and Harry made a deal with Steve Waselowsky of Glendon for a thirty inch machine and went with seven hundred dollars cash to pick it up. Waselowsky's garage had burned and Nikita also purchased a Model T for ten dollars that was damaged in the fire. He wanted the steel to make tubs and other things. They loaded the car onto a wagon they brought and hitched it behind the machine, then collected all the bolts and nails they could salvage from the destroyed building. It became late and Mr. Waselowsky invited them to spend the night. Early the next morning Nikita awoke with the realization his money was not around. He had left his jacket on a tree by the garage and the money was in a pocket. It was a great relief to him to find his jacket and money just as he had left them. The money was quickly placed in the dealer's hand so it would not be misplaced again, then the slow process of getting the load home began. The Sand River which had no bridge had to be crossed and here the load just could not be moved. Two fellows, Jalbert and Grant came along with their teams and helped them get the load out of the river.

As time went on, three more sons arrived at the Fersovitch home, John, Joe and Mike. These were all born at home without the assistance of a midwife. After Mike was born Nikita decided to build a larger home and in 1939 cut enough logs with Harry and Nick, who had finished grade six by now and was big enough to also work out. They constructed a large two-storey home closer to the road this time and just a little ways from the Forest Stream School.

The men continued to cut posts during the winter months to earn money. They took the posts to the Two Hills area and one year returned with a number of gang plows that they were able to sell to others at

Garth for thirty-five dollars each. One year they traded posts for a wind mill with a fellow near Hairy Hill and were able to be one of the first ones in the community to have thirty-two volt power.

In 1944 Nikita ordered a sawmill, called Little Giant, through a newspaper. It arrived at Bonnyville from Calgary by train and Nikita along with Harry brought it home with two teams of horses. That winter they applied for permits to cut timber along with two of Koleba's sons and two Melnychuks. They exchanged labor and sawed enough lumber for all three families. By this time Nikita had four sons out of school to help at the mill. Fred and Steve had finished grade eight and were able to assist wherever they were needed. In 1945, Nick was sent with his sister Mary to Toronto to a Russian Bible School. Nikita had taught the older children to read the Russian language and to sing. He also taught any other children in the community who wished to learn to sing. His own three sons Nick, Steve, and Fred made a good trio or quartet to sing with Nikita at meetings in churches at Glendon, Edmonton or elsewhere. Nick returned after a year, but Mary remained behind and married Pete Bielik from Manitoba.

Up to this time, the men did the working away from home and Anna worked at home planting a large garden and caring for the livestock they kept. She worked out in the fields as did most women. The children were taken along and younger ones often were placed in their playpens which happened to be open barrels to keep them out of mischief. There was also plenty to do at the house. Anna had to bake a lot of bread and it was nothing for her to have twenty large loaves ready for her outdoor oven and often before she baked she did have to bring the flour home on her back from Martiniuk's some distance away. Her home was always ready to receive other people for meals and most Sundays after church there would be unexpected guests.

In 1948 the Fersovitch's put in thirty acres of alfalfa and harvested a bumper crop that brought them five thousand dollars. With this they were able to buy a Oliver Cletrack to use for bush work. It did not prove to be a very useful machine in the bush. Steve worked with it for awhile on road building. The next year they purchased a TD-9 and this was used to break land for themselves now that they had more land. Steve had bought a quarter in a land sale, and Fred had purchased a half section from Woloshyn at Iron River, while Alex had acquired a half section of school land. Each of the boys spent their winters away from home. Fred moved the "Little Giant" to saw lumber at White Court. Steve hired out to run a mill for someone else at White Court as well. They

all enjoyed the lumber industry and spent much of their lives working in it.

In 1958 Anna passed away after spending a number of years fighting cancer. The following year Steve married Leona Ridsdale and they moved to British Columbia to live where Steve worked as a faller in the lumber industry. In later years he purchased a gravel truck and worked at Grand Cache where he was killed in 1976 on a mountain coal haul. He left one daughter, Donna and two grandchildren Camille and Gerald Steven, and his second wife Jeanette.

Fred married Eileen Daniels and they live in Edmonton with their children Melody, Fred Jr., Crystal, Christopher, and Graham. He spent much of his life as a sawyer, and now divides his time between sawing and driving his gravel truck.

Mary remains in Manitoba and has a family of three, Brian, Danny, and Debbie.

John married Norma Knapp (see Knapp History) in 1961 and they settled in Edmonton where John owns and operates several gravel trucks. They have three children Daryn, Deryk, and Dolci.

Joe lives at Spruce Grove with his wife Joyce (nee Sinclair) and their children Joanne, Joey, and Janel.

Mike married Delores Pirmak in 1972. They live on an acreage near Spruce Grove and have three children, Nicole, Matthew and Lenore. Mike farms the land his parents homesteaded at Garth as well as running two gravel trucks.

Nikita continued to farm the land with the help of the younger boys. His winters were divided among the lumber camps his sons ran. He passed away in 1974 after a lengthy illness.

Fersovitch, Nick and Mary

Nick and Mary were acquainted with each other all of their life at Garth. They attended the same



Fersovitch family. Front row: Nick, Nikita, Anna, Mary, Alex and John. Back row, from right: Steve, Fred, Harry, and Mike being held.



The Fersovitchs, Harry, Nick, Fred, Steve, Harry, Alex, John, Joe and Mike.

church and went to the same school. Nick palled around with Mary's brother Mike and spent many of his evenings at the Matichuk home. He could often be seen carrying his accordion across the fields to Matichuks. After a courtship of three years Nick and Mary were married in August of 1946. Nick brought his wife home to live with his parents in the large house. The first winter they both went to work in British Columbia and then returned to the farm for spring work. Mary would help out in the house while Nick continued to help his father. Daniel was born in 1947 and Tim in 1948. By this time Nick had saved enough money to buy two quarters of land from Fedick where there was a two room house with a wood stove, wooden table and a bench. Nick's parents gave the young couple a bed to complete their furnishings. They brought five cows with them and milked three of them. Since the move was made in summer they had no garden but relied on vegetables from their parents. The following spring they purchased a hundred turkeys and some chickens. These were kept in the living room of their home around an air tight heater that they had been able to buy. In the fall when the turkeys were sold they were able to buy a bed for the children, who had been sleeping on the floor to this time.

Nick worked his fields with his father's equipment and received some help from home to clear more land and work it out.

During the winter months, Nick would go to work in the lumber camps with his brothers while Mary took care of the family and the livestock they had.

Every Sunday the family walked more than two miles to church carrying the children. Nick continued his singing in church with the Fersovitch Trio until his brothers left home then proceeded to pass on to his two small sons the musical knowledge he had

gained from his father. Soon both Daniel and Tim were doing solos, duets, or trios with their father.

In 1952 Nick was able to purchase his first tractor a John Deere A-R which was put to use on his farms. In 1953 to be a little closer to the Forest Stream School the family moved to the Koleba homestead. The house was smaller and in poorer condition but the children did not have so far to walk to school. Nick now purchased a gravel truck and did some gravel hauling to help supplement the farm income. Two more children were born to Nick and Mary, Richard and Sharon. Shortly after this Nick was able to buy the Martinuik homestead and move his growing family, which now included Beverly, into a larger house. Making ends meet became easier with more land. In 1966 this home was destroyed by fire. They rebuilt the house and lived here until 1977 at which time they sold their property to John Friesen and moved to a farm near Bonnyville.

Their five children attended Iron River School after centralization took place and later some attended Bonnyville Centralized High School. Daniel became an electrician and married Nellie Charawich (see Charawich history). They live in Edmonton and have two children Brad and Jody. Tim married Shirley Sinclair and has three sons Ricky, Gary and Darcy. Richard is married to Karen Tkacher and lives in Therien. Sharon is married to Dennis Sawchuk (see Sawchuk history) and they reside near Bonnyville. Beverly also lives in Bonnyville and is married to Ed Groothuysen.



Nick Fersovitch Family — Beverly, Nick, Daniel, Mary, Tim, Sharon and Richard.

Fersovitch Harry and Annie

Harry worked with the land breaking outfit his family had for various farmers. One year he did some work for Petro Sarawanski where he met Annie. After a brief courtship they were married on November ninth 1944. Harry brought his wife home to live

with his parents even though he had already made arrangements with the Nick Sheristankos to take over their farm on a crop share basis. He had saved enough money to buy some furnishings for the time when he and Annie would move on their own. They had a stove, bed, table and four chairs which they stored in the Sheristanko house. However they still continued to live with the Senior Fersovitch's because Harry liked the companionship in the large family. They spent two and a half years here and had two children born to them, MaryAnn and Bill. With the increase of people in the house Harry and Annie decided it was time to move to their own property. They were given seven head of cattle and a few hogs to start farming with on their own. Besides the house there were two granaries and a small barn on their farm.

Every winter Harry would cut posts to help supplement the farm income. He also worked with the rest of the Fersovitchs at the sawmill and one winter Annie too went to work there as the cook.

In 1949 Harry cut enough logs to construct a larger barn. Steve Netter helped him with the barn and in turn Harry made summerfallow for him. This enabled Harry to increase the amount of hogs and cattle he could winter.

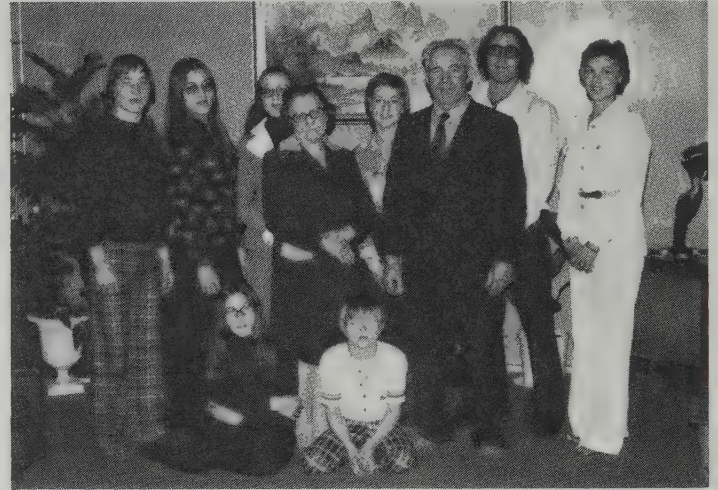
In 1950 a three ton truck was added to Harry's equipment. A hog farmer made a deal with Harry to haul posts for him as payment for the truck. To house the truck and other of the his machines Harry built a garage in 1954 and also purchased a power plant so he could have better lighting. However, this was not good enough for all the other things you could do with electricity and when Canadian Utilities came with their power Harry applied for it.

By 1960, Harry and Annie had eleven children so they decided to add on to their house. They built a three room addition with a basement. They installed a coal furnace and cold running water. This made work in the house much easier for Annie.

Harry continued sawing lumber and as his boys grew older he had his own sawmill set in the yard where the boys were able to help him. With a great deal of lumber at his disposal Harry decided to build a house in Bonnyville in 1970. He liked the construction business and in order to be able to carry on with it he sold his farm to his son, John and moved to Bonnyville in 1976.

Of the twelve Fersovitch children only the two eldest started school — at Forest Stream. They all attended the Iron River School when centralization took place. MaryAnn took Education at the U. of A. and married Lloyd Samchuk. They live in Edmonton with their children Colin and Troy. Bill is married and has two children, Bernadine and Billy. Elizabeth is

married to Larry Berglind. They live in Sherwood Park with their children, Dorian and Rhett. John married Cecile Lessard and lives on the farm with his children Christina, Charlene, Colleen. Henry married Jacquie Duchesne. They have one daughter Grace. Helen married Leonard Yarmie of Andrew and has two children Jocelyn and Jenine. Joyce is married to Barry Luciak and lives in Bonnyville. Florence is married to Ron Kalinsky. Vicky is married to Bill Wakulchyk. (see Wakulchyk history). David, Kathy, and Roger live with their parents in Bonnyville.



Harry Fersovitch Family — David, Vickie, Florence, Annie, Joyce, Harry, Henry, Liz, Cathy and Roger.

Fersovitch, Alex Sharon

by Sharon Fersovitch

Does camping in forty below temperatures without tent, sleeping bag or anything else sound like fun? Those who have been involved in forestry work might know what I'm talking about. My husband, Alex and his brothers have spent a great part of their lives logging and sawing lumber and they indeed are no strangers to camping out in all kinds of temperatures. More than once Alex can recall spending the night around a campfire and then walking out a number of miles for help. He has worked in forestry areas around Wolf Lake, Slave Lake, White Court, Fox Creek, and the Swan Hills. Even though he has had some not so pleasant campouts he continues to look for forestry work. I guess that one might say "once a bush man always a bush man" where Alex is concerned.

I, too come from a family familiar with this kind of work. My grandfather spent much of his life in the bush as did my father. I never suspected that I would one day be left at home, as were my grandmother and my mother, to care for the family and the livestock. I thought I was fairly safe once I had graduated from Iron River High School and enrolled at the Univer-

sity of Alberta in Education. No sooner had I completed my course when I found myself married to a lumber jack who left me to teach at Grand Centre while he went to his brother Fred's lumber camp. This trip to the lumber camp was a regular occurrence every winter and then the summer was spent farming.

Finally Alex decided it was time we had a regular house to live in instead of a trailer and he proceeded to build a house in the winter of 1964 rather than going to a lumber camp. In 1965 we were able to move into this home and now Alex worked closer to home and I taught at the Iron River School.

By 1967 we had a large barn built on our farm and we were blessed with a son. Since we already had two girls Alex decided he had more reason then ever to go to earn a better wage then he could get just by remaining at home. I switched to part time teaching and full time livestock sitting.

As the years went by we had two more children and Alex decided he was in need of logging equipment if he was to earn enough for us all. First of all he added a D-4 caterpillar to our line of machinery, then a John Deere 440 skidder, followed by a D-7 caterpillar. It seemed a bit much but he made the decisions and I went along.

In the early 1970's Alex was losing some of the desire for being away and spent the final winter away from home going to Swan Hills to work with his brother Steve. That winter the sawmill they were operating was destroyed by fire and from this Alex got the ambition and the idea to rebuild a sawmill. He made two, and one he set up right in our yard. I thought this was a marvellous idea until our yard was inundated with logs and the sawmill crew got to eat at our kitchen table. Still I have to be thankful because now Alex is home every evening to do his own livestock sitting and to take care of all the little things that like to go wrong in the winter months. I have to be thankful too because the lumber industry has enabled us to provide a good living for our family. It has afforded us the pleasure of being able to send our eldest daughter, Barbara to North American Baptist College this past year and then on to some future education. Our second daughter Shannon graduates from Bonnyville Centralized High School this year and then too will be able to receive some further education. Murray, Malcolm and Kimberly still attend Iron River School where I am once again employed, this time as the ECS teacher.

Alex believes there is really no place to live like a community that has a forested area near by. We thank God that our parents and grandparents settled in this area when they looked for homesteads. Truly there is no better place to live.



Alex Fersovitch Family: Shannon, Barbara, Murray, Alex, Sharon, Malcolm and Kimberly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franchuk

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franchuk first moved to the Sandy Rapids area in 1940. After Harry's two year enlistment in the army the farm was sold to Galiwodas. Mr. and Mrs. Franchuk moved to Edmonton where they owned and operated a rooming house for about two years. Mrs. Franchuk liked Edmonton and wanted to remain there but Harry decided to purchase the Iron River Store. They, once again, returned to the area, at the end of April, 1946 and purchased the store from Mr. Standal. At the time the roads were muddy and in poor condition. The trip from Bonnyville to Iron River took five hours, a mere one-half hour jaunt today.

In 1949, after selling the Iron River Store to Harry Panas, the Franchuks were on the move again, this time back to Edmonton. They remained in Edmonton for a mere two months before moving back to the area for a third time, seeming to move eastward all the time. This time they bought the La Corey Store from Mr. Limoges. This was in the fall of 1949. In 1951 disaster struck when the store burned down and they were forced to move again. People, by this time, joked about their many moves. In the spring they rented the Bonnyville Hotel.

The Franchuk's family consisted of five children. **Lena** who married Carold Byford and had two children, Shirley and Kenneth. She also had a third child by a second marriage.

Anne gave birth to one boy. Anne passed away in June of 1977.

John fathered two boys. He passed away in May 1977.

Bill's family consisted of two children, a boy and a girl.

Elizabeth the fifth child has three girls.



Mr. and Mrs. P. Galiwoda, Mr. Maxim Franchuk, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Karasiuk, Harry Franchuk.

The Frederickson Story by Beulah Berg (Frederickson)

My Dad, Rasmus Frederickson and his son-in-law, Peter Gouett came up to this country in the fall of 1928 to look for a homestead. They had heard about this beautiful country, where there was plenty of rain, lots of berries, meat and wood. After facing eight years of drought, hail and windstorms, it seemed like heaven to them. My Dad needed just one look and he was really hooked. But Peter, even though he like the country, felt it was too remote and isolated, and said he could never ask his bride to face the hardships he felt were here. He had been raised in the east, in large towns and cities and really thought of this as "wild west" country. They went back to Dilke, Saskatchewan without filing on any land. Dad could not get the memory of this wonderful land out of his mind. He talked constantly about it and was sorry he had not filed on a homestead.

The next summer, at the end of June, 1929, Dad, Mother and I came up in our 1928 Model T Ford. My youngest sister, Jean was only five years old, so she stayed behind with Peter and my sister. I was nine and old enough to "tough it". We had a big round tent we pitched each night. It took three days driving to come five hundred miles.

Mother and I were quite thrilled with the country too, so Dad filed on a quarter of land in the Ethel

Lake area. We set up our tent and Mother and Dad started cutting some logs to build a cabin. There was a three day rain, really a downpour and our bedding got soaked and we all really were chilled. Mother's cold turned to pneumonia so we knew we had to get her into a house and out of that damp tent. When Dad was trying to find a house to move Mother into, he heard about a quarter of land in the Rat Lake area. A Guy Thompson had partly proved up then had left and had given it up.

There was a log house, log barn, a well, also five acres broke on it. Dad went to the land office and found we could homestead it, but we had to pay three hundred dollars for the improvements. It did not take Dad long to decide. We moved in the same day. the buildings were in a grove of spruce trees and we had to share our house with a bunch of squirrels who had had the place to themselves for a few years. The well had been dug by hand and was twenty-five to thirty feet deep. The cribbing in it was of logs built up like the walls of a house. It was four feet by four feet. Dad put shelves along two sides of it, about ten to fifteen feet down. We could lower milk, cream, butter or meat down on these shelves and it kept perfectly. There was still lots of room to pull up a pail of water.

In a week Mother was better and we got busy chinking the log walls with moss, fixing the two little windows, getting it ready for winter living. Our holidays were up and we went back to Dilke.

In the fall Mother, Dad and I came back for the winter to put in our six months a year living duties in order to hold our land. It was quite an experience to attend a small country school walking two miles every morning and night, but I loved every minute of it. In the spring we had to go back and get things settled so we could move up in the fall. Dad loaded a box car with our furniture, two cows, five horses and machinery and arrived in Bonnyville the end of October. Mother was the telephone operator in Dilke and her time was not up until December 15th, so Mother, Jean and I had to stay until then. It was surely a happy day when we finally were able to get on the train and go to join Dad. It took two days and a night of travelling, so we girls were really excited.

That Christmas of 1930 was one of the happiest I can remember. We had missed Dad so much and we also had our first Christmas tree. The only Christmas trees we had ever seen were the ones at the school concerts. There were so expensive in the south, no one could afford to buy one. On Christmas Eve, after we had gone to sleep, Muriel and Carol Humphries came over with a wee tree about two feet high, all decorated. Imagine two kids, six and ten years old waking up to see their very first Christmas tree, with real candles on it and our gifts under it. Even after

fifty years I still remember the thoughtful gesture of these good friends.

My brother, Neil and his wife, Annie moved up in 1932 from Roseray, Saskatchewan, where he had been an elevator agent. Due to the drought, agents were laid off and the youngest ones were let go. He also took a homestead, but in 1937 or 1938 he moved to Lessard where he was manager of the Lessard Store for Jake Josvanger. He was there until 1947. He was also the postmaster for three years. They had two children, Robert and Carol.

The school had been built in Rat Lake in the early twenties, but I remember the struggle to get a church. There was very little money to buy nails, windows, etc, but there was no shortage of free labour, everyone turned out to help. It did not matter what denomination you were, all decided we needed a church, so everyone worked shoulder to shoulder, first cutting logs, hauling and building and all that goes with putting up a log building. I remember very clearly my Dad and Neil coming home and asking if we could spare twenty cents which they could take with them the next day. They needed more nails and everyone had promised to bring ten cents each. There were several men working at the church and a few dollars bought quite a few nails in those days. It sounds incredible but it is true. This church was built in the early thirties and called "The Rat Lake United Church".

The next project was the Community Hall. Everyone pitched in again, only this time, the logs were taken to a saw mill and our hall was built with lumber. We were in the middle thirties then and there was a bit more money. We put on pie and basket socials, whist drives, dances and several plays to raise funds. The music for our dances was always donated, if you played an instrument, you brought it along and no one had to play the whole night. Ed and Fred Andrews, Olaf Berg and Frank Wilson played violin, Roy Hanson the guitar, Brother Neil played sax-

ophone and guitar and Osmand Neilson played a piano accordion. There were several others that helped out sometimes, but these were the old standbys that always donated their music to help pay for our hall.

My mother passed away in 1944 and Dad sold our homestead and moved to Lessard where he bought another quarter close to the store and stayed with Neil and family. He stayed with them until his death in 1956. Jean joined the Army in 1942 or 1943 and has been living all over Canada since. I am the only one of the Frederickson family still in the area and still think its the best after fifty years.

Fretz — William (Wasył) and Dora

In 1913, I was sent to Canada from my home in Zaveleu-Sniatyn along with my brother, Nick and sisters, Sophie and Irene. I was the youngest child in the family and did not want to leave my mother. I knew it was unlikely that I would see her again. When we arrived in Canada I was hired out to work for my cousin to take care of their children, do housework, milk cows and look after the other livestock.

At Bellis, Alberta I met my future husband, William Fretz who had come to Canada from Poland at the age of four with his family. William had been a miner in the coal mines at Drumheller. He had a house in Edmonton but wanted to farm. We were married in 1917 and farmed some rented land at Bellis near my sister Irene who had married Pete Klymok.



Wasył and Dora Fretz and children, Mary and Pauline.

In 1922, William heard about homesteads around LaCorey and went to Edmonton to find out about owning a piece of property himself. He took my brother, Nick and they went to pick out their homesteads. In 1922 Nick and my husband William built a house on our homestead. We moved on July 16, 1923 to this property. All our belongings were put on one wagon. We had three small children, the youngest ten months old. We travelled a whole week from Bellis. After Vilna there was nothing but bush. When we arrived at our farm we did not have a roof on the

house and William plowed up pieces of sod that we put on for roofing. He then left to work at Drumheller in the coal mines. I was left to look after everything. There was not any milk for the children and there was not any water either. I had to leave the children and go to Mrs. John Carlson's for milk. It was a mile away through heavy bush. I would tell Mary to be very careful so Pauline would not go outside because she would get lost in all the bush. The children were very small, Mary four years and ten months, Pauline two years and nine months, and Nick ten months. I also carried water one mile from a well dug in the muskeg. I had a few chickens we brought from Bellis.

My brother brought potatoes for planting which we planted just by digging a hole with a grub hoe, so we had some potatoes to eat in summer but we ran out of bread. It was hard as the children wanted bread, especially Pauline. She became very ill, crying for bread. I was very worried as I had no money and did not even know where my husband was working because he did not write. I went to get milk from my neighbor, Mrs. Carlson and told her my troubles. She gave me a loaf of bread, also a pail of flour. I was very careful using this and shortly after my husband sent me five dollars and my sister sent me two dollars.

One day we had a heavy rain and also it turned cold. I cut some wood and went to get water. I had told Mary to stay in the house as it was nice and warm and I would be back soon. As I was coming with the water Mary yelled that the roof had caved in and she had put the kids in the tub and covered them. If Mary had not taken the children out of the house they would have been killed. I came in the house and not only had it caved in but it was on fire next to the pipe. I had to use the water I had brought to put out the fire, then I had to patch up the roof. It was so hard!

At last our long awaited Dad came home with enough money to buy slabs to use for roofing. He also bought a cow with a calf from Mr. John Carlson for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The cow was very nice and the calf was almost as big as the cow.

That fall when I went to Mrs. Carlson's for milk she said she had to stook twelve acres of oats as her husband had taken some cattle to market in St. Paul. He told her the oats was very nice and should be stooked before it rained. I told her I would help and she was very happy. Next morning, I prepared food for the children and once again told Mary to be careful with the smaller ones and off I went to Mrs. Carlson's. Mrs. Carlson fed me as we had very little to eat at home and we went to stook. I went one way and she went the other. Mrs. Carlson did two and a half rows and I stooked the rest. The oats was very nice, and we finished just in time as by morning it rained. When Mr. Carlson returned from St. Paul,

both of them came to see me and thanked me. They brought me deer meat and a pail of apples. The children were very happy as we had never eaten fresh fruit. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were my very good friends and very nice people.

The first winter on the homestead was very difficult. We were in need of many things and I returned to my former employer, John Chicnita, near Skaro. We loaded my wagon box with seed grain, flour and many other goods. I had taken the three children with me and my brother, Nick Hunka, was travelling with his own team ahead of us. When we were returning home, my team could not make the steep, icy hill at Duvernay. I thought surely all of us would be killed because we were being pulled back into the river. Some other travellers rushed to my horses and unhitched them because they were choking in the harness. My brother's team was shod and was hitched to my load and pulled us up the rest of the way. When we reached home the mare died from the fierce struggle she had put up on that hill.

Each summer the older children, Mary and Pauline, would be sent to Tucker Lake with our neighbor Nellie Romanko to pick blueberries to sell. Dad would take them there with an assortment of boxes, tubs, and even a trunk. They would spend a week picking berries and then he would go and bring them home. We dried some for our own winter use and the rest were sold for five cents a pound in Bonnyville.

Every spring farmers would set fires to burn off the grass and kill off the trees. My husband would get the older children to stand on top of the buildings, where they could see the fire coming so they would be able to put out any sparks which landed on the roof. Nick would sit on the barn that was covered with old hay. This was a very dangerous place. Pauline sat on the house which had a slab roof that could also catch fire. We could see the fire for miles moving very rapidly. My sister, Sophie would always come to help us out. She would bring wet gunny sacks and start a back fire away from the buildings. We were fortunate enough to never have lost a building because of fire.

Dad spent all his winter months trapping. In summer he cleared the land with an axe, while we helped by picking roots. He spent time as well guiding other homesteaders looking for suitable land. In the fall he took other men hunting. The Van Sickles from Endiang were very pleased with their hunting trip and sent the children some toys for Christmas. These were the first they ever had.

When Mary was five she started school at Merton with Miss Smith as her teacher. Pauline also started at five but was sent home the first day because she

would not sit still and stamped her feet. The next year she was allowed to stay but got strapped the very first day. Camille Verrier had pulled her hair during class and she turned around to scold him. The teacher came down the aisle with the strap and Pauline stuck out her hand and got it as well as Camille. Camille often came by our home on his way to school on his old horse. If there was room on the horse the children could catch a ride. It was not unusual to see as many as nine children riding that poor creature.

When Mr. Pitre took over the teaching job, both of the girls learned French, since he taught a great deal in that language. Mr. Pitre needed some livestock and my husband traded four cows with him for his Chev Baby Grand car. This soon became the transportation for many of the homesteaders, that is, when gas could be afforded.

When the girls were big enough they took the janitor job in school to make some extra money for us. They had to get to school early and start the fire and sweep each day. Once a month I would go to scrub the floor. Some of the money from this job was applied to our school taxes.

There was never a good well in the school yard and the children had to bring their own water to school. The older boys in school would take the water away and drink it themselves. If the girls refused to turn their water over the boys would take out their jack knives and threaten to cut off the girls' ears.

The children never had very much to take for lunch. Most of the time it was syrup sandwiches but they also had to take plain lard or saeurkraut in their lunch. Once Dad hired Mr. Stuart to come grind some wheat into flour and the children had this bread for lunch. The bread would rise beautifully, then in the oven it would fall and spread out all over, but it was tasty.

Mary and Pauline were able to work while going to school. They cleaned homes for different people. Mary finished grade eight and went to work at Duclos Hospital for awhile. Later she enrolled at the Bonnyville High School, working for her room and board at Mrs. Beix. Pauline also completed her grade eight, then found a house keeping job at the Verriers for five dollars a month. After a short while she left to work at the Duclos Hospital where the wages were seventeen dollars a month. The hours were from five-thirty in the morning until eight in the evening or until everything was done. With these wages it was easy to buy enough material for dresses for all of us and have money left to buy other things.

I did a great deal of sewing in those days, for my own family and others as well. They would bring their material, explain what they wanted done with it and I would cut it out (without any pattern as used

today) then sew it up. Sometimes I received payment for the sewing and other times I had to do it for nothing if they could not afford to pay.

Everyone had milk cows in those early days on the homestead. We kept a number to keep our family supplied with milk, cream, and butter as well as to sell cream. The homesteaders grazed their cattle all over on government land and often the cows would wander far from home and became mixed up with other herds. We had a very good cow we called Little Cow. She terrorized the children but she would answer if she was called and we would know where to find her. Once she was on her way home the others always followed, leaving the neighbors cows behind. As our herd grew we had two steers, one of which was very tame. Children in those days tamed any animals they could. They trained one steer to pull a small sleigh but he did not always obey them. One day Nick decided he would rather use the untamed steer and set out to snare him in the barn. He set the trap and chased the animal into it. The steer became so entangled and thrashed about so badly that Nick thought the steer would choke. He ran for help but we could not do much. Finally my brother-in-law, Alex came and set him free. Nick never tried that again.

The children were all very observant as to what was going on on the farm. Pauline was a real outdoor girl and she was always busy outside. We left her at home one day when we made a trip to Bonnyville and she went to feed the steers in the barn. One of the animals had fallen in the manger and looked like it was dying. Pauline had heard and seen animals being bled if they had eaten too much. She thought this was the case and rushed back to the house for a knife. She cut the steer's ear and he jumped right out of the manger in a hurry. It was not exactly the right remedy but it sure worked.

On January sixth in 1926 I gave birth to another daughter, Anne. She was born at home and Mrs. Anderson came to assist with the delivery. I was very ill, but my sister, Sophie had moved to a homestead nearby and helped me a great deal. She was very good with sick people and knew a lot of different remedies. In later years when Pauline lived near her she would help Pauline with the children if they were sick.

At this time my sister-in-law, Anne came from Manitoba to spend some time with us and she helped a great deal with the children. She was young and single and several of the local young bachelors came to court her. She was anxious to put their love to the test and pretended to be ill when they came to call. One fellow sat on a chair near her bedside sympathizing with her and holding her hand. The bed she was lying on was near our cellar door. He placed his chair

right over the poorly made cellar door. While he was shifting around in his chair, the boards on the door separated and he plunged into the cellar, chair and all. This put a damper on the romance and Anne returned to Manitoba still single, while her suitor tried his luck elsewhere.

In 1927 on October fifteenth, our fourth daughter, Olga, was born also at home. Dad brought Mrs. Marchuk to act as the midwife this time. Shortly after her birth we were able to have a larger home built. Dad went to cut grain for Roman Ulanicki, as he did for many others because he had a binder and horses. Roman in turn constructed a three room, two storey, log house for us.

In 1931 Mrs. Ulanicki came to assist me in the birth of yet another daughter, Stella. She was born on Christmas Day and passed away in March of 1932. In 1934 I gave birth to our second son, Bill on June 25. This time I was in the hospital because I had had a very difficult pregnancy due to an accident. I had gone to Fox Lake with my son, Nick to take supplies for Dad who was trapping there. While returning home our horses shied and ran away upsetting our wagon with us in it. The horses ran as far as Mike Ulanicki's and he caught them. He knew where we had gone and came to look for us. I was sick until Bill was born.

Shortly after Bill was born Dad became very ill. He spent a great deal of time unable to work. Managing the farm became too difficult for me since only the younger children were now at home. Mary and Pauline had married and set up homes of their own. Nick enlisted in the army in 1941 and was sent overseas the following year. On June 6, 1944 he landed in France with the Regina Rifles Regiment. He was twice wounded although not seriously and was awarded the Military Medal during the Reichwald fighting. Even though the war was officially over Nick elected to stay in Europe for an additional six months taking charge of a six truck detachment involved in the transportation of displaced people as well as all types of goods. He returned to Canada in 1946. Anne had also enlisted in the army. By this time I had sold my farm to my son-in-law, Joe Galick, and had taken my younger children to Eastern Canada where I was able to work and support them.

Today my family is scattered in many different places. Mary lives in Edmonton and has three children Marjorie, Sharline and Mark. She has three grandsons Michael, Matthew and Miles Partington. (For Pauline see Joe Galick history) Nick is presently serving with the Canadian Embassy in Bucharest, Romania after spending many years with the Cana-

dian Armed Forces. He has two daughters Valdora and Nancy who are both married.

Anne lives in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan and has one daughter Joan as well as three grand daughters Tracy, Terri and Tamara.



Time to eat. Dora Fretz and livestock.



Fretz children, Pauline, Nick, Annie, Olga and Bill.

Olga resides in Hamilton, Ontario and has three sons Ron, Robert and Roger as well as one daughter Leanne. She has six grand children.

Bill is a United Church minister and had a charge in Barrie, Ontario. He and his wife Joan have six children Elizabeth, Janet, Mary, Allan, Andrew, and Chris.

Today I live by myself in my home at Biggar, Saskatchewan. As I think back to the hardships of the homesteading years I am grateful to God for seeing me through those difficult days and for allowing me

to live long enough to enjoy my children, grandchildren, and greatgrandchildren.

Each Day A Challenge

Galick

As told to Sharon Fersovitch

Rose Grabski Galick came to Canada in 1905 from Trybuchowec Buczacz, Poland, along with her father Jan. They settled in the St. Michael district where her older sister was already living and where she once again met Kazmer Galick whom she had known briefly in the old country. He was now a widower with two small children. After a time they married and had fourteen children of their own.



Stanley Galick with his mother.

In 1931 Kazmer died of a heart attack. Just prior to this he had made a verbal land agreement with a neighbor. After his death the neighbor demanded more money for the land, so the agreement was dropped and the eldest of this large family set off to find homesteads. After visiting the areas around Lac La Biche and Westlock, a trip was made to Bonnyville where two neighbors, Domagala and Wierzbicki had already come and found good land. Rose and her two sons, Joe and Mike and a neighbor Nick Broski came in a 1928 half ton Chev. and took three homesteads in the Willow Trail district and applied for three others in Garth. The ones in Garth

were never proven. In 1933 a sod roof shack was built and a crop planted the following spring. This crop froze and a move to this area was not made until 1935 at which time the entire family came except for three girls; Julie and Annie who were already married and Josie who had gone to Calgary to work. The family brought all their possessions in several trips. They made one trip herding eighteen horses, eight cows and eight long haired sheep. The drive took a week and the boys drove the animals while Rose was the cook. Nights were spent camping along the way. One night they stopped at the Eastbourne cemetery and set up their tents. During the night a traveller stuck his head in the tent and woke everyone up. A neighbor travelling with the Galicks nearly had a heart attack because he thought a ghost had come after them.

Among the items they brought with them was an International 22-32 tractor which Joe used for breaking land for themselves and for other homesteaders. He broke land in the LaCorey, Garth, Dupre, and Iron River area. He charged four dollars an acre for meadows and five dollars and fifty cents for other land. In 1936 a sawmill business was started when they saw the abundance of timber on their homesteads and in the surrounding area. They built a big house, barn and other buildings which are still standing. The extra lumber was sold at eight dollars a thousand to others who needed it and to the LaCorey store owner, Limoge. In 1937 Joe married Pauline Fretz and built his own one room house from a house he had taken apart. It was fall 1938 and he was busy running a threshing crew so Pauline and her sixteen year old brother-in-law, Louie, put the roof on the house. They set it up crooked but in spite of this the house still stands today. Two children were born to Joe and Pauline right in their first home, with the assistance of a midwife. The remainder of their seven children were all delivered in Bonnyville at the hospital.

It was also on this site that Joe had built a small barn where he kept some pigs and chickens. When it was butchering time, Joe would just knock the animal out and slit its throat. However, he discovered that does not always work. One sow fooled him by recovering quickly from the blow on her head and breaking out of the barn. He ran to the house and got the 22 and fired three shots, but the pig still refused to fall. His brother, Stanley was coming from their home with a gun and took after her while brother-in-law, Nick climbed a tree calling for help, because she seemed so ferocious. Stanley chased her all the way to Sandy Lake firing at her. Finally she gave up after some twenty shots. Most of the bullets did not even pierce her thick hide. Surprisingly enough she was

not bad for eating compared to some other things homesteaders ate.

Jean had married John Ulanicki in 1939 and started her own house. (see Ulanicki history). In 1937 Mike got a job working in Prince Albert and from there he went to Ontario to work. In 1941 he sent for John, Steve, Louie, and Stanley to join him. Rose Galick left in 1943 with her daughter Mary, and the farm was sold to Ed. They went to live in British Columbia for a time and then followed the others to Ontario. Rose passed away in 1957 in Hamilton. Steve settled in Thunder Bay, raised a family of nine and passed away in 1973. Louie lived in Thunder Bay as well and had three sons. He passed away in 1979. Mike employed by Canada Dry travels over much of Canada with his job, but calls Toronto home. He has one daughter. John also lives in Toronto. Mary has two children and lives in Hamilton, while Stanley lives in Montreal and works for Canada Dry. He has a son and a daughter.

In 1943 Joe moved his family to the Fretz homestead which he had purchased for one thousand dollars because Mr. Fretz was ill and the family could not manage the farm. He already had a quarter of land a half a mile away from the Fretz homestead having received it for an \$800 debt from Mr. Alfred Cloutier. Besides farming Joe ran sawmills around Wolf Lake and Fox Lake every winter. While the Galicks were still here all the boys worked at the mill. Later on men were hired at one dollar a day and in 1949 wages that were paid were seventy cents an hour and one dollar and fifty cents a day was charged the men for board



Joe Galick and his family at their first home.

or else they could get five dollars a day with board included. It was very difficult to keep a cook. One winter the camp saw sixteen different cooks. The cook was responsible for the basics only since all the baking was done at home by Pauline. Carl and Oscar Branstorm worked at the sawmill for Joe at this time and were very reliable. Pete Solowoniuk was another good worker that could be placed at any job and was capable of doing it. The logging was done by Ed Byford and John Galick who returned several times from Eastern Canada to work with Joe. They used a crosscut saw or the swede saw to get the timber down. The logs were skidded to the mill with horses. Walter Kolody and Nick Fretz used Percheron horses owned by Joe to do the skidding. Joe always kept a big herd of horses as did many of the homesteaders. Some of his horses were obtained through horse trading. He traded one of his horses for a spirited white animal with Albert Prefontaine. Prefontaine used to drive this horse with a rope attached to his front leg. He kept one end of the rope in the wagon box. When he wanted to stop him he would tug on this rope and trip him. This did not always work for he would crawl on his knees and do what he wished. Joe felt he could handle the brute but one of the first times he hitched him to the sleigh and brought him up the house to load the family for a trip to LaCorey the horse chased Pauline and the children around the house before they could get on. When they arrived at LaCorey the horse was not happy about the Indian sleigh next to them and bumped it. One of the men became angry and jumped in Joe's sleigh, took the reins away and was going to show everyone how to handle this horse. The horse plunged through the tent they had set up and jumped over their sleigh. The Indian tried to make Joe take the reins but Joe refused and when the horse had done what he wanted he stopped. Joe had very little success training this horse and returned him to Prefontaine after a short while.

Joe also did commercial threshing for nearly twenty years. Some years he threshed for as many as sixty-three farmers, starting out with threshing off the fields while the weather held and then doing stack threshing for those who were caught by winter. Some days with a good crew it was possible to do as many as five farmers. Ted Ransorm worked for Joe for many years as a spiker. This was a difficult task but one that Ted was equal to. Many practical jokes were played during threshing and often Ted would find himself working away and then discover that he had a wet, gooey pocket. Someone had filled his pockets with eggs during lunch break. When the machine would stop for repairs there was time for horse play and always in the midst of it would be Ed Byford. He



Joe Galick's land breaking outfit.



Joe Galick family — Pauline, Joe, Brian, Nick, Sharon, Carter, Louis and Joe in front.

found one of the fellows had fallen asleep and tied his leg to something but left quite a length of string. He then got someone to make a racket. The man leaped up to see what happened and of course fell face first. Because of the length of string it took several falls for him to realize that he was fastened to something.

Since Joe worked away from home much of the time he hired men to work for him. Bill Melnychuk worked a great deal of the time. He was a strong young man and it did not take him long to brush twelve acres of land with an axe. When he stayed at the Galick home he would even rise in the morning to help with the chores even though it was not required of him.

In later years Joe spent some time trapping the same trapline his father-in-law, William Fretz, had trapped and carried on some commercial fishing. Joe and Pauline farmed until 1967 at which time they retired to Bonnyville.

Of the seven Galick children, (the first died at birth) six attended Merton school and then Iron River when centralization came. Louis the eldest became an electrician and established his own business. He married Helen Chyz and they reside at Provost with

their girls Leanne, Louise and Lenore. Carter joined the Armed Forces, travelled around the world three times, served six months at Cyprus and six months in Egypt with the UN peace keeping forces. He married Lynda Chimlar and they live in Edmonton. Sharon took Education at the U of A, and married Alex Fersovitch (see Fersovitch history). Nick took masonry and owns and operates Whitemud Masonry in Edmonton. He married Joanne Sayne and they have one daughter, Lesley. Also in Edmonton is Brian who is an electrician and married to Jacqueline Berube. They have one child, Nicole. Joe, also an electrician is married to Debbie Caruk and resides in Edmonton.

Joe and Pauline look back to their homesteading years with fondness and truly believe life then was exciting and challenging for young and old alike.

Galick, Edward and Kate by Pat Michaud (Galick)

Ed Galick was born in Peno, a small hamlet near Lamont, Alberta, on December 26, 1905. Here he grew up, then at the age of twenty-four in the year 1929 he moved to Andrew, where he bought a farm. He farmed here until 1935. Times were rough and it was difficult to make the payments on the farm so he had to leave it. He then took his few belongings, got on a bicycle he owned, and made it to Mr. Kowalski's in Bonnyville. He then found a homestead four miles north of LaCorey. There was no land broken on this homestead so he had to work for other farmers around as hired help until such time as he could break some land on his own.

In 1940 Ed came to Paul Slipchuk's to help with some plowing. Here he met Kate for the first time. She had come to Canada from Poland in June 1927, by ship with her friend Paul, mother Cecilia, and two brothers Alex and Ted. At thirteen years of age she worked for Mr. and Mrs. Beix on a farm near Bonnyville for a few years. She helped with the housework and other small duties. Later she did other jobs on different farms, (feeding pigs, babysitting, milking cows, etc. . .) for a wage of five dollars a month. This was a lot of hard work with little time for relaxation.

On February 15, 1941 a year after this meeting they were married. The wedding ceremony took place in the La Corey Church and was followed by a house reception at the Slipchuk's home. There was a big meal and lots of good fiddling music. About fifty people were present.

Since there was no house on the homestead that Ed had taken, they lived with Kates' parents for one year. Kate helped her mother with the farm work and other household duties. Rabbits were abundant at this time so Ed hunted them for their hides. They were

worth five cents a piece and this was considered a good price. This is how they made their living for awhile.

On December 19, 1941 their first daughter, Elsie was born. The same year they built a one room house on the homestead, with the help of the neighbours. Everybody was around to help one another then. They had to chop down their trees for the logs, so it took quite some time to build a home. They moved into their house in March 1942, with the small baby. The house was cold, you could even see the outside light through the cracks in the walls. The water well was uphill a quarter of a mile away so it was a great deal of work packing in the water.

Ed also brushed five acres by himself. This was all the land they had to work on. The rest was all bush. Here they started their own farm. They had one cow, eleven chickens and a few pigs. It was hard feeding the animals, and taking care of them because there was little grain to feed them and there were no fences. They would bring the cow in for milking, but she would run away because there was nothing to keep her in. The only way of transportation at that time was walking. Not very many people could afford a horse at the time and definitely could not get a car. Ed and Kate Galick managed to live here for three years.

Ed then took over his stepmother's, Rose Galick's homestead one mile west of his own. It cost him three thousand dollars. It was taken on payments of one thousand dollars a year with three years to pay. It was much more comfortable here. The house was better, there were more buildings, and the well was close by. Here they had twenty head of cattle, a few pigs and a few chickens. There were fifteen acres broken. This is where they were able to get their first horse. It took another year of hard work to make enough money to buy an older wagon and a second horse to make a team. At first they just had a wagon and a sleigh. Then later the only machinery was a plow and harrow. Their second daughter Jennie was born here on February 5, 1947.

In 1949 Ed bought his first car, a Ford 1939. It was a used car but it was a real luxury, nine hundred dollars worth. A car was a real great thing to have, but it was not used much at that time because the roads were in such bad condition most of the time that it was difficult to get anywhere.

In 1949 Elsie started school at eight years of age. She went to Willow Trail School which was a one and a half mile walk. This was quite a distance when it was cold and stormy in the winter. Later on, a centralized school was built and there were school buses to take the children to school. Sometimes there were bad storms and roads were so bad that the children

did not get home until very late. Many times Ed and Kate had to come and walk their children home from the bus because it was so snowed in.

In December 22, 1953 their third daughter Patricia was born. This was the year that they had such a bad blizzard that they could not get out of the yard for six weeks because the roads were so drifted in with snow. After six weeks a caterpillar came and cleared the roads with great difficulty.

As the years went by Ed cleared more land, bought more machinery, and added to his livestock. The farm became larger and more abundant. There was still a lot of hard work to keep it going but it was better than in the beginning. Ed and Kate Galick lived on the farm for thirty-six years. Ed then retired, sold his farm, and moved to Bonnyville with Kate.

All their daughters are married now. Elsie married Walter Eleniak on November 2, 1960 and is living in Edmonton. They have two sons, Gary born September 27, 1968 and Glen born April 17, 1971. Jennie married Leo Mildenberger in November 20, 1965 and is living in Edmonton also. They have one son Jimmy, born March 2, 1969. Patricia married Lionel Michaud on December 1, 1973 and lives in Lloydminster.

Even though Ed and Kate are now retired they remain active pursuing the activities that interest them.



Kate Galick with her daughter Elsie and her parents, Paul and Cecile Slipchuk.

Trees For The Taking

Joseph Gavronsky Story

as told to Laura Gavronsky

This is the story of Joseph and Anesia Gavronsky as told by Anesia herself.

Joe and I and our small son, Nick, left the Ukraine June 22, 1928. Nick was ten months old having been born August 29, 1927. Why did we come? A good question — one that I asked myself many, many times in the long, hard years that followed. Joe had three acres of land and I had three acres which was rich by old country standards, but then it was only the rich that could afford to go to Canada, “a land of the rich and free”. There you could have one hundred and sixty acres for only ten dollars with lots and lots of wood. Joe’s three acres had no wood and mine very little. Wood was hard to get in the Ukraine, so we sold our land back to our families and bought our tickets for Canada. After paying for the tickets we still had two hundred and fifty dollars.

The ship took eleven days to get to Halifax and I was sick most of the time. I will never forget one experience we had on board ship. I was standing on deck, holding my baby, watching the water when Nick, excited by the water, gave a big jump and nearly went over board. I never went close to the rail with him again.

Another man that came at the same time and travelled with us, settling the same area was Axanti Solowoniuk. We traveled by train to St. Paul, then on the back of the mail truck to Bonnyville. Mrs. Solowoniuk and I, with the children, stayed in a hotel while our husbands went to find homesteads. The first day they went east of Bonnyville but saw too many rocks and not enough wood. Oscar Biex had the job of escorting the homesteaders and showing them the quarters that were still available. With Oscar Biex on horseback and Mr. Solowoniuk and Joe running behind, they went north of the Beaver River. After two days of running behind, trying hard not to get lost, Mr. Solowoniuk filed on the N.W. quarter of twenty-eight and Joe took the S.E. of thirty-two, township sixty-two, range six.

Mr. Biex lived in town because of his job so he gave both of our families permission to move into his three room house which was already occupied by three families. Now there were five families in this house, Mrs. Ozero, Mrs. Hewak and son, Mike, Mrs. Kurek with four children, Mrs. Solowoniuk with three children and myself with Nick. We lived there only until Joe had time to make us some furniture (table chairs and bed) and buy a stove. Then Mrs. Ozero, Mrs. Hewak, and myself with the two children moved to a granary. Joe bought a cow and

calf for fifty dollars from Bill Kolody so we would have milk for the children. The men then left to find work for the harvest.

Joe worked in Marsden, Saskatchewan, walking all the way there and back. He came home with one hundred and fifty dollars. Joe helped Mr. Solowoniuk build a house on his homestead. Then his family and ours moved in. Mr. Solowoniuk refused to help Joe build our home, saying we had our help back by living in his house. Joe rented a team of horses at three dollars a day to skid the logs together. Two of my uncles, Roman and Mike Ulanicki, who had come to Canada two years before us had settled in the St. Paul area. Uncle Mike helped Joe build our house. That same spring, Uncle Roman moved to the LaCorey area. Uncle Mike stayed only a few years in Canada and then returned to the Ukraine.

We moved into our own home in March, 1929. That summer was a busy one. Mr. Price lived just across the road allowance from us and was a very good neighbor. He gave us a place for a garden for two or three years and helped us out a lot. That first summer we cut the wood and grubbed out three acres. Charlie Carlson ploughed it. We made hay for our cattle which now was a cow, a heifer, and a calf. Joe went to work, back to Saskatchewan, walking there because we had no money. He walked home again because his family needed the hundred dollars he had earned to live a whole year.

Next we built a small chicken house. Our chicken population was growing. It had started with a hen and setting eggs purchased from Mrs. Plamondon. The chicken house was built of logs and had a roof of cattail leaves.

That winter Joe stayed home cutting wood and shooting rabbits and wild chicken for meat. We sold rabbit hides for five cents each to buy flour and sugar.

On March 7, 1930, Mike, our second son was born. That spring we bought seed wheat at one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel, borrowed horses from Mr. Price and put in our three acres. After the hay was put up and harvest came around Joe went to find work.

Up until now I have told you about Joe’s work, but now let me tell you about myself and the other women. It was the women’s job to do all the chores, look after the children, carry all the water and do the house work. That fall when Joe went to work, I had to harvest our crop, cut the three acres with a scythe and put it in a pile. Charlie Carlson had a threshing machine and went around to the farmers charging a sum to move in plus six cents a bushel. We threshed about ninety bushels into the front room through a window. Then I carried all the wheat upstairs. That winter wheat sold for eighteen cents a bushel. Joe

only made forty dollars out working that fall so we had to sell one cow for sixty dollars to have enough to live out the year.

With me busy working outside the house the oldest child had to babysit. When Mike was little I told Nick to watch him and when he cried to run out and call me. Soon I heard the baby scream. I ran to the house and asked Nick why he did not call momma. He said "I told him to shut up, I slapped his lips real hard, but he still cried."

Water was another big problem in those early years. We caught rain water, carried water from the sloughs for cleaning and washing, but our drinking and cooking water was carried for one mile. This was a daily job for three and half years, going to the springs by the river. As I walked and carried the water, I had time to think of home and momma and papa. I would think of all the things I would tell momma when I got home. I yearned to go home and I guess we would have packed up and went back if we had had the money. Then the war broke out. During those war years I could not write home and could not hear from momma. Oh, how I hated the war. We received a Ukrainian newspaper from Winnipeg that kept us up with the news of the war. Then the war was over and momma had died. After that I did not long to go home any more.

In the spring of 1931, Nick was three and a half, and Mike, one year old. Nick would not stay home. He would come with me to get water, then coming home he refused to walk. I would have to carry him on my shoulders as well as two pails of water or, carry the water part way and go back and carry Nick, then the water, then Nick. Finally one day his dad said "That's enough of that.", and tied Nick to a tree. Remember, I said we threshed the fall before in through a window of the house. Well, the tree was close to the house with straw all around it. That is, what was left of the straw stack after feeding the stock for the winter. There was enough left to make a big black smoke when Nick decided he was going to burn that tree the next time he could not go. Mrs. Solowoniuk was visiting at our place when we saw the black smoke. She and I went to fight the fire but Joe went for a willow to give Nick what he badly needed.

When the "Dirty Thirties" or "Hardtimes" hit, Joe could not find work. There was just no money to be had. We made our flour by hauling wheat to Ole Wikstrom's and putting it through a grinder twice. We made our own yeast from hops grown by the house and our soap from lye and old lard. We had a very nice garden and some how made out.

It was in these times that a "man of God" by the name of Melynychuk went from house to house talk-

ing about the goodness of God and building faith. Joe was saved first and I became a christian a few years later. In these hard times the men got together and built the Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Ukrainian Church. At first Joe walked or caught a ride to church with neighbors while I stayed home with the children. Later, when we had a team of horses, we all went. Those services would start about eleven o'clock and last until four in the afternoon. The people were hungry for the "Word of God".

One day when Mike was about fourteen months old and still crawling, Nick was watching him while I worked outside with Joe. Nick opened the door and the boys went outside. The mosquitoes just about ate Mike. He was just black with mosquitoes when I found him. I had some sour milk cooking on the back of the stove. I squeezed out a cloth in the whey (sour juice) and wrapped it around Mike's head to draw out the poison.

Nina was born on September 24, 1931. This is the fall we bought our first horse. We had nine acres of breaking.

Angeline was born on February 11, 1933. Now we had four children. Nick was five and a half.

Every winter, fishermen at the lakes would catch fish and sell them to the farmers. Joe would go to the lake, buy a sleigh box full of frozen fish, then take them south to Derwent, Vermilion area and sell them. The fish were higher at Cold Lake so he would buy at Primrose Lake. These trips would take about five or six weeks. He sold about two or three boxes of fish a winter and made enough profit to buy most of his farm machinery this way.

During these trips the people where he stopped were especially kind, offering him a meal and a place to sleep for the night. At one particular place he was given a delicious supper of very tender meat with small fine bones. Enjoying it, he asked what kind of meat it was. They refused to tell him, saying that he really did not want to know. The next day as he was getting ready to leave he asked again what they had had for supper. This time they told him. Skunk! As he drove along he kept thinking about what he had eaten. He soon had to stop — he was sick.

One of my biggest problems was that of trying to communicate with our English speaking neighbors. Joe had learned some English words through his encounters working out, but we did not learn very much until our children went to school and came home to teach us.

Nick started school in the fall of 1934 at Merton. He had three miles to walk. I asked him what school was like. He said the teacher preached and preached, then took a strap, gave someone a licken, then preached some more. He did not understand the

English language. He hated school and lots of times hid behind the barn or sometimes hid in the bush by the school until the other children were going home. Then he would return home. After Mike started school it was better for him.

We had one more son, Samuel, born December 28, 1938. Nina was the first to marry. She was married to Mike Haripniuk on July 7, 1949, making her home in Warspite until 1974 when they moved to Edmonton. They had three children, two boys and one girl.

Nick married Laura Peterson of the Iron River area on November 13, 1950 and they still live in the LaCorey area.

Mike married Jeanette Gamble. They lived in the LaCorey area until the winter of 1958. They had three children, two girls and one boy. Mike is now remarried and has three small girls and makes his home in Terrace, British Columbia.

Angeline married a city policeman by the name of Mike Chetic in June, 1954 and makes her home in Edmonton. They have three girls, the last two being a set of identical twins.

Sam married Georgina Hayduk on November 11, 1961 and they make their home in Edmonton. They have one boy and one girl.

Joe and I farmed our land and lived on it until the fall of 1967 when we sold our land and bought a house in Bonnyville. Joe passed away March 5, 1979. I still live in our home in Bonnyville. We lived on the farm from June, 1928 until October, 1967. We never knew what it was like to have electricity or running water. We were thankful to have the gas lamp and a well in the yard and enough wood right on our own farm. After all those years we still had sixty acres of bush land on our quarter.



Joseph and Anecia Gavronsky with their children, Mike, Sam, Nick, Angeline and Nina.

Rich in God's Blessings

by Laura Gavronsky

This is the story of Nick and Laura Gavronsky (the oldest child of Joseph Gavronsky and the second daughter of Olaf Peterson).

Our lives start out very much the same as anyone else's. Nick and I met in Bonnyville. We both found work in Edmonton where we later were married.

We came home at Christmas, supposedly for a holiday, but Nick's friends talked him into going to Blue Ridge to work in a lumber camp for Walter Koleba. That was the first of the long cold winters alone and yet not really alone because I stayed with my parents until Nick returned in the spring. Then we went to live with his parents and it was there we awaited the arrival of our first son, Larry. Nick helped his dad on the farm and also worked for local farmers.

It was during the winter of 1951 that we moved into my grandfather's (Carl Peterson) homestead by the Sandy River. Nick had taken out a logging permit and we went logging together. Grandfather had left some old homemade furniture in the one room cabin. There was a stove, table, some boxes we used for chairs and a homemade bed with a lumpy mattress. We scrubbed everything and set up an air tight heater. Now we were a family together and no one could have convinced me it was anything less than heaven.

One thing that stands out in my memory of that winter is Larry hearing the sleigh bells on the horses when Nick came home at night. He would say "da da". Many times he heard the bells before I did. We made a lot of lumber that winter, most of which was sold to make a down payment on our farm. We bought S.E. 11-62-6-4 from Mr. Dobilowski which cost us twenty-two hundred dollars at that time. We saved enough lumber to build a granary and a small twelve by sixteen frame house on skids at my father-in-law's place.

Our land was on a school section, therefore reserved by the government when homesteads were taken out. Although we were buying our land twenty-three years later than Nick's folks, we were also pioneers inasmuch as clearing land is concerned. The quarter had six acres cleared and none broke. During the summer of 1952 we broke those six acres and the following year we broke twenty acres and took off our first crop on the first six acres. We lived in a tent while we were clearing and breaking with Nick's dad's steel wheeled tractor.

That winter another baby boy, Leonard Leo, joined our family. Nick was driving truck for Hermans, getting home about once in two weeks. By Nick working out every winter we were slowly get-

ting more of our land opened up and a start for a farming operation.

On June 13, 1954, we moved our little house to a little opening in the bush on the northeast corner of our land. Our closest neighbor was a half mile away.

Nick left for work early that winter. Expecting our third child in March I really felt alone. There was plenty of work to do. Dad came to help me with the unfinished barn. We put on roll roofing and I finished the inside walls and put shavings for insulation. There was quite a lot of chores, one of which was to herd our eight head of cattle to Mr. Remillard's and pull water from the well for them. Mr. Remillard's large herd of cattle always seemed thirsty when I came with our herd making the job more difficult.

The work was hard and I was leaving two little boys alone in the house so I hired a local girl to help me but she only stayed for a month so I was back where I started.

When I left the boys alone I never knew what to expect when I got back. Usually they were pretty good, playing with their toys and making a big mess. One time I came home from cutting a Christmas tree and they had found the scissors and cut each other's hair. Another time they found my bag of garlic and I found them sitting behind the stove eating it. The house smelled so strong I could hardly walk in. I hid the bag but they found it and were in the same place the next day. Sometimes their antics became dangerous. Larry got the big knife and chopped all around the edge of the crib but managed to miss Leonard's fingers.

Nick, feeling my problem through our correspondence, hired his fifteen year old brother, Sam, to stay with me. He had quit school at Christmas to help his dad but he came until the baby was born. Now Sam was not pulling water for so many cattle so he drove to the blacksmith's in LaCorey and brought home the watering tank that Nick had ordered. Sam said it was easier to melt snow and so it was.

On March 7, 1955, Stephen was born. Getting to the hospital was a big ordeal. The roads were blocked with snow as high as the fence posts so we drove on the open field. All we had for transportation was one horse and a stoneboat. About nine o'clock at night it was time to start our trip. We travelled to LaCorey and found someone to take me to the hospital. For the trip home, Willie McGregor, my brother-in-law brought Stephen and I as far as Remillard's. Sam was there to meet us. Stephen, at six days old, had his first ride on an open stoneboat, bundled in quilts in below zero weather. My sister, Lorane, Baba and the boys gave us a royal welcome, but two and a half year old Leonard hid in a corner and would not even look at the baby. He wanted a sister and to still be mama's

little boy. After two days he loved his brother as much as Larry did.

That fall, Paul VanRaes and Oscar Branstrom dug our well with a horse driven well machine. Then we pulled our water with a rope and pulley, a step better than melting snow and hauling drinking water. The following year we bought a Case tractor. Up until then Nick worked with his dad, using his machinery. In the spring of 1957 Nick came home with a 1950 G.M.C. half ton truck. Then we had wheels.

Time was passing and our boys were growing, each different from the other. Larry was a loner, preferring to sit and make things with a jackknife. Leonard was timid, his feelings easily hurt while Stephen was bold and always said what he thought. When Stephen was two, Uncle Clarence asked him what he was going to do with his big belly. He said, "Put it in mine pants" . . . He embarrassed us many times in public. On the street in Bonnyville during winter he pointed out an elderly lady in a long fur coat and said, "Mama, what is that." I said "sh" but he could not be sh-ed. He said very loudly, "Well it sure looks like a bear to me."

During the summer of 1958 we found our house getting rather crowded so we built on a lean-to. In January we had our first girl, Diane Patricia, and what a joy she brought into our home. On May 15 of that same year we laid her to rest in a little white casket. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away". That is when we realized that we were leaving God out of our lives and we were determined to do something about it. It was not that we did not go to church at all; we went on Easter and Christmas and Glendon Conference but that is not enough and God was using circumstances to speak to us. Matthew 22:37, "Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Eleven months later on April 7, 1960 we had another baby girl, Cynthia Laura. Cyndy grew into a happy, healthy little girl. When she was two and a half things started happening that were to change our whole lives. I can honestly say that I thank God for the accident that almost took Cyndy's life.

Late in August, 1962, Andre Remillard came to help Nick cut three acres of green feed with the binder, bringing his three boys to play with ours. While they were out playing Cyndy had wandered off into the grain field where she was caught in the binder and seriously injured. We rushed her to Bonnyville where the doctors told us she had lost sixty percent of her blood. She was sent to Edmonton by ambulance once the doctors had brought her bleeding under control. There we were told her nerves were completely cut off at the wrist and she would never have any feeling in that hand. Cyndy spent three weeks in

the hospital undergoing treatment that the doctors felt would not be too successful any way. But God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform where man fails. I felt led by God to take Cyndy to an Oral Roberts healing Crusade in Vancouver in October, but even though I knew God was leading me in this direction I knew we could not afford this trip. I decided not to tell anyone and if the Lord wanted us there He would have to speak to Nick about it. Just three days prior to the Crusade a letter came from Nick's sister, Angeline, urging us to go. Nick discussed it with some of his friends in church and arrangements were made with Nick and Shirley Kalinski to go. Stephen had a broken leg and wanted to go as well to ask for prayer for the healing of his leg. I faithfully promised to make his request known, so Stephen stayed with Nick's parents. Now came the big job of finding someone to do our chores as well as send Larry and Leonard to school. We had almost given up when Betty Byford and Ann Synowec said they would come.

When we arrived at Rev. Peter Karachuk's in Vancouver, I took off Cyndy's sling and told Nick I was putting it in the suitcase, as she did not need it any more. Nick thinks Cyndy was healed then by that act of faith. I do not know when she was healed but Praise God she was healed by the hand of God. She has complete feelings in her hand and has never had any operations.

In the Friday evening service I felt the call of God to give my heart to the Lord and went forward. The counsellor showed me in her Bible all the familiar verses I had learned as a child. All we like sheep have gone astray. All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, Romans 3:23. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Then she prayed with me and I went back to the service feeling just as burdened and heavy as when I went in. At the end of the service Oral Roberts announced a special meeting the next afternoon for those who wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit. The Lord dealt with me severely at this meeting showing me that I needed to put Him ahead of myself, my husband and ahead of my children. I gave myself to God and He filled my heart with such joy and peace. II Corinthians 5:17, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things have passed away; behold all things become new." In Sunday we stood in the prayer line with Cyndy and I requested prayer for Stephen at home. Distance is no hindrance to God and that afternoon two of our children were healed. In November when Cyndy had her check up, the doctor discovered her complete healing in her hand.

About that time Larry and Leonard gave their hearts to the Lord. Nick rededicated his life to God.

Now, with Christ in our home and in our hearts we lived a different life; now Christ came first. Sunday was the Lord's Day and camp became very special. We became close to our Christian brothers and sisters in Christ and our old friends and relations were left by the wayside because we did not have the same interests any longer.

November, 1959, was a big milestone in our lives. That was when the electricity came in. Brenda joined our family on July 6, 1965. Our telephone came in shortly after this. In the fall of 1967 we bought Nick's dad's farm and they retired to Bonnyville. The following summer we brushed and broke the rest of the two quarters so we now had two quarters under cultivation. In July, 1970, Nicole came into our family and on November 2, 1973, Tracy Lynn was born, making our family complete. On June 11, 1974, we moved into our long awaited new home. It was a big change from our little three room shack. I have not told of all the blessings God showered on our family. If I did it would take an entire book. There were at least four more outstanding healings. God is good.

Now four of our children are happily married to Christian mates. Larry married Marion Springs from Mallaig on September 2, 1972. They have two girls, Colleen and Debbie. They live in Bonnyville but have bought Larry's grandfather's homesite and plan to build a home. Leonard married Fern Willford from Coronach, Saskatchewan, on September 13, 1975. They have two children, Ammee Dawn and Daniel Leonard. Stephen married Rosalie Peters of White Fox, Saskatchewan, on August 16, 1975. They have a little daughter, Sandra, and are pastoring the Pentecostal church in Provost, Alberta. Cynthia married



Nick and Laura Gavronsky with Stephen, Larry, Leonard, Cindy, Nicky and Tracy (insert).

Mike Nadon of Edmonton June 16, 1979, and make their home in Edmonton. The other three girls are still in grade school at Iron River.

We may be poor in material things but are rich in God's blessings.

Les and Joan Gillett

Les and Joan Gillett and their six children, Mitchell, Yvonne, Lisa, Steven, Raymond, and Darrell moved from Cold Lake to the La Corey area in 1968. Les was an electronics technician at the Air Force Base and continued working there after coming to the farm.

The Gillett's bought the Broski homestead near Sandy Lake. Here, Joan did the farming, housework and always raised a beautiful garden. The children attended school at Iron River and in Bonnyville.

In 1977, the Gillett's moved to Edmonton. Joan works in an office of the Workmen's Compensation Board. Les is in real estate.

Mitchell is in the army and is stationed at Trenton, Ontario. He got married in 1978.

Yvonne works at the Workmen's Compensation Board in Edmonton.

Lisa works at the Public Pension Office in Edmonton.

Steven works on a farm near Wainwright.

Raymond works in an auto body shop in Edmonton.

Darrell is in school. He enjoys his skateboard.

Gizowski, Bill and Xanni by Xannie

Bill and I, Xanni Mykolyshen were married in the little Iron River church in 1944. We went to Timmons, Ontario as Bill worked in the gold mines there.

During the next year our daughter, Diane was born. A few years later, in 1948, we decided to make the move back to the LaCorey district. As we enjoyed farming and my family was here it seemed to be the logical place to settle down.

We bought a farm from Pete Rask. There was no house on the property so we lived in two granaries while we built a house and a barn. About the same time, a son, Ronnie joined our family.

Bill was kept busy most of the winters sawing lumber with our neighbors. As for the social events, they were held at the Bevin School until Willow Trail Hall was built. Our children, Diane and Ronnie attended Bevin School where Mrs. Batke was their teacher.

As the years went by three more daughters were added to the family, Sandra, Christine and Connie.



William Gizowski Family — Ronald, Diane, Xannie, Christine, Sandra and Bill with Connie.

Our farmyard had a creek running through which sometimes brought problems. We had our chicken house across the creek with a narrow bridge to cross. One spring when the creek was flooded we could not get across to feed the hens. Every problem has a solution so we put the wheat in paper bags and threw them across. When the bags landed, they broke and the hens were fed.

Another spring the rooster strutted on the bridge, missed his step, and fell into the water. As he was washed down the creek he was caught on some willows. By wading in, waist deep, I was able to save the adventurous rooster.

The "creek adventures" sometimes included the children. One day as Sandra and Christine were playing on the bridge, Christine fell off. She went under the bridge and Sandra pulled her out on the other side.

In April of 1966 we sold our place to Romeo Lauzon and moved to Mannville. There we bought a half section where we are still farming. The children have all grown and left home. **Diane** is in Edmonton, **Ronnie** in Whitecourt, **Sandra** in Calgary, **Christine** is attending NAIT and **Connie** is completing her grade twelve.

The Charlie Gooler Story as told by step-daughter, Lena

My mother, Manerva Gamache married Charlie Gooler in Moxee, Washington. Charlie had a son, Ed and mother's family consisted of Alice, Ernest and

myself, Lena. Together, we made the decision to go to Alberta to homestead.

On March 1, 1928 in a covered wagon and with a team of oxen we left for St. Paul and we were on the road for three months. My sister, Alice and I enjoyed the trip as we skipped rope during some of the trip.

We arrived in St. Paul at the beginning of June. Since I was only fourteen years old I was left in St. Paul to attend school. The rest of the family went to homestead in Iron River. Our house was built by Jack Fish Lake (Manatokan).

My sister, Alice married Ed Gooler in 1929 and lived there by the lake. I finished school in 1930. There was a school less than five miles from home. There were a few new homesteaders and we enjoyed some good times together as all the people were friendly. We surely had a hard time in the "Hungry Thirties" as there was very little money. We had to live on wild meat, fish that we caught in the lake and vegetables we could raise in the garden. Consequently, most of our summers were spent in the garden but we had some good times too at dances at the neighbors' homes. Many people could play some musical instrument so we made our own entertainment and surely had fun in those days. My brother-in-law, Ed, taught boys how to box. My step-dad had a team of oxen and made extra money by breaking land for neighbors.

Our house was made of logs with a sod roof with moss on top and when it rained it would leak. What hard times we went through but we were content because all the neighbors had the same problems. We had enough to eat and were close to each other as we depended on each other if someone got sick or hurt. If someone's house or barn burned everyone lent a hand to help.

My brother, Ernest left Iron River to work up north. He stayed there until his passing in 1974.

I married Louis Chouinard on February 19, 1931 and went to live two miles north of LaCorey.

My mother developed cancer and passed away January 1, 1937. My step-father died that same year in February.

Ed and Alice Gooler

Ed and Alice were married in 1929 and they lived by Jack Fish Lake. They had a family of ten children, Dellia, Charlie, Walter, Eddy, Virginia, Martha, Lena, Violet, Robert and Armond. With a family of this size it was difficult to make ends meet. Ed found it necessary to make moonshine in order to get money for food. Unfortunately, since this venture was illegal, Ed was found out and sent to jail.

To make matters worse, the house burned while Ed was serving a one year sentence in 1941. Alice and

the children moved to her sister, Lena's on a farm near LaCorey. When Ed completed his sentence, the family moved to LaCorey where Ed worked for A. Limoge at the General Store for about twelve years. They then moved to Bonnyville where he worked for Vallee's Store until he became ill in the early "Seventies". Ed passed away in 1975 and Alice now lives in Edmonton.

Gudmundson, Anton

Mr. Gudmundson was born in Norway in the late "eighteen hundreds" and lived there until he came to Canada, namely Kingman in 1927. He worked around Kingman for a couple of years before coming to the Lessard area in 1929, where he homesteaded. Here he farmed until his retirement. After retiring he continued living in his house for awhile and in 1965 moved to Erwin Pederson's. He has resided here ever since except for the winter of 1979-80 when he went to stay with Margaret (Cabana) and Lee Hobbs at Red Willow.

Anton has always been a wonderful neighbor as well as a good farmer. He loves children and is always doing something to make them happy. He was greatly missed by all his friends this past winter while he was away.



Anton Gudmundson's 79th Birthday, 1978.

Gurin, Mike and Molaska

written by Anne Gurin

In July, 1930 Mike and Molaska Gurin and their two daughters, Jean (Jennie) and Mary came to Canada from Europe. They travelled by train to St. Paul, Alberta, where friends they corresponded with came to welcome them. These friends took them to Myrnam where they resided for some time. Mike worked for various farmers and Molaska also helped the wives during that time. The following year Mike rented land at Lake Elisa near St. Paul. Here is where their only son Nick was born.

Mike's friends who homesteaded in the Sandy Rapids area were encouraging him and his family to join them, but Molaska did not want to go further north, finally agreeing to go as far as the Glendon area, in 1932. Again Mike and Molaska rented land, but Mike was still yearning to join his friends. Eventually, he left his family in Glendon and went to Sandy Rapids where he purchased a homestead.

He brushed a three acre area on which he built a two room house out of logs he hewed. He plastered the inside with mud. In February of 1933, he travelled with horses and sleigh to bring his family home. The family lived in one room of the house and because there was no other shelter the other room was used to shelter the horses from the severe winter. Mike travelled every year to Myrnam at harvest time to earn more money leaving Molaska to tend to the chores at home. In 1934, a daughter Anne was born and in 1936 the youngest girl, Susan was born.

Mike and Molaska worked hard clearing their land. They were able to produce more grain to feed their livestock. By this time they had cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, chickens, ducks, and geese. Molaska would spin her own yarn from which she knitted socks and mitts. She also made wool quilts and from the goose and duck down she made pillows.

A new and bigger home was needed and more farm buildings. Mike went to work at a sawmill for several winters and finally earned enough lumber to build all the buildings needed.

In 1956 Mike and Molaska retired in Bonnyville. Mike still enjoyed going back to the homestead on which his son, Nick and family resided, not only to visit but to help with spring and harvest work. With his many years of experience, Mike gave much good advice to his son, Nick. Even though Mike was stricken with illness he still came to the farm and tried to help. Mike's only last wish was to ride the binder at harvest time, as he felt his health declining. That same fall in November of 1962 Mike went to his resting place.

Molaska lived in Bonnyville until 1974, at which time she moved and now resides in a senior citizens

apartment in Edmonton. The family of Mike and Molaska Gurin are: The oldest Jean (Jennie) and Jerry Trosko have one son, three daughters (of which, one daughter passed away in 1963), three grandsons and one granddaughter. They reside in Red Deer, Alberta. Nick and Anne Gurin have three sons and one daughter, one grandson and one granddaughter. They now reside in Edmonton. Anne and Joe Chipiuk have two daughters and one son. They now reside in Powell River, British Columbia Susan and Fred Halkow have two daughters and reside in Red Water, Alberta.



Mike and Molaska Gurin.

Gurin, Nick and Anne

written by Anne Gurin

Nick Gurin, only son of Mike and Molaska farmed with his parents on the family homestead at Sandy Rapids. In the fall of 1952 Nick married Anne, daughter of Walter Sr. and Agafia Chyz. That same winter Nick and Anne went to work at a lumber camp for Anne's father, Walter Sr. Anne was the cook and Nick did the falling and hauling of logs. They both came back to the farm in the spring.

Anne helped Nick and his father in the fields at spring and haying when needed. She also helped Nick's mom with milking, separating the milk, feeding hogs and all the chores that had to be done. During the canning of vegetables and chickens,

Anne was taken to St. Louis Hospital in Bonnyville where she gave birth to their first son, Michael.

For the next few winters Nick worked in lumber camps logging or running a caterpillar, and Anne stayed home caring for their son and helping Nick's parents. In spring of 1956 Nick's parents retired to Bonnyville to take life easier and the farm was left entirely in Nick's care. In the fall of this same year a second son Robert (Bob) was born. In the year of 1959, a third son Terry was born. In 1961 Nick bought another two quarters of land and leased three quarters of pasture land for the increased herd of cattle. Nick also bought a mower, rake and baler which made haying a lot easier for them. He then decided a swather and a combine was needed with the increased acreage of crop he seeded. With all this machinery Nick and Anne began farming in earnest.

In 1965, a fourth child, a daughter, Tania was born. In 1967 Nick and Anne built a new home as the original one with all their possessions was destroyed by fire. Due to many fractures Tania required the supervision and attention of a specialist and spent her young years at age two and a half in an Edmonton hospital. At age six she was admitted to the Glenrose School Hospital where the attending specialist was near. During these years Tania spent only the weekends and holidays at home with her family. After many trips to Edmonton Nick and Anne decided to sell their property and with their sons moved to Edmonton, so that Tania could live at home with her Mom and Dad and her brothers.

Michael, the eldest is a lab technician presently employed with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Edmonton. He married Chris Garcia. They have one son Darryl and one daughter Jolleen. They presently reside in Edmonton. Robert (Bob), a licensed heavy duty mechanic employed in Edmonton, married Irene Leguerrier and they reside in Edmonton. Terry is employed at Double N. Earthmovers Con-

struction Company. He is presently engaged to Sherri Kachuk who he plans to marry in September of 1980. Tania is in her final year at Londonderry Junior High school. She continues to enjoy playing the accordion and lives with her parents. Nick is also employed at Double N. Earthmovers Construction company owned and operated by his brother-in-law, Ray Necula. Anne is at home, taking care of her small family and devoting all her spare time loving and spoiling her grandchildren, Darryl and Joleen.

Hall, Frank Charles

Hall, Morgan and Mildred

Hall, Roy and Edith

In 1974, the Hall family bought their farm from Harry and Alice Melnychuk. Morgan and Mildred moved into the Omilion house in the spring. Roy and Edith and their daughter Julie moved into the Melnychuk house, July 1, 1974.

Morgan and Roy worked the farm, raising mostly hay and cattle. Morgan retired from active work and Roy managed the place. Besides doing all the farm work, Roy attended welding classes in Bonnyville and earned his welding ticket.

Edith was a very active member of the parent's group of the Iron River E.C.S. and she was secretary; as well as serving on many committees.

Roy and Edith have three children. Julie Anne was born in Vanderhoof, British Columbia. Jennifer Rae was born in the Saint Louis Hospital in Bonnyville and Marcus Roy was born in the Elk Point Hospital. Julie attended Kindergarten and Grade one in Iron River and Jenny attended Kindergarten there.

Frank Hall, son of Morgan and Mildred, and brother of Roy, came to Canada in 1977, from Montana. He spent a year on the farm with the family. He returned to Montana to accept a job as medical technologist at the Saint Patrick's Hospital in Missoula, Montana.

As a retirement hobby, Morgan became interested in pottery. He built his own kiln and tried to make use of native clays for pottery and glazes.

In March, 1975, Mildred was fortunate to get the job as E.C.S. instructor at the Iron River School. Mrs. Anne Vandriel had resigned and Mildred got the job. She held this position until June, 1978, when arthritis forced her retirement. Mildred had taught school for thirty-two years, twenty-one and one half years in Montana, seven years near Vanderhoof, British Columbia, and three and one half years at Iron River. After retirement, she served in the Library committee and initiated the writing of this book. Her hobbies are crocheting, knitting, quilting and other forms of handwork.



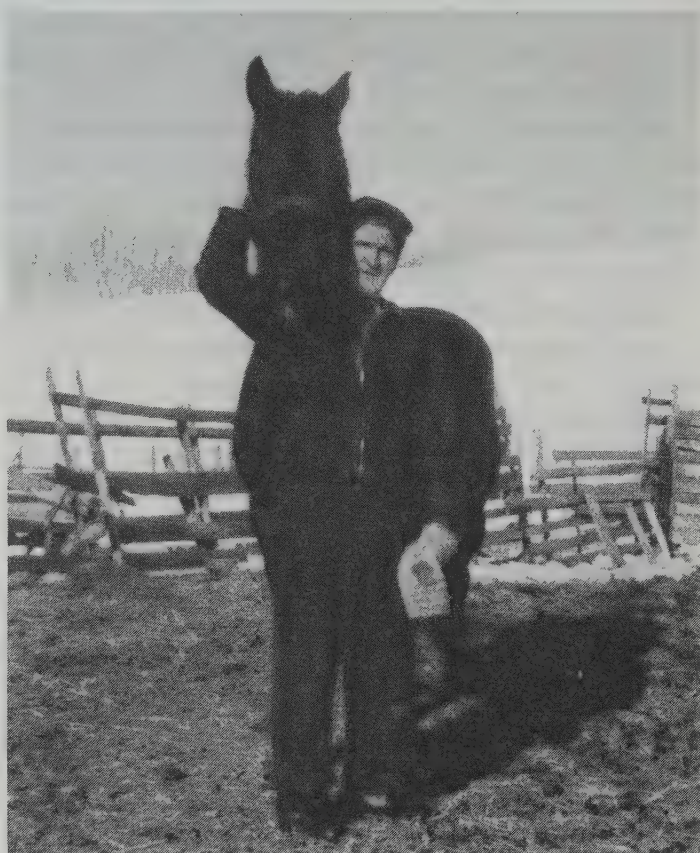
Nick Gurin Family.

Hannah, Percy by Ellen Sashuk (Erickson)

Percy was born in Ontario and at a young age volunteered his services in the Army in the first World War. He was a stretcher bearer in the front lines for four years of the war.

Percy came to Alberta and lived at Shamrock Valley, north of Elk Point, and came to Iron River in 1935. He squatted on SE 1-65-7-4 along the creek. For some time he lived in a cave he had dug in the sidehill.

Percy being a bachelor living in the bush, did not get too many visitors, for there was just an old trail to his place. He came out to buy groceries at the store just a few times a year and he had Glen Erickson pick up any essentials he needed.



Percy Hanna.

Percy loved dogs and kept about five or six. The dogs stayed in the house with him and probably would have eaten you up if you disturbed them.

Percy was known to be a sheep rancher but did have a half dozen goats or so. One of his sheep was a freak and had five legs. Percy would make hay for his livestock on the creek flats with his faithful horses.

Percy's hospitality was unending. If ever a person was hunting, picking berries or just plain visiting he offered food or a "Peter Dawson". He was an active person throughout his life and lived close to nature

until his passing in September 1969. The area is now part of the Wolf Lake Community Pasture.

Hansen Donald by Vi Hansen

I guess my first association with the Lessard, Iron River, and LaCorey districts started when my cousin, Don Taylor and a neighbor of his picked me up at the railway station at Bonnyville on a very cold February night. It was thirty-five below but we were comfortable in the heated caboose that they were driving. As the team travelled along the seventeen miles to the Taylor farm east of LaCorey, they pointed out the many farms and told me the history of this one and that, so by the time we got there I already knew quite a bit about the people who lived in the surrounding area.

I stayed with the Taylors all that year. My uncle, Hayward Taylor was teaching school at Balm Tree at the time. We went to many picnics and dances, which were held all over the country including Merton, Lessard, Harold Lake, Iron River, Balm Tree, and as far away as Rat Lake to Ardmore, many times on horseback. I got to know the country and many families in that first year.

I had spent over two and a half years in the R.C.A.F. and being from a small town by the sea in Newfoundland, having been stationed down east, I found these farm lands of Alberta quite different, but enjoyed it all very much.

I married Donald Hansen on New Year's Eve, 1946 in the Lessard Church. Donald's Dad had come from Denmark as a young man and took up a home-



Don Hansen family — Ken, Vi, Don, Deanna and Debra.

stead, the quarter section across from Lessard store and built his first home below the hill, a half mile south of Lessard. He married Clarissa Scott on December 19, 1921. Donald was born in the first Duclos Hospital on October 24, 1924. He went to school at Lessard and farmed with his parents.

He had the Art Walter's quarter rented, two and a half miles northwest of Lessard and that is where we lived that first summer. We bought the McKee place two and one half miles east of Lessard, on the Beaver River in 1947 and lived there for twelve years. We then bought Sim Humphries' place a quarter of a mile east and moved in there, still on those beautiful river hills. We also bought the H. Newgard quarter in 1959 and we farmed those four quarters for thirty years.

We have three children. **Ken** is married to the former Louise Lajuenesse of Grand Centre. They have three children, one boy and two girls. They live in Bonnyville.

Debbie is married to David Ozero of the Balm Tree area. They have two children, Clayton and Pamela. They live just a half mile east of where Balm Tree school used to be. Debbie is involved in the Lessard Community and president of the hall board.

Deana is still living at home. This is her second year at school, apprenticing for an electrician. She is also taking flying lessons and is playing ball on the Lessard Ladies Ball team so they all keep involved with our old community even though they have not lived there for four years or more.

The children all attended Ardmore School, going by bus. The girls took high school in Bonnyville and Ken in Fort Kent.

In 1971, Don entered politics. He won the nomination for the Progressive Conservative party and won the election in August of 1971. He ran again in 1975 and won both the nomination and election of March, 1975. He served two full terms in the Alberta Legislative Assembly as the M.L.A. for the Bonnyville Constituency. Since 1977 we have been living in Bonnyville.

Reed Hargrove **as told to Florence Matthews**

Reed Hargrove and Myrtle Pittman lived in the Ranfurly area. Reed's father was a school teacher and Myrtle's was a farmer. They were married on November 5, 1914.

After moves to Alcomdale and Vegreville, they decided to move to the Iron River area in late October, 1929. By this time they had three children, Myles, Ethyl, and Bill.

They came with a wagon and hayrack loaded with household belongings besides pigs and chickens. Two more horses pulled the democrat and a fifth

horse was led behind. The trip took three days at that time. Now it is a pleasant two hour drive by car. Unfortunately, the Hargrove's trip was not what one would call pleasant. Three wagon wheels were broken. Bill recalls, "We probably met every blacksmith between Vegreville and Iron River."

They settled on a quarter not far from the Beaver River living in a tent while they built their house. Their first shack took a week to build with logs and a sod roof. Bill remembers, "When it rained it took three days to start leaking, then the darned thing leaked for a week after the rain stopped. The only dry place was under the table because it was covered with an oilcloth."

Reed bought a cow from Mr. Pitre of LaCorey. For eleven dollars he was allowed to take his pick of a fair sized herd.

The children walked three and a half miles to the Iron River School. The boys were good ball players and played on the local team.

Reed worked at a sawmill in the winter for Charlie Carlson for fifty cents a day. He walked to and from work, about five miles each way.

Meals were gained mostly by hunting and fishing. In the summer their diet was mainly fish because Reed would not shoot deer in case they had fawns. Bill remembers a steady diet of fish sandwiches in his school lunch. He was only too glad when school mates wanted to trade sandwiches. "They could have had them for nothing, I was so tired of fish."

The Hargroves built a new house in 1932. During that same year a new daughter, Phyllis arrived.

Myles and Ethyl left home to work at an early age. They returned home to Iron River several times.

Reed played the violin and together with Olaf Peterson they often played for dances and parties. At times, when the boys were home the family would all play together.

Myrtle was kept busy doing the chores, gardening and many other things that interested her. She loved plants and always had many to make her house pleasant. During the winter she had to keep the fires going all night so they would not freeze.

She sheared sheep, spun wool and knit garments to sell to make a little money.

Myrtle loved the outdoors and even did some hunting. One time a big black bear was coming towards the house. Myrtle got down the gun and shot the bear.

Music was another of Myrtle's interests. She was a good dancer and a pretty fair singer. In her later years she even made two records using words she had written herself.

The Hargroves acquired the Fraser quarter to the north of their land in the early "Forties".



Reed Hargrove Family — Myles, Bill, Myrtle, Ethyl, Reed, and Phyllis.

Myles married Gloria Valrath of Nordegg. They had five children. Myles passed away in 1967 at the age of fifty-one. **Ethyl** married Ray Mitchell of Turner Valley. They have two children. **Bill** married Florence Hopf of Bonnyville. They have two children. **Phyllis** married Harold Hood of Redwater. They have three children.

Reed Hargrove passed away in 1953 at the age of sixty-one years. Myrtle, at the age of seventy-seven passed away in 1975.

Bill and Florence Hargrove by Florence Hargrove

We were married in the fall of 1946 and moved into our partially built house on Billy's folk's farm. That winter we were kept busy hauling wood with a team of horses and sleigh and sawing it with a swede saw. Mom Hargrove burned the wood as fast as we could saw it — she had to keep her plants from freezing.

During the summer we both worked out and did the farming for Bill's dad as well. In the winter we logged, sawed and planed lumber.

Our memories of the first years of our marriage are many. We had one very special dog, Ginger and a cat which we called Kay-Kay. We often went to our neighbors, the Petersons, with horses and sleigh to play cards and visit. Occasionally, we would take their little girl home with us, enjoying the company of a "little one".

In May of 1952, we had our own "little one". Our son, Ben was born.

In 1953, we moved from our house to Bill's folk's house so we could be in the same yard as the stock and farm buildings. Bill's folks had built across the river on Mom Hargrove's homestead. While we were moving, with the help of the neighbor boys, a tire came off the Model T Ford. It rolled almost down to the barn!

We farmed for Dad Hargrove for several years and eventually we bought the farm from him.

Bill, his brother, Myles and Dad Hargrove used to play for dances. I took the children and went with them and enjoyed myself. No one thought of getting a babysitter at that time.

We bought a team of mares and it was not until twenty years later one of them had a colt. We also bought a Holstein milk cow hoping she would have some heifer calves to build up a herd. Unfortunately, she only had bull calves — big help, she was.

While we were working out in 1956, a daughter, Heather arrived to complete our family. She was born at Barrhead where we were working on a survey crew. I was doing the cooking and Bill was a crewman.

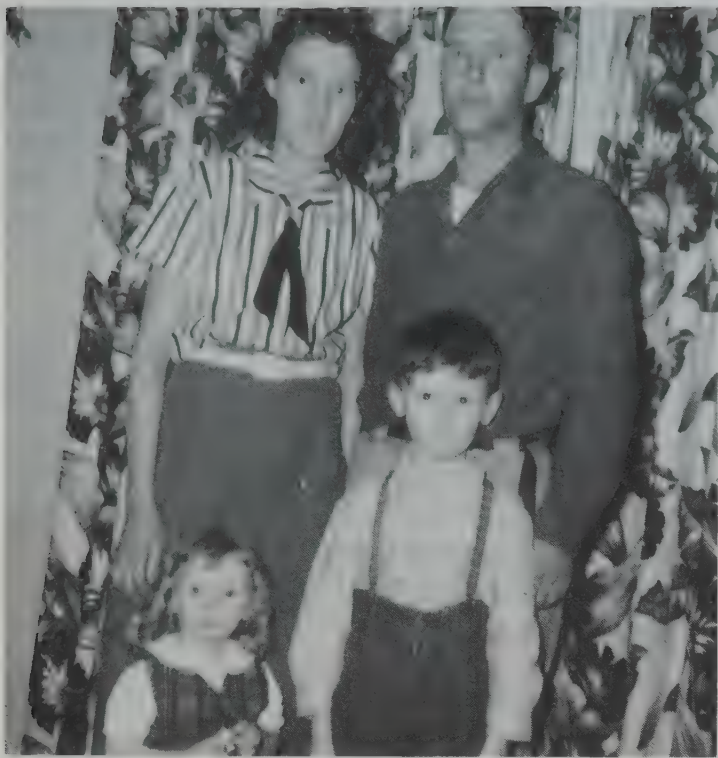
As our children grew older we discontinued our working out and settled down to farming full time and trapping on our trapline. The children attended the centralized Iron River School.

In 1972, we sold the farm and started Bonnyville Turbo with the help of our son, Ben. Later, we moved to Fort Kent where we now own a home.

Ben lives in Bonnyville where he operates Bonnyville Turbo and Heather lives nearby with two



Ben with Model T Ford and house in the background.



Bill Hargrove family — Florence, Bill, Heather and Ben.

beautiful little boys, Billy and Dennis. Still, unwilling to give up the Iron River Country we operate our trapline there from Fort Kent.

Alex Hartwell (Herman) and Family

In 1886 Enufree Herman and his wife Wasalena, boarded a ship leaving Germany bound for Canada. Upon arriving in Canada they made their way to Edmonton and in 1887 settled on a quarter section of homestead in the district of Shandro, approximately twenty miles southeast of Smoky Lake. For the next several years Enufree labored on the land, clearing it and raising livestock to survive.

In 1902 Wasalena gave birth to a son, Alex, who was to become their only child. When Alex was three years old his father passed away leaving Wasalena to raise a child on a farm which a man could hardly survive on, leave alone a mother with a young child. Determined to survive, Wasalena continued to live on the homestead with her son, working at various jobs for what little money she was able to earn. Alex was usually left home alone tied with a rope to anything stationary in the house until his mother returned from work. The farm was rented out.

When Alex was twelve years of age his mother married Metro Googlich from the same neighborhood. Metro did not want to raise Alex and chased him away from home, advising him not to come back. In the ensuing years Alex was raised by various neighbors for whom he worked doing the various chores required on a farm. Most of his younger years were spent cutting trees, picking roots and rocks in

the process of clearing land. Once in awhile he would come home to see his mother, but he was never allowed to stay. It was during one of these visits that his mother sold a cow to buy him his first suit.

During one of his trips from Pakan to Smoky Lake, while driving a team of horses, he met a young girl, approximately fourteen years of age, walking to Smoky Lake with a basket of strawberries for sale. He picked her up and gave her a ride into town. Although he had no way of knowing it at the time, this same girl was to become his bride eight years later.

Because of the unusual circumstances under which Alex was growing up, he was never given the opportunity to go to school. He accumulated what little money he earned working for his neighbors and in 1925, at the age of twenty-three, he purchased a quarter section of land in partnership with John Andrewchow, from the Hudson's Bay Co. Later that same year his step father, Metro Googlich passed away, again leaving Wasalena a widow. This time Alex took his mother to live with him.

In 1928 Alex Herman married Pearl, the daughter of John and Mary Botha who lived on a farm in Pakan. Alex and Pearl settled down on his farm where they attempted farming for the next three years.

John Botha came to Canada from Austria in the 1890's and after marrying Mary, who emigrated from Romania at the same time, settled in Edmonton. Three years later they moved to a homestead in Pakan. In 1907 Pearl, the first in a family of three boys and four girls, was born. In 1920 John and Mary Botha sold the Homestead in Pakan and purchased a quarter section of land three miles south of Smoky Lake.

At the age of fifteen, Pearl left home to work in Edmonton in an effort to bring some much needed income home to her parents. During the next seven years she worked at various jobs in Edmonton although much of the time was spent at home where she was needed to help clear the land, until she married Alex in 1928. The parents could not afford to have Pearl go to school and consequently she has had only two months of schooling in her life time.

In 1929 their first son, John was born to Alex and Pearl Herman, and in 1930 Pearl gave birth to their second son, Nick. It was about this time that the depression known as the "hungry thirties" was beginning to take its toll.

Although Alex and Pearl worked diligently on their farm under extremely difficult conditions, they were unable to accumulate the necessary funds required to meet their farm payments, and in 1931 the Hudsons' Bay Co. took the farm away from them.

During these years eggs sold at two cents a dozen; hogs sold for three dollars a head; a cow sold for seven dollars; and a meal in a restaurant cost twenty-five cents. Thirty dollars a month for a laborer's wages was considered an excellent wage.

In 1930 Alex heard about homestead properties in the Willow Trail area and he decided to go and see what was available. He obtained a quarter section to homestead approximately one mile north and one mile west of the old Willow Trail school. He returned the same year with his father-in-law to build a house of logs and plaster. During the house construction period they stayed at Steve Omilian's, their neighbor's.

In 1931, along with his wife, their two infant sons, and his mother, Wasalena, Alex moved by horses and wagon to his new homestead. He brought with him two cows, seven horses, one sow, and ten chickens.

For the next eight years Alex worked in the winter months cutting posts which he sold to the farmers, and clearing land by hand during the summer months. By 1939 he had cleared four acres of land. Living conditions were still extremely difficult at this time and although Alex worked long hours on his homestead, very little progress was made.

Alex's mother, Wasalena, passed away in 1938 at the age of eighty-six.

In 1939 Alex again began to look for greener pastures and in that year he sold the homestead in Willow Trail for three hundred dollars to Steve Waskiwich, and purchased a quarter section one mile west and one half mile north of the Iron River store. This farm, which had about thirty acres of cleared land, was purchased for one thousand dollars from the Government. Again John Botha helped his son-in-law build a new house.

In the years which followed the economic situation eased and Alex was able to clear additional land as well as increase his grain production. With the help of his father-in-law, he was able to build granaries, a barn and a house for John and Mary Botha.

About 1940 Alex purchased his first tractor, a two piston John Deere, with which he was able to break additional land. This was followed by a binder and other machinery required for farming. In 1942 he purchased his first half ton truck.

Pearl's parents sold their farm in Smoky Lake and purchased a second homestead in Sandy Rapids. It was located on the west shore of Jackfish Lake (Manatokan Lake), two miles west, two miles north, and one mile west of the Iron River store. In later years this land was sold to Nick Yaroshuk, when John and Mary Botha moved to their last farm, eight miles

south of Glendon. Here John Botha passed away in 1951 and Mary in 1978.

Upon moving to Iron River, along with farming, Alex worked in a sawmill for Mr. Ayotte of Willow Trail, and later for Harry Panas's father, until he purchased his own sawmill in the early 1940's. He set the sawmill up on his farm from where he sawed logs for himself as well as for many of his neighbors.

In May of 1940, Pearl gave birth to their third son, George, and in February of 1943, Harold was born, followed by a daughter, Jeannette in June of 1944. By this time John and Nick were in their early teens and they were a great help in doing the chores with their mother while their father was away working with his sawmill during the winter months. By this time they were raising hogs and cattle which supplemented their income.

In 1945 Alex purchased a lumber planer with which he did custom planing for the neighbors. He taught John and Nick to operate the planer and in 1946, at the age of sixteen, John left school, after completing grade eight, to help his father. Two years later, upon completing grade nine, Nick also left school to join John and his father.

John thought he would like to work for someone else and moved to Yellowknife for a year, but returned when his father needed him at home.

In approximately 1949 Alex purchased a timber birth on the Bombing Range north of Wolf Lake and with his sons, John and Nick, set up a full time winter sawmill operation. Additional equipment was required and in the same year he purchased a D-4 caterpillar and a three ton truck. Although they sold some of the lumber most of it was hauled to the farm where it was dry piled by Bill Karas. In the summer the lumber was planed and ready for sale. Much of it was sold to customers from as far south as Lloydminster and some of it was sold locally. This was a particularly trying year since the equipment purchases created a heavy financial burden and there was little revenue coming in during the winter months. During this period Pearl, with the help of George and Harold, raised approximately three hundred hogs, which proved to be the turning point. At the time when the money was most needed, the hogs went up to thirty-four cents per pound and most of the monthly payments were made from the hogs.

Although Alex, John and Nick were away from home for the next several years with the planer and sawmill, they did come home for spring work and fall harvest. The younger children saw their dad so seldom that when he came home they would ask their mother who that man was.

Very early in life George and Harold had to learn the art of farming since they did a great part of it by

themselves. Picking rocks and roots became almost an integral part of farm life. Since a baler was unheard of the haying was done by a mower and rake, both pulled by horses. The hay was put first in small stacks by pitch forks and later hauled into the hay-loft. Help was also received from a hired hand, Paul Van Raes, who came whenever he was needed.

When still in school, John and Nick were able to earn extra money in the springtime trapping muskrats on the lake one half mile north of the house. The money earned went toward the purchase of their first bicycle. George and Harold followed suit in later years and they too purchased their first bike from the sale of muskrat pelts.

In the early "fifties" Alex purchased a quarter section from Mr. Martiniuk. This land bordered Mr. Martiniuk's. With the D-4 caterpillar and a breaking plow, John set to breaking additional land on both quarters as well as breaking land for many of his neighbors. In the winter months Alex would take John and Nick with him to the Whitecourt area where he was now sawing and working for Walter Koleba. This later led to a sawmill partnership with Walter and long periods of time spent away from home. Since his tractor was usually away from home, he would borrow a tractor from his neighbor, Norman Knapp, to do his summer farm work. In return Norman would use his plow or other machinery.

During the 1940's and early 1950's Alex went into partnership with Norman Knapp threshing for their neighbors. This was a convenient arrangement since Alex had the tractor and Norman had the threshing machine. Naturally the threshing was the greatest thing in the fall with each farmer hoping to get his grain off the field first. However, the season usually ended with the farmers having their grain safely stored in granaries. The younger people usually did the hard work of pitching bundles and the school children were left to take care of the granaries.

Throughout all these years, Pearl, with the help of George, Harold and Jeannette, continued to farm alone a great part of the time. Since there was no well on the farm, the water had to be hauled from a creek nearby. In the winter the livestock was watered from the creek while the water lasted and once the creek froze to the bottom, water was supplied from snow melted over the kitchen cook stove. George and Harold had the task of carrying six to twenty tubs of snow into the house each evening as well as supplying sufficient wood to last the next day. This was usually done after the livestock was fed, right after school.

All of the children walked to the old Iron River one-room school located one and one-half miles directly south. When the snow drifts were too deep to

walk through they would make their own skis which they used for the first one half mile. From there on there were other children and walking became a lot easier. Many mornings and evenings were spent sliding on the long hills along the way. In the summer time softball was a great sport with competitions between the various local schools. There were many cold and bitter days when Harold or George would leave for school early to start the fire in the barrel wood-burning stove and sweep the floors before the other children arrived. For this service they received thirty-five cents per day from the school board.

Fond memories remain, particularly to George and Harold, of the days when they used to paddle a little tin bathtub around the creek, running through the property. Steve Charawich and Richard Peters would come and seeing the boys manoueuvering on the water would ask to try it. The boys can still see Steve out in the middle of the creek flipping the tub and then standing chest deep in the water trying to decide whether to go for the tub or head for shore. Memories also remain of the times when George, Harold and Steve would go out on the lake in the late spring and collect mud hen eggs in a pail which they would bring to school for egg fights.

In 1955 the various schools in the country were centralized and for the first time, George, Harold and Jeannette experienced the pleasure of riding a school bus and attending classes where everyone in the room was in the same grade. The idea of having several teachers instead of one teacher covering all the subjects was also a new and exciting experience. Until now the only teacher they knew was Mr. Mac-Gillivray. Because school was still only a mile and a half away the school bus ride was very short. This was also the year in which the children were introduced to homework.

In 1958 Alex Herman sold his farms in Iron River and purchased, in partnership with Walter Koleba, a twenty-one acre site in Clover Bar, about two miles east of Edmonton. The family built a house and moved onto this site in 1959. In this same year Alex and Walter Koleba opened a lumber yard in Clover Bar where George and Harold worked during the summer months.

During the spring months of 1958, when George was completing grade eleven, he realized that in the fall he would be entering grade twelve, which would be his most crucial year. He heard of Camrose Lutheran College and upon further investigation he enrolled for the coming year. This again was a new experience since he now lived at the school and he was able to devote all his attention to his studies. Fortunately he made the right decision and graduated in 1959.

In the fall of 1959 George took a six-month book-keeping course at McTavish Business College in Edmonton and early the following spring he and Harold went to work in the sawmill with the rest of the family. Alex and Walter had moved their sawmill operation up the Yellowhead (midway between Valemount and Blue River, B.C.) by this time and most of the family worked there with them.

In 1961 unusual circumstances and an effort to better themselves led the Herman family to changing their names from: Alex Herman to Alex Hartwell, Pearl Herman to Verna Hartwell, John Herman to Windsor Hartwell, Nick Herman to Clayton Hartwell, George Herman to Milburn Hartwell, Harold Herman to Garet Hartwell and Jeannette Herman to Judy Hartwell.

On February 24, 1963 the family experienced the tragic loss of the oldest son, Windsor, who was killed in a sawmill accident in British Columbia, leaving behind his wife, Kory (Marriott), and four pre-school children. It was shortly after this that the family pulled out of the sawmill business.

On June 6, 1964 Milburn married Lewis Bulevich whom he met two years earlier and who was raised on a farm in the Mundare area. They are now raising two daughters, Lorenda, born in 1969, and Lorea, born in 1971.

In 1973, Milburn and Lewis moved to Kelowna, British Columbia, where Milburn was an Accountant with Hiram Walker and Sons Distillery Ltd, until 1975, when they returned to Edmonton. Here he worked for the City of Edmonton until 1977 when he went into partnership in the sand and gravel business with his brothers, Garet and Clayton.

In 1968 Garet married Judy Howard whom he met while still in the interior of British Columbia. After living in Edmonton for two years he settled down on his parents' acreage now located in Evergreen, four miles northeast of Edmonton, where he continued his sand and gravel operation. Garet and Judy are presently raising two children; Daren, born in 1971 and Rob-Anne, born in 1975.

Clayton joined Garet in the sand and gravel business in 1973 as a pit operator. He is presently single and lives approximately twenty-five miles north of Edmonton.

In 1979, Judy gave up office work to open "Simplex Office Services," a bookkeeping service to small businesses, which she operates from her home in St. Albert. Judy is married to Terry Forberg and she has two sons; Dean, who was born in 1962 and Hagen, born in 1969.

The sand and gravel business known as "Garaten Sands Ltd." which Garet started in 1972 has grown

to nearly twenty employees in 1980 and it is operated and controlled by the three brothers.

Alex and Verna Hartwell moved from the Clover Bar area to the Evergreen area in 1972, when their property in Clover Bar was required for the expansion of Highway 16 east. In Evergreen they have continued to work their large garden until the present time.

In June of 1980, Verna had her seventy-third birthday and Alex enjoyed his seventy-eighth birthday in October of the same year. Both are still enjoying good health as they work their two acres of garden on the acreage. Verna, who was well known at Iron River for her excellent flowers still enjoys making flowers although at a slower pace.



Hartwell brothers — Clayton, Milburn, Garet, and Windsor.

Peter Hawrylak Family **by Mike Hawrylak**

Peter Hawrylak was born in Bukosko, Poland on July 5, 1894. At the age of twelve he went into service for the village priest to earn the necessary funds to support his brothers and sisters, as his father was away at work in Argentina. He was drafted into the Austrian-Hungarian army in 1914 where he served until his capture by the Russian army in the Austrian Alps in 1915. He was shipped by train to a Prisoner of War camp in Italy where he existed for nearly two years. Here he encountered difficult times. Food was scarce and Peter along with his fellow prisoners, lived for days on dry bread and water or bits of potato peelings that were thrown out for the livestock. Many of his fellow inmates died of malnutrition or food poisoning from eating spoiled horses meat. Upon Peter's release from prison he returned to Poland where he met and married Marie Priadka on September 8, 1918. Their only child, a daughter, Anne, was born on September 27, 1919.

Rumor of acquiring a fortune in a new land called America prompted Mr. Hawrylak to immigrate to Canada, leaving his wife and young daughter behind until such time as he could afford to send for them. He arrived in Quebec on July 28, 1928. From there he boarded a train bound for the prairies ending up in the St. Paul-Owlseye area. For the next two years he worked for several established area farmers (Felic Bellauguette, Ernest Belsil) earning one dollar per day. This dollar a day was for the summer months. During the winter he worked for his room and board. One late fall day while Peter was sleeping in a granary, a sleet storm developed, blew open the door and covered one side of his face with snow and freezing rain causing frost bite and swelling of the face. Dad was cared for by a Czechoslovakian family during his time of recovery. He later repaid their kindness by giving them a cow. During this time Peter experienced the extraction of his first permanent tooth due to root infection.

In 1930, after saving enough money to bring his wife and daughter over from Poland he travelled to the LaCorey-Iron River area and filed on a homestead. He also bought some livestock and machinery. Here he started to clear some land and built his first house. Upon its completion he sent for his family, who arrived in Canada in 1931.

Shortly after arriving on his homestead, Peter made the acquaintance of the Plamondon family.



Peter Hawrylak Family.

One day while driving along with their horses and buggies they came upon a porcupine in a tree. Mr. Plamondon indicated that porcupine meat was rather tasty and asked Mr. Hawrylak if he could knock the animal out of the tree. Mr. Hawrylak complied by picking up a stick and poking it from its lofty perch. He did not realize until later what could have happened if the animal had fallen on him. He could have been wearing many porcupine quills which he did not realize as he had never seen an animal like this before. Incidentally, the meat did not taste so great either!

During the next few years Peter set about clearing more land, constructing more buildings and buying newer and better equipment. He encountered tough times as this was the time of the "depression". Even so, he later built a larger house.

Anne, the Hawrylak's daughter attended school at Merton, four and one half miles away. She later married Joe Plamondon of the Merton district and settled on a farm two miles from her Dad's homestead (see Plamondon history).

Peter's first wife passed away on February 11, 1938 and was laid to rest in the Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Cemetery. Peter remarried. His second wife was a widow, Mary Mykolyshyn, who had five children from her previous marriage. One son, Mike, was born to them in June, 1940.

With a family around of this size humorous incidents were bound to occur. One of these comical happenings came about when Mr. Hawrylak and his step son, John, were going to clean barns. A horse-drawn stone boat, which was rigged with a metal ring fastened to the backend of it, was used for this purpose. This ring made it convenient to draw the stone-boat close to the door or into the barn if the doorway was large enough. One day though, when Dad intended to bring the contraption closer to the door the old ram stood nearby watching with great interest. When Dad bent over to grasp the metal ring, the ram saw his opportunity and charged, sending my father head over heels over the stone boat. When he finally got up there was surely one sore Ukrainian and shortly one whipped ram. In the meantime, John, who was standing on the sidelines, roared with laughter. We all had a good laugh when told of the incident, all that is except father. He did not think it was funny at the time.

Mike, the youngest son, attended grade one to nine at Churchvelt which was located on the corner of Hawrylak's property. He completed his high school at the Iron River Centralized School, built in 1955. Mike is married to Rose Karas and the couple along with their children Kenneth, Thomas, Michelle and

Christine still reside on the land Mr. Hawrylak homesteaded.

Peter and Mary Hawrylak retired from farming in 1962 and moved to Bonnyville. Peter passed away in May of 1971 and is buried in St. John's United Church Cemetery in Bonnyville. Mary Hawrylak, who is eighty-three years young still resides in her home in town.



John and Helen Hewak.



Mike and Mary Hewak's children.

The Hewak Story

by Mary Hewak

In the fall of 1929, John and Helen Hewak, with their seven year old son, Mike settled on a homestead one mile west and one mile south of the hamlet of LaCorey.

There was a small shack and about one and a half acres of cleared land. The remainder was all bush. John and Helen started work on the shack, filling the holes with a mixture of dry grass and mud. After many hours of work the shack became a home.

Soon after, John went to work for the Canadian National Railway in order to make money for winter necessities. A track was being built from Bonnyville to Grand Centre.

In 1934, the Hewaks built another home one quarter of a mile south of the old shack. More land was cleared and more log buildings were put up. They bought two horses, one cow and a few chickens and soon the homestead became a small farm.

Mike attended Merton school and recalls making the fastest mile... (he went barefoot to school one day when it snowed)

When conditions were improving, Helen Hewak became ill and in 1948, she passed away at fifty-one years of age.

Life went on. Mike took over the farming operation and soon married the former Mary Romanchuk of Glendon. Mike and Mary along with Mike's father, John worked hard on the farm.

Mike and Mary had five children, Helen Ann, Tony, David, Terry and Judy. Helen and Tony started school in Iron River.

In 1960, their home was destroyed by fire and the Hewak family moved to the Glendon area. John Hewak passed away in 1964. Mike and Mary retired from farming and are now living in Glendon.

Hinecker, Ernest and Esther

by Carol Morton

In 1914, Ernest Hinecker came to this area for the first time. He rode on horseback from his parent's home in Mannville, and spent some time riding around this country. He made two trips to Cold Lake, as well, and took a load of fish back to Mannville to sell. He also returned to this district to hunt for moose. He liked it here, and he had always had the desire to homestead further north than his parents had.

His plans were temporarily delayed when he went into the army in 1915. When the war was over, he returned to Mannville with the same desire, and a grant from the army to buy land. Ernest and his brothers, Fred and Herman set out with a wagon and team and ten head of cattle. Harry Brumble and

another man who was taking a hundred head of cattle to a sale at Dirlingville travelled with them. Altogether, they had five teams and six saddle horses. They stopped over in Dirlingville for the day of the sale, and then travelled on across the Beaver River as far as Batkes. It was a Sunday so they spent the day there. The next day they reached their homestead in the area known as Merton. The trip had taken one week. Harry Brumble homesteaded across the road from Ernest and Fred.

Soon after, Fred and Herman left to return to Mannville where Fred picked up the Ford car, and drove back this time, bringing his wife, Annie. They just got back in time to beat the first snowstorm of the year on October 11, 1919. The snow lasted until the middle of May.

Ernest and Fred travelled back and forth from Merton to their parent's homestead in Mannville. When they were here, they often played the fiddle for dances.

In 1921, Ernest and Harry Brumble walked to Mannville. It was the end of March, and neither one wore dark glasses. It was a long walk and they were almost snow blinded by the time they reached their destination. This time when they came back, they came in the Model T Ernest's father had bought in 1917, and had given to Ernest in 1919 when he returned from the war.

Fred stayed until 1924, and he then decided to move back to Mannville and rent his father's farm. Ernest married Esther Anderson (see Anderson history) and they lived briefly at his parents place until he had finished helping them take their crop off. They then returned to the homestead. On July 19, 1925, their first child, Stanley, was born. Exactly one year later on July 19, 1926, they had a daughter, Eva. Ernest was good at making things, and he made a cradle for his babies. He also made Esther a spinning wheel which she still has. In the fall of 1926, they went to Spring Lake to trap. They built a dugout, and spent the winter there. The Coopers were their closest neighbors, and they became good friends.

They returned to the homestead in the spring and that winter on December 24, 1927, their third child, Mabel, was born. She never seemed healthy, but it was too cold to risk taking her out to see a doctor. She died in March and was buried in the Lessard cemetery.

About this time, Ernest decided they could not afford to repay the army grant, and so they were forced to sell their three quarters. After paying off the grant, they had two hundred dollars left. They then moved onto a grazing lease at Frozen Lake, where they built a house and barn. They brought their hundred head of sheep with them (they had bought the

original sheep for ten dollars a head) Later, in the "Thirties" they sold them for seventy-five cents a head. On June 11, 1929 Elmer was born. Later that year they got their first radio. They got two sets of headphones with it, and they would take turns listening.

One day, that winter, Esther was working in the house, periodically looking out the window to see what Stanley and Eva were doing. They were playing on the lake with their toboggan, and when Esther checked again, they were sitting on the ice facing each other. Esther was not sure what they were doing, but she thought it must be some sort of game. However, when they remained in the same position for quite awhile, she decided something must be wrong. She walked the half mile to where they were sitting and discovered that a hole had broken through the ice, and one child was sitting on each side of the hole with their feet dangling in the water. They had been too terrified to move, so they had just sat there, patiently waiting for help.

In 1930, Ernest took a homestead in the Osborne Lake area, on the same quarter where Allen Hinecker lives now. They built the first portion of their house and a barn on what they called the "Island." They continued to sheep farm, even though this occupation paid poorly. Ernest had always been a good hunter, and had often taken out hunters from different places. This was now the most important source of income they had. Hunters would come from the States and Canada, Ernest would supply the horses and sleigh, as well as food for the hunters. They would spend approximately four days in the bush, and would return with their moose which Ernest never failed to help them get. For this, he received about twenty-five dollars. He had a special team he called his hunting team, who were wise to the hazards of the muskegs. If the muskeg was too soft, they would lie down and stay down until the men pulled them across the risky portion.

In 1931, Ernest who was hauling hay, had taken the children with him for a ride. He was pulling up by the barn when the load tipped. Elmer was only one at the time, so, Ernest had him right beside him. He grabbed Elmer, hollered at the older two to jump, and jumped to safety with Elmer. Stanley leapt immediately, but Eva, frozen with fright stood on the edge until the last minutes. Finally, she jumped and ran. When Ernest turned to check on them, Stanley was missing. He, and some of the sheep that had crowded around were buried beneath the load of hay. A frantic search through the hay turned up Stanley and a few sheep. Ernest thought he had uncovered everything. In relief, he went to the house to have lunch before picking up the load. When he returned, he dis-



Hunting Guide — Ernest Hinecker.

covered more buried sheep, some were too far gone to save, so he had to butcher them. They ate mutton for a long time after that.

Their third child, Allen was born on the “Island” on February 10, 1932. It was also about this time that they got the post office. They built a lean-to onto the house to keep the post office in. When Allen was six months old, they moved to the corner of the quarter (the present building site). When they moved, they pulled the house across the lake with sixteen horses, and used this for the post office and later for the store as well.

Two bachelors across the road from them had a small store in their cabin. One day, Esther decided to buy something as a treat for the children. She bought jam and syrup, then decided since the children had never tasted peanut butter, to buy them some. However, when they tasted it, they did not like it and loaded it with jam and syrup in an attempt to “fix” it — they still did not like peanut butter!

Despite this rare treat, there were times when

money was short. Esther made over old clothing to look like “new ones. All the clothes were patched and repatched many times. However they never ran out of vegetables or meat. At this time, the Government occasionally helped out some of the people by giving them some clothes or a bit of money for food. This could not be called charity since the men worked in the summer on the roads to pay back anything they had received. Ernest and Esther received a bit of help one month, then the Government decided that since they had the post office, they were too well off to receive aid. The post office paid nine dollars a month, and he also got nine dollars a month to haul the mail.



Hinecker's store.

In 1934, the bachelors who had run the store, moved away and Ernest took over the store at this time. It was convenient for him as he only had to haul the supplies across the road. It was called the Willow Trail Store and Post Office. As well as getting their mail and groceries there, people would bring furs and horsehair to trade. The post office or store was never locked at any time.

On November 24, 1934, their youngest child, Anne was born. As usual Esther's mother, Margaret Anderson, was the midwife. The only child she had not been there to deliver was Mabel.

Although Ernest still had his car, the roads were too bad, and gas too costly, to use it. He hauled the mail to LaCorey with a team of horses. One of the responsibilities that went with the Post Office was keeping track of the births and deaths, and registering them in the Bonnyville Post Office.

Some of their neighbors were the Harry Byford family, the Senecal family, Worobiys, Choliks, Brosseaus, Plouffes, VanRaes, Dubinuks, Goulers, and Lukinuks.

The days were busy ones, and in the evenings Ernest played the fiddle for his family's enjoyment. They enjoyed visits with their neighbors, as well. In spite of a shortage of money, they always enjoyed

life. Christmas was no exception. The children received one homemade toy each, and a few peanuts and candies. The toy received might be a stick horse, a toboggan, a slingshot, or a pair of skis.

One year Eva's gift was a small washboard and tub. Often they had company. The Andersons, Branstroms, Tollefsons, and Petesons often shared Christmas with them. One unforgettable year, Alice Tollefson played Santa Claus. She was dressed in a red suit, and jingled bells before her grand entrance. A big meal made up of whatever was available or affordable completed the celebration.

In 1937, the Osborne Lake School was built. Mr. Ayotte, Mr. Lukinuk, Mr. LeMays, Mr. Senecal, Mr. VanRaes, and Ernest were some of the men who helped built it. In February 1938, the school opened with Miss Eliniski as the first teacher. She taught there for a year and a half. The fire was started at seven in the morning on schooldays, and it took until noon for the schoolroom to warm up. The children stood around the heater, or pulled their desks in a circle around the stove and did their work there. The school went up to grade nine, after this, any children wishing to continue their education had to go to Bonnyville.

Eva was eleven, Stanley was twelve, and Elmer was seven that first year. The children moved along as slowly or as rapidly as they were able.

A later teacher, Mrs. Gamblin, got the families to take turns sending vegetables and meat to school. She made a soup, and this was served to all the children at lunchtime to go with their regular lunch.

Miss Kuhn was the teacher remembered most fondly by Eva. It was Miss Kuhn who began the Sewing Circle. The girls who were interested stayed after school to learn embroidery and plain stitches.

Concerts were often put on to raise money for the school, and these received the enthusiastic support of everyone in the community.

The school also provided a place for social events such as dances, box socials, and pie socials. These occasions were attended by all age groups, and lasted into the wee hours of the morning, to the enjoyment of all concerned.

In 1939, Ernest bought a three ton truck, and began to haul cream and cattle to Bonnyville. People often rode to town in the back of the truck.

In 1940, the people living in Garth asked Ernest to come there to set up a store. Nestor Sawchuk gave him two acres of land for the store, and to live on. Fred Hattebuhr and Robert (Vern) Mathes built the Garth Store and post Office. Ernest and Stanley lived in the back of the store. Esther stayed behind and continued to run the Willow Trail Store for a short

time. In 1942, they closed the Willow Trail Store and moved to Garth.

Elmer, Allen and Anne went to the Forest Stream School for the next year. Elmer and Allen had gotten puppies from the neighbors, and trained them as sleigh dogs. They had a toboggan with canvas sides, and this was how they travelled the two and a half miles to school. They also used the dog team for transportation wherever they went, whether it was trapping or visiting. They had three and sometimes four dogs to make up the team.

In May of 1943, the whole family went to see a show at Iron River. Stanley and Eva had been staying at the old place at Osborne Lake caring for the cattle, so the family spent the night there. When they returned to Garth, they found the store had burnt, nothing was left but smoking rubble.

Ernest and Esther and their family moved back to Osborne Lake. At this time, Ernest gave up both the store and the post office.

In April of 1944, Stanley went into the army. This was the beginning of a very trying time both for him and for the worried family left at home. He was shipped overseas, from Halifax to England. On May 15, 1945, he was sent to France. He spent two weeks in Belgium, then five months in Holland, then he was sent to Germany. He ended up in the hospital in Holdenburgh, Germany, shortly after Christmas in 1946. In the first part of February, he was sent by hospital plane to England. They kept him there a couple of weeks, then sent him back to Canada on the hospital ship, the Lady Nelson. It took nine days for the ship to reach Halifax as there was a storm on the ocean that lasted for five days. When they landed two inches of ice covered the ship from stem to stern. Stanley was sent by train in Calgary and finally to the Charles Camsell in Edmonton. He was discharged from the army with the E5 category on May 1, 1946. In the spring of 1948, he was released for three months he went back in the spring of 1949 and had an operation on his right side. He was then discharged. He married May Byford while he was out. In November of 1951, he was sent to Shaugnessy, the veteran's hospital in Vancouver where he was operated on for a second time. They removed his right shoulder blade and seven ribs. He was finally released for good in November of 1952.

Although the family was very worried about Stanley during this time, life went on. In 1943, Ernest had bought a sawmill. In the winter people brought logs to him to be made into lumber. This only provided a months work in the spring. He kept building up his farm. He also did mechanic work around the area, and in the fall threshed on neighboring

farms with the threshing machine he had bought. He had also bought himself a new Model A car.

In 1947, diphtheria took the lives of two of their neighbor's children. The night that Byfords lost their little girl, Maggie, Harry Byford came to Ernest's house to ask for someone to stay with his family for awhile. Eva went with him. Fearful of the disease invading their home, Esther made the children gargle with salt water every half hour. Although they got sore throats, none of them got diphtheria.

Elmer and Allen spent the summers pitching bundles for people, and working in logging camps in the winter. Eva worked some for neighbor women, helping with their children and housework. She also worked in a cafe in Calgary, and spent one summer in British Columbia, picking fruit along with her cousins, Olga and Gladys Branstrom.

In 1948 Ernest and Elmer went logging in British Columbia. Esther went along to cook. Eva, Anne, and Allen stayed behind to take care of the farm.

The next few years, Ernest spent farming, working with his sawmill and working out on mills. In 1957, he quit farming, and moved to Cold Lake where he worked on the Grand Centre Air Base. Stanley worked there, also and lived with them. In December of 1961, Ernest passed away.

Esther is now living in Bonnyville.

Stanley, through his marriage to May Byford, had one daughter, Shirley now Mrs. Tiff Gonyou. She has made Stanley a proud grandfather of three little girls, Nicole, Denise, and Monique. Stanley is remarried to Edna Tiahlo and they have made their home in Bonnyville.

Eva is married to Vernon Mathes and still lives in the area, just one mile away from Ernest's old homestead. they have six children and two grandchildren. (See Vernon Mathes history)

Elmer lives in Blackfoot with his wife, Harriet Martel, and two of her grandchildren.

Allen still remains in this area. He is married to



Ernest Hinecker family — Ernest, Esther, Stanley, Eva, Elmer, Allen and Ann.

Lucienne Brosseau and they have four daughters. (See Allen Hinecker history)

Anne is married to Henry Frolick and they live on a farm at Evansberg. They have five daughters and one son, Joy, Lynn, Lana, Trudy, Holly and Gordie. Lynn is now Mrs. Roderick Steckhan and has two daughters, Tov and Gem. Trudy will soon be Mrs. Cameron Bauman.

Ernest fulfilled his dreams of homesteading here and raising his family. His children and their descendants will long remember the visions, and values he passed on.

Hinecker, Allan and Lucienne

In September of 1955, when I was twenty-three years old, I married Lucienne Brosseau and went to work in Hinton and Edson. By 1956 my dad was seriously thinking of leaving the farm so we moved onto the homeplace and bought ourselves a few cows. Those cows calved in the spring and all eight cows had bull calves. We could see we were not overstocking our farm at that rate so we bought one sow. She had ten fat little pigs; she rejected them and wanted to eat them so we ended up with ten fat little pigs, on the bottle every four hours.

The Great Authorities were telling us we were to raise any children we might have by the book. There was no need for the woodshed in which to further their education and since we could not afford one anyway we thought this was fine. However, when it rained for three days and four nights in 1957 we gave these "Authorities" a second thought especially when we had to cart the wood in and dry it out in our oven before we could use it.

In January of 1958 our first daughter was born and died twenty-eight days after. Then in August 1959, Gwen came along to brighten our lives.

1961 brought a different picture. It was rather dry and warm, then forest tent caterpillars came from the east and from the west, and from everywhere. We



Taxi, anyone? Olga, Gladys, Eva and Anne.

walked carefully with our shirt collars buttoned to the very top. Nobody wasted any time at the outhouse. We even checked our beds before crawling in. The cows were hard put to find a single blade of grass that was not moving. Gwen was a year and a half by then and she and her cousins, Gordon and Dale, who were a little older, thought it was a lot of fun picking the caterpillars and putting them in little pails. It was during this time in June that Gwen got a little sister, Valerie.

A few bad crops and school bus driving did not net enough income to make many improvements. In December of 1962 Shiela was born. We then moved to Mannville for two years where we worked out. It was during this time that our last daughter, Darlene was born in September of 1964. By then the oil rigs were moving into North Eastern Alberta. Now that was where the really big money was. We came back to our farm and I started truck driving. I hauled just about everything from water for the rigs to moving the rigs themselves back and forth between Medicine Hat and Fort McMurray. I hauled oil at Red Earth and even hauled cattle to Edmonton.

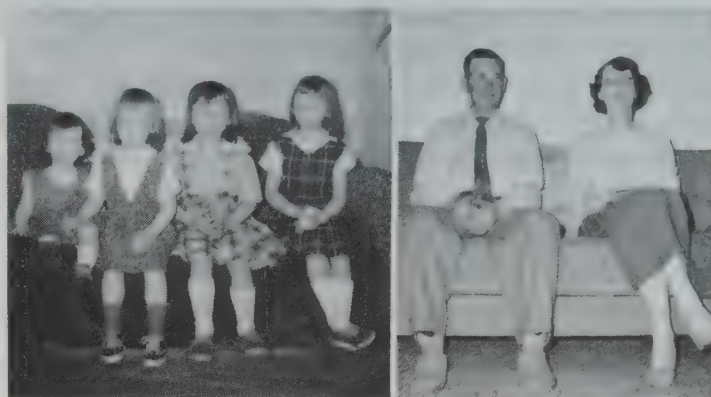
Five years later, in 1970 I got the feeling that big money was side stepping me. I was away from home most of the time. There had to be a better way. In 1971 you could buy a bushel of oats for forty-nine cents. Why could not I buy milk cows and turn that cheap grain into cash. We could see the neighbors who were milking cows were able to be at home with their families.

That was the beginning of our dairy operation. We bought twenty cows in Wainright for three hundred and fifty dollars each. For a while we sold cream to the creamery and fed skimmed milk to the pigs. With five gallon pails going this way and the other way we had to find an easier way. The cheese plant at St. Paul was in operation by then so we did not hesitate to get rid of the cans, pails and pigs. We built a new barn and milk house as well as purchased more land and cows to go into bulk milk in July of 1975. Now, we have expanded to the point where we are milking forty-five cows alternately, which provides us with a normal family life and no time to go anywhere.

Our four girls have kept us pretty busy in the past few years. Each of them has been in the Iron River 4-H Clothing Club for at least six years and my wife, Lucienne has been an assistant leader for five years. In 1977 Gwen graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High School and in December of the following year she married Dr. Reg McCurry. They now make their home in St. Albert. Valerie also graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High School, then married Lonnie Demchuk and is now living in Fort

McMurray. This year Sheila will be graduating and our youngest, Darlene is in grade ten.

Years ago we dreamed about being able to retire and move to town where all the conveniences were. Now, however, all these conveniences have come to the farm so, why leave?



Allen and Lucienne Hinecker and their girls, Darlene, Sheila, Valerie and Gwen.

Hochachka, Alex and Pearl

written by Fedora Matichuk

Alex and Pearl were married in Nicyhizi, Poland in 1919. They emigrated to Canada in 1928 with their three children, Mike, Fedora, and Paul. They had two more children after they lived in Canada for awhile, Louise and Mary,. They first settled in Lake Eliza, twelve miles from Myrnam, Alberta. In 1931 in the depression years they could not pay for the land so they decided to leave it and go north and look for a homestead, that took them to the district of Willow Trail. In the winter of 1932 Alex loaded his team of horses with supplies to go build a house and barn. All winter he cut logs by hand. His good neighbor Mr. Steve Omilion was always there with a helping hand. The logs were hued on four sides and interlocked at the corners. Wooden pegs were used instead of nails. In the spring Alex returned home to Myrnam and hauled all his grain to the flour mill at St. Paul for future use. In May, Alex and Pearl gathered all their belongings in a hay rack and a wagon. They had a box of furniture, tools, chickens, pigs, and small calves. The cows followed the wagon with the calves. It took days to get to their destination.

The first month was quite exciting for the children. All the meals were cooked outside on a bonfire and the family slept in the attic of the house, because there was no floor in the house. Alex and Pearl sawed lumber by hand for the floor of the house. They were very busy that summer for there was much to be done. The well was dug with a pick and spade. When it got too deep the dirt then had to be pulled up by rope and bucket. They made some corrals using

spruce rails which had to be hauled from the nearest muskeg.

They brushed and broke three acres of land. Breaking of land was done by using eight horses. For this the neighbors got together to help each other because no one man had eight horses, so two or three men would bring the horses and break land for one man then move to the next and the next. This was a very slow process because the horses could not work more than four or five hours a day. It was very hard pulling the big brush breaker and there were also swarms of flies and mosquitoes to add to the hard work. The land was then harrowed with a dragging harrow. This harrow was hand made by interlocking three heavy logs about sixteen feet long into a triangle. Each corner had a bolt put through for added strength and each side had four steel pegs on the bottom. This was used to harrow the breaking cross-ways to level it and pull some of the roots out. The roots were then picked and burned when dried up. Then there was hay to be made for the stock for the winter. The hay was cut with a horse mower where the hay meadow was level. The rest was cut with a hand scythe. It was raked by hand or by horse rakes. The hay was hauled with a hayrack to the barn yard and fenced in because all the stock was in the open.

In the fall there were a lot of blueberries and cranberries that could be picked and preserved. There were a lot of mushrooms that could be eaten. There also were a lot of partridges and prairie chickens. You could shoot all you could use. That is if you had a gun but not all the people had guns. In the late fall when it was too cold to work on the field the man of the house would cut wood. They hauled loads of long logs to the yard and put them close to the house to be cut up for firewood during the winter. Some people trapped for furs. It was easy to get coyotes, fox, squirrel, weasel and muskrat. The older children helped with all the chores because at this time there was no school.

The spring of 1933 was long in coming because it was very cold with a lot of snow, and the feed for the cattle had to be rationed. In the spring the three acre field was seeded by hand and in one corner the garden was planted. The garden included potatoes, carrots, beets, cabbage and onions. The field was then fenced to keep the cattle and horses out. Again the men busied themselves clearing and breaking more field.

The first school in the Willow Trail district was built in 1935 with forty-eight children attending, most of them in grade one. The first teacher was a young lady whose name was Miss Anne Shalka. The children walked to school up to as far as a five mile radius. The school was made out of logs and plas-

tered with clay on the outside with plaster board on the inside. It had a wood heater made out of a forty-five gallon gasoline drum.

So life went on, people working up to eighteen hours a day striving to have a little bit more of everything year by year.

In 1937 the grain prices went up, and the cream prices also went up at the creamery. By then there was enough money to hire a tractor to help brush and break land. All the other work on the farm was still done with horses. At this time the municipality started to make roads. In 1939 or 1940 the main road to



Hochachka family — Alex and Pearl with children, Paul, Mary and Louis.

town was corduroyed so that the people did not get stuck in the mud, when taking their wagon box of grain to town.

In September, 1939 war was declared. In the summer of 1942 the oldest son, Mike, was called up to the army. This left Alex short handed. Pearl was very sick by this time. She had heart trouble from all the hard work in the earlier days. Alex did not mind the hard work, all he wanted was to give his two younger sons a bit more education. In 1943 and 1944, Paul and Louis went to Prairie Bible Institute, Three Hills to finish high school. Later Paul decided to come back to the farm and help Alex. Louis went on to university to take up education.

In January, 1945, the oldest daughter, Fedora married Mike Matichuk (see Matichuk history) and left home to start a home of her own. Alex bought his first tractor in the spring of 1946. This was a great help because it sped up the work. In 1948 Alex bought a half section of land in Maloy, Alberta. He soon sold the land in Willow Trail to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Omilion and moved his family to Maloy. Mike came home from the army in the summer of 1945 and stayed home to help on the farm. In 1951 Alex bought a car, he soon learned how to drive it, and life took on a new meaning. The hard times were over. Alex passed away suddenly on September 2,

1951 at the age of fifty-four years. Pearl passed away on July 26, 1953 at the age of fifty-six years.

Mike has not married and lives at the home place in Maloy, Alberta. Paul married Evelyn Kryzanowski of Glendon and they have seven children, Erwin, David, Daniel, Earl, Coleen, Cheryl and Charlene. They make their home in Glendon. Louis married Ann Sawchuk (see Sawchuk history) of Garth, Alberta. They have two children Wesley and Alexandra. They make their home in Devon, Alberta. Mary married Steve Sherstan and they have four children, Shirley, Sheila, Garry and Carol. They make their home in Vegreville, Alberta.

Frank Hood as told to Mildred Hall

Frank was a bachelor. He liked to impress folks to make them think he was rich. He would put ads in the paper claiming to be wealthy and inviting folks to come to LaCorey. He persuaded an English trader from Africa, a man named Ruffel, to come to LaCorey to buy the store. His ad attracted a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and a schoolteacher to come west. Frank shot a bear and got a few rats to sell to get enough money to go to Edmonton to meet the Hills. He immediately borrowed seven hundred dollars from them, claiming his money was tied up in real estate in the States, a section of land near Chicago.

Finally the Hills wised to the fact that Frank was not the wealthy man he professed to be. They decided to prosecute. Frank tried to get away on the Frog Lake trail but he was caught and put in jail, a one room cell about six feet square in the police station. When asked he pleaded guilty. He was given a two year jail sentence.

Upon release from jail he was again up to his old tricks, claiming he had been on a safari to Africa. He also claimed to be related to royalty.

One day he was hunting with a partner and an unknown assailant shot him in the leg. His partner took him in to the Duclos hospital in Bonnyville.

Here he met a beautiful nurse and married her. She quit her job and went with Frank to his homestead. She lived there only three weeks and died.

Frank lived a few more years. One day his house caught fire and he was burned to death. Frank was truly one of the colorful characters of Alberta history.

Of Good Times and Hardships Jeffrim and Charitina Haponiuk

Jeffrim and Charitina Haponiuk came from the Ukraine, with two of their three sons, to settle in the Sandy Rapids area in 1930. They brought with them sons, John and Serge; Joseph stayed in the Ukraine

and is still living there at the age of seventy-six.

John was twenty-seven years old and Serge was twenty years old when they arrived. In 1957, John moved to a farm in Thorhild, Alberta and then to Edmonton. He died at the age of sixty-seven in 1972. His wife, Sophia and daughter, Eva live in Edmonton.

Serge married Nida Sarawanski in 1937. Their first daughter, was born in 1938. The first few years after Serge and Nida were married — they had a family life — living with Jeffrim and Charitina, and also John was with them. They all lived in a house which was built by themselves and the help of their friends, neighbors and relatives. Nida's family, the Sarawanskis were only a mile away so evening walks and visits were common.

During those first years, life had its hardships — wolves were killing their cattle and other livestock. The men would get together and go out hunting the wolves. The women would wait and hope that nothing would happen to the men out there.

Serge was ill for part of his life, starting at an early age — in his twenties he spent a lot of time in hospitals both in Bonnyville and Edmonton. He had an operation for a serious ulcer.

After Serge and Nida acquired their own homestead, building a home for themselves and their children, they carried on a family life of their own.

The major social functions and outings were probably the school Christmas concerts and plays; everyone went. Horses were hitched to a sleigh, stones heated and put into the sleigh to keep everyone warm and quilts were packed to cover the children while they slept during the trip home.

Serge bought a threshing machine, got some men together to form threshing crews and did the harvesting for many of the neighbors in the area. The women would get together to cook and feed the crews.

Several years later, Serge bought a truck and was hauling cattle, cream and other produce, giving rides to local farmers and their wives to Bonnyville and/or Glendon.

On their homestead, the water supply was a problem — the river was only about a mile south of their home so they would take their cattle there to water. During the winter, all the family would go in a horse drawn sleigh, chop holes in the ice so that the cattle and horses could drink.

The children, especially the older ones, Helen and Anne would take their skis — made by their uncle John Sarawanski (he made good skis and whistles and the wooden smoking pipes worked well also.) I suppose the skiing was a type of “old fashioned” cross country activity. Those were the many good times spent.

One day when Serge was in Bonnyville, a neighbor came to find him to tell him his house had burned with all their personal belongings in it. The family lost all and for a time lived in their garage. They then moved to a house on a farm next to Haponiuk's making this their home until they left Sandy Rapids.

Points of Interest and/or Humor:

— Nida used to go to find the cows to bring them for the evening milking carrying a pitch fork, because of the bears that were seen on their land.

— One day while Dad was cutting the grain, Anne was babysitting Olga and took her out to the field where the others were stooking. Olga got lost under a stook. Searching and tears turned to laughter when she saw our dog standing by a stook and wagging his tail; Olga was found.

— Peter's B.B. gun (a gift from Helen) — he used the girls as targets for his practising — also made holes in a number of glass gallon jugs, which when filled worked like sieves. Dad made two guns out of that one, right over his knee.

— One day in the fall after the threshing was finished and all the soft strawpiles stood there, inviting the children to climb up on them, Olga climbed one and fell in. We could not find her and there was crying and screaming until finally Olga, all scratched up and with straw sticking out of her nose, was found — **again**.

Jeffrim lived in Sandy Rapids until his death in 1944 at the age of sixty years. Charitina passed away in 1953 at the age of seventy-one years old. Serge and Nida and their six younger children left Sandy Rapids in 1959 and moved to a farm near Thorhild, Alberta. They lived there for four years. They moved to Edmonton in 1963. Serge died in 1968 at the age of fifty-eight years. Nida lives in Edmonton.

— Helen, Serge and Nida's first daughter, was born in 1938. She left the Sandy Rapids area in 1964. She now lives in Edmonton and is a teacher at the St. Joseph Composite High School.

— Anne, the second daughter, was born in 1939. She left Sandy Rapids in 1958 and married Paul Munro of Glendon, Alberta in 1961. They live in Edmonton with their four teenage boys.

— Mary was born in 1941. She lived in Sandy Rapids until 1959. She married Paul Telenko of Thorhild in 1963 and they live in Edmonton with their two teenage sons.

— Olga was born in 1944. She left the Sandy Rapids area in 1959 and married John Washcysyn of Thorhild in 1964. They live in Edmonton with their two sons.

— Peter, their first son, was born in 1946. He lived in Sandy Rapids until 1959. In 1967, Peter married Sharon (nee Chystiuk). They live in Edmon-



Serge Hopiniuk family.



Helen Hopiniuk.

ton with their two children, a boy and a girl. Peter is the owner of P. J. Faucet Plumbing and Heating Co. Ltd.

— Vera, was born in 1950 and she lived in Sandy Rapids until 1959. She married Ernest Dery of Bonnyville in 1967. They have three children, two girls and a boy and they live in Edmonton.

— Elizabeth was born in 1953 and she lived in Sandy Rapids until 1959. She married Robert Finnegan of Westlock in 1971. They have one girl and live in Edmonton.

— Donald, the second son, was born in 1956 and he lived in Sandy Rapids until 1959. Donald is a carpenter and lives in Edmonton with his mother.

The Hryhirschuk Family

by Leana (Hryhirschuk) Procinsky

My Dad and Mother, William and Helen Hryhirschuk came to the LaCorey district in 1933 by wagon, bringing all their belongings with them. They came to Canada from the Ukraine in the early teens seeking a better life. They settled in the Edwand district each with their own relatives. Later they married and lived on their own farm in the same area. They raised a family of four: Stephania, Nellie, Leana and George.

In 1928, we moved to Glendon, where we lived till 1933. My sister Stephania, married John Nebozenko and he purchased a farm in the LaCorey area where we all moved. The farm was bought from Branstrom, situated near the Beaver River. George, Nellie and myself, attended school at Merton, which was a two and one half mile walk on cold wintry days.

Stephania and John raised two daughters, Rosie and Eileen, who also attended Merton School. In 1947 they sold their farm and moved to Edmonton. I, Leana, married Mike Procinsky in 1944. George passed away in 1940 at an early age of thirteen.

Father and Mother sold their farm and moved to Edmonton in 1946. Dad passed away in 1970 and Mother resides with her oldest daughter, Stephania, in Edmonton.

Mrs. A. C. Humphries

by Mabel Humphries (nee McDermott)

The first time I saw this small impressive little lady was on June 2, 1920. We were on our way to our homestead, after being camped at the Ole and Andrew Wikstrom farm near the LaCorey bridge. Dad noticed there was a well in the Merton schoolyard. We needed drinking water as we did not know what was ahead of us for the next five and a half miles to Iron River. Our two wagons, the democrat and stock were all halted. Dad said, "Just sit there!" He approached the school and out came a small woman dressed in green with yellow trim. Dad explained our need and Mrs. Humphries said we could fill all our containers. She then asked Dad for permission for the class to come out and view a real pioneer family moving to the homestead. Out came boys and girls of all ages — there must have been thirty or forty of them. When they saw our three mules they were so excited that their teacher had problems getting them back into the schoolyard. We children did not help

matters as we had not played or talked with other kids for some time. However, they were 'rounded up' and we were 'loaded up' and on our way.

The next time I met Mrs. Humphries was May 1, 1928. She had arrived to teach at Iron River School until September first. I was in Grade eight and would be writing final Departmental Exams in June. Needless to say, I knew I had to listen and work.

During those two months I really learned how devoted Mrs. Humphries was to instilling the basic three "R's" into children's minds.

Mrs. Humphries believed in plenty of hard work, exercise and most of all plain, natural home grown foods. We found it very interesting to visit her and her two daughters, Muriel and Carol and see her grind her own wheat in a hand-mill. This flour was then mixed with some blackstrap, a bit of soda, salt, eggs, milk and baked in a black iron baking pan. It was super when eaten warm with butter.

Years go by. I became a teacher in June of 1933 and taught in various schools until 1940 when I opened the first school at Balm Tree, south-east of LaCorey. In January, 1941 I had an impacted wisdom tooth extracted and ended up in the hospital from blood poisoning and guess who was hired as a substitute teacher? Mrs. Humphries.

Mrs. Humphries taught one month for me and left a detailed letter telling me that she could see I had taken her advice about stressing those "Three R's".

In 1946, Mrs. Humphries became my mother-in-law and contrary to all tales of such, was a kind, just person to me.

Mrs. Humphries taught in various schools, Fort McMurray, Fort Chipewyan, Waterways, Crooked Creek, etc. until her retirement in 1950. She then purchased a small one hundred and five acres farm in the Beaver River Valley one mile west of Ardmore Bridge. Here she raised canaries, milk goats and sheep. She also hand spaded, planted and cared for a large vegetable garden. She was a great lover of all flowers. Her flower garden was the envy of many young housewives.



Mrs. A. C. Humphries.

Mrs. Humphries continued to visit members of her family and she took a plane up to High Level in 1968 to visit us. This flight was made in a small passenger plane and was very rough and unpleasant because of a severe storm.

In 1972 Mrs. Humphries came out to help me. I had to leave our business at Obed because of a very ill daughter in Vancouver. In spite of her eighty-seven years, Mrs. Humphries helped with tables, dishes, etc. While there she learned to enjoy going out with me on the 'ski-doo' regardless of the cold.

Mrs. Humphries returned to her beloved home in the valley and shortly afterwards suffered a stroke from which she did not recover. She passed away on April 27, 1972. Her remains were cremated and the ashes scattered over her beloved valley farm.

Hunka

Nick Hunka came to Canada with his sisters, Irene, Sophie, and Dora from Zavaleu Sniatyn in 1913 because land was scarce in his home province. He applied for a homestead near LaCorey in 1922 right across the road from his brother-in-law, William Fretz. He built a small house and barn on it and cleared some land. In order to be able to have some money for necessities he went to the Wasyl area during the busy season to work for farmers. He spent a great deal of time away. While he was away a neighbor complained that a fence had not been built around the property. This was one of the requirements of the homestead act and the homestead was cancelled. This was a great blow to the man who had worked so hard to clear the land. He suffered from broken health and never was able to acquire any land.

He continued to work for others and died near Edmonton when he was around fifty years of age.

John and Lena Ilchuk **by John Ilchuk**

John and Lena Ilchuk came to the Bonnyville area in 1926, buying a homestead at Derleton for ten dollars plus a fifty-eight dollar charge for improvements made by a veteran who abandoned the quarter earlier.

John was born in Ruskiw, Banyliw, Bukovina, Ukraine on August 17, 1903. On April 10, 1922, leaving for Canada at the age of nineteen and thirty dollars in his pocket, sent to him by Uncle Vasyl Hawrelak, John made his way across Europe and boarded the passenger ship, Melidosa for Quebec City. Arriving in Quebec City, sixteen days later, John then worked on his uncle's farm in the Shandro area for one year to pay his debt of two hundred twenty-five dollars for his transportation here. Three

more years working provided enough funds to purchase two horses, five head of cattle, harness for sixty dollars and a wagon for one hundred forty dollars. This was all accumulated from a wage of twenty-five dollars per month as a farm laborer. Also at this time, he pooled money with his brother, Mike and later on with other brothers and sisters to eventually bring all the family over from the Ukraine. Unfortunately, his father passed away before he could join his family in Canada.

On February 15, 1928, John married Lena Moisey of Shandro, Alberta, and the couple began their life together on NW 27-62-5-4 with a wagon-load of possessions. John built an eight by twelve log shack for their first winter on their new homestead. Here, their first son, Nicholas was born who is still reminded of the slab and straw bed he was born on. The next year, a larger home was built, twelve by sixteen, which served for another four years. Later, better and larger homes were built.

Good times and hard times were many. Memories include thoughts of a self-appointed milkman who gave a neighbor lady a ride to town. Unfortunately, by the time they got to town, her large Sunday hat and dress was ruined by fresh cow manure that flew from the turning tires. Another memory is of threshing throughout the countryside with his own threshing machine at fifty cents to a dollar a day wages; or of Lena driving the horses to Bonnyville and back while John would bag twenty to thirty grouse for the larder with a single shot 22 calibre gun; or when son, Nicholas harnessed his dogs to a sled and went to school at Balmtree and Lessard, without letting his father know that the harnesses were made from the lines of the hard earned horse harnesses. Other memories are of travelling to visit relatives at Shandro through Rife valley. The horse would be persuaded to speed up by placing stinging nettles or burning hay under their tails. John also mentions wheat prices of a dollar and thirty cents per bushel in 1939 which dropped to seventeen cents a bushel. They paid six dollars for a one hundred pound bag of flour. He remembers thirty dozen eggs would buy a thirty cent gallon of coal oil or eight gallons of cream was worth two dollars. John and Lena delivered seventeen turkeys and a twenty pound gander to town. John was offered only fifty cents for the gander so he brought it back home. The sale of the seventeen turkeys bought one pound of tea, a pair of felt shoes and a small bag of candy. He also remembers hogs selling at two and a quarter cents per pound, seven head of cattle traded for a team of horses and farmers shipping a cow to Edmonton and still paying sixty cents more for freight charges.

Nevertheless, John, Lena and son, Nicholas



John Ilchuk, Sr., with his Rock Island tractor.



Lena Ilchuk.

carved a home where later another son, John, in 1948 joined them.

Lena passed away on October 17, 1975, leaving her husband John still farming, son, Nicholas in New Westminster, British Columbia with wife, Terry and five children. Their son, John is on the homestead with his wife Marie and two sons.

The Inman Story by Fern Inman

Ward and Fern Inman and their children Joyce, Rollie, and Gerald moved onto their present farm, the former Sigurd Walden place on May 6, 1940. Previous to that we had lived for two and a half years on a rented farm at Bonnyville where we had moved after being dried out and blown out during the depression years on the prairie.

There was not much land broke for cultivation and most of the pasture was bush land, so with twelve horses and six head of cattle, that proved to be quite a problem. Ward sold some of the young horses and traded some for lumber to do some much needed building. By turning the stock into the fields as soon as harvest was over we managed.

The first school Joyce and Rollie attended was the little log Edward Lake School and the teacher was Miss Boychuk. Later a new school was built across the road from the log school house. A year after we moved here our daughter, Rita was born.

Walter Campbell owned the store at the corner when we came. Some years later this was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Peck, and Walter went to work in the Lacquement store in Ardmore. Pecks sold the store and property to Vaughn Gray. When the Grays moved to Ardmore, there was no more Rat Lake Post Office or store.

Money was not too plentiful in those early years. Ward worked on threshing crews in the fall and for several winters he worked for Arnold Berg in a lumber camp north of Crane Lake. That money plus the little we got from grain sales was the only money we saw for a while until we started to raise pigs.

One day marked down in memory is the day that Norris and Vaughn Gray moved all of their sheep out from Ardmore. We knew they were coming that day and as soon as the "baaing" was heard, the cry was given, "the sheep are coming". Coming from a horse ranch the word "sheep" was almost a "dirty word", so it was quite a thrill for our kids to see that many sheep go by and the top of the straw stack was a perfect spot to watch from.

A few years after moving here Ward and I along with Mrs. Herb High and Kenny Taylor and later Dab Key started an orchestra called "The Harmony Four" and played for dances for several years. When the air base started. Ward got a job as a carpenter and as this was a full time job with a lot of overtime, the orchestra had to be disbanded.

Shortly after World War Two started the ladies of the district formed a club and worked for several years to help the war effort and the local Rat Lake Hall. Twice a year we made up parcels to send to local boys and one girl (Jean Fredrickson) who were in the armed forces. Each parcel contained a fruit cake baked in a one pound coffee can, a pound of homemade fudge, gum, cigarettes, razor blades, soap, writing paper and other small articles hard to get overseas. The candy had to be made from sugar bought with ration coupons but we always managed to have enough coupons donated by club members. Once a year the ladies gathered up one hundred pounds of wool from old sweaters, socks, underwear or, if we were lucky enough to get it, raw wool. This was shipped to the Fairfield Woolen Mills to be made into blankets. There was always one extra blanket that was donated to the club to be sold at a fall bazaar.

During the early years the school was the center of community social life. At the end of June there was always a big picnic with all of the parents turning

out to take part in the ball games and races. The highlight of the day for the children and for some of the adults, too, I suspect, was the fabulous lunch that the mothers provided. During the summer the farmers organization put on a picnic. The ladies of Rat Lake had the reputation of being excellent cooks and there was always a big demand for pie and coffee at the booth. The school Christmas Concert was always looked forward to with great anticipation by both parents and pupils. Santa always had a well filled bag for each child in the district. On Farmers Day there was often a picnic at Crane Lake. Sometimes just a few families got together on that day and had a picnic at the lake.

Blueberries were quite plentiful north of the muskeg and along the shore of Crane Lake. Billy Kerr sometimes took a load of us, Kerrs, Newgards, Bergs, Inmans on a berry picking picnic.

As the years went by the young people left the country for jobs elsewhere. Many families moved out of the district to town or other parts of the province. The school was closed and the children were transported by bus to Ardmore. Later the school was sold and moved to Grand Centre. The closing of the school was the sounding of the death knell for social life in Rat Lake. The young folks who were left in the district had their interests in town where they went to school. The Rat Lake store and buildings and the Rat Lake Hall were all sold and torn down or moved away.

When the air base started it provided many local people with jobs that gave them the money to buy more land or make improvements on what they owned. It also brought in much better roads. Now the oil boom in this area is giving us paved highways where only a few years ago, there was only a trail or no road at all.

Our family is somewhat scattered around. After Joyce finished high school she was a school supervisor for three years, then took a year at McTavish Business College. She got a job in the Cancer Clinic and was there until she married Milton Brubacher, a member of the R.C.A.F. They spent the next twenty years at bases in Eastern Canada, and Cold Lake before Milt retired from the service and bought a home in Victoria, British Columbia. They have one son, Gary.

Rollie began working for the Department of Highways after he finished school. He kept this job for twenty five years. Now he is an instructor at the Provincial Fire School in Vermillion. He married Noreen Harland. They have two girls and four boys including twin boys and four grandsons, two of which are identical twins.

Gerald is a radio operator with the Department of

Transportation and lives in Grande Prairie. He married Clara McNamara and they have one daughter, two sons, and one grandson.

Rita married Henry Schultheiss and lives in Grand Centre. They have one daughter and two sons.

In July of 1978 Ward and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary. Every member of all four generations were present, a fact that not every old couple is privileged to look back on.

During the last few years several young couples with young children have moved into the district and Rat Lake is again becoming a community such as it was when we moved here forty years ago.

Jacun, John and Marfa

On June 27, 1930 John and Marfa Jacun and their five and a half year old daughter Nina arrived in Halifax from the village of Bileche Wolyn, Ukraine. They disembarked from the ship Frederic the eighth and travelled by train westward. After a brief stop in Winnipeg on July 1st they went on to Edmonton where they were processed through immigration by Bill Smolyk. They then continued on to Bonnyville where they knew that their close neighbor John Kicia lived. After arriving in Bonnyville, John went on foot to find an acquaintance, Anton Kachorowski who lived near the Beaver River. Anton had a team of horses and he and John returned to Bonnyville where they picked up Marfa and Nina and brought them to Anton's home. Next day John set out to find John Kicia. There were no roads only bush trails. John managed to find Kicia who took him to his neighbor Saganuik. Saganuik hitched up his horses and they went to Kachorowski's place picked up Marfa and Nina and brought them to stay with the Kicia family. They paid Kachorowski five dollars for his trouble and later they worked for Saganuik to repay him.

Kicia's did not have their house built yet, only a small shack. There were five people in Kicia's family and three in Jacun's, a total of eight people cramped into a small place. John and Marfa helped with work by the house until haying time, then the two men cut wild hay with a scythe and the women dried and piled it.

A neighbor of Kicia's by the name of Anderson was going to Saskatchewan for the harvest. John went with them and between Maidstone and Paynton, Saskatchewan a farmer by the name of Stuart Weston took John to work stooking grain. The Weston's were English and John did not know any English. All communication was by showing and signs with the hands. Stuart showed John how to stook and at meal time showed and told him the names of different things on the table.

After stooking for Stuart, John went to stook for Stuart's father who farmed near by. He had one hundred and ten acres of rye and after stooking the rye threshing started. John was given a job as spike pitcher, pitching bundles into the machine all day long. Blisters appeared in quantity after one day's work so John was given a pair of work gloves. The gloves helped for the blisters but his arms ached so much at night that he could not sleep. Rubbing with liniment did not help much. John would get up and have all the horses fed before anybody else got up. One morning they woke up and there was so much snow that you could not see the stooks. The farmer said that John might as well go home now as there would be no more threshing. He would send the money he owed him. Stuart's father also said he'd send the money when he sold his rye. John rode to Bonnyville on a freight train and when Stuart sent them the money John took a homestead. The homestead was located at Township 64, Range 6, Section 10, SE.

After filing for the homestead the Government returned them their deposit money and John, Marfa and Nina moved to their own place. In a small burned out clearing surrounded by heavy bush they dug a hole in the ground about two and a half feet deep, five feet wide and seven feet long. They put up logs three high for walls, plastered the walls with mud and covered it with a dirt roof. There was one tiny window and the door with wooden hinges. It was made by splitting a dry spruce log and shaping it into boards with an axe. They bought a small heater with a three inch diameter pipe and a few utensils for cooking. They moved into their new home on the fourth of December and right away mixed mud to make an outdoor oven to bake bread.

They bought a cow from Bill Kolody for sixty five dollars. The cow would not be led on a rope so Bill Kolody tied her behind his wagon and with chasing from behind they brought the cow home.

The winter of 1930-31 there wasn't any snow so John and Marfa cut logs to build a house. A neighbor Pete Pary, who had a team of horses pulled the logs from the bush to where the house was to be built. In the spring a small garden was cleared and Saganuik plowed it with his team. Rocks had to be picked and moved before anything could be planted. John had to work for other people to pay for the grain and potatoes that was the food eaten during the winter. The two-room house was . . . started in the summer but it took almost two years to complete because John had to find work when possible.

In the fall of 1932 John went to Saskatchewan for harvest and Marfa and Nina looked after the home. Marfa went to look for the cow and when she re-



The Jacun home.



At home on the farm — Jacun Family.

turned the roof was almost burned off the house. The soot in the heater pipe caught on fire and spread to the roof. Marfa spent all night carrying water to put out the fire. Luckily only the roof burned because the ceiling had mud plaster on it. Lumber for the roof and floor was cut by hand with Harry Greschuk who had a two man saw. A scaffold was built, the log was tied to it. One man went on top and the other below and boards were sawed.

Wild hay was cut around sloughs and lakes by sythe and raked by hand with home made tools. One time John and Marfa went to make hay about two miles from home and left seven year Nina at home alone with her dog. When they returned home that night they found the house locked from inside. Nina was asleep so they had to break the door to get in. Nina told them that something black came to the yard and walked around, the dog was scared so she took it and locked herself in the house. It was a black bear. It scratched on the door but when the dog barked it went away. There was a calf and a small pig but it did not bother anything.

On February 13, 1933 a son, Walter was born.

In the fall of 1934 John was working in Saskatchewan again. After harvest he bought a mare for four dollars, made a two wheel cart and drove home bringing with him two chickens.

Some land was cleared for fields whenever possible although it was very difficult because of the heavy bush and it all had to be done by hand. The cow that was bought for sixty-five dollars had raised three calves, all drowned in a lake. The mare died after three years and horses had to be bought again.

In the winter John would hunt squirrels, weasels and rabbits which were very plentiful. A couple of neighbors would get together and drive with a team ten or fifteen miles north and hunt rabbits and squirrels, sleep under some spruce trees while the wolves howled at night.

Marfa spun yarn from wool and she and Nina would knit warm mittens and socks from the yarn by coal oil light in the long winter nights.

Another way they tried to make a few dollars was selling fish to farmers in the Two Hills, Myrnam area. One time John and Anton Kachocowski went to Primrose Lake and bought a truckload of fish which was brought to La Corey. When John went to pick up the fish the next day one of the horses got sick and died. John borrowed a horse from Taddie Opalka and took the fish to the area of Two Hills where he bought a mare from which lovely colts were raised. Life slowly improved.

Nina married William Panas in June 1945 and lived for two years a half mile north from her parents on the Opalka place. William got a job in British Columbia and they are now living in Ft. Nelson, British Columbia now. In 1959 Walter left the farm and went to work in Edmonton and in 1961 John and Marfa sold their farm and moved to Edmonton where they now reside.

William Peter and Violet Evelyn Jorgensen by Violet Jorgensen

Peter and Violet moved to the Iron River District with their three children, Orville, Donald and Joyce, in 1940, taking over Violet's Dad's homestead, which had a few old log buildings and twenty acres cleared and broke.

Times were extremely hard, no government help, no medicare, no birth control methods, and no all year round roads, all of the farm work was done with horses. We acquired a black gelding and a white mare. The gelding died during threshing time and shortly after the mare had a bad tooth and could not eat. She was thrown to remove the tooth and died shortly after, so we were left with no horses.

Pete went back to Drumheller to work, and traded our Chevrolet car in the for a Fordson tractor, plow,

drill, harrows, disc and an old Whippet car. From then on the work went much better. He was able to work longer hours and get much more accomplished.

We stayed with my folks, Orville and Annie Cunningham, while Pete worked to make the old log house habitable. Our children came over with us from Dad's and Donald took one look at the log house, dark, no windows and the roof "fallin" in and said "Mom, let's go back to Drumheller". I assured him that when his Dad finished fixing it up and our furniture moved in it would be very nice and cozy. It was, and with the addition of a large kitchen, it lasted for many years.

In the early days, neighbors were indispensable to every day living and always ready to help one another in almost any instance. It was not long after we moved to Iron River and got settled that people realized my nursing background, and with only one Doctor in Bonnyville to serve a very large territory, it was inevitable that I received many emergency calls. After having been called to a couple of home deliveries I had a talk with Dr. Sabourin from Bonnyville and worked under him. In other words, if there had been any problems he was there to back me.

There were various illnesses, ranging from chest conditions, contagious diseases, home deliveries, broken bones, and the list goes on. As I have mentioned before, the roads at times were almost impassable, and we used any mode of transportation applicable at the time, ranging from comfortable car or truck to caboose, sleighs, cutters, wagons, buggies, horseback, and last but not least, dog team.

The majority of calls were during the night and in all kinds of weather. One particular gruelling trip was about twelve miles in forty below weather. We started out with a team of horses and a sleigh, but about three miles from our destination, we had to unhook the team and go the rest of the way on horseback. The snow was so deep that the horses were exhausted. I did district nursing in this manner for about ten years, with very little remuneration as there was no Government help and no one had any money. The families gave what they could afford — often it was in farm produce and by giving something, they retained their self respect and it was a help to us as so much of my time was taken up that at times it was difficult to keep up with my own work.

Many times I entered a home with five or six little children and the mother in labour with no help, so it was a case of being a homemaker as well as a nurse. It was exhausting but very rewarding work.

Eventually times changed for the better and the need for such services became less.

Once the children were ready for high school, I moved to the town of Bonnyville with them and

worked at the St. Louis Hospital until they all finished their schooling. Pete continued with the farming during the summer months and operated a sawmill in the winter months. He was in partnership with Pete Procinski at the time he operated the saw mill.

The North Eastern Alberta Health Unit was formed around 1958 and I worked for the Bonnyville Sub Office until 1968 when we sold the farm and moved to Edmonton. About that time the Canadian Institute for the Blind asked me to work as Secretary of the Eye Bank and Supervisor of the Eye Services Branch which covered the entire Province.

Approximately three years later we moved to Wildwood, Alberta and Pete worked periodically in the Saw Mills and I worked as Supervisor of the Homemakers Service with the preventative Social Services for two years.

In September of 1979 we moved to Armstrong, British Columbia where we have retired.



Aerial view of the Pete Jorgenson homesite.

Moses Kalinski by John Kalinski

Free land and political freedom was something that the people of Ukraine longed for. Canada, a new land, had both but few people to fill the land. The government put on a vigorous campaign to attract immigrants by providing free land. News of this promised land reached the village of "Morosovitchi". Many of the adventurous young men and women decided to seek their fortunes in a land called Canada.

Moses Kalinski arrived in Canada with nothing more than the clothes on his back. For the first few months he stayed in the Myrnam area, working at odd jobs on farms. He then went to Saskatoon to work on the farms there. When fall work was finished he went to a place east of Winnipeg and worked in a bush camp for four months. It was here that he heard that many Ukrainians had gone to a place called Iron River. In 1929 he came to the Iron

River area, where he filed on a piece of land in March of that year. He put up a log shack on this land, which is now farmed by his son Edward.

Loneliness was almost worse than hunger. It was now time to bring the family to Canada. Moses had married Matrona Silka and had two sons. Matrona and sons Alexander age six, and Steven age three arrived in Canada in 1930. He met his family in Glendon because the bridge over the Beaver River had washed out. He brought his family to the homestead and farmed until 1966. He then turned the farm over to his son Edward and moved to Bonnyville.

In his early years Moses was not only a farmer, but he also acted as the local barber and preacher. Come Saturday, all the young men of the area came for haircuts. They claimed that his were the best (or was it because they were free). He also held Sunday church services and helped bury the dead when the need came. He was one of the pioneers that founded the Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Church. This church which he helped build still stands on the original site today.



Moses Kalinski family — Moses and Matrona, Alex, Steve, John and baby Nick.

Kalinsky, Alex and Helen

Alex Kalinsky came to Canada as a child with his family. Since they had settled in the Merton area he attended that school, walking the six miles each day. Those were difficult days and it was not unusual to have clothing that was not suitable for the weather conditions or to carry your lunch in a sack on your back. To make some extra money Alex would trap gophers to sell their tails for five cents a piece. This was a money making venture that many took part in. It was often quite discouraging if your traps disappeared or if you happened to catch a gopher that had already been in someone's trap and had had his tail removed.

When Alex was old enough to work out he found a job with the Foothills Lumber Company for one winter. During the other times of the year he, along

with his father, would work at clearing land for the family. In the fall he would travel to Hairy Hill to stook for other farmers at twenty-five cents an hour.

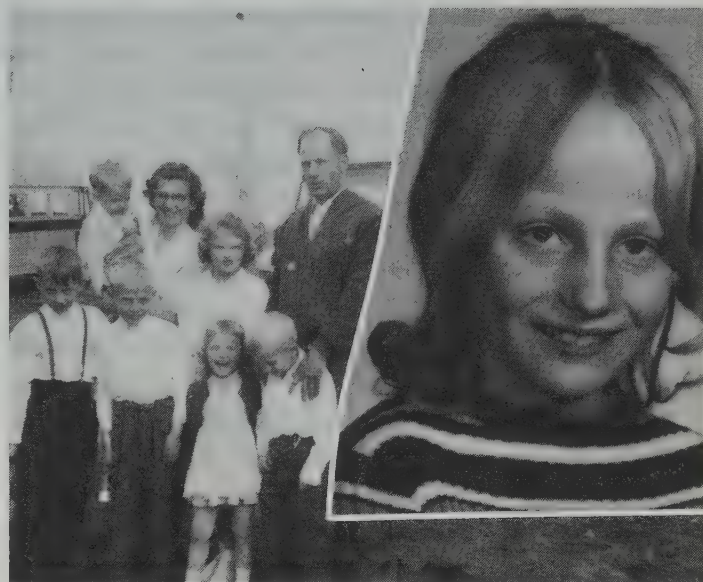
In 1943 Alex was drafted to the army. He served with the Canadian Artillery for three years in Eastern Canada. This was quite an experience for a farm boy especially to sail on the ocean for three days in order to reach Newfoundland. This seems quite unusual, but to avoid German submarines who frequented the coves of Newfoundland it was necessary to come in to land as part of a convoy and this took considerable time. Much of the service here was in the form of guard duty on the Canadian vessels in port. It was good to be able to return to normal life on the farm.

In 1948 Alex, with his father's help, was able to purchase the Oresiuk farm for twenty-one hundred dollars. This consisted of one hundred twenty treed acres, forty cultivated acres and the rights to an adjoining grazing lease. This land Alex farmed with his father's machinery, travelling from home to do much of the work.

The Canadian Sunday School Mission was very active in many of the districts at this time, providing young people with Christian instruction. It was at one of these meetings that Alex met Helen Koleba (see Koleba history). They were married in 1950 in an outdoor ceremony on the Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Church site. The Koleba's provided the young couple with two cows and the Kalinsky's gave two hogs. Alex and Helen moved to their farm with their livestock. Since the only furnishings to their house was a table and stove they would often walk to the Koleba's to spend the night. The first winter of their marriage they returned the livestock to their respective parents while they went to the lumber camps to find work.

Through working out and farming they slowly progressed. They were able to add additional land to their original farm by buying the Slipchuk farm which had previously been owned by the Herman family as well as a few other quarters. In 1971 they built a new barn to assist them in their dairy venture; and in 1973 a new home was built. In order to take full advantage of their dairy potential an addition was made to the barn and a full line of modern dairy equipment was installed in 1978.

Alex and Helen raised a family of seven: Shirley, who took education at the University of Alberta, then married Bill Dawidiuk, and is now residing in Eastern Canada. Kenny, who is married to Bonita Hensen, makes his home in Edmonton. Ron married Florence Fersovitch and is residing in Edmonton as well. Ernest is working out from home, Grace is employed out of Edmonton, Dwayne farms with his parents, and Brenda still attends school at Bonnyville Centralized High.



Alex Kalinsky family — Helen holding Dwayne, Alex, Ken, Ron, Shirley, Grace, and Ernest — insert Brenda.

Alex and Helen enjoy living on their farm and look after their farm yard well enough to place in the Rural Beautification Contest.

Kalinski, Edward and Linda by Edward Kalinski

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kalinski, now living on the homestead where Ed's parents first started when arriving in Canada. Edward is the youngest member of the family, with five brothers before him.

Edward married Linda Slipchuk December of 1969. They have three children: Avis, Lorne and Kelsey.

During the ten years after taking over the homestead, Ed has made many changes. Most of the buildings, which were first built by his Dad, are now replaced with new buildings.

Ed and Linda lived for the first nine years in the log house which was built by Ed's Dad. In spring of 1979 they moved into their new home.

Ed and Linda with their family enjoy the farm. Farming is a lot different since Ed was a boy. The machinery is larger and the work is done faster. The farmer of today has more land to work and with the modern machinery he is able to do it.

During the winter months Ed goes logging which he enjoys.

We have seen many changes take place in our community just within the last ten years. In the years to come we will see many more changes and many more new faces in the community.

John Kalinski by John Kalinski

The first year of pioneer life in Canada was a very

difficult one. It was towards the end of that first year that John was born.

For his schooling, he attended Merton School until grade eight. To attend high school, John left home and stayed in Bonnyville. Many times on weekends, he would walk home a distance of some fifteen miles just to be with his family. After finishing high school he attended the University of Alberta in Edmonton where he received his teaching certificate.

After receiving his teaching certificate, John returned home and taught for two months at the Osborne Lake School. The following year he lived at home with his parents and taught at the Merton School. This was the same school that he attended as a child. Here he taught his two brothers Paul and Edward. One of his students here was Shirley Plamondon, who later married his brother Nick. Besides Merton School he also taught in the Dupre School, Larkin, Glendon, Fort Kent, Duclos and Iron River. When he quit teaching to go farming John was Vice-Principal of the consolidated Iron River School. His teaching career lasted about twenty years.

He is now farming near Bonnyville. John is married to Rose Welychka. They have six children, Karen, Timothy, Christine, Estelle, Cynthia and Sonia.

Nick Kalinski Story as told to Florence Matthews

Nick did bush work and operated a sawmill for several years. On December 19, 1959 he and Shirley Plamondon were married in the Ukrainian Pentecostal Church in Bonnyville. Their wedding, performed by Steve Holomis, was the first marriage ceremony in that new church. Shirley and Nick had known each other since they were children when they both attended Merton school. Shirley remembers that she and her friend, Angeline, cleaned out Nick's desk leaving notes saying that they liked him. Little did Shirley know that she would become his wife ten years later.

After their marriage the couple went to the Whitecourt area where Nick sawed lumber. They also went to Fields, British Columbia for a short time before returning to Iron River. Temporarily, they stayed in the Moses Kalinski yard, living in Nick's logging shack that he moved from his logging site.

With a desire to get ahead, Nick and Shirley bought a quarter of land from John Kolody and started farming about 1963. Since that time, they have bought additional land and have built up a beautiful farming operation.

As a counsellor in Division Five in the Municipal District of Bonnyville, Nick is constantly in touch with the community. He serves on the hospital board

and is associated with ambulance service. He is also a member of the regional planning board, and as such is involved in long range economic planning for North-Eastern Alberta.

Shirley's hobbies are gardening and handcrafts. She has a greenhouse and a yard full of flowers and trees.

Knitting and crocheting take up much of her time as she teaches classes through adult education in Bonnyville.

The Kalinskis have two children. Rhonda, born March 13, 1961, attended Iron River School and Bonnyville Centralized High School. At present she is attending Northwest Bible School in Edmonton. She, like her mother, is artistic and enjoys crafts. She is outgoing and enjoys life.

Barry, born April 20, 1966, is presently attending Iron River School. He is an "outdoors boy" and enjoys spending time fishing and trapping with his father.

Nick and Shirley, busily active, see their children nearing adulthood. They look back fondly at the early years of their marriage and look forward to the future.



Nick Kalinski family — Shirley, Nick, Barry and Rhonda.

Steve Kalinski Story by Steve Kalinski

Steve attended Merton School as a boy, walking the distance of three miles. Like other children he went barefoot in the summer and fall months. He

remembers making a very speedy trip home one day when it snowed. He has some very pleasant memories of his boyhood, digging seneca roots and snaring rabbits with other boys to make some spending money. He also recalls a very unique way of fishing — a rock was tied to one end of a line, a stick on the other. Along the line several hooks with frogs attached were placed. The rock was thrown over to the opposite bank and the stick was stabbed securely into the ground. Upon checking their line the following day, the boys usually found several fish.

At sixteen, Steve left school in order to help out with the farming as his older brother, Alex was called to serve in the army. In 1950, he decided to buy some land of his own. He bought N.W. 28-62-64 from Solowoniuk.

The following year he went to work in Edmonton where he met Eunice Hunka of Andrew, Alberta. They were married in 1953 and continued to live in Edmonton. They both worked hoping to get a good start on the farm.

One summer they returned to Iron River to build a house on their quarter of land. A daughter, Sherilyn was born in 1958 while they still lived in Edmonton.

In 1959 the family came to Iron River to settle down and become farmers. As they progressed, buildings were erected and a herd of milk cows was built up. A few years later they bought an additional quarter of land from Mrs. Jenny Sabatier.

Two more daughters were added to the family, Jacqueline in 1961 and Connie in 1968.

Although farming is his main occupation, Steve has been employed by Alberta Transportation for several years. Eunice is Executive Secretary for the AADAC office in Bonnyville. Sherlyn is married to Ron Unger and is residing in Victoria, British Columbia where she is employed as a stenographer. Jacqueline operates a computer at Edmonton Credit Bureau and Connie is still attending school at Iron River.

The Karas Family as told to Diane Karas

We, the Karas family, emigrated from Poland in September, 1929. The family, at that time was comprised of: my father, Alex, mother, Tily, sister, Olga, two brothers, Nick and Bill and myself, Peter. We, as a family, were brought from Edmonton by an immigration agent as far as the Beaver River. Due to the fact that no roads existed; only trails, we had to walk to our homestead which was located at Iron River.

We had no cultivated land on our homestead; only a dense bush. Our first task was to build a house. Trees were chopped down with axes and were trimmed and cut to size. They were hauled manually

to our building site, where they were placed and fitted together to form the walls. Clay was then used to patch the holes between the logs. The roof of our home was made of sticks, dry grass and dirt; the floor was of natural ground. An airtight heater was placed in the middle of the house, a wood stove and table in the corner. Three beds, which were made of logs, dry grass, and a few blankets brought from Poland were placed next to the walls. The fourteen by twenty-two house which took us six days to build would be home for six people for the rest of the winter.

We had seven hundred dollars to live on when we arrived in Canada of which two hundred and twenty dollars was spent on two cows and two horses. That winter we bought and ate potatoes; one hundred pounds for four dollars; flour, one hundred pounds for four dollars, lard, which was used instead of butter, twenty pounds for two dollars, salt, twenty pounds for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and meat such as sausage and bologna. We also lived off the land and ate animal life which thrived in this unpopulated area. Rabbits, prairie chickens, partridges and fish were indeed a delicacy.

In the spring of 1930 our roof literally began to run away because of the rain. Cardboard boxes were then used as temporary mending material.

That spring we built a new and modern home. The logs were cut during the winter, and in the spring some were made into boards with a special saw that one of the neighbors brought from Poland. The walls of the house were again made of logs; however boards replaced the natural ground floor and the grass and dirt roof.

We then set off to clear and cultivate the land, which was by no means an easy task. A few acres of land were cultivated and seeded with wheat. After the harvest work was completed that fall, I left home to find land for myself.

For seven years I worked for farmers during the spring, summer and fall seasons, and also two winters were spent away from home at work. My only means of transportation were my feet, so I walked in search of work in the Mundare, Two Hills, Hairy Hill and Dewberry areas and returned home for five of the seven winters. Times were hard for me as for everyone during this time of depression. One had to work hard and long hours for the ten dollars a month one received during the winter and thirty-three to thirty-five dollars one received during summer months.

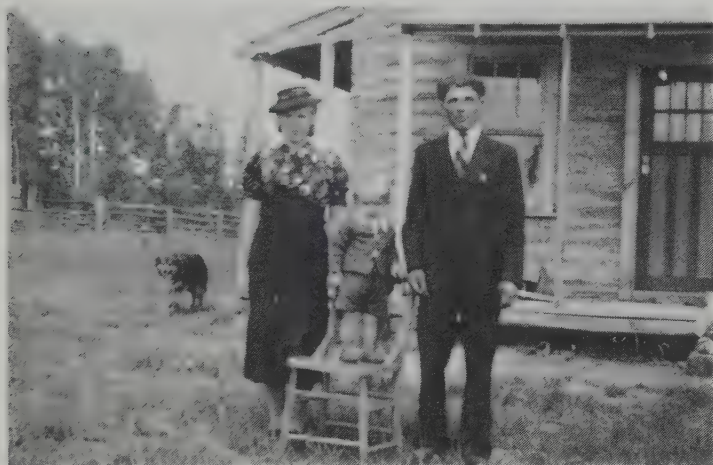
After the seven years I had saved enough money to buy my own homestead for ten dollars, three horses, one cow, a sulkey plow, a democrat, a buggy, a binder, a seeding drill and a harrow. I then cleared a few acres of land and went to search for a wife. I met Irene Sawchuk picking blueberries in the fall of

1937. We were married February, 1939 and with the help of our neighbors we built our house. Our first son, John was born December 5, 1939. The picture shows our first son, John, our first log house, our first barn that had no roof and our first washing machine, the wash board located on the porch.

As time went on the money situation improved and better machinery and more land was bought. Five other children were born to us, Mike (who was born in the house), Rose, Steve, Fred, and Diana.

John married Cecile Kowalchuk and they have two sons Jeffery and Mark. They are presently residing in Spruce Grove, Alberta.

Mike, married a widow, Rita Kelliher, former Rita Erickson from the Iron River area. They have three girls, Marney and Marlo from Rita's previous marriage and Cindy from the present marriage. They are presently residing on an acreage north of Spruce Grove.



Pete, Irene and John Karas.



Pete Karas Family — Rose, Mike, John, Steve, Diane and Fred.

Rose married Mike Hawrylak (see Hawrylak history).

Steve married Lena Caouette and they are living in Bonnyville. They have two children, Daniel and Monique.

Fred married Karen Bottern and are presently living in Bonnyville.

Diane has a teaching position in Smoky Lake, Alberta so for the time being her home is there.

Time has passed and we found ourselves thinking of retiring. In 1976 we sold our property to Harry Buckland and bought a house in Bonnyville. Having a little more time now, I find that fishing is an enjoyable pastime. Our memories from time past, whether they are good or bad, will always be with us.



Garth Church — Pete, Irene and son John at far right.

A New Home — Karasiuk and Galiwoda Stories — as told to Florence Matthews

In August, 1929 a number of Ukrainian families came to Bonnyville by train. Among them were Bill and Matrona Karasiuk, Prekop and Alexandra Galiwoda with their two sons and Mrs. Annie Antoniuk, Matrona's and Alexandra's mother. An acquaintance, Mr. Fedchuk had previously come from the Ukraine to settle near the Beaver River. Knowing this the Karasiuks and Galiwodas had decided to try their luck in the new country.

They spent the night in the old hotel, apprehensive and perhaps a little excited as they were so near their destination. The next morning after breakfast the group of families hired a truck from a garage. The truck driver drove to the Fedchuk farm just north of the Beaver River. Due to the road conditions he could go no farther.

It was an exciting time. Some of the women cried and others laughed. Matrona and Alexandra were happy. There was so much land and oh, so many trees! Trees were scarce in the old country. Little did

they know the hardships that the dense bush could cause.

The Karasiuk and Galiwoda families stayed with Mr. Fedchuk and his family. The other two families stayed with Mr. Koleba. A few days later the men went to see Pete Oudin who lived near Manatoken Lake. They hired him to take them to find homesteads. Pete rode on horseback while the other men followed behind on foot. They went through bush along Indian trails.

Bill Karasiuk decided to settle on S.W. 20-63-7. Prekop Galiwoda's choice was the quarter just east of Bill's on the same section. The men returned to their families enthusiastic about their future. A trip was made to Bonnyville to file on the land they had chosen.

Now the women were anxious to see the land that would be their home. The four of them set out on foot to walk the thirteen miles to their new home. On their way back to the Fedchuk farm the women grew tired. They stopped at Vego Peterson's and asked him if he could give them a ride the rest of the way. He graciously agreed and they climbed in the buckboard drawn by a beautiful team of chestnuts.

The following week Bill and Prekop made the long trip back to the homesteads. First they made a shelter shaped like a teepee and covered it with hay. Water was needed so they walked to the creek one mile away. Along the way they broke tree branches in order to find their way back through the dense bush. The next day was spent digging a thirty foot well. Of course this was done by hand with only a pick and shovel for tools. The cribbing was made of wood.

An eighteen by twenty foot shack was constructed of logs with a sod roof which turned out to be the Galiwoda's home for ten years. It was then possible to bring their families to live with them. During their first fall and winter, the two families lived together in the shack on Prekop's land.

Falltime found the families busily preparing for winter. Logs were cut and in that clearing a barn was constructed of the logs. Prekop and Bill each bought a cow so that their families could have milk. Now there was a need of hay for winter feed. The two men cut hay with a scythe, one of the few tools they possessed. Mrs. Karasiuk and her mother piled the hay into twelve loads. Unfortunately, the hay caught fire and very nearly burnt their home as well. The two families attempted to put out the fire — the shack was saved but all their hard work haying was for nothing. Winter feed was still necessary so the determined men cut more hay by Crooked Lake.

During that fall, the Karasiuks had their first son, Stanley.

That same year Bill and Prekop bought a team of

horses and a set of harness for one hundred and twenty-five dollars from Mrs. Palmer. The two families shared this team for three years. The nearest store and post office was at Vego Peterson's eight and one half miles away. As it was a long drive, every one went to the store together.

When spring came the Karasiuks built a house on their own quarter.

Clearing the land was a difficult job. They used axes. Prekop later used a stump puller with a cable tied around the tree. While the horse was pulling Alexandra would chop at the roots. Matrona, as well, remembers her experience in breaking the land. She recalls how the roots hurt her legs as she held the horsebrush breaking plough while her husband led the team of four horses. At a later time, Bill Karasiuk hired Ted and Alex Slipchuk to plough forty-five acres with a tractor.

Later during the spring of 1930, the two men went to work in Ashmont, making the trip on foot. This left the women at home to do the usual chores. They also dug seneca roots which they could trade for groceries at the store. They worked up a little land and planted a garden. A group of women would go on foot, way down to the Sandy and Beaver River to pick blueberries to sell what they did not need for their own use. They usually picked three pails full. As they headed home they had one pail of berries tied in a cloth on their back and one pail in each hand as they walked along.

That year more people were moving in to the Sandy Rapids area from the Karasiuk's and Galiwoda's native land. This made life a little easier and more enjoyable being able to communicate with others with similar problems.

Annie Antoniuk lived with the Galiwodas for a period of four years. She then moved to Spedden where she lived till the time of her death in 1937.

During the 'Thirties', in the winter on a clear night, the boys would catch rabbits by throwing blanket on them as they were feeding by the haystack. There was an abundance of rabbits at that time and a hide sold for three to five cents. They also trapped weasels and sold their hides. Meanwhile, Bill and Prekop worked out to supplement the farm income. Bill did this for two years while Prekop worked at sawmills until 1945.

Both the Karasiuks and Galiwodas raised cattle, pigs and sheep. They milked cows so it was possible to sell the cream. The women spun wool, knitted, and made wool quilts. Later, they also sold wool.

As time went by, things got a little better. Mr. Karasiuk bought another quarter from Bill Trosko. In 1948 he also bought a D Case tractor and did some

more clearing. They moved into a new home in which Mr. and Mrs. Peter Karasiuk are living in now.

In 1946, Mr. Galiwoda bought his first steel tractor and in 1949, his first truck. Until then, all work was done with horses. In 1954, Mr. Galiwoda built and operated a general store until 1960 when the couple retired to live in Bonnyville. Anton Galiwoda took over the homeplace for two years. Then his brother, John took over when Anton went to Edmonton.

The Karasiuks retired to a new home in Bonnyville in 1967. At that time, their son, Peter bought the land.

Bill and Matrona Karasiuk had seven children.

The eldest son, **Stanley** married Annie Buma of Glendon. They farm in the Sandy Rapids district and have three daughters, two sons and three grandsons.

John married Dorothy Casseman of Brockville, Ontario. John is a pipe fitter and also a foreman for Park Davis Co. in Brockville, Ontario. John and Dorothy have three sons.

Harry married Mary Grinis of Andrew. He is a chemical engineer and the pulp mill manager for Weyerhaeuser Canada, Ltd. in Kamloops, British Columbia where they reside. They have two sons and one daughter.

Peter married Elsie Volorney of Edmonton. They now own the "home quarters". They have one son.

Steve married Helen Rymut of the Bear Trap area. They are farming in that district and have three sons.

Joanne, their only daughter, married Marvin Blomquist of Edmonton. They reside in Edmonton where Marvin works. They have three daughters and three sons.

Fred, the youngest of the family married Carol Simonson of Edmonton. They have one daughter and one son. Fred is an electrician and owns Kar-A-Sel Electric Ltd. in Gibbons where they reside.

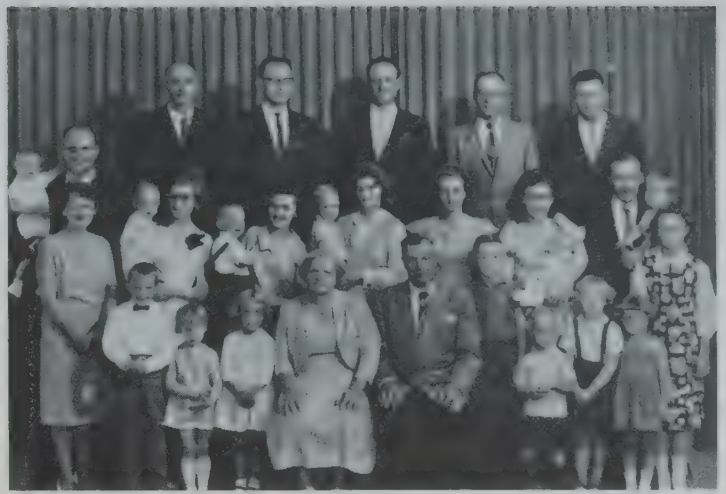
Prekop and Alexandra Galiwoda's five children are as follows:

John, the eldest married Cassie Pelech from Spedden. They are now living in Bonnyville. John works as a foreman for the Department of Highways and does trapping in winter. They have one son, one daughter and two granddaughters.

Bill married Jean Kobylka of Stony Plain. They live in Edmonton where Bill is a steel worker. Bill and Jean have two sons.

Sannie married Bob Forester. They live in Thorold, Ontario where they both work. They have two daughters and one son.

Mary married Steve Kobewka of Edmonton where they now live. Steve is a garage mechanic. The couple have three daughters and one granddaughter.



The Karasiuk Family.



Galiwoda's General Store.



The Galiwoda family.



The Karasiuk family.

Anton married June Sullivan of Edmonton. They make their home in Edmonton where Tony is a manager of Steel Union. They have one son and one daughter.

Peter Karasuik Story by Elsie Karasiuk

After working out for a few years, Peter joined the Army June 8, 1954. He served as a Private in the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry until January 17, 1958.

While working in Edmonton we met and married. I was formerly Elsie Volorney of Vega and Edmonton. We were married on October 19, 1962. Our son, James was born in Edmonton on March 12, 1964.

Both of us being raised on the farm, we longed for country life. In the spring of 1965 we moved back to the farm. We bought two quarters of land, N.W. 23-63-8-W4 and S.W. 63-8-23 from Department of Lands and Forests in 1965. We also had a lease and a fraction extending to Sandy River. We sold these two quarters and lease to Glenn and Susan Robbins in April of 1975.

Living on the farm again after so many years in the city took a little bit of adjustment, but soon we were back in the swing of things. We lived with Peter's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Karasiuk until December, 1967 when we bought the home quarter on which we are still living.

Although farming is our main occupation, Peter has been working on construction jobs as well for the last three years. Our son, James is attending Grade Eleven at Bonnyville Centralized High School.

Stanley Karasiuk Family

Stanley, the eldest child of Bill and Matrona Karasiuk decided to take out a homestead in 1951.

Shortly after he became an established farmer, he married Annie Buma on August 1, 1954. He farmed one quarter section for six years. Annie took a homestead in 1957. At present they are farming one-half section and leasing one-half section.

Their first child, **Darlene**, was born in 1955. She is now married to Denis Caouette. They have two young sons Maxim, four and Mark, two. They are presently farming Denis' mother's farm near Bonnyville but are looking for their own farm.

Ray was born in 1957. He is married to Aline Bourbeau of Bonnyville. They have one son, Dale. Ray, who is a welder works for R. Angus, in Edmonton.

Marjorie born in 1960 and **Bernice** born in 1961, both work in Bonnyville. **Dwayne** born in 1967 lives at home and is attending Iron River School.

Stanley and his family have always been involved in sports such as volleyball, basketball, and baseball. Stanley still plays ball for the Iron River Men's Team in the centralized mens fastball league.

Stanley is also the president of the Junior Forest Wardens and also a member of the local recreation board.

The Keelers

The Keelers moved to the Lessard area in the late "twenties" or early "thirties" from Loughheed and settled on the east end of Harold Lake. After a few years they moved to the north side of Crane (Moore) Lake.

Mr. Keeler passed away in the "thirties" and is buried in Rat Lake Cemetery. Mrs. Keeler passed away and was buried in Camrose. They had six children who moved from the area. There is only one surviving child and that is Joe who is married to Grace Roth.

Albert Palmateer who was Mrs. Keeler's brother also lived with them and passed away in 1957.

The Kicia Family

John and Pelagia were married in a small village in the Ukraine in 1921. At this time land for farming in the Ukraine was in very short supply and jobs were non-existent. By 1928 they already had three children, Anne born in 1922, Pete and 1924 and Cornelius in 1926, thus the idea of immigrating to Canada where land was in abundance was very appealing.

John arrived in Canada in April 1929, leaving Pelagia and the children behind to follow the next year. Upon arrival a homestead was applied for and with the help of neighbors John set about to build a cabin and clear land. The cabin was built of logs and a sod roof. Moss and clay were used to patch the

chinks between the logs. The cabin measured eight feet by twelve feet and had a lean-to on one end in which livestock could be kept.

In fall, with the cabin ready for winter, John went out looking for work as a farm hand during the harvest season. He found a job on a farm in the Cutknife, Saskatchewan area. This was an English speaking area so lack of English language was a bit of a drawback.

Pelagia and the three children arrived in May, 1930. Also arriving with her were Mr. and Mrs. Jacun and their daughter Nina. The two families lived in the little cabin that summer and through the winter of 1930/31. Furniture consisted of the bare necessities such as a stove and hand made beds.



Kicia family — Peter, Pelagia, Ann and Cornelius.

On her arrival Pelagia applied for the adjoining section, thus they had two quarter sections to work with. Now that someone would be home at all times John and Pelagia proceeded to stock their farm. A cow and calf, two horses, piglets, and chickens were purchased. This was the beginning of the stock and also contributed to their food supply as all their food had to be grown or raised at home. A larger, two room house was also started that year.

Their fourth child, Helen was born in 1932. By this time the family was ready to move into the larger house. Here too, the furniture was home built to start

with. It was not till later years that furniture was purchased.

During the first six or seven years the family would seed their own land, then in the summer John would work out as a farmhand during the harvest season in Southern Saskatchewan, coming back later to take off his own crop. While he was gone the farm and stock were looked after by Pelagia and the children.

A school was built by the people of the community about ten miles from the Kicia home. This was a one room school in which grades one through eight were taught. This was the school we all attended until all the district schools were centralized in 1955.

In the years to come the size of the family increased with the arrival of Emily in 1933, Lucy in 1935, Fred in 1938 and Mary in 1941. During this time the amount of cleared land and stock also increased and life was becoming considerably easier on the farm. In 1944 the eldest daughter Anne was married to Nick Ulanicki. They lived on the Ulanicki family farm for a number of years, then bought their own land near La Corey.

As the boys grew older they would work on the farm in the summer and then would work away from home in the winter. At this time more land was purchased and a new two-storey house was started in 1946 and was finally completed in 1948. This house even had the unheard of feature of having a well in the house, which was almost as good as our current running water.

In 1947 tragedy struck the family with the untimely death of their oldest son, Pete.

In 1952 Cornelius married Mary Ulanicki (a niece to Nick Ulanicki). They farmed in the La Corey area for a number of years before moving to Edmonton.

Helen and Lucy were both married in the year of 1953. Helen had been working in Edmonton where she met Mike Franchuk of Smoky Lake. They were married and live in Edmonton, then on the Kicia family farm, then moved back to Edmonton. Lucy married Sandy Klatchuk of Glendon. They lived on a farm in the Glendon area then moved to Provost where they lived for a number of years.

In 1957 the decision was made to move off the farm due to Pelagia's poor health. The remaining family moved to Edmonton where John and Pelagia are still living.

Currently the members of the family are scattered throughout Alberta:

Anne and Nick Ulanicki had six children and are now living Bonnyville. Their oldest child William died at a young age, the other five are all married and on their own, Peter in Hinton, Elsie at Andrew,

Sylvia in Grand Centre, Emily in Edmonton and Eugene in Swan Hills.

Cornelius and Mary Kicia now live in Edmonton. They had five children, Delores in Edmonton, Cathy married and living in Edmonton, Kelly, Terry and David still at home.

Helen and Mike Franchuk are currently living in Vegreville. Of their four children Larry is married and living in Edmonton, Debby is in Edmonton Laurie is married and living in Vegreville and Donna is still at home.

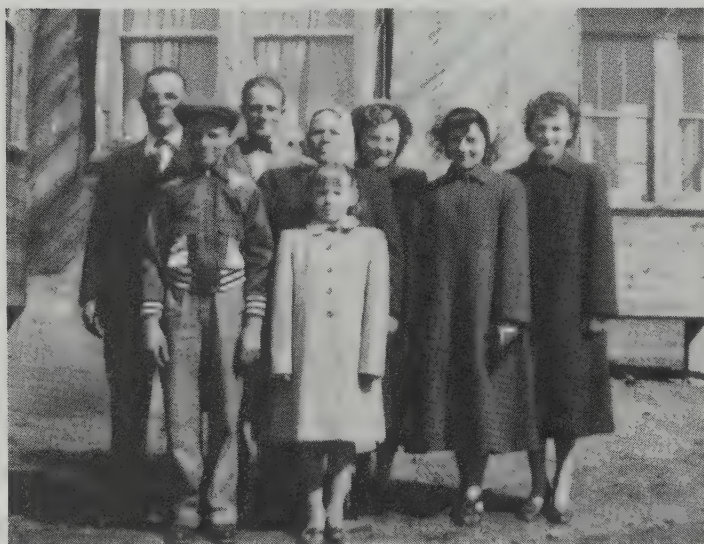
Emily married Byron Howie of High River in 1959. They lived in Calgary for a few years then moved to Grande Prairie where they now live. They had two children, Cheryl and Michelle who are both still living at home.

Lucy and Sandy Klatchuk lived in Provost until Sandy's death in 1969. After this Lucy and their three children moved to Grande Prairie, Alberta where she and the two girls Sandra and Angela are still living. The oldest boy, Ronald is married and living in Swan Hills.

Fred married Ann Holub of Westlock, in 1959. They lived in Edmonton, then moved to Hinton where they are now living. They have three children, Wendy, Kenneth and Wayne all living at home.

Mary married Walter Mollenkoph of Edmonton in 1965. They have two children, Lyle and Dale both living at home.

In summary, John and Pelagia had eight children, twenty-five grand children and at present fifteen great grandchildren.



Kicia Family.

The Knapps' as told to Norma and Betty George and Margaret

George Oliver Knapp born in Washington, Ontario, on March 6, 1874 and Margaret Kennedy born

in Brandon Manitoba, October 20, 1884, were married in Brandon April 3, 1903. Nine boys were born into their family while in Brandon. Only four survived Ernest born August 10, 1906, Leslie born October 27, 1907, Norman born August 20, 1912 and Wesley born July 29, 1914. In 1914 the family pulled up stakes and headed for Alberta settling in Nevis. Here they remained for six years. Their first and only daughter, Bertha Mary was born at Nevis on January 6, 1920.

In the summer of 1920 George Knapp left Nevis with six horses, a wagon and a mower, to take up a ten dollar homestead in the Maloy area. George later returned to Nevis for his family and belongings. These included a dozen horses, one-half dozen cattle, essential furniture and clothing which was delivered to Spedden by rail nonstop. The animals were unloaded at Spedden while the railroad track was completed into St. Paul. This took approximately one week. It was now November and they all had to stay in a tent, George, Margaret, four boys and a ten month old baby. Margaret Knapp was the first lady to ride the rails from Spedden to St. Paul. There were no passenger cars then so the whole family rode in the section car with the railroad crew.

In the winter of 1920-21 George worked for Dubois' and Baril's sawmill near Muriel Lake. In the spring of 1921 George pulled up roots and left for Flat Lake, where he purchased three quarters of land for six-thousand dollars and broke over three hundred acres with the help of his four sons. He could not afford to keep up the payments on this land, when prices of forty cents per hundred were received for a butcher hog, ninety cents per hundred for a bacon hog and six dollars was hard to find for a fully grown beef. Wheat was as low as sixteen cents per bushel then going to as high as sixty or seventy cents per bushel.

While in Flat Lake all the boys found a bride. Ernest wed Elfleta Palmer on April 22, 1928, Leslie married Evelyn Jones on December 12, 1931, Casey found Amelia Stahn on July 1, 1934 and lastly Norman married Mabel Olsen on September 12, 1935.

George pulled up stakes again and found himself in Iron River in the spring of 1936, where he and Norman leased a section of school land from the Department of Lands and Forests for a one-fifth share of the crop. He immediately built a granary and fenced a little pasture for his six horses. He lived in this granary during 1936 while he broke his first twenty acres with a horse drawn one bottom plough. George returned to Flat Lake for the winter and in March of 1937 returned to build an eighteen by twenty-six foot log house on the northeast quarter near Jack Fish (Manatokan now) Lake. It was ready for

Margaret and Bertha to join him in April. Soon after, Bertha married Lawrence Hagen on July 12, 1937. In 1940 Norman and Mabel moved in with Margaret and George and they began farming together. On August 13, 1940 George passed away, and shortly after Margaret moved to Erskine to live for the next three years with her brother Robert Kennedy, who needed help and encouragement while his health was failing. At the time of her passing Margaret was blessed with twenty-six grandchildren, fifty-five great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

Memories of the George Knapps

by daughter Bertha Hagen (Knapp)

My first memories of Iron River were of when I was a child of about six. Mother cooked for the road crew, working on the highway northeast of St. Paul (on what is now the St. Vincent road) where Dad was foreman. A hired girl was needed and someone recommended the Palmer girl from Iron River. So one night during a rain storm, she arrived with her parents and sister, Laneva and small brother, Wayne.

A year later, in 1927 Elfleta became Mrs. Ernest Knapp and over the years we have often looked back to that first meeting and realized how thankful we are that Ernest chose her to walk through life beside him. She is everything a wife and mother should be, as well as being a dear sister and daughter too while mother was alive. What Elfleta could do with a flour sack has always amazed me.

In the early "thirties" Ernest, Elfleta and family of three plus moved to Iron River where they homesteaded, north of Willie Peters. That fall my father hired Tom Brennan to drive us up to visit. I still remember the endless forest and the log cabins, the little fields, we even saw a team of oxen. Next morning we women visited and the men went land hunting and Dad really got to like the country. Then we headed home and that is a trip I shall never forget. It had rained heavily and coming up those river hills was a terrible experience with a car.

Tom Brennan had been in the war and suffered shell shock. He was wet with perspiration and trembling like a leaf. Dad would get out and put rocks at the wheels and we would inch a little farther. Mother kept saying to me. Pray! Pray! she did not have to tell me, I already was.

When summer holidays came I was on my way to Iron River to visit and pick berries. Ernest and I left Flat Lake in the afternoon, got supplies from Wintrobles in Glendon and about dusk headed north through miles and miles of pine trees. They were so beautiful in the moonlight and as the sun came up, they were even more beautiful. And the smell! es-

pecially in an open wagon where you could really inhale and enjoy it, over and over! Elfleta had a nice warm breakfast ready before long and we surely did it justice.

I really appreciated those few weeks there. It seemed there were berries and more berries. We and many others picked raspberries and played in the lake. I remember the Ukrainian ladies. If they met you in the patch they all had the same nice gesture. They would pick two or three large handfuls and smile and put them in your pail. There were the exciting times too when someone would steal another's berries, both robber and pursuer surely made good time even if they were on foot.

Mr. Standal bought berries and resold them. Was it five or seven cents a pound I forget, but money was scarce and berries were there for the picking. The Yaroshuk girl (was it Elsie) and her girlfriend had a good patch near a lake. They would head out in the morning and come back at night with all their pails full. They were earning their winter clothes and proud of it.

It was while I was there that the election was held. I remember keeping the children and making dinner while Ernest and Elfleta went to vote. Along came this pretty girl. I asked her to stay for dinner and we had a nice visit. She was Isabelle Webster. I remember her saying her Dad "figgered" there were not enough foolish people in Alberta to put Social Credit in. About that time I was not certain I liked her because my dad was Social Credit all the way and William Aberhart was a pretty special name in our home. Anyhow, Aberhart won and that was the beginning of the Social Credit Government.

About a year later my father decided to make his home in Iron River. He chose the school section and spent the summer working land and getting ready. That winter with the help of some others, Joe Boko and Lawrence Hagen from Flat Lake, he built the house and in April, we loaded our belongings and headed north. We got a late start so we spent the night at Ed Duffey's and were on our way again next morning. Mother and I rode in the democrat pulled behind the sleigh. Somewhere along the way they lost us for about half a mile. The roads were not good and the poor horses played out at the Sandy River so we spent the night with some very kind people. The next morning we discovered, back at the loads, one of our best milk cows had gotten open a sack of chop, so we lost her. Lastly we pulled into our own place for dinner with some mighty tired horses.

Before long we were making new friends. The Websters were such good neighbors. Then we began going to church. Rev. Albert and Ruth Marshall conducted services in Osmond Peterson's little

shack. Willie and Florence Peters, and the Mac-Gillivrays were among those new friends. These are good memories.

Here I must relate my mother's joy in the spring, fishing — the creek that ran right past the house. Mom had never fished before but give or take a few days and she could snare with the best of them. I can still hear the excitement in her voice when she would get a really big one. None of it went to waste either. We scaled and cleaned and canned until all hours. Boy that was good eating!

The strawberries were so good that summer and Mom did her best to save all she could. We got rhubarb from Peter Oudin to cook with some of them, and for the Iron River picnic, I remember we had strawberry short cake. That was such a good picnic, nothing commercialized yet, so much fun for all and it cost so little. There was a boiler of coffee where you could help yourself, (no charge) just wash your cup and leave it clean for the next guy. This was where all the older folks sat around and visited.

About that time I left Iron River to be married to Lawrence Hagen. He had spent a month or so breaking for people in the area. Through him I had met the Sneaths and Earl Mayheau. I remember one time I rode with Lawrence to Earl's and it got close to noon. Earl said you can stay for dinner if you do the cooking. I was so awfully shy, I refused and I think the men were a little disgusted with me.

Any of my experiences recorded here were on visits back to my parents, brother Ernests, or Normans, as Norman moved to Iron River also in a few years. He and Ernest both worked for Charlie Carlson. On one of these visits I realized the hardship of some. Mr. Standal took people to Bonnyville when he went for supplies. If there were too many for the cab, men rode in the wide open back of this truck in bitter weather. It must have been terribly cold.



Taken at the George Knapp farm in 1939. L. to R.: Charlie Carlson holding Leslie Knapp, Margaret and George Knapp, Wilfred Knapp, Percy Knapp, Hazel Knapp. Front: Margaret Knapp and Mervin Knapp.

Times were hard but I look back with fondness to those early years.

Mabel and Norman Knapp as told to Betty and Norma

Norman Knapp born on August 20, 1912 and Mabel Olsen born February 7, 1915 were married in St. Paul on September 12, 1935 and lived in the Flat Lake area for a period of three and one half years where they farmed and Norman operated a horse drawn grader, doing the roads, from Flat Lake to St. Paul. While at Flat Lake their first child a son, Mervin Raymond was born at home. During 1936 Norman and his dad George took up a homestead at Iron River. In 1938 Norman broke thirty acres and in March of 1939 Norman, Mabel and Mervin moved to Charles Carlson's at Iron River. He had two hundred acres broke. Norman rented the land and kept stock on a fifty-fifty basis, while Charlie Carlson was busy sawing lumber with his own mill, doing a bit of trucking and also engaging in some carpenter work.

On their move to Iron River from Flat Lake they brought five head of cattle with the help of Herbie Peterson. All furniture was brought in the sleigh. During 1939 Norman would haul hogs to town with a sleigh and return the same day with a cheque of five dollars per hog. In the fall of 1940, Norman bought a 1937 Chev pickup from Leslie Hill of Cold Lake for five hundred dollars, trading a horse for seventy-five dollars and the balance in cash. This same vehicle was later sold to Steve Scott.

In March, 1941, their first daughter, Norma May was born in Bonnyville at Duclos hospital, with Dr. Saborin attending. Due to drifted roads a sleigh had to be used to transport the new member of the family home. Since it was a long journey they stopped at Louis Martin's to feed the baby and warm up.

Farming was paying its dividends and a 1945 green International was purchased from Telenko, in Glendon, which was used for transportation in the area. More and more land was being continually opened in the area and by 1948 a tractor was needed so Charlie Carlson, Pete Jorgensen, Pete Procinski and Norman all drove down to Drumheller, Pete Jorgensen's hometown, hunting for a bargain. Norman purchased a Twin City tractor on lugs for six hundred dollars and Pete Procinsky bought a Massey Harris tractor on lugs for four hundred dollars. Both tractors were brought to Bonnyville by Canadian National Railways' box car.

In August of 1948, Norman purchased a Red River threshing machine from Louis Gerrier of Therien for seven hundred dollars. Metro Franchuk went to help pull this machine home, fording the Sandy River by Truman and then stopping along the

way at Metro's to thresh his crop which amounted to forty or fifty acres that year. A good friend and neighbor, Alex Herman, supplied his Case tractor and later John Deere, and was the Separator man while he and Norman threshed on the fifty-fifty basis for many in the area. These included Botha's, John Charawich, Mike Davidovich, Bill and Reed Hargrove, Nick and Pete Karas, Robert and George MacGillivray, Olaf Peterson, Bill Peters, Anton Samchuk, Adam Shiller, Bill Shymchuk, Dymetro Odynski, Harry Webster and Prokop Yaroshuk. The crew consisted of six teams of racks with two field pitchers who worked for three dollars per day. Charges for threshing were; wheat — seven cents per bushel, barley — six cents per bushel and oats — five cents per bushel. There was always a rush to try and finish everyone's crops. The men worked for twelve hours a day and it took approximately five or six hours to do twenty acres. Threshing was always an exciting time. One always waited to see the racks pull into their fields and start loading stooks. They usually threshed the crops as they were situated down the road to save moving time. The ones which were ready first were sometimes threshed first. This continued for a period of about six years until farming was done on a larger scale and more farmers were able to buy their own separators.

On April 1, 1952 a second daughter Betty Ann was born in St. Louis hospital with Dr. Ayotte in attendance. A close friend, Dave Byers nicknamed her "Crocus" as there were crocuses all over at the time of her birth.

Life on the farm was work but also fun. People made more time to visit, enjoyed one another and the whole family took part in what was going on. Nor-

man and Mabel were active in community work helping Mr. Robert MacGillivray and others to organize the Iron River School picnic held without fail July 1st every year at the old Iron River School grounds. There were races of all sorts, jumping, nail driving, wheel barrel, tug-of-war, egg races and hat and coat races.

Margaret Procinsky, Mabel, and other ladies in the area used to canvass many dealers in Bonnyville to obtain donations for prizes for the races. Dealers such as Brosseaus, Vallees, Hetus, Hamels, Terciers, Lamothes and Caouettes to mention a few were most generous and made it a very competitive day for the



Mabel Knapp, Norma, Mervin and hired hand Harry Byford.



A stroll on the bridge — Norman Knapp, Mervin and Norma.



Joyce Peters, Betty Knapp, and Edith Johanson.

contestants trying for everything including hats, paint, jewellery, oil and grease. A highlight of the day was to be able to taste the homemade ice-cream made by Bill Peters, who attended the booth for many years. Later all the community pitched in and helped with the booth, which was a lovely site covered with freshly cut trees for a shade. This was the one day a year many of the children had a chance to taste ice-cream, bananas and watermelon. This was a highlight of the year for all around to socialize and meet new and old friends and neighbors.

There were basket socials organized at the Iron River Hall. Ladies decorated a fancy basket packed with food to be auctioned off and the highest bidder would get to have lunch with the lady who made the basket. Once Norman purchased Agnes Broski's basket and to his surprise found a little bottle of "shine". The baskets would sell for between two and ten dollars apiece, the funds being used for community projects. Norman was also known to call square dances in the area for many years.

Christmas concerts in the area were a real night of entertainment and Iron River was fortunate to have Mr. R. B. MacGillivray as teacher for many years. He had students from grade one to nine and spent many hours practising for long plays, singing and recitations in order to have a full evenings program for a packed school house. All children were presented with a pound bag including an orange, nuts and hard candy, which was the extent of the treats most of the children in the area had for Christmas.

Since 1940, there have been many changes in the area including conveniences such as electricity, more vehicles, better roads, new homes, centralized school and much later the telephone.

Norman and Mabel still live on the home place and celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary on September 12, 1975 at the Iron River Hall.

Their son, Mervin resides in Calgary, Norma and husband John Fersovitch live in Edmonton and Betty and her husband Lance Oakes are also living in Edmonton. Their five grandchildren are Donna Mae Wizniuk (Knapp), Daryl Mervin Knapp, Daryn John Fersovitch, Deryk Joel Fersovitch and Dolci Joy Fersovitch. They expect to be great grandparents by July, 1980.

The Knudsons

Mr. and Mrs. Knudson were born in Denmark and were married there. Two children Aage and Lilly were born while the couple were in Denmark. Mr. Knudsen immigrated to Canada, namely Red Cliff, Alberta in April 1927. In September the family joined him in Red Cliff where they remained until

1934, when they homesteaded in the Lessard area, north of Bonnyville. The journey from Red Cliff to Lessard took thirty days by team and wagon. A herd of cattle was brought along.

Mr. and Mrs. Knudsen lived on their homestead for a number of years. In 1948 Mrs. Knudsen passed away in a hospital. In 1957 Mr. Knudsen became ill and moved to a nursing home, in Camrose, where he remained until his death in 1961.

Lilly lived at home until her marriage to Adam Kossowan, who farmed near St. Paul where they still reside. A family of five blessed their marriage. All are now married and living elsewhere, Bernice and Dale in Sherwood Park, Ean in Edmonton, Edwin at Leduc and Wayne in Vancouver.

Aage remained at home until 1942 at which time he enlisted in the army and served four years. Upon his return he purchased some land and married Nora Davies. They settled down near Lessard to farm and are still farming there today. They have three children. **Linda**, who took a hair dressing course, is married and lives on a farm near Fahler, Alberta. **Gayle** is a secretary and is employed by the Bonnyville School Division. She is also married and lives in Bonnyville. **Tom**, who is a plumber works in Grande Centre but lives at home. He is not, as yet married.

Land of Opportunity

Kociupchyk — Andrew and Anna

It was in the late 1920's in Kowal, Poland that a young couple was working diligently trying to eke out a living from a small plot of land, but excitement was in the air. Rumours were filtering through that out there somewhere was a land called Canada with unsettled areas so vast that one hundred sixty acres could be had for only ten dollars. Settlers were being encouraged to come and settle this land. Hope dawned within them that gave birth to a dream of a bright future for their children in this land of opportunity. Toward this end then, they bent all their efforts.

Finally in 1929, all their worldly goods converted into a small amount of cash, Andrew and Anna Kociupchyk with their four children Mary, Catherine, Martha and Jennie, began the long arduous journey to Canada. June found them landing in Halifax from where they set out to St. Paul, Alberta. Alex Hochachka met them there and directed them to Lake Eliza where he had lived for a year. This area was not exactly the promised land being so rocky and hilly, even so, homesteads were no longer available here.

Amidst working at different jobs the hunt for a good homestead began. Andrew got to know another

immigrant here, Klem Martiniuk and together they travelled to different areas trying to find available land. Several waves of settlement had already taken place and good homesteads were now few and far between. They were forced to go north of St. Paul to an area then known as Willow Trail.

Finally they each chose a quarter section side by side and registered their claims with the exchange of their ten dollars. They walked across the length and breadth of their land and chose just the spot suited for a building site. Later when they were ready to build the spot could not be found, hunt as they might.

In the spring of 1930 the move to their own homesteads was made. And so, the family found themselves amongst bush and a clear blue sky overhead. For the first while an overturned wagon box was their only shelter from the elements. Very soon, they managed to put together a small shack made of logs and a sod roof. Things went well when the sky remained clear but every available container was used to catch the water on the inside of the cabin when it rained to preserve some measure of comfort.

This area was still open for settlement so other immigrant families were directed here. Very soon settlers were found on all adjoining homesteads. Now the pioneer spirit was put into practise. If they worked together they would all benefit and get ahead, so they joined together their strength, their horses, their equipment and their time. They helped each other build their homes, clear their land and break it ready for planting.

Hard times hit the pioneers during the depression of the thirties. To augment his meagre earnings, Andrew would cut down tamarack posts and haul them with a team and sleigh to Two Hills, Vegreville and any other point that would buy them for a few dollars. Many was the night he would spend in homes in Glendon and Two Hills. How welcome were the government relief packages when they came with some much needed piece of clothing.

With the growth of the settlements, the need for a school and a church became evident very soon. The romantic name of Forest Stream was given to the first school two miles from Andrew's home. There was no evident stream but there certainly were plenty of forests. Can you imagine the challenge that faced Miss Pewar the first teacher at the school? Children of all ages with no previous schooling and without even a speaking knowledge of the English language. Many were the tears and the frostbitten toes and noses on cold winter mornings. Temperatures of sixty below were not uncommon.

In 1938, one half mile away, a small evangelical church was built to care for the spiritual education of the many children in the settlement.

Maybe it was because of the location, the home of Andrew was the gathering place of the many young people most every Sunday afternoon. There were ball games plus many other functions to wile away the leisurely hours of Sunday afternoon.

Four boys were soon added to the six girls in this growing family. Andrew had difficulty with the English language and when he would go to register his children he soon forgot the English name the child was to have. One year he had two children to register and Mr. Webster assumed they were both born that year so he registered one as born in August and one in October. This caused some amusement in later years. It was becoming evident that a move would have to be made to get ahead. The land was low and frosts got the crops before the binders did most every year. So in 1948 Andrew sold his homestead quarter to Mike Matichuk and moved to two quarters two miles South-West from Glendon.

Farming was more rewarding in this area. The boys, Bill, Kosman, Don and John were growing up and were able to help Andrew with the field work. New land was broken, rocks and roots were picked and Andrew was finally able to harvest some crops and save some money.

In 1955 they built a new home. What a blessing it was having a home with three small bedrooms; it seemed like a mansion. Shortly the children were leaving home to seek their own fortune. Mary left for Vancouver where she married George Koochin. Catherine left for Toronto where she attended Russian Bible School and married Gust Koleba. Presently they are pastoring a church in Edmonton. Martha attended Prairie Bible Institute. Upon graduation God called her to work among the Doukabour people in the Castlegar-Grand Forks area of British Columbia. She is married to Pete Rezanoff of Grand Forks and labors among the people she loves. Jennie went to Toronto to attend the Russian Bible School there. She married James Melnychuk and they reside in Glendon. Olga graduated from the University of Alberta with a degree in Education. She taught school for a number of years. She is married to Bill Sherstan of Brosseau, Alberta. Rose always wanted to be a nurse. She strived toward that goal, graduating in 1956 from the Royal Alex Hospital. Upon completion of her training she entered Caronport Bible School, was later accepted by the Sudan Interior Mission as a missionary nurse to Chad Africa and today she is a supervisor with the Health Clinic in Edmonton. Bill was born a trucker. He owns and operates his own business out of Edmonton where he resides with his wife Elsie (nee Hannas). Kosman liked to be involved with people. Upon completion of his High School in Glendon he attended Caronport

Bible School where he became extensively involved in singing in a men's quartette. God led him to work with the Word of Life Mission in Germany among German Young People. He married a German girl, Katie, and both are still laboring among the German Young People. Don attended the University of Alberta in the field of Education. He teaches in Edmonton and is married to Carol Beckman of Meeting Creek. Enrolling in Caronport Bible School upon completion of his High School was a third member of the family, John. He married Phyllis Enns and the two of them were accepted by the Evangelical Alliance Mission as missionaries to Chad, Africa.



The Kociupchyk family.

When all the children had left home Andrew and Annie decided to retire to Edmonton. They purchased a duplex and sold their property in Glendon. They lived here until 1973 when Andrew was called home to heaven, where none toil nor sweat but just glorify God. The family rejoices in knowing that one day they will meet up there and once again be together. Annie still lives in Edmonton and enjoys the many members of her family.

By God's grace the dream of Andrew and Anna Kociupchyk became a reality in that their family has been able to have the opportunity for a better way of life. Canada has indeed been good to this immigrant family.

Koleba, Ephrem and Domka written by Gust Koleba

The inspired prophet Micah foretelling a blessed period yet to come, says of it in the fourth verse of the fourth chapter, that men shall sit, everyone under his vine, and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid. Something of the same news reached our

parents in 1920 while they lived in Poland. They heard of a land called Canada, a land purposed to be of milk and honey.

Their dreams came true in the spring of 1929. My parents Ephrem and Domka Koleba along with three of us children found our way to Bonnyville, Alberta. At first things did not look as though this was a land flowing with milk and honey. In fact the very opposite appeared to us. It was a land of heavy bushland, mosquitoes and abundant wildlife such as we had never seen.

From Bonnyville, Bill Kolody brought us to LaCorey where Dad purchased a quarter of land with Alex Fedchuk. Since my father was a fair carpenter, a log house was put up in a short time. Not only did we have a place to live but even others coming over from Europe at that time had a temporary stopping over place. A patch of land was cultivated with the help of our good neighbours, Kolodys, Ulanickis, Fretzs and Lubes'.

Life at LaCorey became not quite like the land flowing with milk and honey. Nevertheless, it was a happy life. A little sister, Helen, was born into our family. Living provisions were plentiful, and the good neighbours made us secure and happy. My younger brother, Walter, enjoyed the company of the Uncle in a greasy coat. He meant Mike Ulanicki in his leather jacket who visited us frequently with his brother John. My older brother Philip and, myself started school, and in a short time were speaking English. This made us quite proud as we were the interpreters for Mother and Dad, when such a need arrived.

After two years or so my father realized that half a quarter of land was not enough to farm on, so he took a homestead about ten miles North-east of LaCorey, in an area then called Willow Trail. On this quarter the Willow Trail School was later situated. Here we had to start building anew, as well as breaking new land. As we only had two or three horses, we pooled our resources with the neighbours, because five to six horses were needed for breaking new land.

By this time depression settled in heavily, and life at Willow Trail was not very easy. Two new members joined our family here, John and Nick. Nevertheless Dad managed to break about twenty acres of land. We had enough wheat to make bread. Dad would buy a sack of fine flour, and some wheat would be ground on a feed grinder, then mother would mix the ground wheat with fine flour and make some good brown bread. Meat and fish were plentiful. Philip, Walter, and myself were good fishermen and we supplied all the fish the family could eat. The bush rabbits were plentiful. We caught them right in the yard. They were so plentiful that Mother used the hind parts only

for meat. Philip and Dad were good hunters also. When we wanted a change in our menu, they got a deer or a moose. Moose and deer were also plentiful at Willow Trail. They were all over. In fact Walter, my younger brother, once came running to the house and said he saw a moose. When Philip asked him where, he said it was not too far from the house, on the tree, but Philip was not very anxious to shoot that one. We also had a few cows for milk, and a few pigs were kept for pork and fat to fry rabbit and moose meat. Dad also acquired a full line of machinery; a walking plow and three harrows and a pail that was used for a seed drill. He would scatter the seed by hand and then go over it with harrows to cover it up. For a binder we had a scythe and a sickle. This scythe with a special attachment served for a binder, of course Mother had to tie the bundles. Twine was made from long straw. Without the attachment this scythe served as a hay mower. The rakes were made by Dad. My brothers and I had the job of raking and stacking the hay. For a threshing machine Dad made three flails; one for himself, one for Philip and one for me. It was fun threshing in the winter. When there were two of us threshing, it was not hard. We had to keep rythmn, for if one was out of time you hit the other fellow's flail or you felt the end of the flail at the back of your head. I well remember that, since a few landed at the back of your head.

The family kept horses, cows and sheep as well as domestic birds. Sheep were kept for wool. Mother spun wool during winter, Philip and myself knitted mitts, socks, and toques. That trade is still with me, although I do not practise it any more.

For extra cash, Philip and myself did a lot of hunting and trapping, even Dad helped us here. We trapped muskrats, squirrels, and weasels mainly. Selling the pelts, we had a little extra cash, for coal oil, sugar, salt, and perhaps a few candies or apples. Clothing was also purchased from the sale of these pelts. These provisions kept us very well satisfied and happy. This was the way we kept getting richer and as well as older.

At this time one thing we missed was a spiritual life. We survived physically but spiritually we were dead in trespasses and sins, and at that point Christians from Garth came to visit us with the purpose of telling us about the Good News of salvation in Christ Jesus. These were Klem Martiniuk, Nick Fersovitch, Martin Sawchuk, Fred Wakulchyk and others. I must say that this was the happiest and most fortunate time in our lives. Dad and Mother received the Gospel with joy. These brethren often came and held Gospel meetings in our one room log dwelling. After these brethren were gone my father would read the Bible to the family. We were all around the table singing with

Father leading us. Into our home came daily family prayers each morning with Father and Mother leading. As time went on us children would frequent the Sunday School at Garth, which was led by the brethren there, Miss Kowalewska, who is now with the Lord. At first these meetings were held in Jacob Michuk's house. Later a church was built, with Jacob Michuk and Mr. and Mrs. Nick Sherstan taking the Sunday School supervision. During that time, that is, about 1940 the Canadian Sunday School Mission workers came out to help.

Father looked for better land and we moved to Garth with our farming equipment, livestock and household goods. Walter and Helen had the job of chasing the cattle down to the new farm. They stopped for lunch along the way when they found a nest of duck eggs by a creek. They made a fire and had roasted eggs and fish while the cattle grazed. They they continued on to find the rest of us. Now we were much closer to the Christian work at Garth and could participate more readily in the activities of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Sherstan were main workers of our young peoples' group in Garth. They housed the workers of the Canadian Sunday School Mission. They planned Daily Vacation Bible School and Camps. This was a time of refreshing from the Lord and many of our Young People came to know Christ as their Saviour. Thirteen of these young people went to Bible School, and some of them are now serving the Lord. Christian fellowship at Garth was a great joy each Sunday. This lasted until people began to move out of Garth, as times got better. Our family, which now had increased again with the birth of Alex, moved out to Iron River where another sister, Katherine, was born and later we moved to Edmonton. Others moved as well and the church was smaller in number, nevertheless the fire of Christianity that was lit in those days is still burning, for which be glory to God.

My father passed on to glory in 1973 and my mother lived alone for a time, dividing her time between her children, spending a great part of each year with Helen who is married to Alex Kalinsky (see Alex Kalinsky history). Mother went to meet the Lord and Saviour on April 22, 1980. Philip married Angeline Waskiewicz and at present they live in Vancouver. They have four children, Diane, Danny, Doreen and Lucy. I, Gust married Catherine Kociupchyk (see Kociupchyk history) and became a minister of the gospel to the Slavic people. I serve at a church in Edmonton and look after the work of the All Canadian Union of Slavic Evangelical Christians. Our two sons David and Ron are in the ministry as well. Walter also married a local girl, Mary

Sawchuk (see Martin Sawchuk history). They live on some land near Edmonton and they have a family of three; Jane, Perry and Bonnie. John is also married. He lives in Edmonton with his wife, Mary and their children Judy, Marilyn and Chris. Nick and his wife Raya live near Valleyview with their children Roxanne and Audrey. Alex and his wife Vicky (nee Bubenko) live in Edmonton with their children Kevin, Corine and Cheryl. The youngest member of our family, Katherine lives in Morinville with her husband Ray Swerda and their children Debbie, Shawna and Mark.

Today, although many of our parents are in glory with their blessed Saviour, the warmth of God's love which was lit in our lives, lives on. Our parents did not leave great riches for us when they left, but they left more than riches of the world, the riches of Christ's love in our hearts. I trust that we will pass on these riches to the next generation, that is our children.



Ephrem and Domka Koleba — children Philip, Gust and Walter.

Nick and Ruth Kolody by Veronika Shymchuk (Kolody)

In 1913 Bill Kolody arrived from Keselev, Ukraine and came to his relatives at Bellis, Alberta. In 1922 he bought himself a homestead two miles south and one half mile west of La Corey, Alberta.

Their home was a stop over for people travelling to Bonnyville from the north as the team needed a rest so they slept there too. Aunty had extra house guests for supper often, twice for each round trip.

In 1926 John Kolody Sr., arrived in Bonnyville

and took up a homestead two miles west of La Corey. Bill filled out an affidavit for Dad (Nick) to come to Canada, as by then you had to have some place to be going to be accepted. In the spring of 1928 Dad came to St. Paul by train, then caught a ride with the mailman to Bonnyville. Arriving here he found some acquaintance of Uncle Bill's and got a ride to his place. In 1928 there was only a railroad from Edmonton to St. Paul and in the late part of 1929 the train came to Bonnyville staying over night and leaving in the morning. Dad bought a homestead three miles west of La Corey, not far from Uncle John's

In June 1929, John married Pauline Koleba and Dad married Ruth Wolansky of Wahstao, Alberta, in the fall of 1929.

Mom and Dad lived with Uncle John until their home was built. They used to walk one mile morning and night through the thick bush and about one half mile from Uncle John's to their home site. There were a lot of windfalls where Mom used to fall many times crossing them. After the house was built they filled the cracks with moss. They ordered a stove from Eatons and when it came to Bonnyville Dad went with a team to pick it up. When he got to the Beaver Ridge there was a foot of water above it so he was not sure if he could cross it or not being afraid there might be a washout but he still took a chance. He made it and when returning the water had receded.

Mr. Armand Laramée and Dad both opened the one half mile of heavy bush with saws and axes between Dad's and Uncle John's. The road was rough and narrow but it was closer to La Corey. In 1946 a caterpillar opened the road making a better and wider grade.

The first year they ploughed five acres plus some for a garden. Ploughing was slow, at dinner time the horses were released to graze, making extra work of recatching them to start again. Dad worked in Saskatchewan during harvesting with Uncle John stooking for fifteen cents an acre, wheat was eighteen cents a bushel, eggs four cents a dozen. Mom went and stayed with Aunty and they picked mushrooms and blue-berries for food. They even sold some in town for about three cents a pound. Mom's folks gave them their first cow and horse, which later they sold and got material to finish their home. Then Dad bought his first three horses in Smoky Lake for one hundred dollars and a good cow locally from Mr. A. Yurak for thirty-five dollars. Omer Sharky used to give them a leg of deer when he killed one and Dad used to kill prairie chickens and rabbits for meat.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Cunningham were one of the neighbors that Mom liked visiting as she was just like a parent to her with her motherly advice.

In 1931 Nick Maruniak stayed the winter helping out and in the spring Dad helped him build his home. Metro Fooshta stayed a couple of winters (1932'33) with them also.

In the winter of 1930-31 there was no snow and everyone travelled by wagon. Dad put up their first barn and chicken coop. Fires were used to destroy the bush to make it easier preparing the breaking.

They belonged to the Greek Orthodox church at Big Meadow. They also went to church services at the Iron River Catholic Church.

Dances were held at Lubas's house, as his home was large and people gathered there. Later on there were concerts at the Iron River Hall. People were young and happy, did a lot of visiting, and had a strong desire to make it in the wilderness.

Their first child, John, was born in November, 1933. A few years later in December 1937 Mom took sick and Dad took her to the St. Louis hospital to Dr. Sabourin. There she had a premature baby, William. Dad brought Mom and William home in a covered wagon box with quilts and a heater. The baby died as he was too tiny for survival.

1939 marked the arrival of Veronka (also known as Florence). During the sugar ration of 1943 Alice was born and Dad registered her at La Corey, as he did previously with John and me, for children born at home were usually registered at Mr. Limoge's, who had the post office. A few months later a letter arrived stating that Alice was not registered only for the ration. Mrs. Violet Jorgensen, the midwife and nurse, signed forms and we got the birth certificate shortly after.

We started building our new house in the spring. Mr. Strus was the carpenter and we moved in the fall of 1945. Grandpa and Grandma Wolansky came and lived in the old house that winter. Alice, being small would run out without a coat and bare footed in the snow to visit them when Mom was doing chores in the morning. Mom and Dad made plans to go to British Columbia and in February, 1947 Dad had an appendix operation and came home on the day of our auction sale. Shortly after Mr. Paul Slipchuk and son Ted drove us to the train with a team hauling our belongings, leaving our land to be rented by Steve Waskiewicz and his son Anton. Dad came every fall during threshing time. Renters changed hands a few times so he just about made a deal to sell it but instead we ended up coming back. Our home in Revelstoke was sold to Mr. T. Martiniuk for his land in the Iron River district. Packing up our belongings we arrived at Mr. and Mrs. T. Martiniuk's July 3, 1953 in our 1949 Ford truck. Alice and I went to the old Iron River School until October 31, then we moved back to the original homestead. Alice and I then trans-

ferred to Churchvelt School and later to the Iron River Centralized School. John was taught at the Merton School in 1953-54 then he went back to Vancouver to finish his schooling.

During our Churchvelt School days we either walked or caught rides with Mr. Taylor, or Clarence Plamondon with his dog sled in the winter. When the school got centralized we caught the first bus that went by the gate. Henry Batke was our bus driver in the morning.

I belonged to the 4-H Clothing Club which met at noon hour and we even got time off from classes for our meetings in Mrs. Broski's room.

In 1958-59 I was the president of the Student Union. We held school parties, a talent night and dance in the Willow Trail Hall. Mr. Thompson taught us tumbling and dancing at noon. We used to go with the bus to cheer our ballteams. We went by school bus to visit the University on Varsity Weekend, also to the Vermilion College.

On August 9, 1958 **John** married Mildred Balla of Garth with the wedding being held at the Iron River Hall. They are presently living in Kamloops, British Columbia.

After graduating I worked in Bonnyville for Edwin Collins' Insurance and on August 20, 1960, Peter and I were married in the Sandy Rapids Greek Orthodox Church with the reception and dance held on the newly built platform for this purpose only, on the north side of the house.

Alice and Andy Shayka were married on August 19, 1961 with their reception and dance held in the Iron River Hall. They are presently residing on a farm near Fort Kent, Alberta.

Dad and Mom retired from farming in 1966 and moved to Bonnyville. Just last August they celebrated their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary with just the immediate family.



Nick Kolody family — Pete and Veronica, Mildred and John, Andy and Alice with Mr. and Mrs. Nick Kolody.

Kolody, John and Pauline
written by Helen and Anne Slipchuk

John Kolody was born in the village of Kissilov in the Ukraine on January 18, 1900. He was the second eldest son of the village blacksmith, Wasyl and Mogdelina (Veshnowski) Kolody. The family decided their sons could have a better life in Canada where there was a lot of land for very little money. So being quite adventurous, John bought himself a ticket for two hundred dollars. On May 6, 1926 he boarded the ship Minnedosa and sailed for twelve days. He landed in Quebec and arrived at Bellis four days later by railway.

In 1927, Father took the train to St. Paul then he rode with the mailman to Bonnyville, as the railway only went as far as St. Paul. In Bonnyville he asked some strangers how to get to LaCorey as he had a brother who was farming in the area. People used to help each other a lot in the pioneer days. He rode to his brother Bill's place with Bill Hughes, who drove a lovely pair of matched horses hooked to a democrat.

Shortly after his arrival at his brother's residence, both Father and Uncle Bill rode out on horseback to look over some land in the surrounding area.

All the land in those early days was a thick poplar stand with a lot of big fallen trees. It was hard to walk through this kind of woods, and just about as hard to ride as there were no roads. A lot of people had to bypass these swampy meadows travelling a few extra miles to get to where they were going. Father found one quarter that was available just north of Bill Hughes' place. He filed on S.W. 14-6-4 at the Land Office which was run by Mr. Joly.

Father built a barn and a one room house with an upstairs. He had cleared and broke seven acres of land, as he only stayed at his farm during the summer months and worked at a sawmill in the winter.

On July 19, 1929 he married Pauline Koleba, who had just come to Canada from the Ukraine, with her brother, Ephrem Koleba and his family. Coming at the same time also were two other families from the same village, T. Martinuik and Alex Fedchuk. They arrived at the Halifax Harbour in the month of May, 1929, on the ship Pacific, then travelled by railway to Bonnyville. They all stayed at the hotel for four days. During that stay in town they talked to other people who were already settled here, and to the man at the Land Titles Office. Just then there was not any land available close to town and they did not like to go too far off into the woods.

When the man came to town who was taking all these newcomers to various places, he told my uncle of a place that they could stay, and that there was a farm for a sale next to the place where he was taking them. So, all of them came with him to John Beix,

place, (now the residence of Paul Procinski) where the Dan Kardash family was living upstairs. The new families stayed cramped up in the few rooms that were unoccupied on the main floor.

While staying there for about two weeks, mother's brother, Ephrem and Alexander Fedchuk bought another farm from John Beix where Mike Procinski lived for a long time. Mother stayed there until she married Father in July.

On his wedding day Father and Uncle Bill picked up Mrs. Dora Fretz and Mother with a team of horses. They went to Bonnyville to the Roman Catholic residence to get married. The parish priest was out on call, so they drove to the United Church. It was located across from the Duclos Hospital where Dr. John Duclos, who was also a minister, married them. Uncle Bill and Mrs. Fretz were their best man and matron of honour.

On their way from the church they stopped at Lirettes' store. Mr. Lirette asked them why they were all so happy and Father answered that he just got married, so Mr. Lirette gave Father and Mother a lovely milk pitcher as a wedding gift. This pitcher and five hens from Uncle Bill's family were the only gifts they had.

Father and Mother stayed four weeks on the farm and then Father went for harvest work to Steve Scott's place, where he earned enough money to buy a heifer with three legs as she lost one in a trap. After harvest Father and Mother dug a well. Before then Mother had to carry the water from Emile Rapp's place which was about one quarter of a mile away.

In November, Uncle Nick married Ruth Wolanski of Bellis, Alberta and they stayed with Mother all that winter while Father went to work at a sawmill. Uncle Nick and Mother would walk to the farm where the Joe Wierzbicki family is residing now, and chop tamarack trees for posts. That winter they made enough posts to fence two quarters and two yards as well.

Father came home in the spring and worked on his land during the summer. Then the next year, 1930, Uncle Nick and Father went to work for the fall and winter months so Aunt Ruth moved in with mother and the two women hauled stooks off the field and stacked them.

They would harness the two horses and go to town if they really had to. One day Mother and Aunt Ruth were bringing stooks in with the team and rack. When it came time to stop for a quick lunch they left the team standing in the yard while they went in to eat. They were not in the house long when something spooked the horses causing them to run away. The back wheels of the wagon got hooked on a huge tree stump and the back wheels separated from the front

ones. The horses ran a little further, and stopped when they got tangled up in the brush. Mother and Aunt Ruth got the horses out of there and backed them up to the hind wheels, then they got the wagon together. But how were they to put the rack on the wagon that had such high wheels? After thinking it over a bit they decided they could do it themselves, and after some heavy lifting they did manage to have everything in order again.

Father never went out working again. He bought more livestock and in 1931 their first child Helen was born, then Anne followed in 1932, and John in 1935.

In 1938 Father bought a pig barn on this new farm, as we were going to move there because it was only a half mile from Merton School. On his way back to our home he saw a lot of smoke coming from the direction of our house. He made the horses go as fast as they could which upset the sleigh and the box flew off. He left the box on the road and kept on going. When he got there the neighbors from around our place were already there. Father ran in and managed to get the stove out with the help of Axel Ljunggren. He did not have any mitts on and the stove was hot so his hands were badly burned. One mattress, a cream separator, and a sewing machine were all that was saved.

Aunt Ruth was at our place that day baking bread and washing clothes. She also washed our floors, as mother had just come home from spending nineteen days at the Elk Point Hospital. She drove mother and us three children to their place. Father, mother and my brother stayed with Uncle Nick's family while our Uncle Ephrem Koleba took my sister Anne and me to their place where we stayed for a few weeks.

In June we moved to our new home site where we stayed in a garage all summer and moved into the new house in the fall.

In September I, Helen, started school. My first teacher's name was Miss Mary Skrepnick. In 1939, World War Two broke out. In the school the students had to stand up and say the Lord's Prayer and pledge to the flag of our Country. The children in the community were asked to bring any scrap rubber to school that they could find at home because the Government was recycling it for war use. There were always all kinds of posters in the school and all public places about the war.

In 1941, William was born. Father bought another quarter from Mr. Anderson and in 1943 he bought his first small tractor and plow from Albert Limoges, who was the local merchant and farm implement dealer. Albert started the tractor for Father. When he was half way home he realized that he had not been shown how to stop it, so he got a bit panicky. He tried to stop it. After trying a few different things, he did

finally stop it. Then he started the tractor again. From that time on he learned how to use all power machinery, as the horses were sold off to the meat packers in Edmonton and the surrounding farmers bought power implements.

In 1948, I, Helen married Alexander Slipchuk. We are still farming at the original place where Alexander's father homesteaded when he came to Canada. We have six children.

Anne married Theodore Slipchuk in 1948 also and they are farming in the Dupre district. They have a family of six.



The John Kolody family — Pauline, Helen, William, Anne, John Jr. and John Sr.



Work for all — Mr. and Mrs. John Kolody, Bill Hughes; on binder, John Kolody Jr.; and Mike Hewak.



A threshing lunch break — Nick Kolody, Ted Renstrom, Bill Melnychuk and Ed Batke.

John married Mary Haraseimiuk in 1954 and they have eight children. They are farming on the same place as Father did.

William is married to Connie Peterson and they have three sons. Their home is at Thunder Bay, Ontario.

Father passed away in 1963 and Mother moved to Bonnyville where she is still residing.

William and Eugenia Kolody

William Kolody immigrated to Canada from Austria. He worked around in many parts of the country doing what jobs he could find. He finally worked his way to Bellis, Alberta, a small community northeast of Edmonton. His uncle Fred lived here.

Eugenia Slipchuk, as a young girl, came to Canada with her family from Poland. Having relatives in Bellis, the family headquartered there. Eugenia met and married William Kolody.

The young couple moved to Iron River and filed on a homestead north of the Beaver River in 1922. Here, Bill and Eugenia lived until 1970 when they retired and moved to Bonnyville. In 1979, they sold their home and moved to Surrey, British Columbia.

Bill and Eugenia have five children, twenty-one grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. Their oldest son is Walter. He was married to Anne Shostak. They have five children, David, Eugenia, Mildred, Terry and Sylvia. These children are grown and have moved away except for Eugenia who still lives in Bonnyville.

Anne married Lou Hamel and they live in Surrey, British Columbia. Their children are Percy, Barry and Margaret. Joe married Gaetane Roux and they live in Bonnyville. Their children are Josie, Susan, Victor, Roxanne and Natalia.

Alex is married and lives in Windsor, Ontario. His children are Barry, Scott, and Wendy.

Angeline is married to Melvin Tiahlo and they live in Edmonton with their three children, Wendell, Wanda and Laurie.

The newlywed Kolodys came to the Iron River area in 1922. They brought with them a dozen chickens, a few personal belongings, and lots of determination. They filed on the property and proceeded to make it into a home. All that was on the property was bush. This had to be removed, by hand, using an axe. As the trees were cut down, they were used to build the log house, barn, and fences, and as firewood. If they were lucky enough to have a horse or two, the trees were pulled by horses.

Bill built a log house, ten feet by twenty feet, divided it into two rooms. Later, he built on a kitchen. The walls were chinked with mud. The roof was dirt. Mud ran down the walls and dripped into the

house when it rained. Later, slabs were put over the mud. The floor at first was hard packed dirt, but as circumstances permitted, a plank floor was added. Eugenia scrubbed these boards with wood ashes to clean and whiten them.

The Kolodys lived in this house about ten years. Eugenia recalls when the priest would come to the area to hold church services at Merton School, he would stay with them and had to sleep with her husband, Bill.

Johnnie Carlson, a neighbor to the Kolodys, seeing they didn't have a cow, gave them a milk cow. They remember Johnnie as being a very good neighbor.

In need of money, Bill left Eugenia at the homestead and went out to work. Jobs were very hard to find and wages were low. He could walk to Vegreville and Lamont and take the train to Edmonton to find work. To pay his fare on the train he sometimes had to borrow money.

Eugenia would stay home and keep things going. She cleared bush with an axe and grub hoe. She also had many household chores to do as well.

The first five to seven years were very difficult. With no money supplies were hard to come by. Neighbors were willing to help but they had no more than the Kolodys. Credit was hard to get at the store. Bill had a violin that he gave as security for a sack of flour on time. All supplies had to be carried home.

Eugenia had to carry water about a half mile away. Her baby would ride astride her neck holding on to her head so she could carry two buckets. Later, she and Bill dug an eighty foot well near the house. Bill would dig the dirt and put it into the bucket while Eugenia hauled it to the top with a rope.

The first years, the Kolodys planted grain and a garden. Each year the crop froze and for five years, they had no garden or crop. They had to buy potatoes for \$4.00 a bushel and wheat for chickens at \$4.00 per bushel.

The Kolody children went to Merton School. Eugenia would sew their clothes as well as clothing for other people. Clothing was sewn from broadcloth that she bought for sixteen cents to eighteen cents a yard. She spun wool with a wooden spindle and knit socks, mittens, caps and sweaters.

The Fretz family came into the area about the same time as the Kolodys and Eugenia speaks very fondly of Mrs. Fretz. We were like sisters, she recalls.

Mr. Willette was a wonderful neighbor who extended much needed help in the form of money and supplies.

Eugenia's father, Wasyl Slipchuk lived with them for a while. When he died, there was no cemetery so

Mrs. Iley Scott Martin donated a beautiful hillside plot overlooking the Beaver River for a cemetery. This is known as the St. Nicholas Cemetery and is for Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic parishioners. Here, W. Slipchuk was buried and was the only one there for six years.

The first crops of hay were slough grass cut with a scythe, raked and pitched by hand and carried home. Later, Johnnie Carlson loaned Bill his horses and mower to cut the hay and it was hauled by wagon.

Time went by and conditions improved. More acres were cleared and better crops were grown. Eugenia provided room and board to some teachers for added income. Bill worked out as well as on the homestead. About 1951, he went to Bonnyville and built a fifteen room rooming house. Eugenia would walk to Bonnyville to care for the rooms and walk home in the evening to do farm work. Often she would wash eighteen sheets by hand. This they did for about four years, then they sold the rooming house.



The father baby sits — Walter, Joe and Annie Kolody.



The William Kolody family at work.

Eugenia learned to make delicious meals of potatoes, eggs, milk and flour. No one was turned away from their door hungry.

In 1970 the Kolodys turned the farm over to their son, Joe, and they moved to Bonnyville. In 1979, they sold their house in Bonnyville and bought a

house in Surrey, British Columbia, in a warmer climate. Their daughter, Anne lives near this new home.

The Kolodys story is typical of the many hardships endured and overcome by brave pioneers. Through their valiant efforts this country has been transformed into a settled area.

Jacob Koziol

by Mary Koziol

Jacob Koziol was born in the Ukraine and lived there for the first twenty years of his life. His mother died when he was only one year old and his father died when he was twelve years old. Martin Sawchuk's parents became his guardians. Martin Sawchuk sponsored Jacob in order to bring him to Canada in August, 1928.

Jacob's first job in Canada was at Foam Lake, Saskatchewan where he worked for a farmer. In the spring of 1929 he came to Brosseau, Alberta where he worked one year for a farmer. After that Jacob and Martin Sawchuk went to Peace River to look for homesteads but found nothing to their taste.

Jacob worked for farmers in Grande Prairie for three years. As he was working for Ukrainian farmers, he never learned English so he decided to go to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, to enroll in Grade one to learn English at the age of twenty-four. After completing two winters of schooling in Saskatoon, he felt he had learned just enough English to get by.

In 1938 Jacob purchased a homestead in the Iron River area where Flemings have built their new home. However, since no improvement was made to the homestead he lost it.

Jacob then invested in a 1937 used truck and hauled posts, feed, pigs, and cattle to Bonnyville which was usually a two day journey. Trucking fees were ten cents for a pig and still farmers were complaining that the rates were too high. He trucked for three years before giving it up.

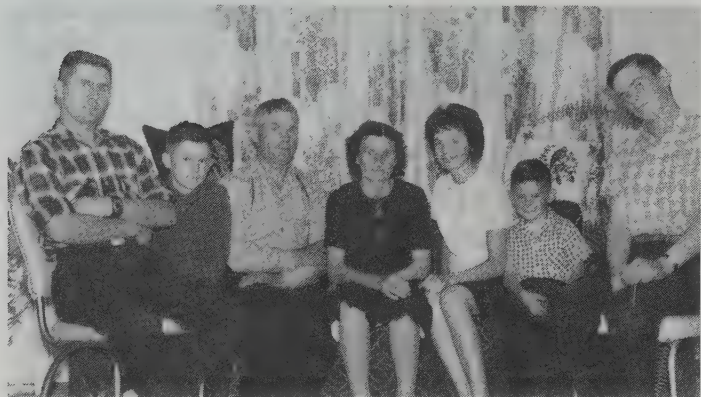
In 1940 he married Katherine Dubinuk. They then bought a farm across the road from where they presently live. There they lived in an old shack for nine years. They sold the truck and bought a team of horses, harness, and farm machinery and with that started to farm thirteen acres of open field. In 1943 Jacob bought the present quarter on which they are now living, and began to open the land by hand. In 1949 they hired a cat to clear some land.

In 1951 Jacob bought their first brand new tractor which is still in use. In 1955 he bought a brand new one-ton Chevrolet truck, costing twenty-two hundred dollars, which is still running and hauling posts from the bush.

Jacob continued farming until 1973 when their son, Peter took over the farm. Jacob and Katherine

are still living on the farm and Jacob is still “picking rocks”.

Jacob and Katherine have four boys and one girl: Dave, Peter, Evelyn, Michael and Joseph. Evelyn resides in Edmonton where she is a chemical lab technician and the four boys live in Iron River. Dave married Mary Fehr, a teacher from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan and they are presently living in the Iron River school yard. Dave is in his own business with heavy equipment, while Joseph is operating for Dave. Michael lives at home and Peter, of course, has taken over the family farm.



Jacob Koziol family — Dave, Michael, Jacob, Katherine, Evelyn, Joseph, Peter.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kruk by Betty Slawuta

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kruk came to the Iron River district in the summer of 1930 from the Ukraine. Because jobs were very scarce and very hard to get they left to work in Winnipeg. Steve got a job window cleaning, Mary worked in commercial gardens (vegetables grown for sale). She hoed all day starting at daybreak and ended at sundown for one dollar a day and considered herself lucky because she had a job. They returned to Iron River a year later and bought the farm next to her Dad's but, had to pay one thousand dollars to Mr. Vigo Peterson because there was twenty-five acres of land broken already. The following spring they had to buy their grain for seeding at one dollar twenty-five cents a bushel. When they sold they got twenty-five cents a bushel. They built a log home and barn. They endured the same hardships everybody had. Because they did not have much money they bought cheaper horses — they gambled and lost — the horses died.

Steve had to exchange work for machinery with their neighbor Charlie Carlson. Steve would work for him and in return Mr. Carlson would plough his field. They broke more land and bought machinery in the years to follow. Because their land had many rocks they had to work twice as hard.

In 1937 the community hall was built where plays and concerts were held.

At present the Kruks live in Bonnyville where they moved in 1954. They still enjoyed good health and will celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary this year. They did not have any children.



Steve and Mary Kruk and neighbors.

Bill and Mary Krywiak

Bill Krywiak was born in 1901 in the village of Wyslok Welyky, Ukraine. After serving in the Polish army, Bill decided to emigrate from his native country. In 1928, he set out by ship for Canada. After sailing on the ocean for nine days, he finally reached Canada, landing at Quebec City. Bill spent half a day in Quebec City and then, along with many other immigrants, boarded a train for Winnipeg. In Winnipeg, the immigrants separated into groups; each group headed for different towns or cities in the West.

Bill's group travelled by train to Mundare, Alberta. At the railway station in Mundare, local farmers were waiting to employ the immigrants as hired men. Most of the immigrants had farming experience in their native country. Bill was first hired for work by a Mr. Stepchuk, on a farm near Mundare. Completing work on Mr. Stepchuk's farm, Bill was hired by many other farmers in the Mundare area.

In the spring, summer and fall months, Bill worked on fencing, cutting grain, stooking, threshing, cutting brush, making hay and cleaning barns.

Most of the farmers Bill worked for paid twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month during the spring and summer. Wages in the fall, during harvest, were usually a bit higher, two dollars per day for stooking and two fifty per day during threshing. During the winter months, there was very little employment to be found, so Bill stayed at a few of the farmers' places, and helped them with the daily chores in return for board and lodging; other farmers paid five dollars per month for helping with the chores during winter. After completing the day's chores, Bill usually spent his time playing cards with the farmer and his family. One of the most notable farmers that Bill worked for was Mr. Frank Fane, a Member of Parliament for the Vegreville area at the time. Bill's most enjoyable stay was at the farm of a Peter Kozak. With the exception of two winters Bill worked for farmers in the Mundare area for a total of twelve years.

During the winters of 1939 and 1940, Bill worked near The Pas, Manitoba, cutting railroad ties by hand. By today's standards, the pay was low, being ten cents per tie.

In 1940, a relative notified Bill that there was a quarter section of land for sale in the LaCorey area. Bill had always wanted to own land, so he decided to leave the Mundare area and purchase the farm, N.W. 22-63-6-4. Using his hard-earned savings, he bought the quarter section from a Mr. Conham. Bill still works on this land today. Since there were no buildings on this land, Bill first bought a small house. He remembers moving the house by farm tractor.

In 1949, Bill married Mary Luchkanych, the daughter of John Luchkanych (a farmer in the LaCorey area) Mary immigrated to Canada in 1948. She came by ship to Halifax and from Halifax to Bonnyville by train. Bill and Mary settled on the farm they had purchased and, over the years, worked hard to make a living. They raised a family of three children, John, Mike and Fanny.

Fanny married Terry Twerdohlib, son of Walter and Lena Twerdohlib of Powell River, formerly residents of Iron River. Fanny and Terry presently live and work in the Bonnyville area.

Mike married Linda Kardash, daughter of Nick and Mary Kardash, of Iron River. Mike and Linda now live and work in the Glendon area.

John is presently working on his father's farm, and also teaching at Iron River School.

Kuniski, Akesenty and Effimia by Helen Kuniski

Akesenty Kuniski born in Osmelouch, Ukraine and Effimia Kuniski born in Nova Leshna, Ukraine, married. In 1930 when Fred their son was six years old they left for Canada. They had two hundred and

fifty dollars with them and planned on purchasing a homestead for ten dollars in Alberta. There were few or no jobs to be had in the Ukraine. Land was scarce which made farm expansion virtually impossible. A few personal belongings such as some clothes, two pillows, a quilt, two pots and a few hand tools were packed for the journey.

After arriving in Bonnyville via Canadian National Railways, Mrs. Kuniski and son, Fred stayed in a hotel while Akesenty went walking (after receiving instructions from someone) to where the Ulanicki family were living by the Beaver River. There he met the Sokorenski family, friends from the Ukraine, who had already settled in the area. Mr. Kuniski came back to town with a team of horses to pick up Mrs. Kuniski and Fred. They travelled to Prokop Yaroshuks of the Sandy Rapids area, who also was an acquaintance from their homeland. Here they lived until Akesenty was able to apply for a homestead and build a log house with a sod roof. This took about two months.

Two cows and one calf were bought; one cow and calf from Mrs. Palmer for sixty-two dollars and one cow from Mrs. Peters for fifty dollars. The Kuniski's then built a small barn and cleared (by hand) and cultivated twelve acres of land. The soil here was very poor and rocky. The family had thought of giving up this quarter but in the meantime the Government had cancelled the homestead act so they remained on this piece of land for five years. Mr. Kuniski worked out at cutting brush and road building and even journeyed south to work on threshing crews for already established farmers.

In 1933 homesteads were again made available. This time Mrs. Kuniski went to Edmonton and filed on her homestead which was located on the corner of the Wolf Lake Road across from Bill Lukinuks. Here the family began again, building a log house and barn and breaking land.

Akesenty always went out to work in the fall, usually threshing. He was employed in a cement mine in Blubber Bay, British Columbia, anything to supplement the family's income until they had enough cultivated land to be self sufficient.

Horses were used until 1940 when they purchased their first tractor a 1530 McCormick Deering. By this time the Kuniskis owned three quarters of land. Mrs. Kuniski was by no means idle all these years. She raised hundreds of turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens while on the farm, and states the income derived from these enterprises helped make many a payment on machinery or gasoline purchased. It was here the four Kuniski children, Fred born in the Ukraine, John born on the homestead in 1933 and the twin girls Mary and Lena born in St. Louis Hospital in 1938

were raised. Fred began his schooling in Sandy Rapids and later attended the Osborne Lake School when it was built in 1935 or 1936. John, Lena and Mary all went to Osborne Lake School. The Kuniskis resided on this homestead until 1960 at which time they sold the farm to Bill Sawchuk and moved into town. Akesenty Kuniski passed away in 1966 and Effimia still resides in Bonnyville.

Fred Kuniski married Helen Worobiy. They lived in British Columbia for approximately sixteen years and now make their home in Bonnyville. The couple have three children, two girls and a boy.

John was married to Carol Florence and they have one daughter. British Columbia is home to John.

Mary was married to Jerry Oszust and has three boys.

Lena who passed away in 1977 was married to Alex Rusnak. The couple had three boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Kuniski lived a life of struggle, hardship and dedication. Through their efforts and others like them our area has grown and prospered into the economical community it is today.

Fred and Helen Kuniski

by Helen Kuniski

Our life together began on October 17, 1948, when we were married in Sandy Rapids Greek Orthodox Church. Our wedding reception was held in a wooden granary on Worobiy's farm. The next day we had another wedding reception at Kuniski's. They already had a nice big new house so it was held in the house with music, food, and the works.

We lived with Fred's folks until November, 1948 when we left for Vancouver, British Columbia, to look for work to earn some much needed income. We walked the streets of Vancouver for work. I, Helen got a job within ten days at the Hudson Bay store as part of the pre-Christmas extra staff. Fred, after three weeks managed to obtain a job in Powell River, British Columbia at a Pulp and Paper Mill. However, housing was a problem in Powell River. There was no place to rent, so Fred went on alone to Powell River, while I stayed on in Vancouver. Within three weeks Fred managed to get a room in a hotel for a month, so I quit my job and joined him there. It turned out we lived in this hotel for nearly three months before we finally managed to find another place to live. This was sharing a two bedroom house with a single lady. We lived with this lady for awhile. I, in the meantime, got a job in the Powell River Hospital. We worked and saved every cent possible. In May of 1950 we returned to the Garth area to farm with Fred's parents.

Still wanting something of our own and with some money saved from working out, we bought one

quarter of land from Jack Lukinuk across from Osborne Lake School. It had a house so right after spring work we moved into our own home. Sharing farm machinery, Fred farmed his land and his dad's. We received two cows from Kuniski's and two cows from Worobiy's set some setting hens on eggs and became 'four cow and chicken farmers.'

Come the fall of 1950 money was scarce again, so that winter of 1950 Fred went logging in the bush. I stayed alone on the farm, very pregnant by this time. On December 14, labour pains came during a heavy snow storm. Fred walked over to Mike Tkachuk's to get Mike with his three ton truck to take me to St. Louis Hospital. Some three hours and thirty miles of snow drifts later we made it to the hospital about midnight. The only place the truck did really get stuck was in a snow drift by St. Louis Hospital. On December 15, 1958 a boy named Donald, weighing three pounds and fourteen ounces, was born a blue baby. In fourteen days I was home with a three pound twelve ounce baby, and no electricity, running water or vehicle.

Fred worked the rest of the winter in the bush and I, with a sick child, stayed by myself pacing the floor not knowing from one day to the next if this child would make it.

Come spring farming continued as usual, made more difficult with a sick child. By summer, after taking our child to several doctors and specialists, we found out he was a blue baby because of a hole in the wall of his heart. At six months old he still weighed only nine pounds. We also found his congenital heart condition was caused by my having the red measles at the three month stage of my pregnancy.

In 1951 we decided our child needed to be closer to hospitals and doctors in order to make it.

In August of 1951, Fred again sold two cows for enough money for fare and went back to Powell River where he immediately got work in the Steam Plant in a pulp and paper mill. I stayed behind on the farm and with the help of my father-in-law and neighbors finished the harvesting. I could not sell any grain, but I sold one cow and calf for one hundred thirty dollars, gave the other two cows and calves back to our parents, packed whatever I had, and our nine month old son, Donny, and I took the train to Powell River where Fred was already working. Houses were still in short supply there so we stayed in a hotel for about one or two weeks and then managed to find an old duplex, which we rented half of. The sale of the animals paid my fare to Powell River and also bought a second hand stove, bed, and table with four chairs. I still had a few dollars left for groceries.

While in Powell River, Fred worked at two jobs in order to save enough money to pay for the operation

we knew now that Donny must have to survive. During the day Fred was employed at the steam plant and in evenings and his days off he took on the job of swamper on a truck. I also worked and saved by babysitting, knitting for sale, and taking in boarders. At the time we believed this major surgery would cost no less than three thousand dollars and could only be performed at Rochester in the United States. However, by 1947 this type of major heart surgery was being done in Vancouver's General Hospital.

It was during these hectic years that our first daughter, Janet, was born (1953) in the Powell River Hospital. This certainly was a busy time with one sick child and one small baby to care for. Many people through their generous help and moral support saw us through. A few I would like to mention are: Doctor White, who lost many a night's sleep along with me to pull Donny through the first seven years of his life. Our next door neighbors Charlie and Marg Bigold who were always available to babysit or drive to the hospital if need be, the Lions' Club for their financial support, Bain Calder for co-signing our first loan and all our many friends in Powell River for their encouragement and moral support.

In September of "fifty-seven" Don had his operation, which thank God was successful. It was the fourteenth one of its kind performed at this hospital. The Lions' Club came to our rescue financially and paid for more than half the cost of the operation.

Now that things began to improve Fred began getting the "farming itch" again. We scrimped and saved every cent possible for our dream of once again owning a farm, allowing ourselves just twenty dollars for two weeks's spending money. I worked it out so I worked when Fred was home to babysit, thus saving the cost of a sitter.

In 1960 another baby girl Darlene was born. It was also at this time that Fred's parents half-sold and half-gave us two quarters of land in the Balm Tree district. During 1960 and 1961, Fred would take six weeks leave of absence from the mill to come and harvest the crop, usually from mid August to the end of September. Again I would be left alone with the children since we could not all afford to go.

From 1951 to 1962, we took one, two week holiday which was back to Bonnyville in 1959. By this time we had a car of our own. It was a great thrill to drive by car all the way from Powell River to Bonnyville with two small children. After our trip in 1959, back to visit the farms and grandparents, Fred was more than anxious to get back to farming. Of course, the two children just loved the farm.

Fred bought a second hand truck and the winter of 1961-62 was spent fixing it up in order to move

back to the farm. In April of 1962, we packed all our belongings onto the truck and Fred and Donny left for Bonnyville. The two girls, Janet and Darlene and I took the plane to Vancouver and from there the train to Bonnyville, to start farming once again. We arrived April 22, 1962 at our own farm.

The first spring I will never forget. It seemed we never slept. With a lot of ambition and the thrill of having our very own farm and wanting to fix and have everything just so, it seemed we worked the clock around. All day we toiled in the fields or made fences and fixed the house and other buildings at nights. It was not unusual to fall into bed about four in the morning fully clothed and awaken at six, still fully clothed and go straight to the fields again. We had no electricity or television but that came in the summer of 1962. We went into a mixed farming operation which consisted of milk cows, beef cattle, pigs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, sheep, and grain. I think for the first eight years we continually broke new land so there were always roots and more rocks to pick. It seemed every year on my birthday, which is in May, I was picking rocks, and on our anniversary, which is in October, I was pitching bundles, or in later years, hauling grain from the combine. My three children were always with me, be it in the barns with the cows or in the fields picking roots and rocks. Darlene, who was only two that summer, was often in the fields with a blanket to sit on and to play with she had rocks for toys. Janet was already eight and Donny eleven, by this time, so they helped as much as possible.

With breaking land every year and threshing with a threshing machine, we needed all the help we could get. Most of our help came from the Indian reserves. By this time I had to learn to drive and obtain a drivers licence to be able to transport our workers back and forth to doctors, hospitals, for groceries etc. My children's first growing up years were truly mostly with the Indian people. They were all accepted as one big working family. We worked along with them.

In 1964 we specialized more in pigs and built a modern pig barn. We also bought two more quarters of land so we owned four quarters and leased two more. By 1972 we started slowing down. I quit milking cows and we just raised beef cattle. Our children were growing up and leaving home. Donny went to Vermilion College for two years but decided to quit and, after various jobs, went to work at Medley Air Base where he is still employed. Janet took a secretarial course and began working for a law firm in Edmonton where she is still working. Janet married Orest Slawuta in 1973 and they live in Edmonton. By 1978 Darlene was finished grade twelve

and was going on to Northern Alberta Institute of Technology to take a Medical Records and Administration Course.

Once again we were left alone on the farm. Help now was very expensive to get and we were bone weary. After months of deliberation we decided to sell out and let someone young and ambitious do it. By this time we had one hundred twenty head of beef cattle, over five hundred pigs and two tired bodies. The price of beef had hit rock bottom. The Bangs' tests were going on and some of our cattle had to go to slaughter because of a positive test and we had just started a herd of pure bred Pinzgauers. It was with very sad hearts we watched our prize Pinzgauers going to slaughter. Not being sure if or when this brucellosis would clear up, we decided to throw our hats in and sell out. The children were well on their own by this time. In 1978 we sold three quarters of land to Walter and Karen Friesen, retaining one quarter of land for ourselves.

On April 15 of 1978 we had our farm auction sale. It was a sad day for ourselves and our children to see all our animals and everything sold even though it was our decision. The weather did not help as it was the snowiest, coldest, windiest, day of April.

We moved into an apartment in Bonnyville until we made a decision whether to build again on our one quarter of land or to buy a house in town. After six months we decided to buy a house in Bonnyville which we did. Not excluding the fact that when we rest up we will still build on the farm.



Fred and Helen Kuniski.

Again I cannot help but say that in the winter of 1979 we finally took our second holiday, a two week trip to Hawaii. And again in 1980 we took a trip to California. So in our thirty-two years of married life we have had three, two week holidays.

Now that we are off the farm and rested up a bit we cannot sit back and do nothing so Fred has taken a job with the Alberta Government as service man for the Bonnyville Provincial Building and I went to work in the Nursing Home. Also for leisure we both love fishing which we never had time to do before. Now we go fishing on all our days off.

All in all it has been a hard life but a good one. We have had sorrows but we also have had many joys. We thank God that we came through all this so far healthy, happy, and we are all still here to talk about it.

Julia Kurek (nee Chachula)

Stanley and Mary Chachula and their children, Julia, Jennie, Josie, Mary and Stanley Jr. came to Canada from Poland in 1930. They came to Canada because they received letters saying land was very plentiful and could be obtained for very little money. In Poland they only had fifteen acres of land and there was no hope of getting any additional land.

They arrived in Bonnyville on July 7, 1930 along with the Stanley Chirpish family and the Harry Greschuk family. Mr. Roman Ulanicki and one of his neighbors came to pick up these families in a wagon. Mr. Ulanicki was already settled on a homestead in the La Corey area.

Julia and Jennie Chachula and Mary Chirpish walked behind the wagon while the older people and younger children rode. The bridge across the Beaver River was under water so they had to ford the river. Not wanting to get their clothes wet, the girls took their dresses off and held them over their heads until they got across.

Mr. Chachula went to La Corey and found an old shack which he rented as a temporary home. Mr. Walter Kurek informed the Chachula family that a homestead close to his place was available. The Chachula family decided to file on that particular homestead which included forty acres of trees and rocks. Mr. Chachula was overjoyed when he saw the rocks and felt he had found a gold mine because in Poland there were no rocks. If people needed rocks, they had to buy them or travel great distances to find them. As soon as he paid the \$10.00 fee for the homestead, Mr. Chachula told his daughter to write home to Poland and tell their relatives how rich they were because of the abundance of rocks.

Some of their possessions which they brought with them from Poland included an eight pound rock

for sauerkraut, wrapped in a perena (feather quilt), a sickle, flower seeds, millet, and a broad axe.

Mr. Chachula also brought over \$800.00 in cash, however, because of his generosity, this was soon loaned out to neighbors or new friends and was too soon gone.

The winter of 1930 was very mild. All winter, Julia and her dad cut logs for their future home. In 1931, they completed their log house which is located on land now owned by Steve Kalinski. They lived on rabbits, sharp-tailed grouse (often called prairie chickens), and fish. Mr. Chachula worked for Mr. Solowoniuk and earned two sacks of wheat which he had ground into flour. In the summer, berries were added to their diet and saskatoon berries were dried and used instead of raisins.

As deer were plentiful, Julia's dad once set a snare and caught a buck. He decided he was going to surprise the family by bringing a live deer to the house. He took off his belt and placed it around the deer's neck, however the deer jumped over Mr. Chachula and all he had left was a broken belt and a fist full of deer hair.

The family bought two cows and had milk, cream, and cheese to eat. Their first garden was planted at Walter Kurek's. Eventually they cleared about three acres of land during the first year. They carried dirt on their backs and poured it over their precious rocks around the house for a small garden and a flowerbed. Mrs. Chachula planted rhubarb and some flower seeds she had brought from Poland. There were so many rocks on their homestead that it was difficult to scratch up enough dirt for a garden.

Julia sewed clothing for the family and they learned how to spin wool and knit socks, mittens, scarves, and hats. She also went out to work for many people including Bertha Ouimet, doing housework as Mrs. Ouimet kept boarders. Julia also had to do the outside chores. Her salary was \$10.00 per month which was considered to be high wages. She also worked for Mrs. Nerses Dery who had four children to be cared for as well as milk the cows and feed the pigs. She also remembers working for Mr. and Mrs. Pete Yarema. All of Julia's money was brought home for living expenses. Mary, Stanley, and Josie attended Merton School which was about three and one-half miles from home. Julia made all the clothing for their family as well as for neighbors. She recalls receiving fifteen cents for making a dress. Dresses were made from flour sacks. Some of the ladies did not bleach out the brand names and would have "Big Loaf" spelled out across their chest. However, the Chachula family bleached their flour sacks with a concoction made of ashes and then dyed

the sacks. Julia's mother felt they were really dressed in style.

Money was made by picking and selling blueberries in the summer. The berries were sometimes sold on their way back home from the berry patch. Travellers that they met would buy berries and would pay \$1.00 for a fifteen pound pail. That was a whole day of berry picking! In Bonnyville, or at Mr. Peterson's store at Iron River, they traded berries for groceries and received three cents per pound for really nice berries and only two cents per pound if the berries were small or not very clean.

Julia also recalls picking wild strawberries for Mrs. Peterson which were traded for soap or groceries.

Another way of making money was by selling seneca roots which were dug from out of the river bank. At Lirette's store in Bonnyville, they were sold for seventy cents a pound for washed and dried roots. Also the drugstores bought seneca roots as they were used for medicinal purposes.

In 1934, Julia married Joseph Kurek and they moved to a homestead near La Corey. Their neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Steve Shewchuk, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Ulanicki and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chouinard.

Julia and her husband built their first home which she plastered with reeds and clay on her homestead. The inside was plastered with newspapers. They didn't have a well so for three years she carried water from Mike and Madeline Ulanicki's place which was about a two mile walk, one way. Gradually, Julia and Joe cleared small patches of land. Every summer, Joe would go out to work at his relatives near Flat Lake, chopping brush and clearing land.

Julia's dad gave her a cow and Mr. Walter Kurek gave them a cow also when they got married. However, the cows would sometimes go back to their original owners and she would have to leave her small son Edwin on the floor while she walked eleven miles to get the cows home.

In 1936, Joe decided he wanted to build another shack on his homestead. He used rough lumber on the roof and they nearly froze in the winter. One morning they woke up half covered with snow that had blown in through the cracks.

They finally cleared about two acres of land so Julia planted a garden. With the two cows they had, she saved \$1.20 per week, selling cream. They also had ten chickens and she sold eggs at five cents a dozen or traded for groceries. In the spring, they would eat wild duck eggs as the chicken eggs were saved for trading. Julia's dad loaned her his rabbit gun and she learned to shoot duck and prairie chickens for meat. In the winter, she learned how to trap

squirrels, muskrats and weasels. Squirrel pelts would sell for two cents each.

Julia raised sheep and used the wool to spin and knit into mittens and socks. She would get 50 cents for socks and 25 cents for mittens from natives going fishing to Wolf Lake. Sometimes she would trade knitted things for fish.

In 1947, her husband and she built a new home. By this time, they had four sons, Edwin, Leon, Stanley and Frank. Three of the boys were born at home with the help of Mrs. Roman Ulanicki who was the midwife for that area. Frank was born in the St. Louis Hospital. Rose was born one and a half years after and then five years later, Wayne was born. Dr. Ayotte was the doctor in attendance.

Julia recalls the years 1947 to 1960 as being very happy ones. They got along well with their neighbors. Their community built the first Willow Trail Hall located on land donated by Mr. Pete Pary. The Willow Trail School was built on land donated by Mr. Koleba.

Edwin and Leon Kurek attended school at Willow Trail and then went to school at Bevin when it opened because it was closer to walk. Mrs. Mary Broski taught at Willow Trail and Mrs. Kathleen Batke taught at the Bevin School while the Kurek children were in school. In 1955, Iron River was centralized and the children were bused to Iron River.

In 1960, Julia's husband decided to quit farming and return to Poland. So he sold one quarter of land and most of the machinery and left. She had a very difficult task in trying to farm by herself and bring up her children. However, because of her determination and stubborn "Polock" blood, she farmed with the help of her children.

Farming with the boys was not easy. One time they were hauling hay and since it was slough hay it had a lot of fox tail in it, so they tried just to take the good hay and leave the fox tail behind. Julia was on top of the rack stacking the hay while one of the boys was driving the tractor and the other was pitching the hay onto the rack. One of the boys decided to light a match to the fox tail and he did so before his brother had moved the rack ahead enough. The hay on the rack caught on fire and finally Julia jumped down off the rack. The boys must have lost their senses for a few minutes because instead of pushing the burning wagon into a nearby slough, they drove it onto the summer fallow and drove until all that was left was a few metal parts from the wagon. Even the rubber tires had burned and torn off. Julia seriously thought about leaving home that day. However, after much contemplation under a poplar tree, she finally decided to stay and carry on.

Another time, one of the boys was practicing

smoking behind the barn. He was only five years old at the time. However, one of the two haystacks behind the barn caught fire and he panicked and hid in another haystack in a tunnel made by the pigs. Julia frantically searched for her son until she heard some coughing coming from the haystack and dragged the culprit out. The other children were coming home from school and were across the lake by Nick Broski's and ran home cross country which was about two miles and helped put out the fire. That evening while the family was having supper, someone went outside and came running back in. The barn was on fire! Somehow a spark had gotten to the hay inside the hay loft. Seven calves were in a pen inside the barn and they burned. Somehow the two horses yanked themselves free and the milk cows had not been closed in their stalls yet so they got out. One cow that got out too late had to be shot. No one got very much sleep that night or for a long time after that day. The next morning all that was left of the barn was a pile of ashes, burned nails, metal from harnesses, and seven clumps of ashes where the seven calves had been. Another barn was eventually built but the terrifying experience was remembered for a long time. One good thing that came out of that experience was that not one of Julia's children smokes!

Julia recalls her children having many wild birds and animals for pets. Some of them were: owls, hawks, coyotes, and a deer. One of their favorite pets was a fawn which they named "Bambi". It was brought home when it was just a few weeks old and had to be fed with a bottle. It stayed in the house for about two months, drinking cow's milk from a baby bottle. Later on, it stayed outside very close to the house, usually in the raspberry patch. If a vehicle came into the yard, the deer would poke its head around the corner of the house but would not come out until it was called. She loved to eat Honeycomb cereal, green grapes and other unusual foods. She also enjoyed to stand on her hind legs and fight with her front legs although she was stronger than she realized and sometimes would hit too hard and send her "opponent" reeling. "Bambi" stayed with the Kurek family for one year and in the spring when she was one year old, she went away. She did return that fall but she would not come close to the buildings and just stood at a distance looking at the house. She disappeared that fall and it is feared a hunter probably shot her.

Julia farmed for several years and then in 1967 had a very serious operation whereby two thirds of her stomach was removed. It took her a long time to recuperate and she was not able to do any more farm work. The home place was taken over by her son Frank who had to quit school in grade ten to help her



Marie Kurek and her horse.

on the farm. He farmed for a few years and then went to work on the oil rig.

In 1970, Julia moved to Bensenville with her youngest son, Wayne. The transition from farm life to living in town was very difficult for her and she had a hard time adjusting.

Julia gradually accepted urban living and decided to become interested in horses. She did not have time to do while she was on the farm. She got so involved that now she hardly has any time to relax. She became involved with the Farmers' Market in Bensenville since it began in 1975. She also has sewing for many people and her family as well as makes quilts, cushions and does anything that comes into her.

Her family is all grown up and even though she often thought they would be around in anything, they now have families of their own and are managing quite well.

Edna, the oldest, is an insurance agent in Edmonston. He is married to Mary Schuchter and they have three children: Alyson, Michael and Christopher.

Leon is a welder and lives in Fort Kent. He was married to Agnes Bonawitz from Bensenville and they have three children: Thomas, Dale, Tina and Ricky.

Stanley is married to Donna Palmer and they have three children: Debbie, Dennis and Douglas. Stanley operates Paul's Power Tool Service in Fort Kent.

Frank has worked as a trailer for Edna and will be moving to Fort Kent to work for his brother Stanley. Frank is married to Rose Ann Bockowski from Bensenville. They have a son, Paul. Rose works as a nurse . . . and is married to David

Paul and Paul Hower. They live on the Catholic homestead and they have two children: Robert and Janet.

Wayne is a steel mill employee at Gen Wheel in Bensenville. He is married to Joanne Prusak and they are expecting their first child in August.



Marie Kurek and Stanley Drostus family, 1971



A piece of beauty — Armand J.

Armand J. Laramee

Armand Laramee went north from Bensenville in 1925 to settle down on a newly filed homestead in LaCrosse. He started out with Omer Charrier who likewise moved from St. Paul. They spent the winter

mer of 1929 in a tent, and together they built fences on Omer's place. With the coming of winter, Armand was back in St. Paul as work in this area was more readily available.

On November 20, 1933 Armand married Florence Batke, daughter of Henry Batke, who had moved west of LaCorey from Camrose with his family in 1916. The winter following their marriage, Armand and Florence lived in Therien. When summer came, they went back to LaCorey and lived with Bill Hughes while they built their own house. They moved into their new home with their first baby, Madeline, who was born on November 15, 1934.

As the years passed, two boys and two other girls were added to the family, Joseph, born April 26, 1936, now living in Peace River; Johnnie, born January 6, 1938, passed away on February 6, 1980; Florence, born September 12, 1941, makes her home with husband Dayle Berg in Rochester, Alberta; Bernice, born August 15, 1943, now lives in Edmonton as Mrs. Thomas Richardson. Madeline, Mrs. Koziol of Fort Kent, is the only one who remained in the area.

In 1939 the Laramees sold their LaCorey farm to Raymond Voxland. No one has lived on the place since. Armand and Florence had bought Oscar Thompson's quarter section in Lessard. There, besides their continued farm work, they added to the existing house. Ten years later, 1949, they added Jack McDougall's place to their property. This land was better suited for cattle as the lake provided water and there was also good pasture and shelter. Again they added to their living quarters, a bedroom and kitchen.

Another ten years passed and 1959 brought another move. This time under doctor's orders, Armand had to get out of his usual type of work so the farm was sold to a son-in-law, Dayle Berg.

The next two years found Armand and Florence living with Armand's brother, Jim who was then working for Bill Keir near Moose Lake. In 1961 they moved to the town of Bonnyville, first near the hockey arena, then two years later to their present home.

The thirty years spent in LaCorey and Lessard were true pioneer days. The income from the farm could never suffice for the needs of a growing family. For several winters, Armand worked for Mr. Limoge of LaCorey, freighting from Bonnyville and St. Paul. During the winters of 1936 and 1937, he freighted for Mr. Standal of Iron River.

For four winters Armand worked at lumber camps north of Fox Lake. Two other seasons found both Armand and Florence at camps' on the Bombing Range; Florence was the cook and Armand, the flat cleaner.

Other jobs taken to add to the income were sawing wood and grinding grain for neighbors. In Armand's words, "A fellow took all the work he could get." From all this one might be led to think that life in those days was all work and hardship. However, this was not the case. The social aspect of living was



A job well done. From left: Jack Eschlinger, Anton Gudmundson, Jim Roth, Selmer Tollefson, Armand Laramee, George Batke in front.



Jim and Armand Laramee.



Armand and Florence Laramee and family.

really 'alive'. There were card parties and basket socials organized for the local church. The schools needed funds and raised these by holding dances as well as other functions similar to those held by the church. But the most frequent and the happiest occasions were undoubtedly the house parties. Sometimes these were planned, but often they just happened. There were social gatherings the year around, summer as well as winter. Their way of life always allowed time to sit, talk and enjoy a visit with friends and neighbors. In spite of the hardships, those were happy days!

George and Diana Laramee

by George Laramee

I, George came to St. Paul from Quebec, with my parents at the age of one year and resided there until 1934. I worked as a drayman for Romeo Blanchard of Therien where I met Diana Bouchard. On July 30, 1935, we were married and stayed in Therien until the end of April, 1936.

We decided to make a move to LaCorey where I had filed on a homestead in 1929. We packed all our belongings in two wagon loads and one truck that Mr. Blanchard took down for us. We started out early in the morning and it took us all day to travel to my brother, Armand's at LaCorey where we stayed overnight. The next morning, we unloaded and settled down to homestead life.

In order to prove up on our homestead we built a log shack, a barn, did brushing, breaking and lived on the land. We had one cow, one heifer, one sow, twelve chickens that my father-in-law gave us and twenty-five dollars in my pocket when we started out on the homestead. We were able to sell eggs for three cents a dozen, five gallons of cream for two dollars and fifty cents, a sucking calf for fifteen dollars and a pig for six dollars although we did not have many to sell.

Our farm was situated three miles west of LaCorey and one half mile north. Our neighbors were Omer Chartier, my brother, Armand and Nick Kolody. We were not able to buy very much but fared fairly well living off the farm produce. When we needed a doctor we had to go to Bonnyville but our church was in LaCorey.

In the spring I put in a few acres of crop for myself and also some for my father on his homestead in Iron River. That same fall I went to work on my father-in-law's threshing crew. Unfortunately, when I returned home I found that my little crop had been eaten by the neighbor's pigs.

There was not much income so I took all the work I could get. The only job available to me in the winter was hauling grain to Bonnyville for some farmers. I

would leave about five A.M., go to the farmer's, load the grain by hand and then be on my way to Bonnyville. I brought my lunch and feed for the horses as I did not have enough money to pay for that. After getting home about nine P.M., that trip would bring in one dollar and fifty cents.

One winter I shot rabbits and sold the pelts to Mr. Limoge for ten cents each and then the price went down. I was buying groceries and even a radio with my earnings.

As time went on, I bought a binder and cut grain for other farmers as these machines were few in the area. I would start in July and finish in September, just in time to go threshing for Mike Kryzanoski. During this time my wife was doing the chores alone and looking after the children.

Other summer jobs included work on the roads, patching the holes with horses and a scraper. However, it was not all work and no play. For our amusement we had home parties celebrating birthdays and what not. We danced and played cards with our friends.

Diana and I raised a family of six children, five boys and one girl. The three oldest were born in LaCorey and the last three in St. Paul.

Edward was born on July 10, 1936 in the St. Louis Hospital attended by Dr. Sabourin and Mary Plackner, an R.N. He was baptized by a visiting priest, Father Philibert. Edward married Noella St. Arnault of St. Vincent. They now have four children and one granddaughter. He is a contractor with Berth Pratch, building homes and his wife, Noella works for the Credit Union in St. Paul where they reside.

Raymond was born at home on October 10, 1937 attended by Mrs. Ouellette, an elderly midwife. He was baptized in Bonnyville by Father Lapointe and is now married to Marguerite Valley of St. Lina. They have four children and reside in Lethbridge.

Yvonne was also born at home on December 21, 1938 attended by Mrs. Ouellette. She was baptized by Father Leo Thibeault in LaCorey. She married Hubert Thebeau from New Brunswick. They have two children. Hubert teaches school in Mallaig and Yvonne works in McLeods Store in St. Paul where they reside.

Andy was born in the St. Paul hospital attended by Dr. Decasse. He was baptized in St. Paul by Father Tetrault and married to Patricia Fluker of St. Paul. They have two children and Andy works with his brother, Edward as a carpenter. Patricia works at the Provincial Building in St. Paul where they live.

Hervé, born on January 13, 1952 in the St. Paul Hospital was attended by Dr. R. Decasse and Sister Dion. He was baptized by Monseigneur Loranger. He married Shirley CharlesBois and they have two

children. He works as a carpenter and sometimes on oil rigs. The family resides in St. Paul.

Arthur was also born in the St. Paul Hospital on August 28, 1957. He was attended by Dr. Decasse



George Laramee and their three children, Raymond, Yvonne, and Edward.

and Mrs. I Leclerc and baptized by Father George Tardif. He works at various jobs but mostly on oil rigs.

We sold our LaCorey farm in the fall of 1943 to Louis Robert and moved to St. Paul to take over my dad's farm. We lived there until 1957 when we moved to the town of St. Paul where we still reside in our home.

We look back on our life and our memories are many of the years we spent in the LaCorey area.

Joseph F. X. Laramee

Some time after his sons, Armand and George had filed for homesteads in the LaCorey-Iron River area in 1929, Joseph Laramee decided to do likewise. He had left the province of Quebec in 1909. Being in the line-up of would-be homesteaders at the Edmonton office in April of that year, the new venture seemed relatively easy, being fairly close to home. (His first homestead was at St. Paul). Besides getting his new homestead in Iron River he bought the adjacent quarter for the price of the improvements which had been made there. This acquisition spared him the task of erecting buildings as the existing ones were in fair condition.

For several summers, he drove up to the site, with horses and wagon, loaded with equipment and food. With the help of some of his boys, especially Georges, he made the required improvements and did the haying. In the winter of 1931-32 they worked at Carlson's lumbermill and produced the lumber needed to build a sturdy frame house at his homeplace, the homestead filed at St. Paul in 1909. For reasons unknown to the family at present, he aban-

doned the Iron River property some time in the "thirties" and concentrated on his activities in the St. Paul area which had been his home for so long and where he was laid to his final rest in September 1954.

His sons lived in the LaCorey area for several years. George and Armand's stories are reported elsewhere in this history and Jean's is included in the Delphis Thibault section.

Larmand — Arthur and Arleta (by Arleta Larmand).

Being a hard core "City Slicker" from day one, I was more than a little leery when my dear husband, Arthur informed me that a Mr. Mike Dubilowski had a pretty piece of land for sale near Iron River that he thought we should buy.

I thought to myself, "Arleta, this is nuts"! I married a night club entertainer from the big city of Toronto and now he wants me to move to Iron River which **must** be the end of the earth or near to it.

So it was that in August of 1978 we packed up and moved from Edmonton.

I should go back a few years. Art and I were married in Edmonton in March 1970 and after a short honeymoon in the Rockies we returned to Toronto where Art made his living as a professional entertainer, and I worked as a secretary in a large hotel.

In July, 1971 our lovely daughter, Odessa was born and suddenly the "night life" was not nearly as exciting.

By this time Art had a large touring band, which of course he called "ODESSA". I finally gave up my swanky job and Odessa and I began travelling with Art.

In 1974 we took a short holiday to Edmonton to visit my parents and decided not to return East.

Art continued to entertain in Alberta, B.C. and the North West Territories until September, 1975 when our son, Shane was born. Art had finally had enough travelling. The day after Shane was born, Art went to his agent, cancelled all his contracts and informed me that he was going to get a "day job". This proved to be easier said than done. Eighteen years in night clubs is not exactly the greatest reference.

Perserverance finally paid off and he got a job as a siding applicator for an Edmonton firm. He was eventually sent to the Bonnyville area, and liked it so well that he decided to stay and form his own siding company.

In March, 1978, we bought 120 acres from Mike Dubilowski, and since that time we have built a new home and shop on our land and have built our company up quite substantially.

Stephen and John, (Art's two boys from a previous marriage), are living with us now. Stephen is working for his father and John is attending Bonnyville Centralized High School. They both inherited their fathers' musical talent and have formed a band that plays local halls etc. on weekends. The band again is named after their sister, Odessa.

Odessa is attending Iron River School, and Shane will begin kindergarten there in September of this year.

The thing that truly amazes me is that I don't miss the city in the slightest. We have met so many wonderful people and enjoy our life style here so much, that we intend to spend many more years here.

Lauzon, Pierre and Marie

by Pierre Lauzon

In 1929, when I was twenty years old, I decided to start farming on my own. I had been raised on farm and cattle ranches in Saskatchewan and did not enjoy the windy weather that brought little rain. Three friends and I heard of an area north of Bonnyville that sounded good to us so we travelled there in October in an open Model T Ford.

Arriving in Bonnyville after dark we found a heated garage to house our car overnight. We found a room for the night, then proceeded to the beer parlor which was something new to us as there were no beer parlors in Saskatchewan. The next morning in spite of our headaches acquired the night before, we started out to seek our homestead. Joe Duchesne, who ran the land office, advised us to go to LaCorey and get Albert Bureau to guide us into Township 64, Range 5. There had been a fire through there seven or eight years before that had killed the heavy bush and burned off a lot of the top soil. The cut lines were very visible. I filed on NE 8-64-5-4 and my friend took land north of me. We returned to Saskatchewan but Leo Aubee and I returned shortly to do some building. Someone had built a log barn about sixteen by twenty on Section 7 but had not quite finished. We chinked between the logs with moss and put some on the roof. The horses were housed in one end and us in the other. We were busy as beavers cutting dry logs and hauling them to put up a barn as neither one of us had ever used a saw or axe before. Before Christmas we had a warm barn built about sixteen by twenty. We thought it was too much work to build a house with logs so we went to the sawmill which was at Fox Lake, owned by Emile Baril, bought lumber, built a shack twelve by twelve, put up the bunks and put hay on the beds.

Our first Christmas we spent in LaCorey at Pitre's, who lived one mile east and one mile south of LaCorey. My friend Leo Aubee was a good violin

player, and Manny Pitre and his brother Wilfred played the guitar. They had three sisters ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, who were very good singers. We spent very enjoyable evenings together. We also met all their closest neighbors such as the Verriers, Ouelettes, H. Paradis, Thibaults, Chouinards, Bureaus, Dumaines, and Duchesnes. From then on we spent almost every weekend dancing and singing. I usually ended up calling the square dances.

One evening in February, 1930, at dusk, a sleigh with two men pulled in. It was Mr. Remillard from Castor, Alberta. Mr. Remillard had filed on a homestead northeast of me. He was going to build a house and a barn on his land. Next morning we went out to help him find a cut line. It was about fifty below zero and there were thirty inches of snow. He decided to wait till spring. They spent the next night with us. Mr. Remillard told us he had lost his wife a few years back and had thirteen children. As a joke I said, "Have you any girls?" He replied that he had five of them. I asked if Leo and I could get one each. "Why sure," he said. As it happened we did each marry a daughter later on. Some people were telling us to forget about our homestead up north as the top soil had all burned off only the clay was left. It would bake hard no matter how you worked it and there was no road in there for half the summer, as there was a muskeg to cross and it would be too soft, which proved to be true later.

I started looking around for another place. I was told at the land office that by June 1, 1930, NE 30-63-5 would be open to the public to file on so I dropped that land on Township 64 and by June 1, I filed on the NE quarter 30-63-5 which I am still living on to this day.

Since I was short of funds at this time I returned to Saskatchewan to work and my friend Leo stayed behind. He married Albertine Remillard in 1931 and they too came to Saskatchewan to work. Leo was injured while sawing wood and died a day later in 1935.

In 1933 I came back to the homestead with four horses and some machinery. I built a small house and barn. For neighbors I had Jack Donard on the south (where Bill Spaniard lives now), on the west was Arsen Plouffe and Pete Rask on the north. Iner Bogard was one half mile north (where Nick Kozak lives now) and Hulger Peterson on the northeast. He sold to Albert Matson and I bought his land later on. On the east was school land.

In 1933 I cleared and broke ten acres and in 1934 rented sixty acres of cultivated land from four homesteaders who had no horses or machinery. I seeded it all into oats to have plenty of feed for my small but

good horses. There was plenty of work with horses. In the winter I would haul lumber and logs for the sawmills. In summer I would work the roads and do some breaking. I would also go threshing, haul grain to town for others and bring back freight for the store in LaCorey.

In 1937 I married Marie Remillard at the LaCorey Church. I believe we were the first couple to be married there by Father Thibault who was then the parish priest. We moved into a frame home, measuring twelve by sixteen that had little furniture. I spent the rest of the winter hauling lumber from Fox Lake to Arsen Plouffe's place where it was dry piled to be planed in the summer. They were paying one dollar and fifty cents per thousand feet of rough lumber, fifteen hundred feet of green lumber. They would pay in lumber only (twelve dollars and fifty cents per thousand feet). All I could get was ten dollars for cash or groceries.

In 1938 my wife, Marie, and I got a job at the sawmill. Marie was getting ten dollars a month to cook for fifteen men. I was getting thirty dollars to run the steam engine. We both worked from six o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night for four months. Between the two of us we spent twenty dollars in that time so we came home in the spring with one hundred and forty dollars, which was a lot of money in those days. Every time we would get out some one would want to borrow some money or sell us something. That year I bought some wire to replace the rail fence which was getting rotten. I also hired a man to help clear some land which I broke the same summer.

The only road then was a trail going northeast entering on the southwest corner of my homestead, then north through Peter Rask's place to a bridge which crossed the creek. Peter Rask had no horses only an old Chev. truck which he could not use very often on account of poor roads. When he went to the store he would walk or get a ride with me. One day I was working on some fence by the creek. He was across the creek. I told him I was going to the store and if he wanted a ride he was welcome. The water was high in the creek and he did not like to walk back to the bridge so he went and got a long pole and started to run and stuck the pole in the middle of the creek. He would have made it but the bottom of the creek was too soft. When the pole was upright both he and the pole stopped. His hand slipped and into the cold water he went, up to his waist. That was his only bath that year! Those were the days!

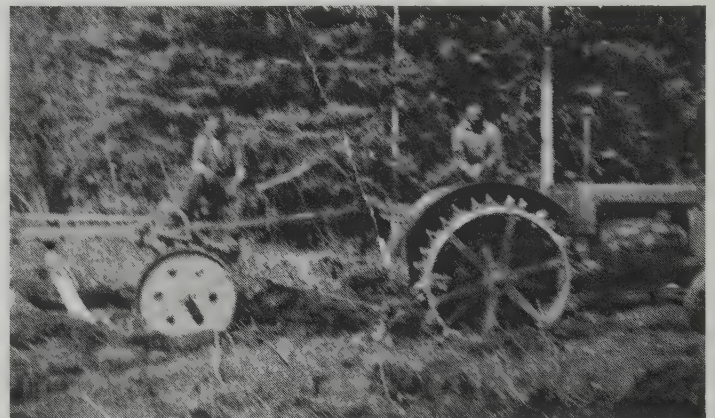
Pete Rask was always burning to clear his land. All the pieces of wood less than ten foot long he would keep for fire wood. He had a heater made from an old gas drum turned on its side. He would take a

ten foot pole, put one end in the heater, as it burned he would keep pushing it in. The outside door was always open to let the smoke out. He was never bothered with flies or bugs.

Every spring the fish would go up the creek to spawn. People would come from miles to catch fish. They would smoke, pickle, and can fish. No fish was left to spoil. The law never bothered as they knew that the people had to eat and try to stay off "relief" (as they called it in those days).

In 1941 we had our first son, Romeo. The nearest hospital was twenty miles away and that was quite a trip in cold weather over snow covered roads. However we managed to make it well ahead of time. With an added member in the family we built onto the house and acquired a milk cow from Mr. Limoges, the LaCorey store keeper in a horse trade as I raised colts for such a purpose. In time I was able to add to my herd of cattle by trading horses and also I was able to get Marie a sewing machine.

For breaking land I had a twenty-two inch wood beam brush breaker. I would double with some neighbors and break with eight horses. The flies were so bad that we would get up at three o'clock in the morning, catch the horses, and break one acre. About eight o'clock we would turn the horses loose to eat grass. At four o'clock in the afternoon we would catch the horses and break till dark. We would average about two acres a day.



Hard at work — Pete breaking land.



An old-time sawmill.

In 1942 our only daughter, Alice, was born at home with Mrs. Jorgenson assisting. I cleared more of my land using hired labor but I found I needed more land as my herd of cattle increased.

One of my brothers who was living in Langley, British Columbia, would write and tell us how beautiful it was there and he was making sixty cents an hour. It surely sounded good to us, so we got Frank Norgren to look after the chores and we took off. It took a whole week to get there with our old car, but we enjoyed every minute. I got a job for a few days doing carpenter work at sixty cents an hour but did not enjoy it. By then I got a letter from the Department of Lands and Forests from Edmonton stating that the school land across the road would be open for lease to the public on a certain date so we hit the road for home and arrived in Edmonton the night before the date. Next morning when the land office opened I was there to lease the N half of 29 for grazing. In 1946 I hired Frank Norgren to work for me. We fenced it all and I had plenty of pasture. Frank became a very close friend of ours.

In 1947 we managed to get a school built one half mile south of our place which was called Bevin School. In the fall school started and Romeo started school. I was on the school board with Bill Wayne and Bob Scott. Mrs. Ralph Batke was the first teacher.

In 1948 we had another son, Denis, born in St. Louis Hospital. The house was too small so once more we built another addition which we used as a kitchen. That same summer Bill Gizowski bought the land that Peter Rask had. He built a house and barn and moved his family in the fall. They were wonderful neighbors. Bill and I worked together a lot exchanging work as well as machinery. In the fall of 1948 I bought my first tractor and plough. It was a

row crop Cockshutt 60 with a two bottom plough for twelve hundred dollars. It was great — I could plough one acre in one hour — more than twice as fast as horses.

By then all my homestead was under cultivation. There was land to rent or buy close by. We had fifty head of cattle, seventeen milk cows, fifty hogs and only three horses. In 1949 we bought a milking machine, also a washing machine with a gas motor.

During the fifties I invested in the purchase and clearing of more land. There was plenty of work to be done and when I attended my mother's funeral in 1953 I brought my nephew, Phillip Vermette, to work for me. He helped out on the farm and we spent some time in the bush logging with Bill McDermott in 1954. During the summer of the following year it rained steadily for three weeks. The water was so high that it washed the road out. We tried filling the holes with trees and sawdust but wound up driving through the fields to by-pass the deep washouts. That year our third son, Yvon, was born.

In 1955 centralization came and our children were bused to the school at Iron River. The roads were next to impassable in winter. Before Christmas we made a snow plough and hitched four to six horses to help keep the roads open. When that failed we would plow a road through the fields. That winter my wife gave birth to our twins, Marcel and Maurice. It was a lot of work because Yvon was only seventeen months old, but Alice helped and our neighbors Mrs. Gizowski and Mrs. Kozak came often to see how things were going.

We had to do something about our small house so in the spring we decided to build a new house, which we are still living in now. In 1957 we got the power. What a change to have electric lights, stove, fridge and a deep freeze. In 1958 I rented John Orlesky's one half section as they had moved to Cold Lake. That year I seeded over two hundred acres with the little two-plough tractor. Romeo stayed out of school to help me and then enrolled in the Agricultural school in Vermilion. I bought a threshing machine and worked with the Matson brothers. They used their tractor and we threshed both crops.

In 1960 our good friend Frank Nordgren passed away. Romeo was still in Agriculture school. That fall we built a hog barn, sixty by forty-eight and by spring we had one hundred and fifty hogs and eighty head of cattle. In 1961 we bought a 720 John Deere with some other machinery. Romeo helped me farm in the summer. Our daughter, Alice, graduated from Fort Kent School and then took up stenography.

In 1962 Matsons decided to sell out. They had five quarters of land of which I bought three quarters



The Lauzon Family. Back row: Marcel, Maurice, Romeo, Yvon, and Dennis. Front: Alice, Marie and Pete.

with two hundred acres under cultivation, and Bill McDermott bought the others.

In 1963 Alice married Denis Berube, an insurance salesman. They lived in Beaumont until 1978, then they moved to Bonnyville. They have four children.

In 1965 Romeo married Vreny Zelleweger who had also attended Agricultural school at the same time. They lived for one year where Bill Spaniard lives now. They now have four children.

In 1966 our good neighbour Bill Gizowski decided to sell out and buy land in Manville, so Romeo bought his one half section with one hundred and eighty acres under cultivation. We now have five hundred acres to farm. In 1967 we started in silage which we are still in. We bought a few more steers for the feed lot besides our own. In 1968 we broke some more land and by then our son Denis was in partnership with us. In 1969 we built a new silage pit and a new feed lot. That fall we had two hundred steers and we also had two hundred hogs.

In 1970 Andre Zelleweger, Romeo's brother-in-law, came in as a partner with us and it was at this time that Northern Stock Farms was incorporated. Andre bought a small house from the Iron River School yard and moved in with his wife, Pat, and a baby boy. We now rented some more land and bought more cattle. In 1971 we rented four hundred acres of land near Ardmore. We had one thousand acres in grain besides the hay. We had to buy more machinery in 1972 and we rented another two hundred and fifty acres. In the fall we bought more steers to get rid of the grain.

In 1973, with the help of the family, we won the Family Farm Award. This award was presented in Edmonton by the Honorable Grant McEwan. At the same time the family was honored at the Klondike Days celebration.

In 1974 we rented three hundred acres and kept on feeding steers but got rid of the hogs. Denis got married in the spring to Darlene Bodner. They bought a trailer and moved in the yard and lived there for two years and they have two children, Dallas and Charline. Today Denis works for Beaver River Co-op. In the same year Yvon got married to Bonnie Dancey. They moved to Fox Creek where Yvon worked as an apprentice welder. They stayed there for three years and after going to Northern Alberta Institute of Technology he bought a welding truck and moved to Cold Lake and is working at the Esso Plant. They now have two children, Renee and Michele.

In 1975 we seeded nineteen hundred acres of grain and rape seed and Marcel worked with us. At this time Maurice was working on the oil rigs. In

1976 I took a short course in furniture refinishing, as a hobby and enjoyed it so much that I have been doing a lot for ourselves as well as for others.

In 1979 we seeded the same amount of land but kept less cattle. Because of the beautiful weather for crops, the best in history, all our granaries were full and about fifty thousand bushels of barley are in piles outside.

I am selling my share of the farm to the boys and retiring, but I am keeping ten acres and the buildings.

It is now 1980 with a beautiful winter, no cold weather and very little snow. We had a very early spring and it is the last day of April and everyone is working in the field. The boys here are working around the clock, the grass is green and so are the trees, the earliest spring I have ever seen!

We have twelve grandchildren, which we adore. I am seventy years of age and both my wife and I enjoy fair health and our life in the country.

Levesque, Frank and Albina — John and Dorothy

written by John Levesque

My father, Frank Levesque was born in Evelth, Minnesota in 1871 on December 12. He married Albina Maleau and they came to Canada in 1912. Dad shipped a team of horses and wagon carrying household goods along with Charlie Lirette and his family when they came to this area. My parents came later and brought two Bodnar children with them that they were taking care of. They all lived with the Lirettes until they could get their own shack built in 1913 on the river bank. Dad ran the ferry across the Beaver River until he got out logs and had a bridge built in 1921.

In 1916 Mrs. Bodnar came to take her two children, Jenny and Johnny, back to Minnesota. Having stayed with my parents for four years the two children were sad to leave and cried all the way up the river hill.

In 1919, on the second of January, I was born. This was the winter of the Asian flu. Most of our neighbours were sick with the flu but Dad said he drank moonshine with hot water and sugar to keep fit. He said he felt weak but managed to do his chores.

Mother had the post office in our home in the early twenties. It was then known as Riviere Castor. In 1924 the mail was transferred to Lessard. I recall that year, Willie Pelland came over to cut Dad's grain. I was five years old at the time and decided to catch a ride with Willie when he returned for something to Pete Yaramas. When we got to the bridge the team became frightened and bolted when Mrs. Jack Walters, who had been berry picking, stepped out of

the bush. I was thrown out of the buggy. Willie hung onto the lines and finally got the team under control. I ran behind until I caught up and then got back in the buggy with Willie. I stayed behind at the Yarama home to listen to records and later walked back.

In 1925 Dad rented Pellands' farm for three years and we moved to live there. I went to school in Bonnyville but did not learn anything. In 1928 we moved back to the homestead, NW 26-62-5-4. I went to the Jolly school and Mr. Taylor was my teacher. In 1934 I bought myself a Model T Ford from Donald Morrison for thirty-five dollars. I met my wife, the former Dorothy Stewart when she came to stay with her brother, Art in 1935. We were married on October 18, 1937 at the Fort Kent Parish. We lived with my parents until 1942 at which time we moved to New Westminster in British Columbia, with our two daughters; Blanche, born on August 11, 1938 and MaryAnne, born March 8, 1941.

We returned to the Lessard area and bought Art Stewarts' place for four hundred dollars. Mr. Taylor's farm (where Snuffy Clarke lives now) became our home until the time we bought the farm we are presently on from Father Tebault. The rest of our family was born here; Jeanette in 1948, Jean in 1950, our first son J. C. in 1955, and Charles in 1960.

My mother passed away on April 12, 1950 and my father passed away in April of 1969. Our children are now grown and on their own. **MaryAnne** married Gabriel Ouimet. They have three children Pauline, Marc and Natalie. **Blanche** married Alfred Plouffe and they have a family of three; Bernard, Bernadette and Louis. **Jeanette** married Dalphus Johnston in 1968. Renee and Jacqueline are their children. **Jean** married Roland Remillard and they have Virgil and Sheldon. **Jean Claude** (J. C.) and Karen's son is Kerry.



Frank and Ervina Levesque and the two children they cared for.

Today Dorothy and I rent our farm to Terry Yadlowsky and spend time pursuing our hobbies. I have worked for nine years restoring a Model T Ford and now am finished that project and able to enjoy the work I have done.



Levesque family — John, Dorothy, Blanche and Mary-Anne.



The ferry that Frank Levesque operated.

Ljunggren, Axel and Annie by Ljunggren Family

Axel Ljunggren left his home in Sweden to go to sea. He was a sailor for eight years, first on sailing ships, then as a fireman on a steamboat. He travelled to many parts of the world, and in 1928 decided to come to Canada, and landed in Halifax. He had a brother in the United States at that time, but thought he would like to see Western Canada. When he got to Winnipeg he found a Scandinavian newspaper which had an advertisement from a farmer in Alberta who was looking for a hired hand. So with very little cash in his pocket he headed west to Alberta.

He arrived at Rierson's place in Chauvin and began his job. Ole Solberg was working for this same

farmer. They became good friends and Ole invited Axel to his folk's home to enjoy some of his mother's good coffee. Of course he introduced him to his family. Axel became quite interested in Annie, the oldest of the Soldberg girls. Quite a friendship developed and before long a well beaten path appeared across a wheat field that happened to be situated between where he worked and where she lived. This friendship developed into something deeper and before too long wedding plans were made. They had planned on going up in the northern area homesteading so before the wedding Axel and Ole went in to Edmonton to file on the land. There they learned that Annie, a widow with a dependant, could also file on a homestead. (Annie's first husband had passed away in the States a few years earlier leaving her with a little daughter, Andrea.) So the wedding was postponed for a short time. The men filed on their homesteads in early April, 1929. Annie filed on one a short time later and they were married on June 24, 1929. So began their life as pioneers.

Annie said as a bride she can remember her first impression of the homestead, bush, rocks, muskeg, and unbroken wilderness. The family had to sleep in



Axel and Anna Ljunggren with Andrea in front of their first home.

the wagon box until they could get a shelter built. This shelter was made of poles leaned together and covered with spruce boughs. A stove had been ordered from Bonnyville to be delivered to the store at LaCorey. A special trip was made to pick it up. The merchant in Bonnyville had forgotten to send it so they had made the trip by horse and wagon over trails (not roads) for nothing that time. A house and a barn were built as soon as possible. A garden patch was cultivated. The first year the garden was not very good, however other years they had some beautiful gardens.

They had been given a cow for a wedding present. Annie made butter and sold it for ten cents a pound. Mrs. C. Duchesne was a very good customer. The family ate bread without butter so there would be some to sell. She also sold eggs and can remember selling thirty-three dozen for one dollar.

Annie still has a Reliance sewing machine that she bought from Eaton's in 1929 for twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The LaCorey storekeeper brought it to LaCorey for fifty cents. The first thing she sewed was a mattress ticking to be stuffed with slough grass for a bed. The old machine still sews. It has sewn moccasins, shirts, and breeches from leather, as well as all kinds of clothes from flour sacks. These flour sacks were a real boon to the pioneer women. From them they made curtains, table cloths, tea towels, underclothes, sheets, quilts, and most anything imaginable. Material could be purchased for about fifteen cents a yard, but there was no money to buy it with.

One of the chief sources of food for the early folks was wild meat, chiefly deer and moose. There were many interesting hunting stories, some quite humorous, some not. In the fall of 1932 Axel and Oscar Bjornson went hunting. They went in opposite directions and soon Axel had bagged a deer. While he was dressing it a bull moose smelled the blood and went into a rage. He charged right for Axel who in great haste climbed the nearest tree, leaving his gun on the ground. The moose kept him up there for a good half hour or more, pawing and bellowing in anger. All this time he was yelling for his partner Oscar, who in the mean time had gotten lost. Eventually the moose left and Axel took off for home in high gear. After a while Oscar managed to find his way home too. When Axel asked, "Where were you when I needed help?", Oscar, who had wandered over countless windfalls and dense underbrush, answered, "I was in hell and couldn't find my way out." There were many other interesting stories too numerous to mention.

In these early years the men walked south (Dewberry-Kitscoty) every fall to work in the harvest, thus

earning a few dollars. It was not much but helped to buy a few necessities. Annie was left with the children to watch the place and to do the chores. She had a team of horses so she could get out if she needed to.

Christmas was always a special occasion. There were always gifts, even if they were dolls made from flour bags, stuffed with hay with embroidered faces and ravelled wool hair. They looked beautiful lying in their homemade cradles. The Ljunggrens always invited friends, some with families and some who had no one to spend Christmas with.

One of the outstanding memories of the Ljunggren's is the time their two year old daughter Lilly was lost in the bush. Annie wanted to go over to her brothers on the neighbouring quarter. Axel was fixing a buggy wheel in the yard so she asked him to look after Lilly while she was gone. She did not want to take her along because she was a chunky little girl and could not walk very fast, and was too heavy to carry. Annie left but Lilly kept calling for her mother and Axel thought she had heard her and had waited for her so he did not pay any more attention. When Annie came home about an hour later they discovered that Lilly was missing. They and Ole searched until midnight but no Lilly. Early next morning a search party was organized. Some forty men came to help as well as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police from Bonnyville. Some eighty people answered the need for help by the third day. Mrs. Harry Byford helped care for five month old Edith so mother could help with the search. About five o'clock on the third day one of the natives of this area (his name has slipped from memory) and some of his friends arrived to help. They found her tracks, this was the first encouraging sign that gave any hope. At nine P.M. after a fifty-four hour search, Lilly was found about a mile from home by Charlie Branstrom, William Fretz, and Ed Batke. Lilly was badly bitten by mosquitoes and sand flies and was very cold and thirsty. She kept asking for water, water! She was wearing a bright red coat and hat when she left the yard, but these were never found. The Ljunggrens were forever grateful for the safe return of their little daughter.

In January of 1934 the Ljunggrens bought a quarter of land from Emil Rapp, situated two miles west of LaCorey. They moved there so the children could attend Merton School. Necessity is the mother of invention and the Ljunggrens as all pioneers, did just that. Water troughs were carved from tree trunks, spoons were carved from wood. All sorts of household and farmstead gadgets were invented, limited only by the imagination and skill of the individual.

Times got better and conditions improved. Axel enlarged the house and they lived more comfortably.

They got better machinery and more conveniences. The milk cows were considered a main source of income all through the years. The cream checks bought the groceries, and many other things. Axel also did some trapping in the winter for an added income. In 1947 they bought a second hand combine, the first in that area. He did a lot of custom combining especially alfalfa all around the country.

1949 was a very busy year. They built a brand new home, bought a new self-propelled combine and broke ninety acres of new land. Next year they had a beautiful crop of wheat on that breaking and expected to get between forty and fifty bushels to the acre. However it turned out to be a wet fall and they were not able to harvest it at all. After standing out all winter there was not much left to take off in the spring. In 1958 they figured they had farmed long enough so they sold the farm, and moved to Canmore. There Axel worked in Banff for the Department of Northern Affairs. In 1969 they retired and moved back to Bonnyville where they now reside. Times were hard, but hard work and persistence paid off. The Ljunggrens celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1979.

Axel and Annie have six children, Andrea, Lilly, Edith, Mildred, June and Carl, plus seventeen grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. **Andrea** is married to William Palmer and they have four children, Sharon (Mrs. Walter Tomandahl), Andy, Melvin, Harley and also one grandson. **Lilly** married Bob Naylor and they also have four children, Diana (Mrs. Jack Clark), Donna (Mrs. Doug Denys), Joyce (Mrs. John David) and Robert. They have four grandchildren. **Edith** married Bill Sawchuk and their children are, Carolyn (Mrs. Dale Krizan), Dennis (who married Sharon Fersovitch), Bryan and Sherry. They have two grandchildren. **Mildred** married George Vasseur and they have four children, Randy, Darcy, Bruce, and Tamara. **June** (deceased in 1970) was married to Ken Johnson and had one son Kurtis. **Carl** married Joyce Lumsden.



Mildred, Carl, June, Edith, Lily, and Andrea with Anna and Axel.

Lubas

as told to Sharon Fersovitch

Sophie Lubas came to Canada from Zavaleu Sniatyn in the Ukraine with her sisters, Irene and Dora and brother, Nick in 1913, while her husband Alex came from Romania. They met and married at Entwistle and moved to Lamont to live where Alex hauled drayage for funeral director Buchanan. Sophie's health was poor and the doctor advised a move to a farm so Alex came to LaCorey and took a homestead beside his brothers-in-law, William Fretz and Nick Hunka. He built a one room log house with room for sleeping upstairs and then proceeded to move his family. Several trips were made with the dray wagon bringing all the furniture, chickens, pigs, and a cow. In September, 1925, he brought his wife and a daughter in his Model T Ford. The trip took two days with a stop once at Rife.

The land was cleared by hand and different men were hired to help during the course of the clearing. Alex had been a good manager of his previous earnings and was able to hire men to do much of the work for him. A bachelor named Mike Fushtey broke the land with three horses hitched to a walking bush breaker. The roots that were not sufficiently broken up were chopped out with an axe.

When the crop was ready for harvest a threshing crew run by Charley Carlson came to do the threshing. On the 1928 crew, Madeline met for the first time Mike Ulanicki who was later to become her husband. (see Ulanicki history)

Madeline attended the Merton School and walked through the bush across the Fretz farm with the Fretz children to get there. Miss Smith was her first teacher. She attended the school to grade eight, then remained to help at home.

As on most farms at the time income was derived from milking cows and selling cream. Four cows were milked and the cream was stored in an ice house that Alex had built. It was a shed with a pit dug in it. Then it was filled with blocks of ice cut during the winter. The ice was covered with shavings to keep it from melting too quickly in summer. When there was enough cream he would take it to Bonnyville with his horse and buggy.

In 1930 Alex traded his Model T Ford with Charley Carlson for some rough lumber. He built a large four room house with an upstairs, cellar and a veranda. This became a favorite meeting place for all the people in the area. Any young person could organize a dance. He would pay Alex three dollars for the use of the house, secure the music, and then charge an admission of twenty-five cents per person. Sophie had to wash the floors after every dance on hands and knees and this was no easy task as the

floors were of rough lumber as well. The floors did become smooth in time from the dancing and scrubbing. Some of the first music was supplied by Jimmy and Siebert Gaucher on fiddle and guitar. Bill Kolody often played his fiddle at these dances and Joe Galick even fiddled once or twice. Sophie sold pies and cakes at these dances. She was a very good cook and many people still recall her baking. Much moonshine was consumed at these dances and invariably a fight would be the result, but there were enough strong men with cool heads around to keep control of things.

Several concerts were also held in this house. A group from Glendon presented a Ukrainian concert and John Kicia organized some of the younger people in the area to put on some plays in the Ukrainian language as well. With money they raised they started a Ukrainian library and the books were kept in the homes of various individuals — the first of which was Mike Ulanicki. These activities continued in this home until the Merton Hall was built.

In later years Alex was having some difficulty doing the farm work and in 1940 he rented his land to his son-in-law, then in 1941 to Joe Galick, who was renting the Fretz land at the time as well. Various



Alex and Sophie Lubas, 1930.



Home of Alex and Sophie, community gathering place.



Alex and Sophie Lubas with daughter, Madeline, 1925.

ones farmed the land and to the end of the "Forties" a man named McKenzie came to live in one part of the house while Alex and Sophie lived in the other part. He farmed it until "Forty nine" at which time he was involved in a tractor accident with Alex. Alex's thigh was crushed by the draw bar of the tractor against the granary and he spent over a month in the Bonnyville hospital. Finally he was sent to Edmonton where a silver plate was put in to hold the bones together. McKenzie left and the land was left fallow until Alex was strong enough to work again. He kept his work up in spite of his failing health then in January of 1952 his illness became much worse and he was admitted to the hospital on the twenty sixth. He passed away during the night.

Sophie remained on the farm, renting to Alfred Tizzard, then Fred Yadlowsky and then her son-in-law. She left the farm in 1956 and passed away in July of 1960.

John and Eva Luchkanych

John Luchkanych was born in 1899 in the village of Wyslok Welyky, Ukraine. After serving in the

Polish army, John immigrated to Canada in 1928. He first worked for farmers in the Mundare area for about twelve years. His most lengthy employment was on the farm of Mr. Frank Fane, a Member of Parliament for the Vegreville area.

During the winter months of 1939 and 1940, John went to work near The Pas, Manitoba. He was the bullcook at a railroad tie camp. He remembers that the pay was only one dollar per day.

In 1940, John along with his friend, Bill Krywiak, came to the LaCorey area to buy a quarter section of land. He bought N.E. 22-63-6-4.

In 1947, John and his friend, Bill, went to Prosperity, Alberta, to find a job. There, he met Eva Geletka, and later, in 1949, John and Eva were married. This was John's third wife as the first two passed away in the Ukraine. John and his first two wives raised three children, all born in the Ukraine, but now live in Alberta. Mary, the eldest, married Bill Krywiak who farms in the LaCorey area. John, the eldest son, is married and lives in Edmonton. Mike, the youngest son, married Verna Drab of Maloy. They live and work in the Glendon area.

John's third wife, Eva was born on April 18, 1903, in the Ukraine. She came to Canada in 1940 and married her first husband, Bill Geletka of Prosperity, Alberta. Bill passed away in 1947 and in 1949, Eva married John Luchkanych. They worked and lived on their quarter section until July 4, 1978 when John passed away. His wife, Eva, still lives on the farm.

Lukinuk Story

In 1933 we were living in Edmonton in relief (now what is called welfare). The Government was giving out loans to anybody who wanted to go on a homestead. At that time homesteads were opening up around Bonnyville, Alberta, so we decided to go and choose one there. My husband and a friend of ours, Mike Cholik and his family, decided to go and get one too. They hopped a freight car and went to pick out a piece of land each. When my husband came back he borrowed ten dollars from my brother-in-law to pay for the farm, N.W. 4-64-7-4. We then received the loan of six hundred dollars. Four hundred dollars was used to buy a team of horses, two cows, a sleigh, a wagon, a plow and other farm tools. Two hundred dollars was kept to live on for next two years.

Together, Mike Cholik and my husband rented a boxcar for our belongings. Everything was loaded into it and they were off to Bonnyville. The eight children and I lingered behind and visited some relatives along the way. At last, we arrived at Therien. My husband met us at the station and took us to a friend's place where we stayed overnight. The next

morning, we started out to our new home in Iron River. The friends gave us some food for the road and milk for the baby, as the youngest was six weeks old. We travelled by team all day long. Towards evening, the baby was getting hungry again and began to cry. I went to give her the milk but found it was sour. Our friend, who was travelling with us, saw a herd of cows in the field, and said, "Give me the baby bottle". I did, not knowing what he had in mind, but I soon found out. He jumped over the fence and came to a cow with a big bag and kept saying, "Whoa bossy, whoa bossy", and before bossy knew what was happening, he had the bottle full of nice fresh warm milk. We travelled until four o'clock in the morning of July 1, 1933.

While I was still in Edmonton, I was thinking what a nice place it would be to raise our children, green grass, nice yard with green trees around, but when we arrived that morning, I had the shock of my life. Everything was black. Only black stumps were left of the beautiful trees. There were windfalls you had to climb over to get to the little log hut which was to be our home until we built a bigger one later on that summer. My beautiful dreams went down the drain and I surely was dissatisfied. I wanted to turn around and go right back to the city of Edmonton.

I had another experience, that comes to mind, shortly after we came to our homestead. My husband and I went walking to visit our friends, the Choliks. At that time, the road was only a trail. We finally came to a place in the road that had water and muskeg on both sides. We had to pass through the mud and water. My husband took off his shoes and stockings but I did not, so by the time I came back home my shoes were all wet and muddy. I wanted to dry my shoes and I put them on two pieces of wood in the stove oven, leaving the door open for them to dry. Someone happened to close the oven door and in a while I smelled something burning. Then I thought of my shoes, but too late, as they were all scorched. That was the only pair I had.

We somehow made it through that first summer of 1933. We, like everyone else worked from sunup to sundown and fought off mosquitoes at the same time. By fall, though, we had put down our roots and the place began to look and feel like home.

The years that followed were a full measure of good times mixed with the bad. There was never enough money. Bill and the older boys hunted, trapped and fished. As well as trying to improve our own land, they worked for others grubbing stumps and roots, making hay, threshing or just whatever needed to be done for very little pay, sometimes just for trade.

Even though I spent many an hour grubbing our

land, there was still the need to have a meal on the table. That was not an easy task at any time. There was always the fear that the wheat you had ground into flour might not make edible bread. What then? You still ate it!

When the schools started a few years later, our children walked three miles to Osborne Lake school. As the children grew up and reached the age of sixteen and were able to find a job, they left home.

The war years were especially hard but after that, things began to improve and we bought more land and a little better machinery to work it with. Even so, making a living was still a full time job.

In 1955, a new centralized school was built right at Iron River. I got a job with the women who were hired to do the painting of the school and teacherages. When the school was completed, Bill and I became the first janitors. This we did for a couple of years. During this time, Bill decided to leave the farming to our son, George. That was not so easy on Bill or for George either as George did not do things the way his dad would have done. Like the time he went out to see how George was doing and there was George harrowing with the harrows upside down! (Of course, he did have a good reason for this though).

In 1957 my husband, Bill became very sick with ulcers. He had several operations as a result but only grew worse. He passed away in November, 1957 and I was left alone with our youngest son, Danny, who was ten years old at the time.

The following summer, June, 1958, our son, **Alec** was married to Janet Brown from McBride, British Columbia. This is where Alec was working at the time. They now have three daughters, Mandy, Laurie, and Brenda. Then in September, our daughter, **Elizabeth** was married in Edmonton to Walter Porfon. They now have five children, Carmen, Charlene, Daren, Christine and Terry.

George was still taking care of the farm, but was beginning to think there was a better living to be made somewhere else. Then of course, he also had met a girl who was sure of it. In October of 1958, he married Edith Hagen from Goodridge and they moved away to Edmonton one month later.

We had a farm sale but did not sell the land, it was to be rented out or sold later. At that time, the land would have been worth five thousand dollars for two quarters. It was a very sad time for me. I remembered how hard it was to come here and start out, but now this was my home and there were so many memories. None of our boys wanted to farm and so that looked like the end of it.

I could not stay on the farm alone with Danny so I

decided to move to Bonnyville. Elsie, our youngest daughter, was working there so we stayed together.

Five years later, the farm was still not sold and I was told that I would have to do so or I would lose my widows pension. After much debate and family discussion, it was decided that George would be the one to come back to the farm. That was the spring of 1963. George bought the farm and I was so happy that it was still going to belong to our family. They moved in on the 28th of April. I still remember the day. They had four small girls by this time, Karen, Shelley, Cyndie and Laurie. Edith was finding it pretty hard to keep track of them in town so was quite easily persuaded to move to the country.

To keep all ends together, George still had to leave home now and then to work out. Along with that and farming, they still managed to raise three more children, two girls, Leanne and Nattalie and last but not least, a boy, Ken (future farmer?) So maybe the land will remain ours. George has threatened and put it for sale several times but this is 1980 and he is still there.

Karen is now married to David Pilipchuk. They have one son, Clint with another soon to arrive. Cyndie married Norman Tercier and they have a daughter, Amanda Lee.

As I look back, I feel so sad that my husband passed away so young. How much things have changed and he has missed it all. Only two of our twelve children were married at the time. He never got to meet his daughter-in-laws or son-in-laws or all our lovely grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Peter married Louise Kozak from Vegreville and they have five children, Debby, Darcy, Donny, Dorie and Deana.

Andy is living in Prince George, British Columbia with his wife, Margrete and their daughter, Jean.

Mary became Mrs. John Hrychowksi. They have four children, Peter, Shirley, George and Rick. All are living in and around Hinton at this time.

Mike never married. His hometown became Bonnyville where he ran a body shop. After a brief illness, Mike died of cancer in the spring of 1970.

Helen married Marven Lamming of McBride, British Columbia and they have three children, Mitch, Dean, and Coral. Marven passed away several years ago of kidney ailment.

Another tragedy struck the family when Alex drowned in the Frazer River, in British Columbia at the young age of thirty-one, leaving Janet alone with the three young girls.

Johnny married Gloria Tiahlo and they have four children, Frances, Carol, Greg and Glenda. They are living in Bonnyville.

Elsie married Bob Stewart and they are settled in

Williams Lake, British Columbia. They have just one son, Kevin.

Mitchell found a girl named Rose from Vancouver Island. They were married and have three children, David, Lecia and Nowella. Campbell River, British Columbia is now their home along with **Danny** who married Jackie Sylvester. (daughter of the School inspector of Bonnyville School Division No. 46) They have three children, Kim, Chane and Tracey.



Kicking up their heels — Bill and Jenny Lukinuk.



Bill Lukinuk Family. Back: Andy, Peter, Mike, Mary, Mrs. Jenny Lukinuk, and Helen. Front: Mitchell, Alex, John, George, Elizabeth and Elsie. Danny was born later.

Looking Back

as written by Florence MacGillivray

We were teaching near Ryley where we met the Byfords and Shaffers who both had homesteads up in this country. It was through them that we decided to try our luck at homesteading. We drove by horse and buggy in 1921, up to this district. We met W. McDermott, who guided us to our present homestead.

We left our team and buggy up here and took the train from St. Paul for Stettler where our folks lived, filing on the land in Edmonton on the way. At Stettler we got horses and a wagon and loaded up our few possessions and drove north. We met Hayward Taylor with his wagon load and we made the trip together to Bonnyville, then over poor corduroy roads and trails to our present site, three, sixty-three, seven west of the fourth meridian.

We had tents to live in while the two men cut logs and erected the two log houses before winter set in. We chinked between the logs with mud and moss and put on a sod roof. We were cozy for the winter.



MacGillivray's home, 1924.

There had been a fire through a few years before so there were lots of downed trees with new trees grown up between. This naturally made clearing of the land a problem. The first thing done in the spring was clearing and working up a garden plot. It was tedious work to remove all the many little roots to develop a pliable soil suitable for vegetables.

The next year there were enough children to have a school. The following year a school house was built with mostly volunteer labor. Mr. R. B. MacGillivray was the first teacher. He taught many years in the Iron River district and the divisional school, retiring at the age of sixty-eight in 1961. The divisional school had grades from one to twelve. Nine years later the high school was closed and the students bussed to the new Centralized High School in Bonnyville.

We brought in horses and cattle from the south but they did not do well in this new country.

In 1924 a small weather station was installed on our place which is still being looked after by my

grandson, Craig. We were told that these weather reports, we sent in, were the only reports they had to go by when establishing the airport at Cold Lake. At that time this was the only station north of the Beaver River. Mr. R. MacGillivray held the record of reporting longer than any other in Alberta.

The cattle had to be driven to St. Paul for shipment to Edmonton until the railroad came to Bonnyville in 1928. Then we began to raise grain to sell. After the flour mill started up in Bonnyville we took wheat there to grind into flour. This gave us our flour, cream of wheat for porridge and bran for the pigs. It was good flour too. We would grind cleaned wheat, nice and fine, for making muffins and other breads.

With a good garden, our own meat and plenty of wild fruit we never suffered for food. Teachers' salaries were low for many years. With trying to get the farm going and raising a family we made do in many ways. The humble flour sack came into use many times, for tea towels, fancied up for table cloths, dyed for quilt covers, sheets, clothing and many other things. When the flour began coming in flowered bags, that was quite a treat. They made up into nice looking dresses, but as times improved people were ashamed to be seen in them. We always milked cows for our own use and sold butter and cream. I spun wool from our sheep for our own use, as many of the women here did.

When making hay, I built many a stack while my husband pitched the hay up. I also stacked grain bundles one year for threshing (no combines then). The men laughed at me when part of the stack slid out from under them when they were threshing.

Picking blueberries was a big business in the early days. We picked them to sell as well as to preserve. I could pick fifty pounds in a day if we found a good patch, at ten cents a pound it was good money in those early days. When the price went down to three cents we quit selling. There was a variety of wild berries. Blueberries, cranberries, pincherries, raspberries, black currants, gooseberries, strawberries and saskatoons grew in abundance. Some times more than one family met and had a picnic as well in the berry patch. We enjoyed our homestead life with all the hard times. There were good times too; picnics, parties, dances, concerts and once in a while a movie picture came to the district. There was always a Christmas tree and concert in the school that brought out most of the people in the district.

We have three children, two girls Jessie and Roberta and one boy, George. George has taken over the farm. (See G. MacGillivray story.)

Mr. MacGillivray passed away in 1972 and I am still living in my house on the farm, close to George.



Berry picking — Roberta, George and Jessie with their mother.

Glancing Back

Written by Jessie (MacGillivray) Andrews and Roberta (MacGillivray) Stewart

Just a few memories of our growing up years in Iron River. We date back to the early "Twenties" but do not remember much of those first few years. Life for us was always quiet and peaceful with time to read, think play and enjoy the things around us. There was not even a radio those first few years but we surely looked forward to the weekly Free Press and the Country Guide for outside news.

We lived near Island Lake and grew up in a lovely old log house (even a sod roof at first) that our parents built when they homesteaded there in 1921. Nearby was another log building that housed our refrigerator which was chopped out of the lake every fall after freeze up. The blocks of ice were packed in sawdust and lasted through the summer to keep food cool and we could even have home-made ice cream on a hot summer's day.

Our mother always had a lovely garden and with our own milk and meat and lots of wild fruit to pick we were always sure of plenty of food the year around even if for many years money was very scarce.

Our first years of formal education came from a one roomed log school with one teacher. Our Dad was the first teacher and taught there for a number of years. We walked two miles cross-country rain or snow to get there and never missed a day unless it was too cold. We can remember temperatures down to

— 54°F and up to 97°F. We took our grade nine at home, and our High School in a small town near Edmonton.

This log school-house at Iron River in the early years was the social centre for the community dances, box socials, Christmas concerts and the annual first of July picnic which was a special of the year. It was attended by people from surrounding districts. Van Raes came bringing their oxen which we always looked forward to seeing every year. There were sports events for young and old, soft ball and hard ball games to watch or play. Then there was the concession booth with Bill Peters' home-made ice cream and of course other eats and Mr. Webster always had a boiler full of steaming coffee ready. You met people here you saw only once a year. A big dance in the school always ended the day.

The roads were something else! A trip to Bonnyville was a big event. Navigating the Beaver Hill was a nerve wrecking experience especially if it rained and was slippery. It did not resemble the road as it is today.

Those were the days we did without a lot of things we think of today as necessities, like running water, electricity, telephones, paved roads or even gravel roads. They were enjoyable days that we will always look back on with fondness.

Jessie and I have resided in British Columbia since 1946. Jessie married Frank Andrews, a young British Columbia man she met when she was in the army. I married Murray Stewart, a young man from Manitoba.

Over the last thirty years, we, with our families have visited Iron River many times and have seen gradual changes in the roads, buildings, schools, etc. At first it took us three days to get there and now it can be done in one day if necessary.

I often used to wonder why our parents, in their early prime, left good teaching positions and headed so far north to pioneer a new land. I guess they wanted adventure and a chance to do for themselves. They spent many happy years together and I do not think they ever regretted their move to Iron River.

Robert and Florence MacGillivray

by Jackie and George MacGillivray

We Remember

A variety of commitments, responsibilities, volunteer services and humorous incidents made the MacGillivrays' Iron River years special ones indeed. Mr. MacGillivray or "Bob" as he was fondly referred to was greatly involved in the community's growth from 1921 until his passing in 1972. While teaching, which he did for some twenty-seven years, many interesting, proud and humorous incidents oc-



Happily helping out — Roberta and Jessie MacGillivray.

curred. Some which we would like to recall are the following.

We remember Dad striking off across country on his snowshoes, making the trek over the snow-covered countryside to the Old Iron River School, some two miles away. Neither rain, snow or cold weather dampened his spirits even when he was in his early sixties, during the final years of the "old schools" existence. We remember the excitement and pride he demonstrated upon the completion of a successful Christmas Concert or Sports Day. The pride he displayed when speaking of a scholastic or personal triumph of one of his former pupils. Many times he had occasion to display his sincerity and good wishes when giving toasts at weddings, anniversaries, etc. He had taught many of the parents of the pupils in his charge.

One particular incident, which was not amusing at the time but one we have chuckled about since, took place on a trip home from school. Dad, having taken the truck to school one day generously offered some pupils a ride. They gratefully accepted and climbed into the back of the vehicle. After travelling for some distance, Dad stopped to let the students off. With a gracious wave and a thank you, the students bid him good-night. Sometime later, during the forty below temperatures of winter, George was using the vehicle to transport his girlfriend to her home. Suddenly the truck jerked, jumped and stalled. This all took place approximately one mile from the nearest farm. There was no alternative but to strike out on foot, which was an extremely chilly

experience as neither one was dressed to walk. Upon removal of the gas line it was found to be full of chaff which had been put in the gas tank by some of the students. Years later the identity of the culprit was discovered and many times when we got together we joked about the incident.

Dad's activities were many and varied. These included the Iron River Home and School Association of which he was a founding member. He was an active supporter of the United Church and spent a number of years as secretary-treasurer for the Iron River Church. Among his accomplishments was the distinction of being one of the original members of the Iron River Centennial Committee. He gave his full support financially, mentally and physically to many community endeavors as this area meant a great deal to him. He was always open to new ideas and suggestions which enabled him to grow and change with the times. In spite of his busy schedule, Dad always enjoyed his family and friends and loved nothing better than engaging a worthy opponent in a game of checkers or crokinole.

Mother did not sit idle while Dad actively supported the community. In true pioneer fashion Mother made do in many ways. Her creative abilities never ceased to amaze her family and friends. The family's clothes were made by her on an old treadle sewing machine, a family heirloom, which is still in working order today. Mother sewed for many of the neighbors as well. Patterns were not used then as they are today but somehow the garment seemed to fit. Another talent, much appreciated by her children, was her ability to construct toys from scraps of most any handy material. A wooden horse was made for George when he was a youngster, which was one of his favorite toys. Empty spools from thread, clothespins etc. were made into tops, boats and the like. These amused the children for hours on end. Horticulture was another of her interests. Flower gardens surrounded their log home even in the early years. Her garden produced the fruits of her labor. Even celery was grown. Fruit trees and shrubs flourished under her care. Mother was a jovial and outgoing person who enjoyed playing the organ and arranging skits and games for community house gatherings. One such game was for everyone to dress as nursery rhyme characters and act the part of their choice for the entire evening. Imagine, if you can, a gentleman of the area dressed as Wee Willie Winkle in a nightgown running to peek out the windows. The result was hilarious. Most of these gems have been passed on to her children and grandchildren. She possessed a quick wit and sharp mind. Even in later years her children and grandchildren found it difficult, if not impossible to defeat her in a game of scrabble or

password. Besides these activities Mother was one of the leaders of the first Iron River 4-H Clothing Club some twenty-five years ago.

Many people closest and most of the community were counted as friends. One of the closest and most unlikely friendships developed between the Odynski and MacGillivray families. Mr. and Mrs. Odynski could speak very little English and Mother and Dad could speak no Ukrainian. In spite of this obstacle the families became very close friends and remain so today, overcoming the differences in language and customs.

Upon retirement Mother and Dad settled in a modern home just down the road from our place. Here they spent the remainder of their lives together, enjoying their leisure and company of their children and grandchildren. Mother spent her spare time doing a variety of handicrafts many of which decorated their home and are now cherished by the children and grandchildren. She loved picking berries and continued blueberry picking, with her family, into her eighties. She was never too busy to entertain the grandchildren who spent some of their most enjoyable hours there.

Dad was always an avid reader and spent many hours in his study enjoying his book collection. He continued to remain very active and interested in the farming operation and Shorthorn herd of cattle he had established so many years before. His interest in astrology has been transmitted to his grandsons.

Dad passed away in 1972 after a lengthy illness. Mother continued to live in their home until 1976 when she also was laid to rest. They are both buried in the United Church cemetery, where they first viewed the construction of the first United Church building in our area upon their arrival in 1921.

Our children were privileged indeed to have loving grandparents living so near. Often, even today, they will smile and say, "Remember Grandma or Grandpa told me that." May they always remember



A family outing — the MacGillivrays on Stebbing Lake — the MacGillivrays.

IRON RIVER RESIDENT RECOGNIZED

Bonnyville - In recognition of fifty years of voluntary service to Canada, Madame Sauve, former Minister of the Environment has sent a message of gratitude and admiration to Mrs. R. B. MacGillivray of Iron River; and on her behalf Mr. George Legg, Director of Atmospheric Environment service Edmonton, presented her with a beautiful Cloud Atlas, suitably inscribed. The late Mr. MacGillivray began observing the weather when he pioneered the home farm in 1925, and a son and two grandsons have carried on in recent years.

When making the presentation, Mr. Legg, Western Regional Director of the A.E.S. at Edmonton commented that such reliable voluntary observers as the MacGillivray's, are the backbone of the extensive network of weather reporting

stations across Canada. Although there are over two hundred and fifty observers in Alberta alone, many more interested farmers and townfol are needed to take daily readings, to fill the large gaps in the temperature network, particularly in the sparsely settled areas. Also, hundreds more are needed just to measure rain and snow every day of the year. The records kept by these service-minded people are used far and wide by all sorts of other people, not only in Canada, but also in other parts of the world. Mr. Legg said that anyone who was interested or requires more information, could write to him at the Oliver Building, 10225-100th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

Mr. Legg concluded by wishing Mrs. MacGillivray many more years to enjoy her retirement, among family and friends, from the hard work of the early years on the farm.

Newspaper clipping.

THEY ARE NOT GONE

They are not gone
They're but a memory away
The tender looks,
The special smiles
Are in our hearts to stay.
The moments that
We shared with them,
The laughter and the tears
The many treasured little things
We'll cherish through the years.
And when our steps
Have much slower grown
We'll remember, smile and say,
They are not gone
They're only just
A memory, away.

by Jackie MacGillivray

The George MacGillivray Family The Good Life by Jackie MacGillivray

George, the only son of Robert and Florence MacGillivray, came into this world on February twenty-third, 1928, a cold blustery winter's day. As a child he was rather a shy youngster and the pride and

joy of his parents and two older sisters, Jessie and Roberta. Growing up on a farm, even in those days was a busy and adventurous time for a small boy, even though playmates were few. With the entire



George — going for a ride.

homestead as a playground who could be bored! All he needed was imagination, time and the inclination to proceed and the world was his oyster.

The old birch tree just over the hill became Tarzan's domain as a small boy spent his leisure hours swinging from limb to limb, with a mighty yell. The nearby lake became a treasured swimming hole with an anxious mother standing guard. A dog in harness was the best of transportation. Even sitting quietly bird watching was time to be treasured. On rare occasions, cousins visited from the south. This was an exciting and special treat even though the fleas, which were numerous at the time, got the better of them. On one occasion, due to scratching, the bites became infected causing impetigo. This was not very amusing for the cousins but a definite part of pioneer life. Once, as the story goes, when strangers came, George being very bashful hid his head under a chair. Since he could not see the company, he automatically thought they could not see him either.

Living on the farm during these years was by no

means all play. Every member of the family had chores to do from caring for the livestock to the unglamorous task of picking rocks and roots. In the fall stooking had to be done and later in the season there was threshing, the best time to begin a "mouse collection" as the grey masses scurried from stook to stook.

As George reached his teens more and more of the responsibility for operating the farm became his. Dad taught school during the majority of these years so he depended greatly on the family's help to build and improve the homestead. Much of the day to day business of farming was discussed between mother and son, due to Dad's absence during the day. Hence, a trusting and lasting bond, which continued through the years, was formed. All was not work however, and much time was spent in the company of friends, both male and female.

George continued to work on the farm until the late fall of 1952, except for a one year period that was spent at the Vermilion School of Agriculture. Like most young men, the "travel bug" finally bit. This only lasted for a few months of work at a British Columbia sawmill. George's folks found running the farm, without his help, very difficult, thus in the early spring of 1953 George returned.

During the summer and fall of 1953, and the winter and spring of 1954, George courted Jacqueline Jesney of the Dupres district. We were married on June 26, 1954. After a short honeymoon we settled down to begin the business of farming.

We lived with George's folks for the first two years of our marriage, in a comparatively new home they had built in 1946 across the road from the original log house. The only modern convenience at the time was a thirty-two volt power plant which supplied electricity to the house and barn. Things went smoothly only when the engine was running in order to charge the batteries, which never seemed to become fully charged. When the plant was shut off all that remained was the "modern look" of electrical appliances and light bulbs.

On September 21, 1955 our first child, Lois, a girl was born. She was an extremely colicky baby with a very nervous young mother. The entire family, grandparents included, were kept on their toes. After about six months of age she became a smiling, happy girl and the apple of her grandparent's eye.

About this time we began a small herd of milk cows because of the ready cash made available through the sale of cream. These cows were milked by hand until a few years later when we purchased a milking machine. Our visiting mainly consisted of dropping in on my folks, who still lived in the Dupres

area at that time. The cows had to be milked on time so we could not wander too far afield.

A boy, Ian was born on November 10, 1956. He proved to be very unlike his sister and seemed to delight in creating mischief. Anything that had moving parts seemed to hold his fascination. Since we were not the greatest believers in "Sparing the rod and spoiling the child" we tried unsuccessfully to discipline him. One episode I will never forget, and no doubt neither will he, was the following; Sometimes while we did chores, the children were left in the house by themselves. We had three children by this time. Evelyn our second daughter born January 14, 1958, was a toddler. Invariably Ian's inquisitive nature would get the best of his good intentions. As soon as we would leave the house "good old Ian" was up to his tricks. George, thinking to catch him at some mischief watched through the window after we closed the door. Sure enough Ian was up to no good! George came in and paddled him thinking to teach him a much needed lesson. Did he learn anything? Most definitely! After that he simply watched our moves through the same window to be certain we were nowhere around before engaging in mischievous stunts.

With three small children underfoot life certainly was not dull. Evelyn was a quiet, happy-go-lucky youngster who loved animals. This landed her in a scary situation on one occasion. Our hens and one mean rooster had the run of the barnyard. The rooster protected his territory with vengeance if someone came near. We were not afraid of him and had thought he had learned his lesson sometime previously. Unafraid, Evelyn came marching down to the barn one day and the rooster attacked her. She was wearing a white blouse which ended up covered with chicken tracks. Needless to say she wisely stayed away after that.

Our greatest sources of entertainment during those years were family outings, berry picking and visiting. Our children, even though they are grownup and on their own often speak of those times and the enjoyment they derived from the "simple things." Bread dough rolled on a stick and roasted over the campfire, then filled with butter and jam was a delicacy and still is.

Over the years our number of livestock gradually increased. More land was brought under cultivation and bigger and better equipment was purchased. More modern out buildings were also constructed. George's folks had moved to a teacherage in the school yard upon centralization of the one room schools in 1955. Dad, even though he no longer resided on the farm, remained very interested and supportive of our farming practices. Mother was

always ready to lend a helping hand during busy seasons, which was much appreciated. Often, we took the children along with us to hay, harvest, etc.

We now had dependable electricity supplied by Canadian Utilities. We also had running water depending on how quickly one of us ran in with a pail full and with how much haste we emptied the well known "slop pail". Sometimes, unintentionally of course, the "slop pail" was allowed to flow over the brim, especially when used under a kitchen sink. The result was a wet, messy, kitchen floor. We owned a large bathtub much the same size as the modern variety and every Saturday night bathwater was heated on a wood burning stove. One member of our family, while engaging in the usual Saturday night dip fell asleep and did not wake up until the wee hours of the morning. The bathwater was ice cold by then and no warmth came from the burned out stove. Quickly the shivering individual towel dried and hustled off to a nice warm bed.

In 1961, our son Craig arrived making four children all under school age. He, too, was a smiling, happy youngster. This, however, did not save him from serious injury due to boiling water. In a freak accident, Craig upset an electric rangette, spilling a canner of boiling water on himself. Fortunately, with the proper medical treatment, the accident resulted in minor scarring to his arm.

Penny, our youngest child was born May 28, 1968, a very enjoyable afterthought. Our other children have really enjoyed her and are most proud of their "baby sister". Penny attends Iron River School where our four other children received their elementary and junior high education.

The 4-H movement has played an important part in all of our children's lives. Our three oldest, Lois, Ian and Evelyn were also members of the Junior Forest Wardens and Girl Guards. George and I have shared in the family's 4-H and Junior Forest Wardens work. I have been a 4-H leader for sixteen years and George has been an assistant leader of the Beaver Beef Club as well as the Junior Forest Wardens. I am presently president of the Alberta Provincial 4-H Council. We were given the honor of representing our area as the Master Farm Family for the 1979 year.

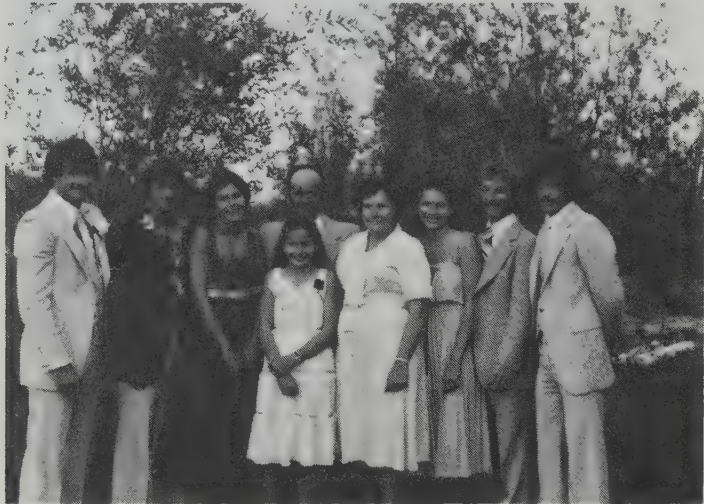
Four of our five children have graduated from the Bonnyville Centralized High School and are living successful lives.

Lois is married to Marcel Bourbeau, a painter. She presently works for Alberta Energy. They make their home in Edmonton.

Ian at present is completing his Bachelor of Education degree at the University of Alberta majoring in physical education. We are looking forward to the introduction of a new member to the family when he



Picking fruit at Grandma's — Ian, Evelyn and Lois.



George MacGillivray Family — Ian, Edmond and Evelyn Bourbeau (MacGillivray), George and Jackie, Lois Bourbeau (MacGillivray) and husband, Marcel, Craig and Penny in front.

marries Cathy Long, also a university graduate, in August 1980.

Evelyn our second daughter also chose a Bourbeau for a mate. She is married to Edmond Bourbeau, a painter and building Construction engineer. Evelyn presently is employed by Teachers Investment and Housing Co-Operative in Edmonton. They will be making their home in Bonnyville as of June 1, 1980.

Craig presently works for Art Larmand, building and siding houses.

Penny, our youngest, lives at home and is great company. She is only twelve years old.

Our farming years have been busy and happy ones. If all goes well we look forward to more years on the farm Dad homesteaded some fifty-nine years ago.

Robert and Ethel Martin as told to Carol Morton

In 1909, Ethel and her parents moved from the United States to Elk Point because a doctor had recommended a colder climate to improve Ethel's poor health. In 1910, her family moved to Tyrol, now Lindberg, where they settled. On November 7, 1916, Ethel married Robert Kenneth Martin.

In 1926, Ethel along with her husband and their four children came to the Lessard area in a horse-drawn sleigh. Merl was nine, Robert, Jr. was seven, Margaret was three, and Clarence was one year old. They filed on an eighty acre homestead near Rat Lake and began to build a small log house with a sod roof. Until the house was completed, they lived in a tent. They then built a table, benches, and beds, and made straw ticks for mattresses. The cook-stove they had brought with them and apple boxes which served as cupboards, completed their furnishings.

R. K. (as he was known) was a teacher, and the first year they lived at Lessard, he taught at Round Lake. The following year he taught at Lessard and later at Grand Centre. In addition to teaching, he also trapped to make extra money.

The children went to school at Lessard which was three miles from their home. Two of the teachers Ethel remembered were Mrs. Edwin Tollefson and Mr. Taylor.

Some of their neighbors were Steve Scott and family, the Newgards, Gilbert Tollefson, Edward Tollefson, Alvin Tollefson, the Humphreys, Jack and Albert MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Gudmunsen, the Alf Hansen family, the Ilchuk family and the Levesque family.

Although everyone was busy, they often took time out to get together and have fun. They held dances and everybody brought whatever instrument they could play and took turns entertaining. They held basket socials to raise money for Christmas. All the neighbor women would get together and decided what they would make. Each one would make a large quantity of whatever item they had chosen. They then gathered again on the day of the social and filled their baskets, thus, even though all the baskets contained similar goodies, each one had a nice variety.

They had no livestock at first except for the horses so they bought milk from Newgards. Later on, Ethel's brother brought her the two cows which were the only surviving ones from the heifer her father had given her when she was eighteen. Clarence did not

want to drink milk then, since it came from cows. Ethel would hide the milk outside, and then someone would bring it in pretending it had been brought from Newgards. This milk Clarence would drink!

In 1928, Ethel, the youngest child, was born at the Duclos Hospital in Bonnyville. Miss Shipley, the matron, delivered the baby since they had no regular doctor. Doctor Miller used to come from Elk Point on certain days and by the time he came, Ethel and the baby were ready to come home.

In 1931, Ethel and R. K. separated. The oldest son, Merl, went with his father and Ethel and the younger children stayed on the homestead. Shortly afterwards, the sod roof on their house began to cave in so they converted the house to a barn, and fixed a granary up for themselves to live in.

They bought a wood burning heater that had an oven in the stove-pipe. Ethel recalls how careful one had to be when baking in this oven. One day, she went to help Mr. McGee, a new neighbor, with the garden and left Robert home to bake the bread. He let it rise too high, and when he put it in the oven to bake, it rose even more and hit the oven top. He then cut the tops off the bread. Of course, it was still doughy, so he turned it over and put it back in to finish baking. What a mess! "But he ate it," laughed Ethel.

The depression years were tough ones for Ethel and the children. Robert worked whenever he could and all the money went into one pot to supply the family with food. Ethel used to make sponge for the bread with white flour, then sift fine chop from the chop bin to finish making the bread. The bread, though tasty, "Would smash my toes if I dropped it," Ethel recalls. She always had a nice garden and they caught plenty of wild meat. People gave them some clothing which Ethel made over. With much hard work and the good humor Ethel possesses, they got by.



The R. Martin family — Ethel, Robert, Robert, Merl, Margaret and Ethel.

In 1942, young Ethel had a bout with rheumatic fever. She was in the Duclos hospital for quite a long time.

During the war, Merl was in the army but he was not sent overseas. Robert just began training before the end of the war. Clarence was the one who really wanted to go but he was never taken into the army.

Young Ethel married Ronald Young in 1946. They made their home at Lessard.

In 1954, Ethel left the area to go further north, and never returned until 1965 when her daughter, Ethel, was killed in a car accident. She stayed a couple of years with her son-in-law to help out with the children.

In 1969, she went to Lindberg, and in 1971 moved to Elk Point.

Merl, the oldest son, now lives at Watson Lake in the Yukon.

Robert was married to Louise MacCallum and had five children. He died of a heart attack on February 18, 1976.

Margaret married Lester Johnson of Ardmere. They raised four children and now have four grandchildren as well. They live at Leduc.

Clarence and his wife, Mary, live at Grand Forks, British Columbia. Young Ethel and Ronald Young lived at Lessard until her death. They had five children, and now there are five grandchildren as well.

Robert K. Martin died on July 6, 1957 at Fort McMurray. Before he died, he completed a book on hunting and trapping. His son is now in the process of trying to publish it.

Ethel is living at the Buckingham Lodge in Elk Point. In May, she will be moving to a lodge in Lac La Biche.

Louis and Iley Martin

Iley Scott was born in Calgary but came to the Lessard district in 1917 with her father and family. Iley went to boarding school in Edmonton for three years and attended school in Vermilion for one half year. This school was called Molga at that time. The teacher there was Lillian McPhee.

Iley attended school at Lessard from then on. The school was a log building with the old pot belly stove that only kept you warm when you sat right near it. This school was called Jolly. Iley rode her horse four and one-half miles to school. Some of the teachers there at the time were, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Everest, Mr. McDougall, Miss Smith, Marguerite Stonehouse and Phyllis E. S. Fetherstonhaugh.

At that time Lessard consisted of a school, a post office and a store. The store and post office were operated by Hewey Harrington.

Louis O. Martin was born in Montreal on October

3, 1905. His father, Alphonse Martin died when Louis was three years old. Louis had a sister, Florette, one year older than himself and a brother Gaspard, two years younger.

Louis started school when he was seven years old in Calgary. His mother and three children were living with her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Oliver in Calgary.

Louis and Florette spent two and a half years at a boarding school in Red Deer, Alberta.

On January 2, 1916, Mr. Mrs. C. O. Martin and her three children left Calgary en route to the homestead she had filed on. They travelled by train to Vegreville, by Model T mail stage to St. Paul and by a horse drawn sleigh mail stage to Bonnyville, arriving here January 6, 1916.

Louis's mother married John Beix on January 7, 1916, and the same day travelled to a trapper's cabin on the north bank of the Beaver River. This cabin was located two miles up river from the present bridge.

In the summer this was a ford crossing and the only road south and north.

They spent the winter there in the cabin and in early summer moved one and a half miles north to the homestead, S.E. ¼ section 35, township 62, range 6 west of the 4th meridian.

There was no schooling in 1916. Louis went to Bonnyville's Philorum school for one term in 1917-18. French is about all he learned there. Louis attended Merton School when it opened, until he managed to pass grade eight after a full term with H. W. Taylor as teacher. The previous terms were only part terms because of lack of funds.

Louis received a diploma from the Department of Education as he had successfully passed grade eight examination papers sent out by the Department as was the rule then.

Louis started grade nine under Mr. Taylor in the new school September 1, 1922, until some time in November when he had to help cut logs for lumber for an extension on the house. This was the end of school for him.

Louis worked with Harry Byford, Sr. at the age of sixteen, grubbing stumps by day and brushing at night. This was done because of flies being so bad.

From then on Louis helped in the sawmill and on the farm. His stepfather moved nearer to town and Louis worked their land plus several other quarters.

Later, he freighted lumber from Cold Lake with a team of four horses. He also freighted for Bonnyville merchants from St. Paul because there was no train service to Bonnyville at that time.

At the age of nineteen, Louis homesteaded his first quarter section of land on top of the hill near the

Beaver River on the La Corey road. Trees were grubbed by hand on about thirty acres.

He stayed with an Indian near Wolf Lake one winter, trapping coyotes so he could buy wire to fence his quarter of land.

Louis married Iley Scott in April, 1930. He first worked in Southern Alberta haying, seeding, milking, etc., moving from place to place. Iley worked at the houses of these places for her board.

Louis received twenty-five dollars per month in 1930 and forty dollars per month in 1931 which was thought to be high wages at that time. Later on, when their first child, Ellen, arrived, Iley stayed by herself in a little shanty.

Louis worked in a grocery store in High River, the last winter working out in Southern Alberta. In the summer, he worked on a farm for forty dollars a month.

They then decided to go homesteading. They lived in Bonnyville for the first while, where Louis packed jumbo white fish that were hauled from north of Cold Lake by plane to Jessie Lake. These fish were crated in ice and put into refrigerator freight cars and sent to the States.

Louis and Iley stayed at the Hansens at Lessard for a short time while Louis helped build a barn.

Iley stayed with her brother Steve Scott for a while and then they moved into a tent until their house was built in the late fall. Louis worked in a grocery store called Glainers Store in Bonnyville while building their little shack.

After moving into the shack, they stayed only a short time because they had only thirty acres of land cultivated. They then went to Lessard and stayed at Lou Gillam's place. They also rented Gaspard Martin's place which now is owned by Leslie Scott. Gaspard is a brother to Louis.

By this time, they had managed to get four horses, one milk cow, about three yearlings, a few chickens, and a sow. They farmed here for three years.

They had rented out their place by the river for a share of the crop.

While at Lessard, Louise, Bernard and Raymond had arrived.

The winter before the family moved back to the river, Louis took out logs to build a barn and a house. They lived in the shack until their house was completed. Mr. Harry Glen helped to build the house and barn.

Mr. Roman Ulanicki, Senior, helped put the roof on their house. Mr. Bill Locer helped put the roof on the barn.

In the fall, Gilbert was born.

From then on, Louis farmed and worked as an

agent at the Co-op Stockyards in Bonnyville where he was a shipper for thirty-three years.

They had nine cows and several pigs on the farm. They also shipped cream to Bonnyville. They had chickens, geese, sheep, horses, and rabbits. Raymond raised rabbits for meat. Most of the children loved animals of one sort or another.

Gilbert had a dog team at one time and even used it to get the mail from La Corey.

The children all had turns at helping with the milking, chores, field work, etc.

David was born in the spring of 1939.

Louis and Mr. Bernard Beaudry bought a sawmill in about 1952 from Joe Baril. A lot of lumber was taken out at that time.

A team of horses and a Bennett buggy were used for transportation before the first car was bought in 1940. This car was a 1926 Model T Ford car that was converted to a truck. It was bought for forty dollars and ran for eleven years.

Louis was kept quite busy on the farm and at the stockyards and later the sawmill until retiring and moving to town. While in Bonnyville, Louis and Iley were caretakers at the Lakeview Apartments for several years before buying their own home.

All six children grew up on the farm at the Beaver River.

Ellen (Nell) was married to Alphonse Poulin of Bonnyville. They have two boys, Bruce and Ted. Nell later married Bruce Gambell of Edmonton. They have five girls and one boy, Sharon, Carol, twins, Holly; Heather and Laurel, twins, and Jack. Nell is now residing in Westlock, Alberta.

Louise married next to Donald Espedveidt of Lessard. They have three girls and two boys, Geraldine, Leonard, Marty, Lorraine, and Rhonda. They lived in Bonnyville several years where Don worked for the Department of Highways. Later they went farming at Dixonville, Alberta, where they are still living today.

Bernard (Bud) worked on a grader for the Department of Highways in Bonnyville and La Corey. He later worked in a glove factory in Edmonton. Then he worked for Halliburton as a driver in southern Alberta, northern Alberta and Fort St. John ending up at Red Earth putting in a very cold winter. The next spring he went overseas to Libya and then Turkey where he worked for two years and then he went to Australia for years. Janet Necula joined him there and they were married. Bud is still working for Halliburton today in Bolivia, South America.

Ray worked several years at home, bought a truck of his own and did some trucking. He then went to British Columbia where he worked in the bush and bought an auto wrecking business. He lived there for

about five years. Ray came back to Bonnyville and drove school bus and trucks. He married Christina Reiter of Bonnyville. They have four children, three boys and a girl, Timothy, Roxanne, Joey and Shawn. They are still residing in Bonnyville, and Ray is still trucking.

Gilbert bought a truck and went out hauling fence posts all one winter. He then worked for Matichuk Trucking doing some driving. He later drove for Stan Luciak hauling gravel all over Alberta. Then he bought his own truck and worked first up at Cassiar, British Columbia along with Ray. About this time, he married Olive Tipple of Big Valley, Alberta. They lived at Cassiar for a short time before moving to Bonnyville with their trailer. Gilbert is still truck-



First La Corey Post Office, 1916-1925.



Louis, Florette and Gasper Martin.



The Louis Martin family. Back row: Louise, Bernard, Ray, Nell. Seated: Louis and Iley. Squatting: Gilbert and David.

ing today and residing in Bonnyville. He and his wife have four children, Dale, Joyce, Thelma and Louis.

David farmed for quite a few years on the family farm plus his own quarter. He had a small herd of cattle and pigs and a few horses.

During this time, he married Irene Batke of La Corey. They had one girl, Iley.

Later, David worked in the Peace River District, driving truck.

Then he married Mary Anne Levesque of La Corey. They moved to Fort McMurray where David worked for Syncrude Oil driving big machines which he still does today. They now have three boys, David, Wade and Jason. David also has three stepchildren: Pauline, Mark and Natalie.

So much for the children of Louis and Iley Martin.

Louis and Iley have just celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary this past April, 1980. All the children were home to help them celebrate.

Louis will be seventy-five years old this fall and is still reading gas meters making about four hundred miles per month. He is a regular patron at the Senior Citizen's Drop In Centre when not reading meters. He loves to play cards and crib.

Iley will be sixty-eight years old in June, 1980, and likes to knit, crochet, sew, along with gardening and taking care of her numerous plants. She belongs to the Sunshine (Birthday) Club at the Drop In Centre.

Louis and Iley bought a beautiful home a few years ago. They are really enjoying it especially the fireplace which brings back old memories.

Martiniuk, Klem and Katherine written by MaryAnn Samchuk

On June 18, 1929 a ship named the Estonia sailed into Halifax. Aboard this ship was the Martiniuk family, Klem, Katherine, and their two children, Mary and John.

Taking their few possessions, a trunk and several suitcases they immediately boarded a train for Edmonton, Alberta. Upon arriving at Edmonton they met acquaintances from their former homeland; the Peter Matichuk family and Harry Franchuk and his family.

Leaving the women and children in Edmonton, Klem, Pete and Harry journeyed on to Peace River where they filed for a ten dollar homestead. Then the women and children were brought out to see their newly acquired land. The trunks and suitcases were unloaded by the tracks and there they lived out under the stars for a short time, fighting off the mosquitoes and insects. When the rains came the only shelter to be found was a nearby elevator.

The homesteads were checked out by the men. The big trees, the shortage of water and the homesickness of the wives brought the Martiniuks and the Franhuks back to Edmonton while the Peter Matichuks stayed on to try their hand at homesteading in Peace River.

In Edmonton once again they started to look for a better place to settle. Soon Martiniuks and Franchuks together purchased one quarter of land at Lake Elisa near Myrnam. Both families moved into a house that was already constructed at that site. It was here in 1930 that a third child, Nick, was born at home. The two families farmed together for a short while and seeing that there was not enough for two families to survive on they split their few belongings and Klem Martiniuk filed for another homestead in the Garth district.

While Klem was constructing a house, the family spent some time with friends in Glendon. Even before the holes between the sturdy logs were plastered the Martiniuk family moved into their new home. As Klem was very handy with a hammer and saw, he built cupboards and furnishings for their own home as well as for other families. Shavings on the rough wooden floor were a common sight.

With an axe and a pick, they cleared some land on which to grow grain for bread. The children ran shoeless gathering the branches, and doing all they could to help. Pierced and bleeding feet were not wrapped in bandages but healed on their own as the soil filled the wounds.

Although poverty reigned supreme, a hungry traveller or a needy family were never turned away from the Martiniuk home. It was with this family that

Fred Wakulchyk and Nikita Fersovitch stayed while constructing their own homes. The Martiniuk children, not realizing or caring about how little there was to eat, felt very saddened when the Fersovitch family moved out on their own and took away the children who had become like family to them.

The next few years were filled with very hard work for the adults, clearing more land and making a few extra dollars working on threshing crews. The children too tried to help as they walked many miles picking berries which they exchanged for such necessities as rubber boots.

During this time the Martiniuks began to feel wealthier both materially and spiritually as they gained more possessions and were acquainted with more people of their own faith. It was in their home that the people first gathered for church services and this was the origin of the Evangelical Church which was later built and still stands at Garth.

On June 3, 1934 tragedy struck the family when they lost a baby son through a drowning in a hole in their own yard. This child was buried in the Garth Cemetery where the church now stands.

A daughter, Florence, and a son Victor, completed the family in the next few years.

In the early 1940's John Martiniuk purchased the first truck that the Garth community saw. What excitement that International truck caused! What fun the young and old had alike as they rode in that big box singing and teasing one another as they travelled down the dusty, rough roads so prevalent in that day. The time spent in travelling to the nearby towns was cut from days to hours.

After several more years of toiling on the farm, Klem and Katherine bought a lot in Edmonton in 1952. There they began to build a house in which to retire and spend their remaining years more leisurely. In 1955 they moved to Edmonton and there they resided until the passing of Klem in February, 1971. Five years later Katherine followed him to eternity. They were buried in the Beechmount Cemetery in Edmonton.

Today, Mary (Mrs. Anton Samchuk), lives at Iron River, Alberta and Florence (Mrs. Don Hardekoff) lives in St. Albert, Alberta. The three sons, John, Nick, and Victor, all reside in Edmonton, Alberta.

Trofem and Agafia Martiniuk

I, Trofem Martiniuk, son of Andrew and Helena Martiniuk, the sixth child of ten children, was born on March 10, 1899 in the village of Waszczatynie, Chotiaczew, Wlodzimier in Poland. As I was growing up, I was required to help my father work the land to produce food for the family. For schooling, I

attended classes in reading, writing and some religious instruction during the winter months only.

When the First World War broke out, the family was forced to move further into Russia to get away from the war zone. We returned to Waszczatynie when the war was over. My dad died of influenza on the return journey home and mother died before the war broke out.

At that time, I, being a young man of about twenty years of age, was the eldest living son of the five remaining children. Upon returning home, we found our home destroyed and everything burned. Slowly the family resettled their own land, put up dwellings and began to work the soil and bring it back into production, the farm had been abandoned for over four years.

In the spring of 1920, I married Agafia (Agatha) Homeniuk, the daughter of Harry and Malania Homeniuk. She was born on April 12, 1900 in the village of Novolishna in Poland. She was the eldest of a family of three brothers and two sisters.

Our first home was a cabin that belonged to the neighbors. After the spring field work was completed, we started building our own home on land that I inherited from my father. For the winter of 1920, we moved into our own home and lived there for about a year. This is where our first child, a daughter, Nadia, was born but only lived for about two weeks.

In the fall of 1921, I started a two year term of compulsory military service in the Polish Army. During this time that I was away, Agafia went to her former home and stayed with her parents. While we were away, other members of the Martiniuk family looked after our home and worked the land. We resumed our life together in 1923 when my military service was completed, and returned to the home we had built together in Waszczatynie.

Our second child, a daughter (Helen) was born on August 29, 1924. This kept Agafia busy tending to the child and also helping with the field work as much as possible. In the month of July, 1926, we were blessed with our first son, John.

We realized that the amount of land we had was scarcely enough to make a living for a family that would soon increase to three children. We heard that some people had emigrated to Canada and land was plentiful and cheap to buy, so we started inquiring and considering the move to Canada. This was in the summer of 1928.

We heard more reports about life in Canada and talked about it with two other families in our neighborhood, Alexander Fedchuk and Ephrem Koleba. Soon all three families were excitedly making the first plans to come to Canada.

RYSOPIS — SIGNALEMENT

Rok urodzenia	1899	Zona — Femme	1900 Agafia
Date de naissance			
Miejsce urodzenia	Woszeratyn		Nowa Silesia
Lieu de naissance			
Zatrudnienie	rolnik - agriculteur		pracy w prz. de su waz
Profession			
Wzrost	średni - moyenne		średni - moyenne
Taille			
Twarz	owalna - ovale		owalna - ovale
Visage			
Włosy	blond - blonds		blond - blonds
Cheveux			
Oczy	piurze - foncees		piurze - foncees
Yeux			
Znaki szczególne	/		
Signes particuliers			

DZIECI — ENFANTS

Imię Nom	Wiek Age	Płeć Sexe
Helenia	4 lata	żeńskie
Jan	2 lata	męska
Andrzej	5 mies.	żeńskie

STAROSTA PO
Podpis urzędu
Signature de l'agent

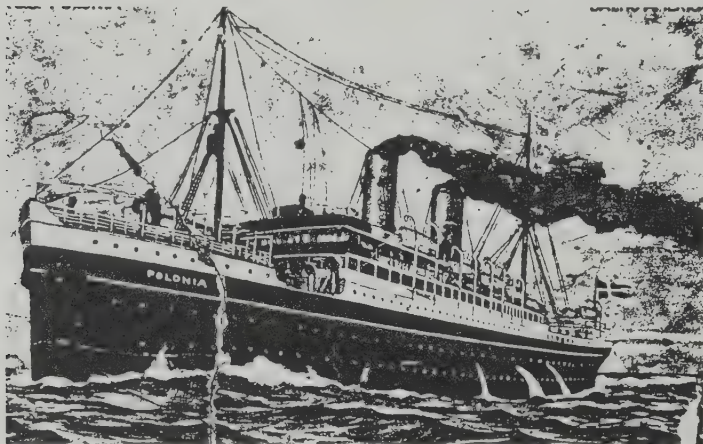
Wizy i adnotacje polskich przedstawicieli, tw
konsularnych za granicą.
Visas et annotations des représentants
consulaires de la Pologne à l'étranger.

2342
2343

3 APR. 1929

IMMIGRATION CANADA
MAY 5 1929
PORT OF HALIFAX, CANADA

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA
CIVIL INSPECTION
Port of HALIFAX
Category C. Date 23.4.29
Inspector [Signature]



The ship SS Polonia, the ship many immigrants arrived on.

On October 31, 1928, our daughter, Nadia (Nellie) was born.

We went to the immigration authorities, had our health examinations approved and began in earnest to make plans on selling our house. We had to raise enough money to pay our fare. Tickets for adults were \$150.00 each, the two older children were half fare, the baby five dollars for milk allowance, plus we needed \$500.00 cash on hand, to get resettled in Canada.

The winter months went quickly for us. Spring of

1929 arrived and we bid farewell to our families and friends. We arrived in Halifax on May 5, 1929. We had to start buying our own food. Care packages were available. We bought two of these which contained one loaf of bread, canned meat, cheddar cheese, cookies and prepared jello. We had never seen or eaten jello before and threw it away as we did not like the sweet head cheese made in Canada. We also did not like the cheddar cheese.

We travelled by train and finally arrived in Bonnyville. We stayed at the home of Mr. Roman Ulanicki, a former neighbor who was already settled. We stayed for two days and slept on the floor in a building that was under construction. I started looking for a place in the country that had a cabin, suitable for living in and found one at La Corey.

We moved into our first home. Helen was four years old, John, two and baby Nellie was six months old. Our baggage was in one trunk, one suitcase and a large wicker style basket which we still have. Also we brought a cross cut saw, draw knife, and blue enamel tea kettle in the style of samovar.

Not having a well, we used water from a nearby pond. Within a week, my wife became very ill so we took her to the hospital in Bonnyville. She was there for twenty-three days with a high fever and was

tended by Dr. Sabourin. Hospitalization was one dollar per day. Pauline Koleba looked after the children during this time.

In the early summer, we moved to another house on Ole Wickstrom's farm. Our three small children needed milk everyday, so we bought a cow from Mr. Vego Peterson for sixty dollars for her. We also bought a few chickens. I started looking for land to buy. My neighbor, Mr. Romanko said he knew of a good quarter section and took me to see it at Iron River. This was the southeast quarter of section 36, township 62, range 7, W of 4. I applied and got it for ten dollars.

We lived about six miles from our quarter section. I needed a team of horses to travel back and forth. Good horses were hard to find, as lots of people were settling in this area and everyone needed horses. I bought one horse for forty dollars. I started clearing my land in the fall and caught a cold which turned to pneumonia. This time I spent two weeks in the hospital and was not able to work the rest of the year. Winter was hard, lots of snow, but the fishing was good at Jack Fish Lake. We had lots of fresh fish.

In the spring of 1930, our family had increased to four as Mary was born on April 15th. I kept on clearing and making logs for a house. A family had already settled across the road. Mr. and Mrs. John Solowoniuk and their three children were our neighbors. Some men helped to build our log house as we wanted to move into it for the winter but I did not have enough money to buy two windows so we did not move until spring.

We were here two years and our money from Poland was used up. I got a job cutting brush at Mr. Yarema's place at Lessard. My wages were fifty cents per day on the job that lasted two weeks. We needed food supplies and a one hundred pound bag of flour was three dollars. We also bought porridge, lard, and tea.

When harvest time came I went to Dewberry District and worked for farmers doing stooking and also helping them at threshing time. My wage was three dollars per day. In a month I earned enough money to buy warm clothes for us and to live through the winter.

The depression years were hard. Just when the land was brought to production and there was grain to sell, there was no market for it. From the wheat I sold for twenty-three cents a bushel, I bought a wagon. The wagon cost eighty dollars. The next season the grain froze and had no value. We sold five pigs and got eleven dollars and sixty cents and made part payment for the wagon. Our small log house was getting filled with children. A son, Bill was born on November 27, 1932. By the mid thirties some fam-

ilies were applying for relief and getting it. My neighbors advised me to go to Bonnyville and apply as our family was so large. By then it had grown to six children with a daughter, Katie arriving on March 12, 1935. I went and asked for relief and was refused. Yet other people with smaller families were getting this extra help from the government. This was a very hard time for us but we had to make the best with what we had. I had a few bushels of grain that froze and I was not able to sell. I took this wheat to a neighbor who ground it up into a coarse flour. With this we made what we called black bread. It was not the best tasting bread but it was nourishing. With this, plus a few other things we were able to get by. A larger house was needed but I could not afford to build at this time. Another daughter, Annie was born on December 5, 1936. The farm income was small and I did not have enough machinery to work with. I also was considering another quarter section of land. I found one bordering Jack Fish Lake. It was homestead land, the northwest quarter of section 13, township 63, range 7, west of 4. At the present time, it is owned by Alex Kalinski.

It was a problem to provide food and clothing for such a large family as mine and at the same time equip the farm so that spring work and harvest could be done at the proper time. Through the summer months, I worked for Charlie Carlson who was a real help to me. He had a tractor so in return he did the new land breaking at my place.

By now the older children were attending the Iron River School. Their teacher was Mr. MacGillivray. Everyone helped to make ends meet, the older children did janitor work at the school which paid for the school tax. In the summer time, they picked wild berries, dug seneca roots and sold eggs. With this money they were able to buy their own running shoes. The girls learned to knit and made all the socks and mitts out of homespun wool during the winter. John was a good hunter and caught rabbits and sold their skins for some extra money.

In the late thirties, things began improving. The price of grain was much better so I bought a harvest binder. I had about half of one farm seeded in grain. The land at Jack Fish Lake had quite a bit of meadow so I made a lot of hay and kept more cattle through the winter months.

In 1940, I bought a second hand Fordson tractor, gasoline was five dollars a barrel. This year, the wheat crop was very good and yield per acre was more than expected and we harvested over four hundred bushels of wheat. The price per bushel was about a dollar with the market improving and promises of better prices for grain.

The need for a new and larger house was very

necessary and I prepared a building site closer to the well than where we were as we had to carry water for about five hundred yards up hill to our old log cabin. This was hard during the winter months. Again I called on Mr. Charlie Carlson who had carpentry experience to help with the building. Mr. and Mrs. John Solowoniuk, our neighbours also helped us a lot.

It was a very busy year with the farming to look after, the house was under construction and soon another child was expected. On August 7, 1940, our son, Mike was born at home like the seven other children, with a neighbor lady helping as midwife.

It was easier to go about the daily chores and be out of the house for awhile as the older children helped with the younger ones. We moved into our new home which was a two storey building and the extra space was being enjoyed. Our oldest daughter, Helen found a job in Bonnyville and was working at the Duclos Hospital. Wages were fifteen dollars a month including room and board. She worked there for almost a year then was married to Mike Shmyr on September 12, 1942 and they moved to Kamloops, British Columbia where there were more jobs available.

As the other children finished grade eight in Iron River School they stayed home and helped on the farm for awhile and then worked in Bonnyville and area. After that they too went to British Columbia.

Many changes were coming into our lives on the farm. Having our own radio was a luxury as we used to go to our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kruk to hear the evening news of world events. Another luxury was a washing machine, as up to this time all the washing was done by hand on a scrub board. We had not come to the end of washing diapers yet as Peter was born on July 15, 1945. We were pleased that Mike and Peter would be growing up together, as John and Bill were preparing to go work in British Columbia.

By the end of the 1940's I found farming by myself difficult so I considered other possibilities like moving to British Columbia.

After making a few trips to Kamloops, British Columbia, visiting my eldest children, my trips became even more frequent and I thought more and more about moving there.

My oldest daughter, Helen, who married Mike Shmyr was getting well settled in Kamloops with their three children, Walter, David and Betty.

John had a good job in Kamloops and was encouraging me that I could make a better and easier life in British Columbia. On October 20, 1950, John married Victoria Kozoris of Vernon, British Columbia and made their home in Kamloops with their two

children Gayle and David. (John died April 20, 1975.)

I then was getting well convinced to make a move off the farm. My wife, Agafia was scared to leave the farm thinking that maybe life could get rough and there were still a few children to look after. As the older children scattered to many different places in British Columbia, I visited different towns there and liked the beautiful orchards. I began talking with friends in the Bonnyville area and telling them how I was considering moving to British Columbia. They advised me to get in touch with Nick Kolody as he was already living there, but for some reason was thinking of moving back to Bonnyville. After making a couple of trips to see if Nick Kolody would be interested in trading his large rooming house for a farm, the deal was soon made. He was willing to make a trade. My wife, Agafia, owned a quarter of land by Jack Fish Lake and we sold this land to Mr. Herman.

Then we had to bid farewell to all our friends and neighbors. That was the hardest part to say good-bye to a special neighbor like the John Solowoniuk family who lived just across the road. They were always willing to help if some problem came up. So with tears in our eyes, we said good-bye and we knew we would really miss the Solowoniuk family.

We moved to Revelstoke with our two youngest sons, Mike and Peter in July of 1953.

By then, four more of the children were married: Nellie married John Cwikula of Revelstoke, British Columbia on October 27, 1951 and they are living in Revelstoke at present with their two children, Janet and Karen.

Mary married Bill Nidle of Kamloops on July 9, 1950. They lived in Kamloops for several years and had three children, Marion, Kenneth and Corie Ann. Bill died in 1965 and Mary remarried in 1968 to Harry Loerke of Kamloops.

Katie married Bill Cwikula of Revelstoke on April 11, 1953. Their children are Ealine, Kenneth and Joyce.

Annie married Paul Procinsky of LaCorey, Alberta on July 15, 1953. Their children are Richard, Mary Ann, Janet, Jim, Micheal, Judy and Peggy and all live in the La Corey area.

After living in the rooming house for several years and working on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a section man, I travelled to many parts of British Columbia. I visited my son Bill in Powell River who worked in a pulp and paper mill. Bill married Anita Marutt in Powell River on November 9, 1957. Their three children are Brian, Kevin and Karen.

By now my age is creeping up and my wife and I would like a much quieter life so we decided to sell

the large house and buy a small home in the midst of town. The two youngest sons who came with us to Revelstoke have married and we were left all alone.

Mike married Joan Hooley of Revelstoke on October 19, 1960. They made their home in Revelstoke with their two children Richard and James.

Peter married Marie Pryhitko of Revelstoke. They were married in Coer d'Alane, Idaho on October 12, 1967. They made their home in Revelstoke and have two children Alan and Beckie.

In 1970, my wife and I both retired having a lot of grandchildren visiting us and we celebrated a quiet 50th wedding anniversary.

We now have twenty-seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. My wife, Agafia and I are in fairly good health and can look after ourselves and do our own shopping.

Note: Mr. and Mrs. Martiniuk of Revelstoke, British Columbia will be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary this year of 1980. All the children are planning a family gathering this summer to celebrate this special occasion.



Passport photo of Martiniuk family, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Martiniuk with Helen, John and Nellie.

Mathes, Robert Vernon and Mary **written by Carol Morton**

In 1929 Robert Vernon (Vern) Mathes came from Elk Point with Mr. Lief and Mr. Anderson. He liked timber, and since this country had it in abundance he filed on a homestead. His companions decided this was not the country for them, and when they all went back to Elk Point, the others decided not to return.

Vern still had a homestead in Elk Point, as well as a family, so, it was not until the fall of 1931 that he returned. His two eldest daughters Millie and Lil, came along to help him get settled. Together, the three of them and Art Stuart built the first one-room log shack Vern lived in. They also built a log barn.

Millie recalls it rained every night they were there. While the shack was being built, Vern and Art Stuart slept under the wagon and Millie and Lil slept in the wagon which they covered with a canvas. Despite the men's good intentions, it was the women who got wet! After the barn and cabin were completed Millie and Lil returned to Elk Point.

Some of Vern's neighbors were Art and Lavina Stuart, Andrew Forrest, the Armstrongs, Dmyetor Panas and his sons, Larkin Palmer, the Newloves, Alan Erickson, Jess Erickson, Glen Erickson, and Bill Twerdohlib. Glen Erickson only lived three quarters of a mile away, and Vern became good friends with him and his wife, Bernice. Many evenings he spent in their company, visiting or playing crib or other games of cards.

During his first years in this area he worked with the timber he loved so much. He worked with Dmyetro Panas and his sons at the Panas sawmill, which was driven by a steam engine. Vern also worked with Art Stuart on a hand-push sawmill in about 1932.

Vern and Fred Hattebuhr did carpenter work for many people in this area. He enjoyed building things, and one of his priorities was the building of a workshop for himself.

To make extra money he worked on threshing crews as a separator man. He also worked for Glen Erickson, and Glen would pay him back with work and with wild meat. Each fall, Vern returned to the homestead in Elk Point to do some work there, and while he was gone, Bernice or Glen would take care of his chickens for him. Besides the chickens, he had a small garden plot that Glen had plowed for him.

Harold Sutherly moved in about 1936. Although he had his own homestead he stayed with Vern at times. Harold had a sawmill as well, and Vern worked with him on it.

In 1939, Vern's wife, Mary, and the three youngest of his eight children came to join him. Nettie was eighteen, Ernest was fifteen, and Vivien was ten. They brought the cattle with them and as Ernest had already quit school, he stayed home to help farm and milk the cows. The cream was sold to buy gasoline to break more land. Vivien, the only member of the family to attend school here, went to the Forest Stream School.

In 1940, their fourth daughter, Ellen, and her husband, Louis Charest, moved in with them until they could build themselves a house. They had two daughters, Beulah and Rose. Tragedy struck one day when they were skinning a rabbit. Beulah was bitten by a bug on the rabbit and she developed a high fever. Although Louis rushed her to the hospital, nothing could be done to save her.

Later this same year Vern built a new house (the same one Ernest now lives in). Louis and Ellen moved across the road. In 1941, Vern and Louis got a small shingle mill to make shingles for their house. Louis and Ellen moved out of this district in about 1950.

Throughout the remainder of his life, Vern continued the carpentry work he liked. In 1968 he passed away at the age of ninety-one. Mary died in 1978 at the age of ninety-three. Both of them remained very active until their deaths. Mary still went picking blueberries in the bush by herself the last year of her life.

Millie married Harry Reed and they live in Wabumun. They raised three children, Elsworth (Tuffy), Elsie, and Neil. They have three grandchildren.

Lil is now a widow, and lives at Peace River. She was married to Charlie Richardson. They raised ten children, Florence, George, Clarence, Dora, Raymond, David, Donald, Edward, Douglas, and Merl. Lil has twenty-nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Myrtle is now Mrs. Roy Anderson. They have six children, Elsie, Carol, Gunnard, Merl, Lester, and Irene. They also have sixteen grandchildren.

Ellen was married to Louis Charest and they raised eleven children, Rose, Bucky, Agnes, Glen, Andy, Ella, Adrian, Betty, Bonnie, Vernon, and Brian. They have thirteen grandchildren. In 1979 she was remarried to Marcel Charest, and they have made their home at Vernon, British Columbia.



Robert (Vern) and Mary Mathes.



Robert Mathes Family — Robert, Mary, Vernon, Myrtle. Front: Ernest, Lil, Ellen, Nettie and Millie.

Vernon married Eva Hinecker; they have six children, and two grandchildren (see Vernon Mathes).

Nettie was married to Fred Hattebuhr and they raised three sons. She has six grandchildren (see Fred Hattebuhr).

Ernest married Eva Desjarlais, and raised five children (see Ernest Mathes).

Vivien married Ron Sizer and raised a son and a daughter, Jerry and Jame. Ron was killed in an accident in 1975 and Vivien is living at High Prairie. She has one grandchild.

Vern and Mary lived long, fulfilling lives, and their memory lives on in their many descendents.

Mathes, Vernon and Eva

It was 1939 when I first came to this country. I was trucking at the time, and on this particular run, I stopped in to visit my father, Robert. When I drove through, some men were fixing the road north of Joe Brosseau's. They were putting logs across the road and throwing peat moss on top. This was called a "corduroy road".

In 1941, I went into the Army and in 1942 I was sent overseas. When the war ended, I stayed on in the occupational forces until 1946.

I then returned to this area and alternated between working out and helping on the farm. During this time, I hired out on sawmills, in lumber camps and was a carpenter's helper.

Later on, I married Eva Hinecker and we settled on the old Jack Lukiniuk place. Despite occasional periods of time when we lived in other areas because of my work, we spent most of the years from 1957 on in this area.



Vern and Eva Mathes with their children, Allen, Gordon, Dale, Darcy and Kevin.



Carol, Gordon, Allen, Dale and Darcy Mathes.

We raised six children, Carol, born in 1951, Gordon in 1958, Dale in 1959, Allan in 1960, Darcy in 1962 and Kevin in 1966. Carol married Ardel Morton and they still live in this area with their two children, Joan aged ten and David, aged eight. All our sons still live at home. The three oldest boys, Gordon, Dale and Allan are working for Alberta Transportation. Gordon is engaged to Gail Ralstin from Mal-laig. Dale is engaged to Julianne Spaniard. Darcy works as a laborer and Kevin is attending Iron River School.

Mathes — Ernest

When my family and I moved to this area to join my father I was fifteen years old. I quit school at this time and stayed home to help my father with the farm work.

Over the years, I remained on the farm and gradually took over.

In 1959, I married Eva Desjarlais and we had six children. The fourth child, Denis, only lived for nine months. In 1975, Eva and I were separated and the children stayed on the farm with me. My oldest son, Clarence is working on a sawmill in Worsley and my oldest daughter, Mildred married Don Easthope, Jr. in 1979. Joyce, Jerry, and Wayne are still living at home. Recently, I became a proud grandfather when Mildred and Don had a baby girl, April Fern.

Matichuk, Gabriel and Martha

Gabriel and Martha Matichuk left Wolyn, Poland with their children Mike and Mary and came to seek their fortune in Canada. They had to sell all their possessions to raise enough money for passage and to have the five hundred dollars required by the Canadian Government as an indication that they would not be a burden on the country. They also had to sign a statement saying that they would live on a farm. They brought with them their clothing, an axe, a saw, a brush for combing out flax, a scythe and a hammer that was used to pound out the scythe.

When they first came to Canada they spent a few months in Manitoba looking for land and then came to Glendon in 1930 where they stayed with Metro Filipchuk for awhile. They heard the Martiniuks, whom they knew in Poland, had found good land around Garth so Gabriel walked the some thirty miles to Garth to visit them. Here, he too found a quarter to homestead. He returned to Glendon and brought his wife and children out along with a cow he had purchased from Fewchuk in Glendon. They lived in a little vacant house that the Yaroshuks had, while they built their own home. Gabriel cut logs for the house while Martha peeled them. He then borrowed the two back wheels of a wagon from Martiniuk and

he loaded the logs to haul them to the site where they wished to build the house. One of them pulled while the other pushed until they got them where they wanted them. Some of the smaller logs were carried by hand. When they felt they had enough logs Gabriel called his neighbors Martinuk and Kocuipchyk to help get the house up. For the roof Gabriel bought some boards from Charlie Carlson and some shingles from Fred Wakulchyk. Fred had some left over from his house. That first year Gabriel borrowed a cast heater from Steve Netter that Martha could cook on until they could get their own stove.

In the fall Gabriel went with the other men of the district to Brosseau to work for seventy-five cents a day. The length of the day was from sunrise to sunset, of course. The money earned was used to buy groceries for the winter.

That winter was spent cutting posts for sale to people who came from Glendon or Two Hills. Several weeks were spent with Nikita Fersovitch cutting posts a ways west of the homestead. It was a hard winter and the posts were left stacked in the bush because of the heavy snow. When the two men returned for them later on they were all gone. This loss was a big disappointment to them both.

In the spring Gabriel brushed four acres by hand on his homestead and then went to work for Bill Luciak in Glendon for two weeks. For his wages he was given a walking brush breaking plow. This plow required six horses to pull it and since no one had that many horses Gabriel got together with Wakulchyk and Kocuipchyk to break two acres apiece. Gabriel would hold the plow while Kocuipchyk drove the horses and Wakulchyk kept the plow from getting plugged. Some days they did not get started until way past noon because the horses were set loose to graze for the night and when morning came they could not be found. They even had bells put on them but that did not help much because everyone else's horses had bells too.

One of the horses Gabriel owned was very balky. He did not know it when he bought her but soon found out the hard way. He planned to build a chicken house for the chickens he already had so he got the logs cut and then borrowed a sleigh from Martiniuk to haul the logs home. He hitched up his horses and got his neighbor Wendall Raynoha to help him load the logs. Gabriel had spent a sleepless night worrying how he was going to handle this first team of his but when the time came for pulling, the horse refused to pull. No matter what they did she would not budge so now they could not just leave everything there in case it should be stolen. Now came the task of unloading the logs and pushing the sleigh to try to get the horses moving. Gabriel was glad when Oresiuk, a

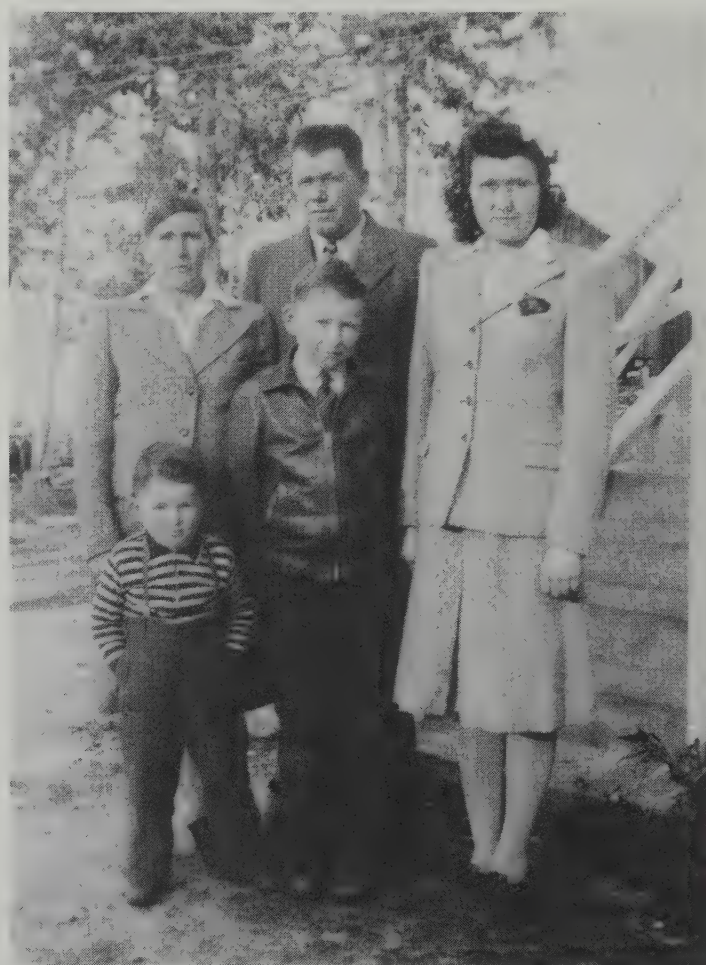
horse dealer came and bought that mare and unloaded her on some other poor unsuspecting soul.

The first year Gabriel seeded oats by hand on his two acres. This crop froze and was cut for feed with the scythe. Again Gabriel left to work at Brosseau for the harvest in order to be able to live through the winter.

When the Forest Stream School opened, Mike and Mary were sent to school. One year an itch was spread among children at the school. A cure for this itch could be made by cooking lard with sulphur and tobacco. When spread on the itchy parts it gave a burning sensation. When Mike and Mary would need a treatment they would holler that it hurt even before the medication was applied to the infected part. It was a strange cure but it worked.

After several years on the homestead and several crop failures Metro Sheristanko, the man Gabriel worked for at Brosseau came and urged them to leave the homestead. He proposed that he could rent some land near his place. Since Gabriel was well acquainted with the area and the farms, he decided to make this move. So it was that the Matichuk family now with a second son, Bill, left Garth for the first time.

They stayed in Brosseau for three years renting



Gabriel and Martha Matichuk with Bill, Nick and Mary.

two quarters of land. It was difficult for them to get along with their landlord since he was impossible to please. Being anxious to be his own boss again, in 1940 Gabriel once again moved his family to his homestead at Garth. By this time he had acquired seven horses and some machinery. That winter, Gabriel hauled tamarac posts and fish to other parts of the province and brought back puffed wheat on his return trips. The puffed wheat was sold by big sackfuls at seventy-five cents a sack to others in the community. Soon the entire district was eating puffed wheat not only for breakfast but dessert as well. This same year a third son, Nick, was born to the Matichuks.

In 1942 the Matichuks moved from their homestead a second time. They travelled to Blubber Bay, British Columbia, where Gabriel worked as a driller in an open pit limestone mine. Mike was left to look after the livestock and the farm.

After a few years in British Columbia the Matichuks returned to their farm again. They were now able to buy a tractor to make farm work easier. In the late fifties they purchased a lot in Bonnyville and built themselves a house. They moved and ran a chicken ranch on their acreage, as well as a market garden. In November, 1968, Martha suddenly passed away. She was brought back to the Garth Church Cemetery which they helped to establish to be buried. Gabriel, semi-retired, to live in Bonnyville. He loves gardening and puts in a large plot each year as God enables him.



A helping hand. Gabriel and Mike Balla.

Matichuk, Mike and Fedora by Jim Matichuk

Mike's ability and antics on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle impressed many people but especially Fedora Hochochka. This is evident in the fact that Mike and Fedora exchanged their marriage vows in the United Church at Bonnyville on January 10, 1945. Being a sensible young man, Mike traded his motorcycle for a tractor and started farming with his father. Not having sufficient resources to buy their

own place they lived with Mike's parents for the first year. Mike's and Fedora's marriage was blessed with the arrival of their pride and joy, James on October 18, 1945. Two months after James was born, Mike being a family man, now decided to take his family and go west to seek his fortune.

Mike found work on Texada Island, British Columbia where he worked as a service man on lime quarry equipment and as a truck operator.

Although the temperatures were much warmer than they were used to, they found the climate cold. Their house which had a wooden floor and wooden walls with no insulation and a canvas roof may have had something to do with their difficulty in coping with the weather.

After six months on the coast they bundled up their possessions and son and boarded the CPR back home.

Shortly after arriving home they purchased a half section of land with a two room log house from Anton Atamanchuk and began farming in a big way.

After putting in the first year's crop with a McCormick Deering W9 and horses Mike, being an ambitious young man, traded in their tractor for a cleetrack Caterpillar and a breaking plow. Mike then went out brushing and breaking land in the surrounding area. This kept him busy for the summer. Since land could not be plowed in the winter and Mike being one who was not content to sit idle, he and his father started logging and sawing lumber in the Wolf Lake area. Mike's being away from home, breaking land in the summer and logging in the winter put a heavy responsibility on Fedora, who virtually became the farmer in the family. Fedora worked hard doing all but the field work around their farm including raising hogs and milking six to ten cows during the summers and raising the family which now consisted of two additions, John born on January first, 1948 and Margaret born on January 22, 1950.

Since their son James was coming to the age where he would have to start attending school and they lived six miles from the Forest Stream School, Mike and Fedora bought another half section of land from Andrew Kociupchyk, two miles from the school. In the fall of 1951 they moved to their new three room log house which was on the main road into Garth and only one mile south of the Post Office.

Mike continued farming, logging and sawing lumber in the winters but now began operating a gravel truck in the summer.

Fedora continued running the family farm together with James and John and little Margie. This included raising up to five hundred turkeys each summer as well as milking cows and also raising the family which now consisted of two additional mem-

bers. Gerald David born June 19, 1952 and Kenneth Paul born September 6, 1954. Mike wanting to establish a business which did not necessitate his being away so much sold a house in Bonnyville which he had built with lumber from his sawmill, and bought two school buses from Harry Panas. At this time Mike and Fedora were blessed with their son Robert, born December 18, 1959. Three years later Mike sold the school buses and bought the International Harvester Farm Equipment Dealership in Bonnyville.

Mike operated the business in Bonnyville by driving into town daily. Finding the drive too long, he sold the land at Garth to Michael Birn and moved to their present farm four and a half miles north of Bonnyville, in the spring of 1968.

Mike and Fedora presently reside on their farm north of Bonnyville. Mike still operates the International Harvester Dealership and Fedora continues to be responsible for the farming operation. They now take frequent trips each year to the warmer climates.

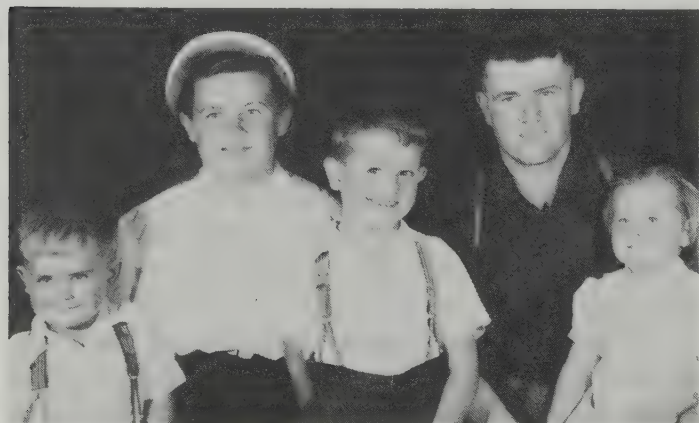
Their children area spread out in Alberta and British Columbia.

James married Sharon Martens of Edmonton and they have two children Roma and Jamie. They make their home in the Sherwood Park area. James owns and operates his own Consulting Engineering Company with headquarters in Edmonton.

John is single and lives in Bonnyville. John now works in the International Harvester Dealership and heads up the family Land Development Company.

Margaret married Gerald Allen of Edmonton and they have one child Sarah. They reside in Abbotsford, British Columbia. Margaret's husband Gerald is employed as a pilot with Canadian Pacific Airlines.

Gerald married Hazel Pears of Ponoka, Alberta and they have one child Jason. They are presently residing in Edmonton. Gerald is employed as an inspector with an Engineering Company in Edmonton and owns and farms some land a half mile south of Bonnyville.



Mike Matichuk Family — Mike Fedora and three eldest children, John, Jim and Margie.

Kenneth passed away suddenly on February 26, 1976 at the age of twenty-one years and six months.

Robert is single and is presently attending the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology in Civil Engineering.

Coming Home

the Matthews Story by Florence Matthews

The wind through the pine trees, the howling of a coyote, and the smell of fresh air; these are all a part of what makes Iron River home to me. As the youngest family member of Olaf and Helen Peterson, I spent the first sixteen years of my life in this district. At that time, I left home to attend Vermilion College. The next ten years were filled with graduation, employment, and marriage to Dick Matthews of Ryley. We moved several times but remained in the general Edmonton area.

In 1976 I looked forward to the move back to this community after my time away. Life in the city, even at the best of times, was a bit trying although the children never seemed to mind. Except for a few years in a small town they knew of nothing different. The decision to move from Spruce Grove was made mainly because Dick's trucking job with Western Grocers took him away from home so much of the time. Having been brought up on farms, Dick and I both longed for what the countryside could offer us and our four children, Elizabeth, Todd, Jennifer and Tim.

We had often admired the building site I knew as the 'old McDermott place', never thinking that one day it would be our home. Finally it was possible to think about building a house on the site. We decided to build what we could ourselves — a very ambitious decision as we found out!

First we built the double garage which became our home for one year. It took more than a year for Alberta Power to accommodate us with electricity so we used wood for heat and our propane campstove became my kitchen range. Running water was what we ran for. Accustomed to having all the conveniences of a modern new home, dishwasher, garburator, etc., all our appliances and ourselves were geared to electricity.

At first, the children thought the experience was terrific. "It's just like camping", Elizabeth told us. Winter came and although they never complained, I think they wished they were back in Spruce Grove. The trip 'out to the john' proved to be a cold one when the snow drifted over the path. The gas light was dim to read by and more often than not, Dick and I needed every available light for our building endeavours.



Dick and Florence Matthews, Todd, Beth, Jennifer and Tim.

Without heat, construction was very uncomfortable at times. We rented a small plant in order to use the skill saw and drill. The building of the house seemed to take forever. Dick was employed by B & R. Transport so work on the house had to wait until evenings and weekends. We hired some of the work done and with the help of some very kind friends and relatives our house was liveable a year after our arrival in Iron River.

Our home here, for us, is something really special. The horses in the pasture, the birds 'outback' that have become our friends and that big 'bull pine tree' by the back door have all become a part of our everyday life. I never regret our years of city life for now we know exactly what we are not missing.

The John Matson Story by daughter, Agnes Matson

Johan Mathison, son of Mathias Larson and wife, Ingrid Johannesltr was born in the district of Brumendalin, Norway on the 28th day of August, 1892. He was christened into the Lutheran faith at the Parish of Vedre.

John received his education in this district and at an early age he apprenticed as a tailor. He remained at this occupation for awhile, but like so many young and adventurous men, his goal was the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, which at that time was America.

July, 1910, he set sail for the 'land of plenty', but alas, little did he and others like him realize the hardships and privations they would have to endure before their dreams would come true.

John arrived at the port of New York on July 12, 1910 and from there worked his way westward where he worked for awhile laying marble floors in the state of Michigan. In 1912 he had worked his way as far as Phelps county of Nebraska where he applied for American Citizenship papers. Before these papers were granted the wanderlust again seized and so north he went to Canada.

I am not certain just when and where he came when he left the States, but I recall him telling about working in the wheat fields of Saskatchewan and also of laying steel in the newly opened coal mine at Nordegg, Alberta. Records show that in November of 1917 he filed on S.W. 2-63-5 in the Lessard area. He then worked his way to Kingman where he worked for Thompson for some time.

On April 3, 1920, John married Christine Hoflin; to this union were born three daughters, Esther, the twins, Agnes and Alice and one son, Emil.

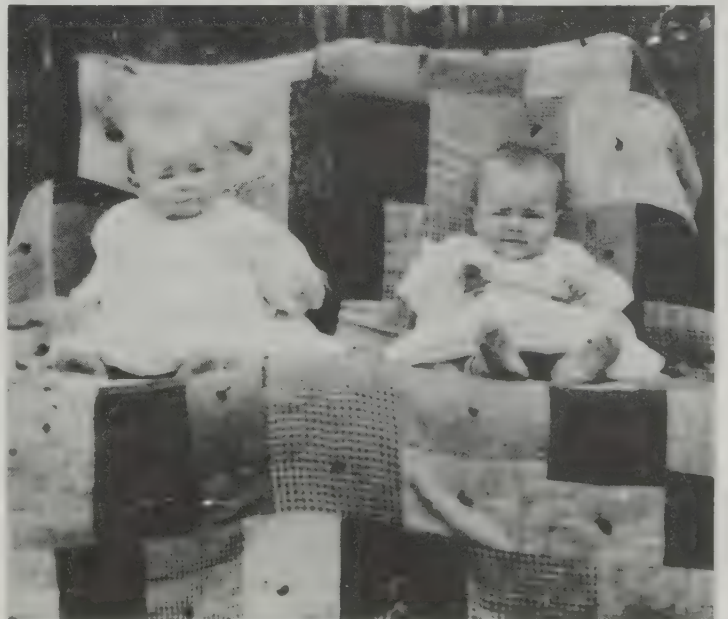
Christine Margaret Hoflin, daughter of Eric and Gertrude Hoflin was born July 26, 1898 at Artur, Minnisota and as an infant immigrated, with her parents, to the Kingman district. In the early "1900's", she received her three "R's" in this district attending the Farmington School.

After my parents' marriage they moved to Lessard and so began their dreams of independence and security. Many were the tales of the hardships they underwent during those early pioneering days. He would tell of the days wandering through the frozen wasteland looking for the elusive moose in order to put meat on the table, of bartering with the Indians, the muskrat pelts he would trade at the Lessard Store and Post Office, owned then by Mr. Tollefson, in order to get some groceries.

Their furniture must have been very primitive as I recall Mother telling us that they only had stumps of trees as chairs.

Their daughter, Esther was born October 20, 1922. Soon after my mother's health failed and we were taken in by Mrs. Iverson. We stayed with this kind lady for awhile and are forever indebted to her for her love and care.

I recall Mother telling how we left Lessard in an



The Matson twins, Agnes and Alice.

old Model T, on a cold winter day. Alice and Agnes as result, caught pneumonia on that cold trip.

The family settled on the eighty acres at Kingman that Mother's Dad, Mr. Eric Hoflin purchased for them. On May 26, 1927 a son, Emil was born.

Later they traded their farm in Lessard for one in the Kingman district, owned by Chris Pederson. Chris Pederson and his family moved to the Lessard area.

John remained on this farm until his death after surgery April 2, 1961 at the age of sixty-eight years. Christine then took up residence in Camrose. She passed away on July 3, 1974. Their children, **Esther** now Mrs. Fred Swanlund resides at Devon, Alberta. **Alice**, now Mrs. Rudy Klien and **Agnes**, now Mrs. Sidney Matson resides in Camrose. **Emil** resides at Ponoka.



John and Christine Matson.

Melnychuk Alex and Annie by Vera (Melnychuk) Synowec

On June 12, 1930 I arrived in Canada from Wolynsk, Poland with my parents Alex and Annie Melnychuk and my three brothers, Bill, Walter and Harry. For the first few months after our arrival we lived with our Uncle Efrem Koleba and his family. They were farming northwest of the Beaver River at this time. After a time of searching for land my father found a homestead at Willow Trail. He paid ten dollars for his farm of a hundred and sixty acres.

Then Dad built a one-room log shack. It had a roof of sod and was plastered with mud. Inside was a

dirt floor that we used for our bed and our table. Our only furniture consisted of an old wood burning stove. It was used for heating as well as cooking whatever there was to cook. The food was mainly potatoes, rabbits, prairie chickens and wild duck eggs.

Not having any money and very little of anything else my father decided to look for work around the Two Hills and Brosseau areas. Mother stayed home to care for the family and work for the neighbors. In return they would give her vegetables and grain. When my father returned from work he had enough money to buy a cow and we added milk to our diet.

When the time came to break some land everything had to be done by hand. I remember the only farm tools my father had were an axe, a rope and a grub hoe. Dad used to climb the trees, tie a rope about at the halfway point then climb down again, chop the roots around the tree with the axe and grub hoe, pull on the rope and the tree would come down. It was a slow process but Dad managed to clear an acre or more working this way. Mother planted a small garden which didn't do very well except for the potatoes which produced a fair yield. Often this would be our meal three times a day, day after day, week after week until we were able to get something else to eat.

After a few years on the homestead my parents were able to build a larger two room log house with a board roof. They sawed the logs into boards with a specially made ten foot long saw. Father would be at the top of the log pulling the saw upwards while mother stood below to pull the saw down. In this way they were able to make a few pieces of lumber.

Everything that was done on the homestead required a lot of hard work. Washing clothes was no exception. Water had to be hauled in and heated. Then the clothes would have to be scrubbed on a scrub board. If they needed bleaching, bleach had to be made from wood ashes. Mother also made her own soap as did many others. To iron the clothes we had a flat board with grooves cut in it. The clothes would be rolled onto a rolling pin and the flat grooved board would be rubbed over whatever was being ironed. It was too time-consuming to iron everything so only things that were for good wear were ironed.

In summer we always picked cranberries and blueberries. Canning was unheard of, so Mother would dry the blueberries then cook them up as she needed them. The cranberries were cooked without sugar and stored in any available container. They were eaten with potatoes and added variety to the meals. Vegetables that could be kept in barrels or crocks for the winter, were stored in this way. When

Mother had a good crop of cucumbers we could depend on having cucumber pickles for the winter.

We walked wherever we had to go. Mother used to go to La Corey about six miles away to buy whatever we needed. Usually it was flour we needed and it was not unusual for her to carry a hundred pounds home on her back. She was not a very large woman but was able to do all types of heavy labor.

Our family also walked to church in the Garth area some eight miles away. We would start out in the early morning and arrive in time for the service.

When the Willow Trail School opened all of the children were enrolled in grade one and though I was fourteen years old, I too was placed there.

As the year went by my parents had three other children Mike, Jenny and Julie. Life on the homestead became easier. In 1942 I left home to marry Bill Synowec (see Synowec history) and the others, too, went away one by one until only Bill remained with my parents. In the fall of 1960 my parents moved to Edmonton and the following year Father had a stroke that partially paralyzed him. The farm was then managed by Bill who later sold it to Harry. Bill moved to a home he had built in Bonnyville and in 1966 my parents returned to Bonnyville to live with Bill. Father suffered another stroke in 1973 and spent a period of time in the hospital. He later entered a nursing home in Edmonton and passed away on January 19, 1974.

Mother continued to live with Bill in Bonnyville, she had a fall returning home from a neighbor's one evening and passed away three hours later on April 21, 1976.



Melnychuk family on arrival in Canada, Alex, Vera, Walter, Annie holding Harry and Bill.

Bill now lived alone doing the things he enjoyed. He still had a trap line he took care of and he spent time fishing. In 1978 he discovered he had cancer. After a battle of several months he passed away on July 11, 1978.

Today Walter lives in Vancouver. Harry resides in Three Hills with his wife Alice (nee Forseth) Mike married Shirley Zillsdorf. They live in Fort Saskatchewan with their three sons. Jennie married Peter Richuk. They live with their family on an acreage near Fort Saskatchewan and Julie lives in Edmonton.

Melnychuk, Harry and Alice by Harry Melnychuk

In the spring of 1965, Bill sold the home place to me. The end of April my wife, Alice and I with our girls, Linda three and a half years, Cindy two and a half years and Heather five months moved to the farm. It wasn't long before old buildings and old fences were torn down, and new ones replaced them. We bought cattle, hogs and chickens. We cleared more land, also bought Steve Omilion's land, so there were lots of rocks and roots to pick. We rented two quarters from Mike Franchuk and later on Bill bought them, and we rented them from Bill.

In 1966 Bill bought a house in town, so my folks moved back to Bonnyville to live with him. He spent most of his time with us, as he still enjoyed farm life.

In March, 1968, we had another daughter, Colleen. That year we started building a new house, as we had been living in our garage until then. January, 1969 we moved in, and it was nice to have more room.

In 1974 we sold the farm to Mr. and Mrs. Hall. We enjoyed those nine years. We were especially happy because of the friendly people that lived in the area.

We then lived in Fort Saskatchewan for two years and at present are living in Three Hills. I am in construction work here. Linda works for the lawyer in town. Cindy is married to Ken Hazelton and they have a daughter. They live in Three Hills as well. Heather attends High School and Colleen grade school at Prairie Bible Institute.



Harry Melnychuk Family — Cindy, Heather, Linda, Colleen, Alice and Harry.

Michuk, Jacob by Jacob Michuk

I, Jacob Michuk desired to come to Canada so I went to our city of Koval in Poland to make the necessary arrangements. This was in February of 1930. I passed the required examinations, then was sent to Warsaw where I was questioned further. From Warsaw I went on to Germany then to Belgium each time receiving further examinations to insure that I was healthy enough to enter Canada. I sailed to England in a small vessel and from there was transferred to a larger ship. While sailing to Canada we encountered a fierce storm that delayed us, but at last we arrived in Halifax on March 24, 1930. Straightway, those of us who came as immigrants were placed on a train for Saskatchewan to work for the farmers. I was given a job on a farm near Fenewood for three months. It happened to be a dry year and the farmers decided they could not afford extra help. A Ukrainian man advised me to travel to Ontario to work at a sawmill. I took his advice and found a man who was a believer in my faith. He found out through an interpreter about my belief and hired me for forty-five cents an hour. This was very good pay and I was able to have this job for six months. In 1931 I had a job cutting cords of wood at two dollars and fifty cents a cord. I could make five dollars a day by cutting two cords so these were good wages. In 1932 I was given electrical work at forty-five cents an hour. From these jobs in Ontario I once again journeyed to the Saskatchewan farms. Work was not plentiful and

I went on to Edmonton to visit my sister. Here I met up with my old friend, Martin Sawchuk. In 1933 we decided to take homesteads at Willow Prairie which later became known as Garth. At Willow Prairie there were already a large number of our countrymen. Klym Martiniuk, Nestor Sawchuk, Fred Wakulchyk, Andrew Kocuipchyk, Nikita Fersovitch, John Yurkewich and Gabriel Matichuk had already settled and gone through some difficult times. God did not abandon them but rather blessed and encouraged them and it was good for me to be among them.

I immediately began work on a house. It took me until the following year to finish. As soon as my house was completed I opened it for classes in religious instruction. The church services were conducted in my home and the Sunday School classes as well since there was as yet no church building. Also my home was used as a school house.

Since we had no preacher of the gospel in our area Nikita Fersovitch and I would conduct Sunday School classes for the children and Young Peoples meetings for the older ones. For seven years we carried on and God blessed our efforts. We praised him for the many people who came from all faiths to hear the word. As a result of the giving out of the Word of God many realized their sinful needs and accepted Christ as their Saviour.

In 1942 our church was completed and our services moved there. As well, the work among the children was taken over by Bessie Sherstanko. She



Church services at Michuks.



Jacob Michuk.

taught school at Forest Stream and conducted Bible classes in English.

I had a desire to receive further training in the word of God to enable me to spread the Gospel more effectively, so I went to Bible School, for three years, in Toronto as did a number of the young people from Garth. When I finished my training I went to Vancouver to work among the Slavic people and later on to Calgary. I helped to establish a Slavic Christian Church in this city and God has continued to bless my efforts as many of my countrymen came to the saving knowledge of Christ. I give thanks to God for this country Canada and for the right I have to carry on my Evangelist work.

From Riches to Rags to Riches

Ludwig Miller Story

by Ludwig Miller

I, Ludwig Miller Nielson, the youngest of six, was born in Denmark in 1905. My mother passed away when I was one year old. In 1911 my father remarried and again opened up the "Factory" and produced eleven more children which made seventeen in all. We owned a nice farm in Denmark and a fair amount of livestock such as horses, milk cows, young cattle, sheep and lots of pigs. I worked hard at home from a very early age until I was twenty-one, for a very small wage. I took a job on another farm for a short time before being called into military service where I remained for eight months. The pay was not the greatest, only fifteen cents a day. Upon completion of my military service I once again found employment on a farm in order to make enough money for my dream of a trip to Canada. At this time much advertising was being done on the opportunities and beautiful places in Canada. A friend of mine and myself made further inquiries and were promised a job upon our scheduled arrival in Winnipeg. The boat and railroad fare to our destination was approximately one hundred forty dollars, which was quite a large sum in Danish currency.

In 1928, the ninth of May, we left Denmark. It was my intention to work in this new land for one or two years, then board a boat for Australia and finally journey on to Africa and Europe, and back to Denmark. However the best of intentions often go astray. Circumstances such as the "depression" made this dream of travel an impossibility, therefore Canada became my permanent home. Of course, I did not realize this would be the case at this time.

Upon departure from the port, in Denmark, all was excitement and gaiety. The band was playing and thousands of streamers blew in the wind. Hearty good-byes were exchanged between friends and relatives as the steamship Oscar II sailed out to sea. This was nine A.M. Close to evening we began our journey through the North Sea.

The next day a very strong wind came up and we experienced seasickness. We took turns around the deck railing giving our "offerings" to the sea. This kept up all day and half the night until the northern tip of Scotland was reached and calm seas were experienced once again. The sea was just like a mirror with hardly a ripple breaking the surface. Newfoundland, finally came into view, after nine days of sailing. Were we glad to see land! On the nineteenth of May we reached the port of Halifax where we went through customs and had to open our trunks and suitcases for inspection. Here we stayed overnight. The next morning we took the train, which was packed like sardines, for Winnipeg. This train journey was one I will always remember and chuckle over. My friend, whose name was Edward Hansen, and I met two girls from south Jutland who had friends in Halifax. They told us to go into the first class railroad car, which was not crowded, and pretend we did not understand when the conductor asked us to go into the second class car. Two or three times the angry conductor asked us to go into the second class car. Two or three times the angry conductor gave us the "message" but we just sat there pretending ignorance and enjoying first class comfort. This went on for a couple of days until we reached Montreal. Here, again the conductor insisted that we move, in none too gentle a language. We did not pay any attention to his rantings and ravings until we noticed our luxury car had been unhooked and left at a siding and the remainder of the train had proceeded without us. Luckily there was a six hour stop over in Montreal. This gave us enough time to walk over one mile to the station, lugging all our suitcases. After that we stayed in our own car.

Our journey took us through the northern route. Here we viewed lakes, burned brush and masses of stones all over. It was very different from our homeland. As we neared Winnipeg we saw big open fields

where people were doing their spring seeding. We were surprised upon our arrival, which was May the twenty-third, that there were no jobs for us. We stayed overnight in the immigration office. Next day we purchased our tickets for our trip westward to Edmonton.

Upon our arrival in Edmonton we discovered, to our dismay, that work could not be found here either. By this time we were nearly broke and barely had enough cash for our trip to St. Paul. It depressed us to know that the amount of money we had to use for personal items was all being spent on train fares. In St. Paul we took any job we could get, as the money situation was becoming quite desperate. Besides our financial difficulties, we could not speak a word of English and did not know anyone. From St. Paul we caught a ride in a mail truck to Brosseau, by the North Saskatchewan River. Here a man with a load of hay picked us up and crossed on the ferry to Duvernay, just across the river from Brosseau. This was a new experience for us as this ferry had no motor and used the current of the river to move it to the other side. In Denmark a ferry held a whole train of sixty or seventy cars. We drove three more miles before stopping at the ramshackled farm where we were to work. This was the home of a newly married couple, the man being French and his wife being Polish.



Ferry at Duvernay, 1928.

My friend and I were shown a small out building, nothing fancy, which was to be our living quarters. During the night something kept crawling and falling all over us and taking bites as they went. Curious, we got up and lit the lamp. Hundreds of small buglike animals were scurrying all over the bed, in a real hurry to hide. That was our first, but by no means our last, encounter with bedbugs. We decided if we wanted any blood left in our veins we had better leave. Since we had no money our means of departure were few. The idea of stealing a boat to transport us that very night was very appealing. Upon giving it further thought we decided to stay and feed the bedbugs a little longer.

This couple was very friendly but very poor. Here we remained for about eight days before renting a small house in Duvernay. Now we had a nice clean room with no "animals".

We continued to work for this farmer for one month, cutting brush for one dollar a day. These were hot July days, and the work was very difficult for two greenhorns who had never used an axe before. We also worked on the road crew, driving four horses, moving dirt. By this time we could speak a few words of English. At the end of our month's work we discovered our employer had no funds with which to pay our wages. From here, I secured a job on a large farm belonging to Joe Riox and his son. They owned two large tractors and several horses with which they farmed seven quarters of land. Evald secured a job working around the local hotel. After threshing Evald left for Vancouver and I never saw him again. I kept working on the farm all winter doing little chores. For this I received twenty dollars per month. During the spring and summer of 1929 I remained at my job. The crops were poor that fall. Many farmers left their land since they were unable to pay their bills. Many of these decided to journey further north seeking available homestead land. I went along with them.

Upon our arrival in Bonnyville we began our search for homestead land. We were unable to secure any near the town site so we journeyed northward to the La Corey area to try our luck. Here we found some fairly open, nice looking, land. The remainder of our party were to choose a quarter each for Joe Riox and myself. Thinking we owned good farm land we returned to Duvernay to tell others of our good fortune. It was not until we met two individuals from Two Hills, who told us our land was worthless, that our confidence wavered. In the meantime I had purchased a team of horses and a wagon with which we set out immediately to see our homestead, ourselves. We discovered the stories told to us were not fiction but fact. My quarter consisted of muskeg, with not even enough dry land on which to build a shack. Joe's was one big hill beside mine. In disgust, we returned to La Corey. The storekeeper there told us of land farther north being settled mainly by Scandinavians. While I was investigating the possibility of filing on a homestead north of La Corey I met an elderly man, Pete Rask and two young men, Ejner Borogard and Halgar Peterson all originally from Norway. Here, I found another quarter, after giving up my first one. This was now home so we proceeded to build two fourteen by twelve foot shacks, one for Pete Rask and myself, and the other for Halgar and Ejner. Our nearest neighbors were five miles away so the four of us spent the winter enjoying each other's company.

The roof, floor and furniture for our two shacks was made from rough lumber purchased from an area sawmill. An airtight heater was used for warmth, and a little camp stove with a small oven for cooking. We had some supplies with us when we began our shacks but at one point before construction was completed, supplies were so low we ate nothing but oatmeal, water and sugar. At the time it was fairly appetizing and filling. My team of horses came in handy to travel for supplies, haul logs, etc.

As a winter project a log house was constructed on my land. A small barn for the horses was also built. A well was also dug, which gave us a readily available source of drinking water. Feed for the horses was scarce. The little hay used for feed had been cut late in the fall and contained little food value. By Christmas, my team were down to skin and bones. It was necessary to purchase oats, barley and oat bundles in order to pull them through the remainder of the winter. This feed was hauled in a wagon box as the trails were much too narrow to pull a hayrack through. Finally, spring arrived and I was able to turn the horses out to pasture. No fences existed at the time thus the animals could wander at will. Mine must have decided to look for greener pastures. I spent three weeks searching for them before finding them near a creek fat, sleek and happy, some ten miles from home.



Building first cabin, Halgard Peterson, Valdemor Lund and Ludvig Miller.

This out of the way homestead was my home for four years. During this time fifteen acres were cultivated. I also bought one cow, traded a gold watch for an old Model T and traded the cow's calf for some seed grain. With an old disc and harrow I put in my

first crop. The top soil had previously been burned off so the crop was a failure.

When I originally applied for a homestead in this northern area it was with the assurance of a new railway to be built just north of La Corey. Needless to say, people are still waiting in 1980, but so far, nothing. It was impossible to haul anything through the muskegs and sloughs which made up much of the area. At the time there were very few funds spent on road construction. We were led to believe if we cleared the road allowance we would be paid for our work. I cleared about five miles by hand, where the road is today, but until this day no cheque has arrived, not even a thank you.

In 1933, I journeyed to St. Paul and received my Canadian Citizenship as well as the patent on my land. By this time the farm site consisted of a comfortable little shack, a barn and a nice garden plot. My life until this time consisted of hunting, trapping and guiding hunters from the south. This provided some income but not a great deal of cash. However, I never went hungry thanks to the abundant moose, deer and caribou population. I canned some meat which gave me a ready supply for summer use. During the harvest season my neighbor, Jens Jensen and I took my team and rack and drove to Duvernay. Here we secured work stooking and threshing. This was quite a journey in those days. We spent three days on the road going and three more days for the return trip.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with Steve Scott. He told me about a farm for sale in the Iron River area. Mr. Price, the owner, had passed away and Steve was the executor of the estate. This quarter of land with twenty-five cultivated acres, I purchased for seven hundred dollars, (one hundred dollars as a down payment). In the spring of 1934 with my belongings, one cow and four horses, I made the move. There was an old shack on the property which I made as habitable as possible. Now I owned fairly good land. Each year I cleared and broke about fifteen acres which soon added up to a good sized field. The raising of pigs was my next undertaking. During this time a new barn was built. A log house was also started.

In 1937 I met Irene Batke, a widow, with two children, Henry and Alice. We were married in 1938 and eventually added to the family with the birth of four more children, Mildred, Mary-Rose, and Gladys. Finally nine years after Gladys's birth a son, Stanley Miller Nielson came along.

At this time some pupils travelled a considerable distance to attend school. Snow drifts in the winter and mud holes in the summer added to the difficulty. Mildred was only seven and Mary-Rose six when

they drove our old faithful horse, "Minnie" to school. Sometimes I worried about sending such small girls all that way by themselves, especially during the cold weather.

Our farming operation became larger. By now we were farming four quarters. A new house was built in 1952 and a new pig house soon after. About one hundred hogs were being raised in order to use up some of the poor quality grain. We kept a ten cow milk herd plus young stock. By this time two tractors and sufficient machinery sat in the yard. Running water, a luxury to us, was installed in the house, barn and pig house. Here I lived until 1966 at which time I sold the livestock and purchased a house in Bonnyville. In 1967 the land was also sold. The same year I purchased a Confectionery Store in Cold Lake, which was operated by me for four years.

When I left my homestead in 1938 it was with the intention of someday paying the back taxes, when a passable road was constructed. When the oil companies undertook this road building I investigated this possibility. To my dismay I found the land had been sold without notification of such coming to me. I should thank the oil companies for the roads, but these came too late to save my home.

Most of the things told here are the more pleasant times during the "dirty thirties". Sometimes in these years, I thought about how lucky livestock were in Denmark. They had warm places and plenty to eat. On the farm in Denmark most everyone had running water, electricity, telephone and radio. Many times I could not help but remember, while I sat in my log shack with none of these conveniences not even a newspaper, with only a "Coal Oil" lamp for light.

I remember a cold morning in February, (it had been forty below during the night) my friend and I were driving to La Corey to sell our first (skunk and weasel) to buy groceries, when we spied a crude shelter beside the road some four or five miles north of La Corey. This makeshift house consisted of three walls and a roof made from one layer of boards. The south side was open. Through the opening we saw a man trying to keep warm over an old "topless" camp stove. The flames and smoke rose up together. He wore an old tattered overcoat. Upon stopping to converse with him, we discovered his name was, Bill Muderik. He had been living in those conditions ever since his shack had been destroyed by fire sometime before. He had no bed or blankets. A bag of frozen potatoes and a small bag of wheat was the only food he had. He boiled these together in a lard pail to make a meal. Bill continued to live there the rest of the winter. After that I saw him again when I brought him some deer meat and a couple of prairie chickens. He seemed hesitant to take the food. Perhaps his sus-

picious nature was the result of the theft of some spools of barbed wire from him years before.

Our children are all grown now. We are retired and own a home in Cold Lake near the lake front. Most likely we will remain here as long as we are able to manage on our own. I just had my seventy-fifth birthday and Irene will celebrate hers in two years.

In closing we would just like to give thanks to our friends, neighbors and family for all their kindness and good times we enjoyed. We appreciate it.



Ludvig and Irene Miller.



First homestead of Ludvig Miller Nielsen.

The Everett and Cora Morton Story as told to Margo Morton

We moved from Drumheller to Fox Lake in the spring of 1950. We had planned to raise cattle, understanding that the country was fairly open and had lots of water. We lived on a road allowance close to the lake while we waited to see if any land was available in the area. Our closest neighbors were Alfred Tizzard and family, and Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper. Everett and Alf Tizzard were partners making hay, and we bought a few cattle. I raised the

garden which was planted on the lake bed itself because the lake was so low at the time.

Our first son, Ardel, was then only a year old. Our second boy, Arnold, was born in May of that year. Because the roads were so bad, no cars could get through to take me to the hospital, so he was born in a bunkhouse with Violet Tizzard as midwife.

By August, we found out that the land we wanted to buy had been changed to a green area, so it was not for sale. We then sold our cattle and moved back to Drumheller where Everett returned to work in the mines.

We bought land in the Drumheller Valley and raised a market garden and chickens. Here, our third and fourth sons, Allan and Adrian, were born.

The land we owned was situated on part of the petrified forest. We did not even know it until a couple of years after we owned the land. In fact, it was in the middle of our garden, and I used to sit on it to rest. We just thought it was a great big rock.

We sold out in Drumheller, after we discovered that the mines were closing down, and trail drove our cattle (approximately fifty head) to Onion Lake where we bought another quarter of land. We lived there five years until they turned the land into a community pasture, so we could no longer lease any land.

We had heard that there was some land now available in the La Corey district, so we came back in the year 1961, and settled on the old Rod Feenstra homestead. (Southwest of 17-64-5-4).

The land was fairly open then with lots of pasture, hay, wood and tamarac for the cutting. We broke one hundred acres and raised grain and hay, having sheep for a few years, but keeping cattle most of the time.

Everett and Curtis, (his brother who lived with us at the time) worked out a lot after Everett bought an old horse well boring machine, leaving the boys and I to do the chores and whatnot.

The boys had to get up at five thirty in the morning to get ready for school, and walk a mile to catch the school bus by seven fifteen. In the spring when the roads were bad and the creek overflowed, the boys had to walk two and a half miles to catch the bus.

The boys had to help a lot, the two youngest having to catch their pinto ponies (which all the boys raised) and fetch the ten milk cows. The two oldest boys and I then milked them.

Ardel and Arnold used to go chop tamarac posts on the weekends after school, when they were only thirteen and fourteen years old.

We used to sell our cream in town, and some days when the creek overflowed, we had to take the cream with the horses and wagon to meet the cream truck.

Once when Everett went to meet the truck, and he had taken our four boys and Derek, David and Daniel Tizzard along, one of the horses fell into the creek, tipping the wagon, and dumping the boys and the cream into the creek. Needless to say, we lost our cream that trip.

When Arnold was sixteen, he spent eight months in the sanatorium in Edmonton, recovering from pleurisy which he got while working for the forestry, from sleeping on the icy ground with not enough blankets.

Our first son, Ardel, left home in 1968 and married Carol Mathes of Iron River. They have two children, Joan and David. They are presently living beside us on their own quarter of land. Ardel has his own business now, which is A & C Water Well Drilling.

In 1969, Arnold married Helene Tremblay of Bonnyville and they now live in Vermilion. They also have two children, Darla and Travis. Arnold and Allan who also live in Vermilion have their own business as well which is Morton's Water Well Drilling.

Adrian married Margo Bleau of Bonnyville in



Everett Morton Family — Alan, Ardel, Adrian, Arnold and their parents Everett and Cora.



Ardel and Carol Morton and their children, David and Joan.

1977 and is now also living beside us on their ten acre farm. They have two children as well, Shane and Dustin. Adrian is presently a driller on the oil rigs.

Mykolyshen, Fred

by Xanni Gizowski (nee Mykolyshen)

My mother surely had her hands full with three small children, Marvin, me (Xanni) and baby Sophie, only nine months old. We came to Canada from Ukraine in the early spring of 1925.

After our arrival Dad did farm work for some friends at Mundare. The following year, 1926, we bought some land in the Elk Point area. That same year, my sister, Annie was born. Dad's sisters began to arrive in Canada from the Ukraine, Aunt Kate in 1926, Aunt Anne 1927, and Aunt Eva in 1928.

In 1931 our Dad filed on a homestead in the LaCorey district. That same year my brother, John was born. In the early spring of 1932, we packed our belongings and herding the cattle, we left for the homestead. The move took three days.

We stayed with my Aunt Kate while Dad built a typical log house with a sod roof. In the springtime all the wild flowers made the yard look like a flower garden.

There was a lake just north of our home and we spent hours fishing with our friends from school. My brother, Marvin trapped for furs in the winter. When it was dark and he was not home, we would go to the lake and call for him in case he had lost his way. Somehow, he never did get lost.



A strong catch! Marvin Mykolyshen, 1935.

Our mother was kept busy with many things. She sewed clothes for neighbors, baked cakes for weddings and summers were spent picking blueberries.

Our Dad passed away in 1936 and Mom found it very difficult to raise five children alone. In 1939 she married Peter Hawrylak and the following summer they had a son, Mike.

Mom is now retired, living in Bonnyville. Marvin and Sophie live in Vancouver. Anne lives in Oregon and John is the Air Force, stationed in Edmonton. I am farming with my husband in Mannville.



Mrs. Mykolyshen and Mrs. Steve Waskeiwicz making hay at Frozen Lake.

McDermott Story

by Margaret Saunders (McDermott)

Dad sold his farm to a man named Karpinski at Innisfree and moved north in 1920. There was Dad, Mother, Ellen, Bill, Mabel, Fred, and Pat and Great Uncle Fred. They pulled their wagons with mules and horses and herded about twenty head of cattle. Ellen, who was the oldest, rode a pony called Kitty. Dad hired a man to drive one of the wagons; he had a horse called Irish which he let Bill ride. Great Uncle Fred walked and herded the cows. In one wagon they had loaded a mother pig with little ones and also a cat and her kittens.

When they came to the North Saskatchewan River at Elk Point, they found it was flooding the banks. They camped there a week as the ferry could not cross. It was operated by a cable over head and was pulled with rope winches. While they were camped there, it rained continuously. Everything got wet and damp as they were living in tents. Finally,

they got across the river and made about ten miles a day, travelling by way of St. Paul, Moose Lake, Bonnyville and LaCorey. Somewhere west of LaCorey they ran out of road. They cut a trail through the bush and made corduroy roads over bogs and sloughs. About two miles east of the homestead the wagon carrying the pigs and cats got stuck. They had a hard time getting it out of the slough. It had to be unloaded and then loaded up again. Consequently, that slough was called the Pig and Cat Slough for years. Finally they came to the Iron River and set up camp on the homestead right where the buildings were built.

There were every kind of flies and mosquitoes that year and it was necessary to keep two or three smudges burning to keep the flies away from the cattle. They made two Army Bell tents and two square tents to live in. The first thing they did was to break up some land and put in a garden. It continued to rain, and the horses all left and went back to the river where the ferry was. The man there kept them but Ellen's old pony, Kitty stayed. She had been bought from an Indian gentleman for a gallon of moonshine, so she figured we were just a different band and was content to stay with us.

They built the first bridge over the Iron River just down the hill from where they built the house and they got a barn and some corrals built by fall for the cattle. It was a busy summer picking berries and canning them for winter. When snow came they were warm in their log house and the cattle and mules were fine in their barns.

There was always a lot of meat and game to live on and one could always catch fish in the Beaver River. Dad used to trap foxes, coyotes and weasels in the winter and muskrats in the spring. Sometimes they brought a fair price, other times nearly nothing. He cleared land on the homestead and planted grain, mostly wheat.

I, Margaret, the youngest, was born in 1924. Mother was never too well after that but she never complained. The children went to the little log school each day and had to help Dad with chores when they came home. Then came the "Hungry Thirties". By this time there was no way to make a living. You had to grow what garden you could and raise beef and a pig or two in order to have food.

A flour mill was built in Bonnyville. Dad took in two loads of wheat, gave one to the man there to get the other one ground into flour. Then he brought the grist home as they called it. There was Number one flour, good to make bread, Four X flour which a person could use, only it was darker and heavier. You also got bran which was good for muffins, cream of wheat for porridge, and shorts which was fed to the

pigs. I will never forget this as the first time Dad brought this all home, he showed Mom all the different bags. The next morning Mom made us porridge and of course we did not know anything was wrong until Dad tasted his. He said, "Mother, what bag did you get this from?" She told him the one nearly full. He said, "My gosh woman, you are feeding us the shorts and pigs the cream of wheat!" We all laughed and we had cream of wheat the next morning.

Mabel went to school the longest of any of the children and she became a school teacher. Ellen got married (it was either in 1930 or 1931.) Bill was married after he joined the Army. (See the Bill McDermott Story). Pat got married in 1936 to Clarence Shaffer, one of the neighbor boys. Fred got married right after the war was over to a girl from LaCorey. The only one left at home was me, Margaret.

Mother passed away March 18, 1938. Dad and I were left alone, staying on the homestead until the war began. Then Dad said if the boys are going in the army, I am going to try and get in and he did. I went to live in Cherry Grove, Alberta with some distant relatives for a year, then I followed Dad down to Ontario. Dad was in the army for two or three years until he was discharged after a heart attack. He went back west and lived with Fred on the old place until he passed away in 1947.

The two boys have both passed away now and the four girls all got together in 1978 for a reunion, the



The McDermott Family at home in Iron River.

first time they had all been together in forty-three years. There was a lot of remembering of the old days. Some visited the old home place in 1978 which is owned by Richard and Florence Matthews. The old buildings are all gone now and they have built a new house and have all the conveniences of a town home. I am sure Mother and Dad would be very pleased if they only knew how the place was being cared for.

Life on the Homestead at Iron River

by Mabel Humphries (McDermott) March 18, 1980

Actually, today is still one of the saddest day in my life — “Mom died” forty-two years ago today.

My sister, Margaret has told the story of our move to the homestead in 1920. This long, nineteen-day journey is very clear in my mind. I will not bore readers with more details but will try to tell what it was like to really live the life of a “pioneer child”.

One flat honest statement — In all those years I never remember the common complaint of our young ones today — “There is nothing to do.” Our days just seemed too short. Probably, lack of electricity meant that we did not burn the midnight oil but lost none of the early morning daylight.

My father was an exceptional man in that he believed in muscular development for everyone, regardless of sex. We all learned to “turn wrists, chin ourselves, pull the lazy stick, play ball, swim and each child was taught the proper use of a firearm at seven years of age. Dad said “Never point a gun at anything you do not wish to kill.”

Dad also made us skiis from birch. He soaked the tips in a wash boiler of water and then bent them upwards. We had fun! Someone would ride horseback with a rope tied to the saddle horn, the skier would be towed. Imagine what happened when our skiis hit “frozen leavings” of the horse — we just “looped the loop”. Funny there were no broken bones!

Dad was also very well versed in the matter of “land survey”. Anyone coming into the area and heading west had to pass through our yard. Naturally they stopped for directions. Dad was only too glad to help them locate the land they had filed on. This often meant they had to camp at our place and poor over-worked Mom always found food for them. However, with times as hard as they were, Dad did charge five dollars for locating and reading those iron stakes denoting, quarter, range, township and meridian.

For over twenty-five years Dad was the only Justice of the Peace closer than Bonnyville. This meant various jobs. All papers had to be signed, applications for relief, etc. were brought to him. He



Fording the Beaver River.

also conducted preliminary hearings in the school on disputes of civil nature between neighbours.

Another ‘off the beat job’ for Dad was pulling teeth. He had had some medical training. Sometimes he simply sat on his patient and when he or she opened his or her mouth to holler, he quickly snatched out the offending tooth. “No charge! Rinse your mouth with salt water.”

Mom had a very hard life. In spite of all hardships she just never complained. She was a woman who was raised in a city and never quite trusted animals. She did learn to drive horses but never rode one.

Mom was very musical and her voice was beautiful. She played all instruments. I will always remember her blowing the mouth organ and teaching us all to dance many steps. She often played the violin for dances and always played the church organ.

Mom could cook anything. It seemed her bread always rose. During the winter she made the traditional ‘Sour Dough Klondike Bread.’ This meant she



McDermott Family — Mabel, Ellen, Pat, Bill and Fred.

saved a loaf of bread, froze it in lard pail outside and the day before baking, she brought it in, thawed it, and added potato water, sugar, salt and mixed a huge batch of fresh dough. Again, she would save a loaf. This was repeated over and over and as long as freezing weather prevailed that one Royal yeast cake provided a family of eight with super bread.

We always had jars of delicious canned fish. Mom just added vinegar, tomato ketchup, salt and pepper to fish (usually jacks) in jars and processed them in the old wash boiler for three hours. The result tasted far more natural than our canned salmon of today.

I could go on and on about our early life but someday, God willing, I will have this and much more in my own book.

Bill and Alice McDermott

by Alice McDermott

Bill, along with his father and brother Fred went to enlist in the army in July, 1940. While he was stationed in Sakatchewan, Bill and I were married on December 25, 1940 while he was home on leave. I went to Saskatchewan with Bill and we lived in an apartment not far from the barracks. After a move to Vancouver, I returned home to LaCorey. Bill was moved to Eastern Canada and for the next three years our time together was limited. I went to join him at different occasions and he was able to get a "harvest leave" to help with the fall work.

In April, 1943, our first, baby, Edward was born. It was shortly after that, Bill was sent overseas and did not return until the war was over two and one half years later. When he went overseas, he was attached to an armoured Corp Regiment, the 7th Hazzars, which was an Italian Regiment.

When Bill returned in 1945, we lived in a granary Mother had fixed up for the hired men on her farm. The following Spring, we bought a piece of land in LaCorey from Albert Limoge. There he started a garage, filling station, and bulk stations. The building that he used as a garage used to be a blacksmith shop (a sign of progress?). The house we were to move into was being used as a school at the time so we lived in part of the garage until the end of June.

During the winter of 1946 our second son, Henry was born. Bill had the garage at LaCorey for six years. During that time in 1949, an army buddy, Art Rogers, from Saskatoon, came to join Bill as a partner. Art was also a mechanic so the two men did well together. That same year, in the fall, we had another baby boy, Lloyd.

I recall one winter in particular while we lived in LaCorey. The weather turned exceptionally cold about the middle of January and remained from forty

to sixty degrees below for six weeks. During our years there, I served coffee and lunch to several of the truck drivers that used to truck from up north in the winter time.

In 1951, we bought a quarter of land northeast of LaCorey from Jim Matson. In the spring of 1952, we moved to the farm. Bill put in the crop that spring and worked in the garage all summer. In the fall he was taking the crop off when a neighbor, Ralph Batke, came to tell him that the garage was on fire. It was impossible to save anything and much of our belongings were still in the house beside the garage. It was all lost as the garage and house burned to the ground.

After our move to the farm the children went to Bevin school. The school was also the scene for such entertainment as dances on the weekends.

In the winter of that year, our first girl, Emily was born. What a welcome addition she was after having three boys in a row. About the same time we bought two bred cows and a heifer. The oldest cow had a calf but developed milk fever and died so I raised the calf by hand until the next cow calved. I gave the calf Carnation milk, the same formula that the baby, Emily was on. That calf turned out to be a very good milk cow.

During the first years we were on the farm, Bill bought a trapline north of Tucker Lake. He trapped during the winter and also took out logging permits to take out logs at the same time which he sold for extra income.

I remember one time he went to the east end of the line. (He had a shack on each end of the trapline, one on the east and the other on the west.) He was to stay there overnight and come back the next day. During



Emily, Arthur, Alice and Bill McDermott.



McDermott's house and garage at LaCorey.

the night a blizzard came up. The snowing and drifting was so bad that Bill had difficulty opening the door in the morning. He started for home but only went halfway by evening so he stayed with friends overnight. The next morning he left the truck there and came home on snowshoes.

Two more children were born to us during the "Fifties", Arthur and Joan.

During the "Sixties" we bought more land and expanded our farming operations. The three oldest boys got married and moved away. We also became parents once more. We had a son, Richard. We farmed three quarters until 1971, when we sold the farm and bought a house in Bonnyville.

In 1973, our youngest, Richard started school and I decided to get a job outside the home. I worked as a chambermaid in the Central Hotel until 1977 when I remained home to care for Bill whose health was failing. In January, 1978, he passed away and was laid to rest in St. Michael's Cemetery at LaCorey. I am still living in our Bonnyville home.

Our children are:

Edward married Coreen Smith of Elk Point. They have three girls and now live in Grande Prairie.

Henry also living in Grande Prairie, married Darlene Larson of Edmonton. They have three girls and one boy.

Lloyd married to Marie Malone of St. Paul. They have two girls and one boy.

Emily, married to John Plamondon, lives in Grande Prairie and has two girls.

Arthur married Yvette St. Jean of Bonnyville. They have two boys.

Joan and **Richard** are not married yet. Joan is working and Richard is attending school in Bonnyville.

The McGregors by W. McGregor

In May 1925, my father, Thomas McGregor and my mother, Tillie, with five of us children, Robert,

Margaret, John, Nellie, and I left Carnew, County Down, Northern Ireland for Canada. We settled twelve miles north of Vermilion on a farm we bought from the Soldiers Settlement Board. As children, we attended the King Edward school where Margaret died as a result of a school accident. Our family farmed there until 1935. During this time another daughter, Barbara was born. Money and firewood were very scarce, one of the reasons we decided to look for new land.

In 1934 Dad and Robert went north to James Phelan's at Sandy Rapids, looking for a homestead. Dad homesteaded on S.E.-1-64-8-4. Hale Fry had a homestead on N.W.-31-63-7-4 that he let go back to the government in 1934. In the winter of 1935 Robert filed on that quarter. To acquire this land they made many trips from Vermilion with horses and wagon (100 miles one way) taking two days.

In the winter of 1935 the Phelan boys, Pat, Mike, Tom and Andrew helped Dad and Robert take out logs for a house on Robert's homestead. At the same time logs were taken out for Pat Phelan's house on S.W.-1-64-8-4. Pat and Dad cut them off Dad's land. The boys skidded and hauled them out to the building sites. While cutting a good sound log, Pat peeled back the bark and showed them the log was full of bed bugs. No wonder all the homes had bed bugs. In the summer of 1935 the house was finished and some land cleared and broke.

In May, 1936 Dad moved the family, along with eight head of horses and two colts, seven cows and a few chickens from Vermilion. We had one hay rack loaded with a little machinery, oat bundles and grain for the livestock and a covered wagon with house hold goods. It took two weeks for this trip because it rained a lot which made the roads very muddy. When we came to the Saskatchewan River at Elk Point, it was very high. The cattle were chased across the river. When Robert was getting the wagon on to the ferry, one wheel missed the ramp and sank into the mud. After a lot of prying and blocking with help from bystanders we got the wagon on to the ferry. It was late at night and the covered wagon, with mother, Dad, Nellie, Barbara and all the food supplies was still half a mile south of the river in a backup of traffic, caused by us being stuck on the ferry so long.

We camped on the north side of the river for a week to wait for the roads to dry a little. We had made a few trips before, hauling machinery up to the homestead. Peter Phelan had come with us to help move the cattle. After a lot of trouble we reached our new home in Sandy Rapids, tired, dirty and happy. The new home was chinked with moss and had tar paper on the roof. Dad got Mike Dehod to plaster the house with clay inside and out, which made it quite warm.

We went to Panas', ten miles away, for shingles for the house. He had a shingle mill run by a steam engine.

During this time Barbara, Nellie and I attended the Sandy Rapids school, two miles south of our place.

We seeded a small field and cut hay along the creek for feed for the horses and cattle. The mosquitoes and sand flies were so bad, we put wagon grease on the horse's ears and covered them with canvas hoods. We used nose bags to keep the flies off their noses.

In the fall Robert took the binder and four horses to cut grain for other farmers to get a few dollars. In the winter we cut red tamarac fence posts and sold them to farmers in the south. Robert worked at the Stewart's saw mill near Pinehurst Lake for lumber.

Stewart could speak Ukrainian and a lot of his workers were farmers from Sandy Rapids. Some evenings he would play the bag pipes. For most of his workers, it was the first time they saw bag pipes.

John worked for Charles Shaffer of Iron River and in return Pete Shaffer did some breaking for us, with a six horse team and a steel beam breaker with handles and two wheels in front. What a job that was with all the flies and mosquitoes!

Otto Berg cut fire wood for us and other farmers, using a ten horse power stationary engine. Otto got a truck and hauled our pigs, grain, cream and cattle to the Bonnyville market.

The first tractor Robert got was a Fordson. To our way of thinking the most useless thing there ever was built. The horses were used to pull it out so many times, I think the horses were used the most.

In 1939 the war broke out. John joined the army and went overseas in 1941. He was with the Calgary Highlanders and was wounded in the invasion of France in 1944. While he was in England recovering from his wounds he married an English girl, Connie Brown. They had one daughter, Pat. After he recovered he rejoined his regiment in Holland and was killed in action on February 27, 1945, at Cleve, Germany.

Robert joined the Army in March, 1942. He was with the artillery, 8th Canadian Field Battery 25 Pounders, 2nd Canadian Field Regiment, 1st Division. They were in support of the first brigade, Scicily through Italy to Oratona and from there to France, Belgium, Germany and ended up in Holland. He was discharged in December, 1945.

I, Willie joined the army in December, 1942. I was with the Royal Canadian Medical Corps. I went overseas in August 1943, joining the 11 Field Ambulance, 2nd Division in England. I went to France,

Holland, Belgium and Germany. I was discharged in January, 1946.

Dad was in poor health all through the war years and the farm work was left to Nellie and Barbara. This is Nellie's account of their life while her brothers served in the army.

For our living we had twelve head of cattle and four horses so we milked cows and shipped cream. We often had to carry the cream can to Berg's Store about two and one-half miles away. Otto Berg was the trucker for that area.

One of the many problems we had in winter was watering the cattle. Jimmy Phelan, our neighbour, and I watered cattle from the same muskeg well which was about one quarter of a mile from the house. The water was very low in the well, so I watered my cattle and horses in the morning and he watered his cattle in the evening. We had to chop the ice out every day. Without Jimmy Phelan's help and that of other neighbours, I do not know how we would have ever managed. Barbara did most of the house work and took care of the chickens while I did the outside work.

Along with all the bad times there were also some good times. After the evening chores were finished we would sometimes go to dances. We would walk five to ten miles, dance half the night and walk home in time to do the morning chores. We spent a lot of our evenings writing letters to the boys overseas, trying to keep up their spirits and always making sure to get them a Christmas parcel sent. Every day we had hopes of the war ending, so somehow, with the help of good neighbours, we kept the farm going until Robert and Willie returned.

Dad died on April 18, 1948 in an Edmonton hospital after a long illness. He was buried in an Edmonton cemetery. Mother died on May 12, 1952 in a Bonnyville hospital. She was laid to rest in St. John's United Church Cemetery, Bonnyville.

Nellie married Peter Phelan on September 9, 1946. They had one girl, Joyce. She is married to Rusty Gibbons, a CST in the R.C.M.P. They are living in British Columbia. Peter died in 1953. On June 15, 1969 Nellie married George Servage. They are now living in Edmonton

Robert married Alice Beaudoin of Bonnyville on August 25, 1953. They have four children, Victor, Margaret, Pauline and Susan. Robert and Alice moved to Drayton Valley in 1954 and are still living there.

Barbara married Don Adair on September 23, 1953. They had three children, Thomas, Gordon and Ian. Gordon was killed in a traffic accident in 1966 on an Edmonton street. Thomas is a CST in the R.C.M.P. and stationed in Burnaby, British Colum-

bia. Ian is still attending school. Barbara and Don are living in Edmonton.

After being discharged from the Army the first thing I did was to buy a Model A Ford car. After some looking around for a farm I bought the John Walker place, S.W.-32-63-7-W4 for eight hundred dollars. It had twenty-five acres cultivated. I bought my mother's homestead quarter for five hundred dollars and it had ten acres cultivated. In the spring of 1947 I bought my first tractor, an Oliver 66 for twelve hundred dollars. I cleared and broke ten acres. The brushing was done with an axe and grub hoe. John Davidovitch broke three acres before he had trouble with his tractor. Robert bought a 15-30 steel wheeled McCormick Deering tractor from John Martiniuk of Garth and a breaking plow from Leo Sabatier. Together we managed to break seven acres.

I went to work in the lumber camp at Wildwood for the winter for five dollars a day. I made enough to buy a seed drill. The next winter, 1948, I worked for Pete Procinski in a lumber camp at Wolf Lake.

On April 1, 1948 I married Lorane Peterson and we started our home on the site it is today. We have four children, Vivian, Lloyd, Thomas, and Ralph.

In 1948 we had one cow, two heifers and four horses. For the next five years I spent the winters working in lumber camps. Lorane looked after the home and outside chores. She washed clothes almost every morning on a wash board. The water was heated in a large tub on a wood stove. It was brought one and one half miles from the creek in barrels in the summer and snow was melted down for all wash water in the winter, because the well water was very hard, and had a lot of iron in it. In 1952 we got a gas washing machine. It made washing clothes so much easier.

Lorane spent many nights by coal oil lamp to learn how to crochet and sew. She grew a large garden and canned vegetables for the winter because there was no other way of keeping them for the winter months. When we needed any help we could always call on Leo and Effie Sabatier.

We got Alberta Power in 1959. The first thing we got was a deep freeze, milking machines and cold running water for the house. We were milking fifteen cows by this time.

In 1953 Olaf Peterson, Robert McGregor and myself took a timber birth north of Wolf Lake. It was a severe winter. Due to the cold we came home in January leaving Gerald Peterson and Jack Streets to care for the horses and camp. The bunk house caught fire one night and Jack died in the fire. Gerald managed to get out but was badly burned. Fred Vasseur and his mill crew were staying in another cabin

nearby and managed to get Gerald into a hospital in Bonnyville.

The summer of 1953 was very wet and the crops were poor. The ground was too soft to carry the tractor and binder. For the little crop we cut, we used a team of horses in front of the tractor. This left the fields very rough.

In the winter of 1952, Bankers Petroleum started to dig oil wells on S.W. 6-64-7 and S.E. 5-64-7. In the summer of 1953 Bill Sashuk and I were hired to build a corduroy road up to the wells, using our horses. They put three wells on pumps and in 1954 started to truck the oil into Bonnyville and Lloydminster refineries. The company shut down in 1956 when oil prices were ninety cents per barrel.

In the fall of 1954 Vivian was six years old and ready to go to school. There was no road for her to go to Wendel school, so Lorane taught her Grade one by correspondence. The following year the schools were centralized at Iron River. A road was built for the bus to pick up Vivian and Lloyd. They would get on the bus at 7:10 A.M. They took grades one to Grade twelve in Iron River School.

In 1956 we purchased a small herd of eight holstein heifers. This was the start of our dairy herd. We milked cows, sold the cream and fed the skim milk to the pigs. In 1970 we sold thirty holstein cows and started raising beef cattle.

In 1958 we built our present house. We paid one thousand dollars for two carpenters to build the house and we supplied all the materials.

From 1972 until 1978 we cared for foster children. The boys we kept were Garry Sherger, Eugene Cardinal, Gilbert Dumont and Ken Grandbois.

In 1970 Vivian married Richard Bryant from St. Albert. She is teaching school in Devon and they have two girls, Shelly and Coralee. Richard is a Fish and Wildlife Officer in Evansburg. Lloyd married Connie Lui in 1977. He is a Senior Test Technician for Seimens Digital Systems in Edmonton. Connie is an accountant for Astro Tire in Edmonton. Thomas married Carmaine Jubinville of Fort Kent in 1976. They have one girl Crystal. Thomas was in the garden club for three years and the beef club for four years. Ralph was in the beef club six years. Lorane has been leader and assistant leader for eighteen years in the clothing club. I, Willie, was leader and assistant leader of the beef club for six years. Our family was chosen as the Alberta Farm family for Northeastern Alberta in 1974.

We got Alberta Power in 1958, telephone in 1970 and natural gas to the farm in 1980. We presently own twelve hundred acres and have three hundred acres of leased land. With all of these modern conveniences we are enjoying our life together on the farm.



Nellie McGregor, Madge Phelan and Willie McGregor in front of Jerry Trosko's store.



Robert, Nellie, Barbara and Willie McGregor.



Farm Family, 1974. The McGregors — Lloyd, Lorane and Willie, Ralph, Gene Cardinal (foster child) and Thomas with dignitaries. Vivian (insert).

Oliver "Mac" McKinlay by Dolly Drake (McKinlay)

In 1907 Oliver McKinlay left his native Ontario and came to Alberta to try his hand at ranching. After working on a ranch at Crossfield, Alberta, for several years, he took his bride to a homestead at Youngstown, Alberta. There his love of horses stood him in good stead but the weather did not cooperate and eventually the drought forced him to start moving north.

He rented a farm near Vermilion but again things did not go well. The drought continued and when his wife passed away, Mac decided to keep on going north.

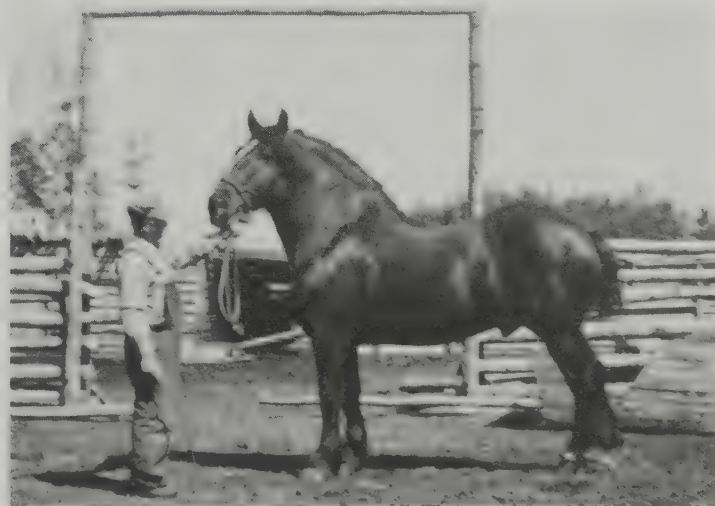
In the summer of 1932, he loaded his eight motherless children on a hayrack and moved to the La-Corey district. There he rented a house until he was able to build a log house on his own farm. This log house soon became a regular stopping place for visitors, as no matter how bad things were, his infallible good humour would always show through.

During these years he supplemented his income by treating sick horses and cattle for his neighbors. Although not a qualified vet his general knowledge saved many an animal.

Every Monday, which was stock day, he would make a trip to Bonnyville to fix a few horses' teeth, tell some stories and if at all possible trade somebody out of something. Many a neighbor went home wondering how Mac traded him that sway-backed horse and got some boot besides.

By 1946, all the children had married and left home so Mac decided to go a-courting. In July 1947, he and Effie Sneath of the Iron River district were married so he sold the farm at La Corey and moved to the Iron River district where he purchased the William Clausen farm.

There he and Effie farmed and ranched until 1951. At this time Effie's father's health started to fail



Oliver (Mac) McKinlay with his Percheron stallion.

so they sold the farm and moved to Bonnyville to retire.

All through his life, his love of animals had always been a dominant factor and retirement was to be no different. He continued to treat sick animals and to trade whenever he could. As the need for horses declined, he bought horses to ship to the meat plants.

When asked by his son-in-law how he could ship horses like that, he replied, "At least if I buy them, I can save the best ones."

Mac had always been a staunch supporter of the United Church and this became an important part of his life in Bonnyville. Only sickness would keep him and Effie from every service where he loved to listen to hymns sang from the choir stall that he donated to the church.

He also took over caretaking of the graveyard and spent many hours beautifying it.

In November of 1972, Mac passed away in his sleep and was laid to rest in the cemetery that he was so proud of.



Oliver McKinlay in his potato garden.

Nadon, Joseph and Marie Louise family by Murielle (Nadon) Bilodeau

Joseph, born March 22, 1887, and Marie Louise Nadon, born November 10, 1893, were both raised in Manitoba, Marie Louise in Ockville and Joseph in St. Pierre. Here they lived until they were teenagers whereupon the families moved to a small town, St. Lepaulilte, in Saskatchewan. The two young people began to earn their own living at a very young age. This caused them to take on adult responsibilities and "grow up" early.

While living in this small town Joseph and Marie Louise met and were subsequently married on June 14, 1910. The couple's first child was a bouncing baby boy. They thought this was great so they had another baby, this time a girl. That was alright I guess

because from the age of eighteen to forty-two Marie Louise gave birth to thirteen children, four boys and nine girls.

Joseph tried many jobs in Saskatchewan but finally decided to move to Alberta. He had previously visited the province in 1918 and longed to settle in Brynäs near Lac La Biche. When the youngest of the thirteen children was one and one-half years old they began their journey to Alberta. After an auction sale which was held in October Marie Louise, Joseph and nine of their children (the others were no longer at home) set off in a big wooden wagon and hay rack pulled by a team of horses. Such items as clothing, a sewing machine, an old record player and the necessities were loaded and we were on our way. Mother always made good use of the sewing machine with such a large family to sew for. The record player which used tube records and had to be cranked by hand, was later traded for potatoes for the families winter needs.

The journey from Saskatchewan took thirteen days, November 1 to November 13, 1938. On our trip we suffered through rough roads, delays and rainy days. Thanks to the hospitality of very good friends that Dad and Mother knew when they were young, our trip was made easier. Finally we arrived in Bonnyville. It was late in the day to continue so the family were settled for the night and the horses were stabled. Dad decided to go for a stroll in order to relax his nerves. While walking he met a Mr. Phillippe Chouinard, a man who had lived near father in Manitoba. It was a real surprise to meet an old school friend so far away from home. In the process of conversation Dad learned Mr. Chouinard was now a farmer in the La Corey area. Of course Mr. Chouinard suggested we settle in the La Corey district, a place which seemed to be promising. Since this was late in the fall there was three to four inches of snow already on the ground. We had no home to go to but nothing seemed to scare those old pioneers.

Thanks to the good nature and generosity of Mr. Chouinard, we were given a home for the winter. We settled happily in a vacant shack of Chouinard's with a few furnishings given to us by kind neighbors. This was a very difficult time for our family. We had little in the way of supplies, no potatoes, no vegetables, etc. and very little money. My father, who was a very resourceful man soon set off to find work. He was a great lumber man as he had learned the trade while in Saskatchewan. We soon became settled in school. Our education here was in French which we did not have in Saskatchewan. We found this very different.

When spring came we rented a farm house north of La Corey. There we lived for one year. Since this was only a one room shack we children had very little

space to fool around. Dad who was a very determined man, always found a way to provide a living for the family, although Mom served many meals of bread and gravy. Mother was a very good cook and could make delicious meals out of next to nothing.

From here we moved to the Remillard farm near Sandy Lake. This move provided us with a better home. At this time Dad worked with his horses hauling lumber for camps around Fox Lake and Wolf Lake. During the summer he found employment helping farmers. Dad was never a farmer himself up until now.

After a few years we packed up again, this time to a farm north of La Corey. Now Dad farmed in the summer and spent his winters working at logging camps. It was very lonely for Mom with mainly her children for company. Evenings were spent around the kitchen table playing cards, singing, arguing, doing homework or cutting out catalogues and this was our happiness and enjoyment. We did not have a radio until much later. Mother did not own a washing machine until she was in her sixties. She washed clothes using a washboard and a galvanized tub.

At this time we lived five miles from school and walked the distance rain or shine. In the winter we took a shortcut across a frozen lake which made the distance considerably shorter. Mother spent the day wondering and worrying about us until our return in the evening. After a couple years Dad gave up his short farming career and earned summer wages threshing for farmers around the St. Paul-Goodridge area. During the winter months he hauled freight for Limoges' Store in La Corey.

After about seven years of living here and there, not earning enough money he decided to rent a home in La Corey. This again was a small shack with an upstairs owned by Louis Dumaine. By now only five girls were living at home. Dad went to work in British Columbia and Mom took the janitor job at La Corey School. Some mornings she was up at six and walked to the school in forty or fifty below temperatures to light the wood burning furnace so the school would be warm for classes.

After about fifteen or sixteen years of this type of life the Nadons moved to Bonnyville where they lived for some twenty years. Fort Saskatchewan was



Nadon Family.

home for one and one half years, then Winnipeg, where they lived with a son for eight months. Now they are living in Sherwood Park with my family (daughter Murielle). Dad is ninety-three and mother is eighty-six and they are both still going strong. They still enjoy playing cards, dancing and visiting with old and dear friends. They will be celebrating their seventieth wedding anniversary on June 14, 1980. The names of their thirteen children are: Philician, married and living in Winnipeg, Emilia, (Mrs. Frank Bertrand) living in Saskatoon, Norma (Mrs. Henry Regnier) now deceased, Marie Anne (Mrs. Gerard Cote) now residing in Edam, Saskatchewan, Beatrice (Mrs. Paul Plouffe) living around Bonnyville, Jule, lived in British Columbia, now deceased, Rene, lived in Kimberly, British Columbia, also deceased, Louis, residing in Terrace, British Columbia, Simone (Mrs. Leon Dubeau) residing in Bonnyville, Murielle (Mrs. Adelard Bilodeau) living in Sherwood Park, Alberta, Sylvia (Mrs. Fred Robert) of Bonnyville, Therese (Mrs. Maurice Regnier) in Bonnyville and Elizabeth (Mrs. Edward Dubeau) of Bonnyville.

Joseph and Marie Louise Nadon have eighty-seven grandchildren, over one hundred great-grandchildren and about fifteen great-great-grandchildren.

People such as the Nadons will long be remembered for their courage and determination. Pioneers in the true sense of the word.

Nay, Steve

Steve Nay came to Canada from Poland in 1927 at the age of nineteen. He worked in various parts of the country as a labourer, chiefly around Vermilion. In 1932 Steve came north to LaCorey and took up a homestead next to Frohlich and Chyz. In 1933 Greschuk built a log house for him that measured sixteen feet by twenty feet. This house was well built and had a board roof with shingles. Steve cleared his land and hired Pete Pary to break it for him. To pay for these improvements Steve hired out to farmers around Mundare and St. Paul where he had relatives. The land was rented to his uncle, Fred Mykolyshen who worked it up and seeded it.

In 1939 Steve married Mary Chirpish (see Chirpish history) whom he had known for seven years. They acquired a team of horses and three cows and moved into Steve's house. They lived on this homestead for five years but as they worked up more and more land it proved to be extremely rocky. A great deal of work would be required to farm this land properly so they abandoned it and moved closer to Mary's parents. From the government they purchased the Saginuik homestead, which had three cultivated acres on it, for three hundred and fifty

dollars. They were also able to buy the Mykolyshen land for five hundred and fifty dollars. On this latter homestead was a log house with a sod roof and it would be their home for the next fifteen years. In a year's time they were able to replace the unreliable sod roof with a shingled one. Both of these quarters of land had huge trees growing on them that would make good lumber. Steve proceeded to remove the trees with a broad axe or saw and then he hired Nick Panas or others to saw the timber into lumber as he readied it. Many of these trees made twelve inch boards. From the sale of the lumber Steve was able to purchase a tractor and a truck as well as build himself a new home. This two storey home had four rooms downstairs and was constructed entirely of lumber. Once the trees useful for lumber were gone Steve hired Paley to do sixty-five acres of caterpillar work for him and the following year Stan Kolodka did thirty acres more. As they opened more land it became easier for them to make a living.

Steve and Mary raised three children: Eddie Fedunic, William who was born in 1941 and Mike, born in 1943.

Eddie left the area to seek employment in B.C. Today he resides in Castlegar and has four children: Mike, Susan, Marie and Nancy.

William married Connie Alexander in 1972 and they live on the homeplace with their children Greg, Dana, Loretta and Kimberly.

Mike married Susan Half and they reside in Edmonton with their children George and Mike Jr.

All their children attended the Willow Trail School and the two younger ones completed their education at the centralized school at Iron River.

Steve and Mary sold their farm to William in 1970 and moved to Bonnyville. Steve underwent major surgery which has prevented him from engaging in any heavy labour. Mary was employed at the Nursing Home for nine and a half years until their retirement this past year. Now they have time to relax and enjoy gardening. Hopefully many more years of relaxation will be their's to enjoy.

James Nelson

as told to Sharon Johnson (nee Nelson)

James Nelson married Marie Plank in Dokara, Iowa in 1907. They moved to Vegreville in 1910 with their two year old son, Raymond, and infant daughter, Alice. During their two year stay in Vegreville, James hauled freight for a living. Marie augmented the family income by bottling and selling door to door, a concoction of her own making — water softener.

They later moved to the Therien district where James farmed and dug wells in the community. They

had another daughter, Elsie. Marie was known as a fortune teller and would tell fortunes by reading cards.

The Nelson family was growing up. Raymond took a homestead two miles west, and one and a half miles south of the present Iron River store in 1928.

Alice married Sylvester Woloshyn in 1929. They had two daughters, Olive and Mary.

James and Marie, with their daughter, Elsie, moved to a farm three miles west of Iron River store in 1930. The house on that property was the first lumber house they had lived in. They lived there for three weeks until the house burned. At that time, they had to move to Raymond's homestead.

In 1934, the Nelson's took a homestead by the Sandy and Beaver Rivers. Elsie also filed on the quarter next to theirs with the help of her father.

Marie, then known by many people as "Ma Nelson", loved to visit. She is remembered riding in a two wheeled cart pulled by a little pony she called Tony.

On April 7, 1937 Elsie married Mike Kryzanowski. They had one daughter, June born in 1940.



James and Marie Nelson.



Mike and Elsie Kryzanowski, Alice and Silver Woloshyn, James and Marie Nelson with Olive and Mary. Raymond seated in front.

James Nelson passed away in 1944 and Marie in 1970.

Raymond Nelson as told to Sharon Johnson (Nelson)

Raymond spent most of his younger years at Therien. In 1928 he filed on his homestead in the Iron River area. Like many of the young men of that time, he supplemented his income by trapping rats and coyotes.

When his parents moved to this area as well, Raymond helped out with the farming. He also helped his dad with the well digging operation.

On October 4, 1943, Raymond and Mary Melnychuk were married in Bonnyville by Rev. Sneddon. During their first years of marriage they lived with Raymond's folks along the river. Their menu was one of fish and potatoes and for a change they had potatoes and fish. As the story goes along, they had their first son, James, who was their pride and joy in the household. When Jim was about two years old, he was staying with Helen Peterson. He and five year old Ruth played outside until Ruth hurt her foot. While Helen was busy tending the injured foot, Jim decided to wander off. Not able to find Jim, Helen went to the school to get her older children to help in the search. Mr. MacGillivray let all the bigger school children out from classes to look for Jim. Some neighbors helped out as well. Towards evening Jim

was found under a poplar tree none the worse for wear.

Jim attended school at Iron River to grade nine. His main lunch was biscuits and jam. Like most of the students, he carried his lunch in a small pail. His was a jam pail and he acquired the nickname "Jam-can".

Jim met Bernadette Desjarlais and settled down in 1968. They have a son, Bruce born 1974. Jim, at present, lives on the Nelson Farm.

Lillian was born in 1945, while Raymond and Mary still lived at the river. She also attended Iron River School until grade eight. At the age of fifteen she went out to work on her own. She worked at various jobs. In 1970 Lillian married Marvin Budney from Lamont and they now live in Edmonton.

Edward was born in 1946 and is remembered as a fun loving, pleasant natured boy. Unfortunately, an accident took his life on Victoria Day in 1959.

Melvin was born in 1948. He was a beautiful redheaded baby and later acquired the freckles to go with it. He resembled Grandpa Nelson, for he also, had had reddish hair and a red beard. Melvin always had a terrific appetite, and most of the time wore bib overalls as a youngster. He always made sure he ate enough so that his bibs were ready to burst. Melvin married Bobbie Lee, a girl from California. They are living, at present, in the United States.



Mary with Jim, Edward and Lillian.



A good day's work — Raymond Nelson.



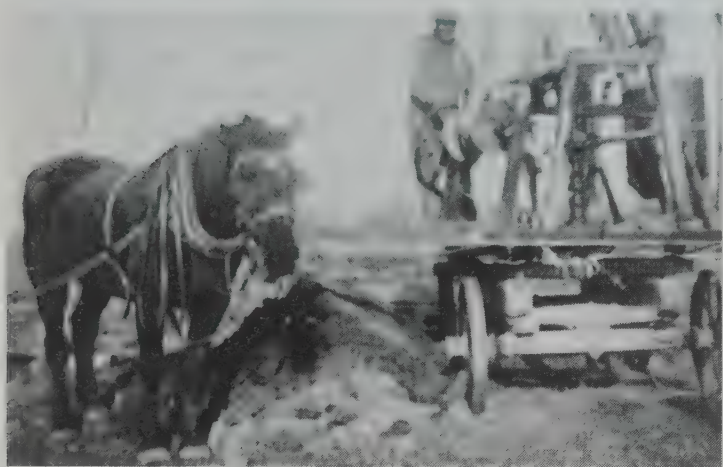
The Nelson children — Sharon, Melvin, Lillian, Edward and Jim.

Sharon, the youngest of the Nelson children, was born in 1950. She loved animals, and as a child had a pet lamb that was given to her by Archie Peters. Besides the lamb, she also had a bottle fed pig. Sharon was always ready with some prank. One time she wrapped up a chocolate box with a piece of wood in it and gave it to a friend for her birthday. Of course, the birthday was on April First!

In 1967 Sharon sold her pet pig to buy a wedding dress. She married David Johnson of Mallaig and they settled down on a farm four and a half miles north of that town. They have a red-headed son, Mark, born in 1968.

Raymond made his living as a farmer and a well

digger. The well digging outfit had been passed on by his father, James. He had many hilarious experiences as a well digger. While digging a well for a neighbor, a pig fell into the well, onto his head while he was in it. The pig died but all Raymond got was a stiff neck and a headache!



Raymond Nelson's well digging outfit.

It was a dangerous occupation in other ways too. Raymond had his fingers smashed in the gears of the digging machine. The doctor managed to save them all but half of one. Another time he lost a thumb when the cribbing fell on it.

Raymond also went around sawing wood and breaking land for other people.

Raymond passed away November 14, 1977. His wife, Mary still lives on the farm at Iron River.

Netter — Steve and Ystina **by Ystina Netter**

In 1930 we set out from Wostok, Alberta, with three other friends in search of a homestead. Our quest ended in a trip to Edmonton where we filed on land which was situated at Willow Prairie.

In July, Steve and my father, Kost Predy, came to prepare our new home. They cleared the land and built a one room twelve by sixteen foot log house with a sod roof, Steve broke one and a half acres of land with a borrowed breaker, two horses that he owned, and two borrowed horses that belonged to August Siedler and Irvine Kreller. My father made a trip to Edmonton and filed on a quarter across the road from our homestead. He later signed this land over to me. When Steve and my father arrived back in Wostok, we proceeded to move to our dream place. Our friends decided this was not the life for them.

On October fourteenth, 1930 we packed our wagon with a few staples which included ten sacks of flour ground at the Mundare flour mill, ten sacks of potatoes, one barrel of sauerkraut, some cured meat, vegetables, chop for the pigs, and grain for the chick-

ens. To complete the load we added a cook stove, a bed, a table, and benches. We hitched the horses and went as far as Smoky Lake where we unloaded at my sister's place. We hurried back for the rest of our possessions as the river was freezing. After we had crossed, the Pakan Ferry was pulled out of the ice-chunky river. The following morning there was at least twenty inches of snow and it was very cold. In about two weeks the snow began to melt, and one day at the breakfast table, my father and Steve decided to return to the homestead to continue their work. They took a team of horses and left my mother, Annie Predy, and I to do the chores. The weather was warm, so it was not a burden.

At the homestead Steve and my father built a barn and cleared more land. Six weeks later they returned; my father had enjoyed the homestead so much that he gave us a lot of encouragement. We could not move immediately since the cows were calving. There was still no snow, and we had a black Christmas.

Finally, on March first, 1931 we arrived in Smoky Lake with our livestock and other possessions. On March second we boarded the train bound for Glendon. It took Steve all day to unload our possessions on the wagon; we spent the night at a friend's house since it was late when Steve finished. Upon awakening the next morning, we were disappointed to see that it had snowed. This meant unpacking the wagon, and repacking on the sleigh. It was a slow trip, since the stock were tied behind, but we finally arrived at our homestead on March fifth, 1931! Steve, Jr., was then one and a half years old.

Our first task was to dig a well for water for household purposes as well as for the stock. While Steve dug the hole, I cleaned the dirt out with a pail. Since the cribbing was not put in, the well caved in when the ground thawed. We then had to dig a second hole near a muskeg which was some distance from the house. It was not convenient, but without water you can not survive. We had our own supply of milk from which I made butter, and eggs, which we survived on. To make coffee, we burned grain which when boiled produced a similar taste. Sugar was a Sunday treat.

Late that summer, Steve returned to Wostok for the harvest season. While he remained there for eleven weeks, I tended the homestead. The cattle were not fenced in, so I had to search for them at milking time. We had a fenced garden and one acre of wheat. I cut the wheat by hand, bundled, and stooked it before Steve returned. When Steve came back he hauled the wheat to our neighbors to the north, as we had too small an amount to start the machine for. Sylvester Woloshyn threshed the neighbor's wheat.

In 1932, Steve cut logs and built a granary. In the

fall, when he returned from Wostok, he brought back flour and other necessities sent to us by my father as money was hard to come by. A person only earned a dollar and a half for stooking or threshing for one day.

In the winter we cut and hauled logs for a new house. In 1933 we worked on a twenty-four by thirty-three foot house that had two rooms. We were able to put in one window, and the rest were boarded with rough boards. We moved in before Steve made another trip to Wostok. When he came back, he brought with him two windows. They really brightened up our home! Steve was kept busy making and hauling hay from Jim Ward's.

In 1934 we cleared and broke more land. We made hay, and at harvest time, Steve went to the St. Paul District to work. Shortly after, he returned, as our son John was born on October twelfth, 1934. Mrs. K. Martiniuk stayed with me and helped out.

I was the enumerator for the 1935 election. I purchased a small cream separator with the money I earned.

In 1936, I had a gallstone operation in Lamont Hospital, and Steve was called home from threshing. During this time the Forest Stream School which had been built in September, burned down. Miss Carol Pewar, the teacher finished the year in the home of Jacob Michuk.

In March of 1938 our daughter, Florence, was born in the St. Louis Hospital.

In 1939, Steve constructed a sturdy barn. At this time, I was the secretary-treasurer of the Forest Stream School District. I held this position until the School Division was formed.

In 1940 we had a machine dig a well which reached eighty feet before we struck water.

In 1942, Lucy was born in the St. Louis Hospital. The highlight of the year was the purchase of a radio which operated on a car battery.

In 1943, we operated a post office in our house. Until then, we had to travel thirteen miles to the Iron River Store and Post Office operated by Peterson's to get mail and groceries. The post office we operated was called Garth. We tried to have it named the Willow Prairie Post Office; however it was named after a man who worked in the Postal Department. This same year, Steve purchased a Wallis tractor for \$350.00.

In 1945, we operated a store along with the post office. Steve became a commercial fisherman and spent the winters on Wolf and Muriel Lake.

In 1949, Steve Jr. married Ann Gurin. Steve continued to clear more land; he used his new tractor to do this. In 1950, our youngest daughter, Eileen, was born in the St. Louis Hospital.

In 1952 Steve Jr. and his family moved to Powell River, British Columbia. He lived there until he passed away. He had three children; Linda, Lori, and Randy.

In 1955 school buses began to take children to the Iron River Centralized School. Our daughter, Lucy, graduated from this school in 1960.

Our son, John, went to work on an oil rig at Australia in August of 1958. Florence married Stan Reduck the same year. That Christmas Eve, the family was pleased with the purchase of a television set.

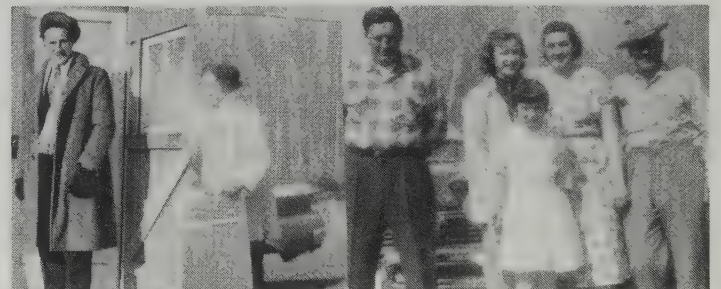
On May fourth, 1961, John passed away in Australia. Our agony was prolonged as it took ten days for his body to arrive here. John was buried in the Iron River Cemetery. Shortly after, we gave up our job as storekeepers, but continued on with the postal work upon the request of our neighbors.

On August fourteenth, 1964 we gave up the post office. We moved to Bonnyville; the first night we spent in our new house was October the thirty-first. Steve got a job guarding prisoners, and I baby-sat. Steve also kept on fishing commercially at Wolf and Muriel Lake until his death. He passed away December of 1975 while fishing on Wolf Lake. I still live in Bonnyville.

Florence and her husband, Stan Reduck, live in Edmonton. They have three grown children; Kathy, Joan, and David. Florence teaches in Edmonton.

Lucy is married to Don Hodge, and they are living in Vernon, British Columbia.

Eileen married Marc Hetu in 1974. She lives in Bonnyville and teaches at the Notre Dame School.



Steve Junior, Florence, John, Lucy, Eileen, Yatina and Steve.

Norhiem, Halvor

Halvor Norhiem was one of the men that stayed at the Carlson place and after the fire, spent the remainder of the winter in a dugout. He built a small house about twelve by sixteen feet just across the fence from Carlson's. He depended greatly on Charlie's advice and guidance.

In the summer of 1927 a nephew, Olaf and a friend, Alf moved in with Halvor. Alf left in the fall but Olaf stayed the winter. Olaf, who was a very sick boy unfortunately died the next fall.

During the summer of 1927 Halvor fell heir to a sum of money which afforded him enough funds to begin construction of a larger home. In order to decide the size of house to construct Mr. Norhiem measured the Carlson house. A very large house was started on the top of a hill. Unfortunately because of Halvor's inexperience in the handling of money the funds ran out before the roof was put on therefore he continued to live in his little shack. About this time, the construction of a community hall was being discussed. Halvor, was approached concerning the use of his unfinished house. The community proposed the finishing of the home plus living quarters for himself if the rest could be used as a hall, kitchen facilities and cloak rooms. Their proposal was turned down as Halvor intended finishing the building himself. This was never accomplished and the building gradually deteriorated beyond repair.

Halvor strongly believed in home cures. Some people, who were children of the area at the time remember visiting Mr. Norhiem for one ailment in particular. The word was if you were afraid of not becoming tall enough all you were required to do was pay Mr. Norhiem a visit. Once there he put you on a "stretcher" of sorts which was supposed to lengthen your body. The success of this "cure" for shortness was never proven.

Even though, Halvor nursed his arthritis for years he finally became crippled and took up residence with Arthur Osland. Here he lived for four years. Shortly after moving to Moose Lake he died suddenly.

A New Beginning

Odynski Story

by Mary Twerdohlib (Odynski)

The homesteading spirit prevailed even in the Ukraine during the late nineteen twenties. Some friends and relatives had previously left our homeland in the Southwestern Ukraine. Their letters home were full of praise of Canada, their new home. They told of the many opportunities there were and the land which could be obtained for a mere ten dollars. After many discussions my father decided this land of opportunity was for him. In nineteen twenty-eight (1928) my dad and Nick Paskaluk left our native village. Their plans were to work in Canada for awhile until they could earn enough money to bring their families over as soon as possible. They both went to Andrew, Alberta and worked for my mother's uncle, Mr. John Marianych. Mr. Marianych had emigrated a few years earlier. My father was here for over a year before he sent for us. My mother, my brother John and I were to come with Mrs. Paskaluk, who is my mother's cousin. For some reason which I cannot

recall, Mrs. Paskaluk left a couple of weeks sooner. Consequently we were left to make the journey by ourselves.

There was much preparation for our journey. In the early summer of nineteen twenty-nine (1929) mother, John, who was only three, and I left our native village amid many tearful good-byes from our grandparents, relatives and friends. Since I was only five years old at the time, I did not understand what all the fuss was about. I believed we would be returning in a day or two.

We travelled by train to Danzig, Poland. It was there, before we went aboard ship, that everyone was given a medical checkup. If anyone was found not completely healthy they were sent back home. As a control for head lice all children twelve years old and younger had their hair shaved off. When my turn came, I tried to run away. I certainly did not want my hair cut because I believed we would return to grandmother's and she would not recognize me. I kicked, scratched and even bit their hands, but they cut off my hair anyway. I cried for hours! My brother John, who was only three years old, did not seem to mind this experience a bit.

We arrived in London, England and travelled by train to Southampton. I remember how beautiful England was. There were flowers everywhere! To a little girl so far away from grandma and grandpa the lovely flowers were very comforting. I almost forgot about my hair as I watched the countryside from the window of the train.

At Southampton we boarded a big ocean liner that took us across the Atlantic Ocean to our new home. My mother was seasick most of the voyage and had to stay in bed. There was a nice young lady travelling with us. She took care of all of us. It took more than a week to cross the Atlantic. We were very glad to see land on the horizon at last. Everyone became very excited. Some clapped their hands and some exclaimed, "Canada,! Canada! There it is." Others simply stood while tears rolled down their cheeks.

We docked in Quebec where we were examined by doctors once again. Both my brother and I had chicken pox so were put under quarantine for a week. Many families were held for a variety of reasons.

Upon release from quarantine we boarded a train and started the long ride out west. We travelled for days and days. Canada's vastness surprised everyone. At last we arrived in Edmonton where we continued the trip to Andrew where my father anxiously awaited our arrival on the train. He picked John up in his arms while busily talking to mother. I just stood there thinking for sure he did not like me because of my baldness. Heartbroken I turned and ran away,

crying my eyes out. They came after me and somehow talked me into coming back.

A team and buggy was our transportation to my mother's uncle's farm. Mrs. Paskaluk and Nick were already there. Our stay lasted for a couple of weeks. It was great fun playing with our cousins. Aunt and Uncle were extremely good to us and we grew to love them very much in a short time. When it was time to go we were very hesitant to do so.

Early in July we started out, our family in one wagon and the Paskaluk family in the other. It was a long tedious journey to Bonnyville. Mrs. Paskaluk and mother passed the time by singing songs and church hymns. They felt badly because it was Sunday and they were unable to attend church. They were homesick. From Bonnyville we drove north to Lessard where we settled on homesteads two miles west of Lessard store and post office. At first we all lived in a tent on Paskaluk's land since water was readily available from a nearby creek. Paskaluk's log house was built first. Ours was constructed just before the cold weather set in.

I started to attend Jolly school that fall. It was a mile and a half walk which was quite a distance for a small girl alone. I could not speak English so I found it very difficult being the only non English student. The other children tried talking to me but I was afraid of them. I could not understand what they were saying, however I quickly learned the language. School was great and I liked going better all the time. I remember my first report card. My father was so proud! It stated I was a student which I would never have been called in the old country.

It was very cold that winter, at least so it seemed to us. Of course we were not accustomed to, "Canadian Winters." We cut wood, kept the fire burning and were quite comfortable in the little house. We were all very happy when spring finally arrived, bringing with it warmer weather.

One evening we heard beautiful music. Mother explained in the old country the music was different but if we watched we would likely see a wedding procession, otherwise why the music? We listened and waited but nothing came down the road. Soon the music stopped and we were very disappointed. Next evening we heard the music again but still saw nobody. One day my father went over to a neighbors, Sandy Stevenson's, and learned Sandy played the bagpipes in the evenings. We enjoyed his bagpipes all summer long.

My youngest brother Nick was born May eleventh, nineteen thirty-four. (1934) We were happy to have a little brother and proudly referred to him as our, "New Little Canadian." As Nick grew up he often asked where he was when the rest of the family

were in the old country. Mother did not know quite how to explain his being born after our arrival in Canada. "Oh, I must have been waiting here in a poplar tree," Nick reasoned. Mother was too embarrassed to set him straight.

By this time roads were being built. Dad obtained work on the roads in the summer time. This brought in a few dollars to buy many things which were badly needed. In the winter Dad and some friends drove their teams of horses to Primrose Lake where fish were bought. These they took to Andrew, Chipman and other districts to the south for sale. A couple of trips were usually made in one winter. The few dollars earned certainly helped out, since money was scarce in those days.

Mother helped Dad clear land for breaking. We finally cultivated a few acres and had some crop. This was all done by hand and was hard and slow work. This was the time of the depression. My dad sold market size hogs for a mere three dollars each. A cow brought ten dollars. Money was not abundant but we managed to get by. Mother planted a large garden. We also raised chickens so there was no shortage of food. When I finished school I got a job to help out.

In nineteen forty-two (1942) my father sold the homestead and purchased one half section in the Iron River district. I went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Standal, owners of the Iron River Store and post office. Here I learned to wait on customers and take care of the post office. I was employed by the Standal's until nineteen forty-six (1946) when they sold the business and moved to New Westminster, British Columbia. It was very hard to say good-bye to them and their children, Gordon and Betty. They always made me feel a part of their family.

My brother John also worked out. He helped Dad on the farm too, which lightened my parents load.

Nick attended Iron River School. He was fond of Mr. MacGillivray, his teacher. They walked to and from school together and had many talks, (or should I say, Nick talked and Mr. MacGillivray listened). Talking was always one of Nick's specialties. After completing grade nine Nick attended high school in Bonnyville. It was a proud day for us all when he graduated. John and I were never able to attend high school because Dad simply could not afford the cost. To us it was very special when Nick achieved this goal which we were unable to. After graduation Nick joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He became a pilot and served in the airforce for ten years.

I was married to Pete Twerdohlib in nineteen forty-six (1946). We farmed in the Willow Trail area for a few years until making our home next to Dad's. Here we live today. (see Pete Twerdohlib story)

John left the farm to work out. He married Mar-



Mr. Dymetro Odynski.



In Their Sunday Best — Mr. Paskaluk in coveralls and Mr. Odynski in suit.



Nick Paskaluk, Mary and John Odynski.



John, Mrs. Odynski, Nick, Mr. Odynski and Mary.

ion Baum of Moose Jaw. They have one son, Jay, who is now married and lives in Moose Jaw near his parents.

Upon leaving the airforce Nick obtained a job with the Department of Transport as an Air Traffic Controller. He married Helen McElrearey of Sherbrook, Quebec. They lived in Montreal for a time, where their son Gregory was born. They now reside in Ottawa.

My father died in the spring of nineteen seventy-two (1972) at the age of seventy-four, without ever returning to his native land. My mother lives in their small house in our yard. They have always been

proud to call themselves Canadians since becoming citizens of this new land many years ago.

Olifirowich, Dan and Vera

Dan immigrated to Canada from Poland in 1928. He worked out for a few years and applied for his homestead on NE 30-62-6-4 in 1933.

In 1935 he met and married Vera Bidulak. They homesteaded this land for fourteen years then moved to the Holyoke area southeast of Bonnyville and continued farming.

They raised nine children: Pauline (deceased) William, Violet, Lawrence (deceased) Edward, Jerry, Raymond, Tommy, and Joyce. The children all have families of their own now.

Vera and Don retired to Bonnyville and resided till Dan's passing in 1978. Vera now resides near Edmonton where most of the family is now situated but well remembers the "olden days" when reminiscing.



Dan and Vera Oliferowich.

Greener Pastures

by Rose Omilian

Steve and Alexandria Omilian

Living in Volien, Ukraine came to an end for us one day when we decided to cross the ocean and come to Canada as so many of our friends had done. We took our two boys, Stanley and Bill, also my sister, Solomona and boarded a ship bound for Cana-

da. We were expectantly looking for the "greener pastures of Canada."

On the trip we encountered large icebergs forcing us to stop for a day and a night to let the icebergs be blown past by the wind. On we sailed again for twenty-one days and then, low and behold, we landed in Halifax in the month of May, 1930. There we boarded a train to Edmonton where we transferred to a train bound for Bonnyville.

We travelled with our friends, the Melnychuks. Their sister and brother-in-law, the Koleba family, were here a year earlier and settled by the river. We paid our ten dollar fee for the homestead and we all set off to our destiny — Willow Trail.

The greener pastures were not seen yet as the bush was big and we had to look straight up to see the sun. Our friends, the Kolebas offered us their house to live in while we built ourselves a hut. We had to walk six miles every day to our homestead. We decided to build the hut where the bush was the biggest so it would not be far to get logs for a house. Our shelter was built and some land was cleared with a grub hoe. We had brought enough garden seed to last for two seasons in case there was a failure the first year. The garden was put in late but we still had enough to eat as there were a lot of rabbits and other wildlife.

We bought ourselves a cow so we had to build her a small shelter. It came up in about two days, just large enough for the one cow. It was made from small logs and the roof tied in place with slough grass and covered with dirt. We did not know what to do about a door.

I was walking home from Bonnyville (our only way of transportation) some time later when I spotted a sawmill at work by the river. The next day my sister and I went back and each carried four slabs home on our shoulders. The problem of the barn door was solved.

Now we had a shelter for ourselves and one for the cow but one more 'shelter problem' arose. The neighbours gave us a chicken. Oh well, we kept her in a box under our table. She picked at our feet when we sat at our table for dinner to remind us that she was hungry, or she would screech at us if she noticed that the egg she had laid was cooked and not shared with her.

I left my family and went to work all winter at Elk Point. For my efforts I brought home a horse and some money for flour which was five dollars for a hundred pound sack.

In the spring of 1931 I did some brushing at home. That summer our neighbor, Metochca, broke three acres of land with oxen for us. Finally in 1932 I planted my first crop of wheat by hand and raked it

into mounds with the soil so it would germinate. It was a heavy crop, as I remember, so I cut it with a sickle. When it was dry, I made a flail of wood and leather and beat the grain in bundles. On a windy day I took a pail of grain and poured it down so the wind could blow the chaff away. That was my first golden crop of wheat in Canada, sold at twenty-three cents a bushel.

The poor cow entered her old age so my wife, Alexandria led her to Bonnyville to be sold. Tiring on the way, she stopped to let the cow pasture and drink at the river. When they arrived at the stockyard all they offered was seven dollars so my wife led the cow all the way home again. We had lots of meat for some time, the cow, a true friend to the last.

I went to work in the winter to earn money to buy horses. In a few years we lost eight horses as the hay was poor.

In spite of all the struggle we made it through and later we got more land. Then along came the Old McCormick tractor and an old fashioned threshing machine with a big belt where horsepower was needed for hauling in the bundles and manpower to pitch the bundles. This was easier than cutting grain by hand and beating it with a flail.

My sister Solomona married Bill Benio.



Steve and Alexandria Omilian.



Everyone at work. The Omilian family.

We had five more children, **Mary** in Edmonton working for Trudeau Cleaners.

Anne is a cook at Vernon hospital. **Pete** in Edmonton. **Walter** in Edmonton. **John** in Vernon. **Bill** is in Edmonton while **Stan** the oldest still has his roots in Bonnyville. We are retired in Vernon, British Columbia with our daughter and son-in-law, Anne and Alex.

Stanley and Rose Omilian

by Rose Omilian

Stan's Boyhood Days

As a growing boy I helped my mother do chores while Dad worked out. Snaring rabbits was a great pastime as rabbit furs could be sold for seven cents a hide. I earned enough money to buy myself a gun so I was able to shoot squirrels and muskrats. The next thing I bought was a bicycle that helped me to get around to Sunday School at Garth with Fersovitch, Koleba and Melnychuk boys.

As I grew older I helped dad with the farm work during the summer then in winter I would go to work in lumber camps at Hinton or Whitecourt depending on where I got a job first. Spring time would find me home again helping my Dad. As he had an old McCormick tractor with steel lugs, I was the big operator. Later on in years dad bought an old truck which took us more places and farther than the horses did. That is when I met a girl by the name of Rose Stefiuk at a friend's wedding. That was the end of my boyhood days.

Stan and Rose

In 1947, two years after we met, Rose and I were married in Edmonton. We moved to Willow Trail where we lived with Mom and Dad Omilian for two and one half-years. We decided to buy a quarter of land joining dad's from Mr. and Mrs. Hochachka so finally we moved into our own house in 1949. It was a

three room house which my dad helped Mr. Hochachka build a few years earlier.

We farmed in the summer and went to work four winters in a row and with these hard earned dollars the quarter of land became our own first home. We worked together with my parents helping each other at our individual farms.

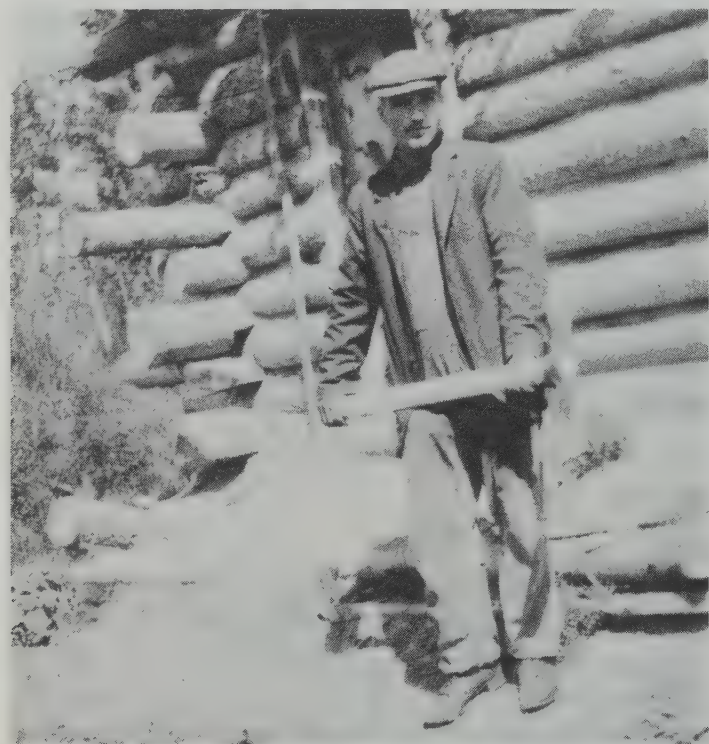
A few years later I bought a W4 tractor on tires. It surely was modern compared to the Old McCormick but they were both good in their place. We had a road across the field to Dad's so our girls used to watch for Baba coming to see them which she often did.

After twelve good years, we decided to widen our horizons as my parents had done when they came to Canada. We also looked for greener pasture and finally found and bought three quarters in the Fort Kent area. We farmed there for another twelve years and decided to retire in 1974. We built a home in Bonnyville but instead of being retired we seem to have just gotten tired. To fight the boredom we both got a job. I am employed at the Lakeland kitchen.

We had three girls. **Marge** is married to Elnie Bayard. They live at South Cooking Lake and have one son. **Arlene** was with Adult Probation for four years and is now employed with the Edmonton Police as an officer. **Joyce**, now Mrs. Dave Petery lives in Bonnyville. They have two girls.

Arthur Oslund as told to Florence Matthews

Arthur was born in Mayville, North Dakota in 1898. He came to Perryville, Alberta in 1918 and



Arthur Oslund, 1923.

took up a homestead there. He was not able to get a patent on that land so he decided to move on. In 1923 he bought a horse in Vermilion and came to Iron River.

Even in his younger days Arthur talked and moved slowly. One day as he walked along the road Helen Anderson and her sister came driving along in their buggy. Even though he was a stranger they offered him a ride. Silently he climbed on the back of the buggy and they drove on. Unaware of his nationality, Helen said to her sister in Norwegian "I wonder who this old stiff is". Arthur spoke up, "I'm Arthur Oslund".

Mr. Oslund is one of the very few original homesteaders still on the land. He is also a man who has not let time change his way of life. There is no power or running water in his home and he does not drive a vehicle. At the age of eighty-two, he still walks three and a half miles to Iron River store and occasionally gets a ride to Bonnyville with one of his neighbors.

Never married, Arthur lives a solitary but peaceful existence in the cabin he built in 1923.

Quality HARRY PANAS	
POST OFFICE & STORE	
GAS & OIL	
Iron River, Alta.,	Apr. 3, 1956
M. N. Arthur Oslund	ACCT. FWD.
Rolling bats ✓	55
1 bag.	27
2 bags.	
Klobner ✓	22
Salt ✓	13
5 lb. Haywire ✓	1 05
1 yd.	35
1 Cr. sock.	1 05
1 lb. coffee.	1 15
	4 57
13	

THE HARRIS LITHOGRAPHING CO. LTD., TORONTO

Store bill.

Pete Oudin by **Helen Gwynn**

Pete Oudin was in the area when Harry Webster came in 1915. He was already well established at that time. A woman never made better bread or butter and his house was always spotless.

Pete's sister, Mrs. Cork visited him for awhile with her little daughter, Ethyl. The Webster girls played with Ethyl often while they were there. His daughter, Mary also visited him at times. Pete's son Charlie came to this area (I'm not sure of the year) and lived with his dad before he fled on the place east of Websters. He quarreled with his dad and as a result boarded with the Websters while he built his house. He lived there until one day he was in the field and began to feel sick. He put the horses in the pasture and walked the mile and a half to his dad's place. Pete took him to the doctor and he had his appendix out but he never recovered. Charlie lingered on quite a while in the hospital before he died.



A Bachelor's home — Pete Oudin (with gun).

"Old Pete" continued to live in his place on the hill for many years. He was 'road boss' one year. Though he was born in Nova Scotia he had taken out American Citizenship papers. At one election the returning officer and clerk did not want Pete to vote. Somehow they found out about his papers. Harry Webster, a staunch Britisher, walked to the poll with Pete. They challenged Harry's vote. He was dumbfounded — some dared to say he was not British! He signed the declaration and voted. Then he found out why this had happened. Pete did not dare tell him he was an American.

Sadly, towards the last, Pete got very childish. A lot of people were afraid of him as he wandered around. He came to Websters, Minnie said she was not afraid of him and made him a pot of tea. The kettle was left boiling on the stove. Peter finished the pot of tea, filled the pot from the kettle till the kettle was empty and then went home. A fellow was camping for the summer near Pete's place, working on a newly acquired piece of land. He left a pot of stew on the stove for dinner. When he came in for his dinner,

"Old Pete" was sitting there eating some stew. He said, "Hey! that's my dinner!" Pete picked up the plate and walked out.

He finally wandered off in the bush. His dog came back and later his bones were found. This was verified by his teeth.

Palmer, Robert and Rowena by **Elfreta (Palmer) Knapp**

In 1920, I came to Canada with my parents, Robert and Rowena Palmer; my sisters, Thelma, and Fay; my brothers, Robert (Larkin), William, and Wilburn; a half-brother, Marcus; and a half-sister, Imelda Morgan. Two cows, a bull, and eight horses completed our entourage.

We travelled from Cortez, Colorado to Twin Falls, Idaho in two covered wagons. We only averaged twenty-five miles a day since the cows could go no faster. We were further delayed a couple of days when one of the cows calved.

In Twin Falls, mother and dad chartered two railroad boxcars, and shipped everything to Edmonton. We reached the border at Sweet Grass, Montana, on June 26, 1920. We were held up for two weeks till our immigration papers were in order. When we arrived in Edmonton, we learned that one of the railroad bridges to Ashmont had been washed out and we would have to resume our trip by covered wagon.

It was July 23, 1920 when we reached Ardmore where we rented a small farm from a widow. One day when my parents were in St. Paul they met Mr. Wellington McDermott (Sr.) and he told them there was a lot of good land to homestead on at LaCorey. In May of 1921 we moved to LaCorey where we spent a short time living in tents in Mr. McDermott's yard, until we made a deal with Pete Oudin to live in his house and care for his livestock while he went to work. My youngest sister, Pearl, was born that summer. Mrs. Anderson stayed with mother for four days, but then she had to return to her family. She had planned to come back, but the baby arrived before she could. Mrs. Pearl Armitage came and helped Dad deliver the baby.

Some of the settlers I remember that lived in the area when we moved in were Pete Oudin, Dave Byers, Charlie Carlson, Mr. Norheim, Jim and Pearl Armitage, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webster, the Wellington McDermott family, Kenny Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Vego Peterson, the Reedy Brothers, and Old Uncle Billy Andrews who lived on the bank of the Beaver River. I may have missed some bachelors I did not know, as I spent very little time at home from 1925 until I was married.

In the spring of 1922 we moved onto Dad's homestead, which was the southeast quarter of section ten, township sixty-three, range seven, west of the fourth. My half-brother, Marcus Palmer, homesteaded on the northwest quarter of section two; I believe this quarter is now owned by the Raymond Nelson family.

We lived in a small log cabin, till the big two-story log house was completed later that year.

I remember when the men were working on that piece of road south of the old McDermott place that ran east and west across the creek. One day when the men were ready to go home, Bob MacGillivray's team of horses was frightened by something, and ran away fully harnessed. He searched for them two or three days without any luck. Then one afternoon, my sister Imelda went to bring our milk cows. Everyone's cattle ran on open range, and we all knew the sound of our own cattle bells. While she was searching, she found Mr. MacGillivray's team of horses tangled in a clump of bushes. Mr. MacGillivray was surely glad to get his team back so he could get back to work on the road.

It was 1924 before we got the first Iron River Post Office; Mr. and Mrs. Vego Peterson kept it in their home. We also formed a School District that year, and built the school. There was very little money to be had at that time. Enough money was collected to buy lumber for the window facings, roof, and for the floor; as well as windows and doors. A work bee was formed by the settlers, who cut and hauled the logs needed. Charlie Carlson had a home-made shingle splitter, so he split shingles for the roof, and also made desks and a table for the teacher.

The one-room school house was completed, and the first day of school was September first, 1924. The children who started school that first day were Ellen, Willie, Mabel, Freddie, and Pat McDermott; Elfreta, Thelma, Fay, Robert (Larkin), William, and Wilburn Palmer; Willie (Bill), and Robert Peters; and Helen Webster.

We only had school for eight months; it was closed during January and February, and was reopened the first day of March. Most of the children walked across country through the bush to get to school since there were few roads.

We lived just over a mile from school if we went across the school section. Along with our teacher, Mr. MacGillivray, and the Shaffer children, we had to cross the creek on a homemade foot bridge which was actually two spruce trees laid across the creek. The hills on both sides of the creek were quite steep, and when they were covered with ice and snow we had to pull ourselves and the younger children up the hills by hanging onto the bushes and small trees.

The school was heated with an old cast iron wood

box heater. On cold days it took at least half an hour for the room to warm up enough so we could sit down and begin our school work. Mr. Bob MacGillivray would have us children do exercises to get warmed up; usually the younger children just skipped around their desks.

I, Elfreta, went to school here for four months until December 31, 1924. My youngest brother, Wayne Palmer, was born February 14, 1925, in the United Church Missionary Hospital in Bonnyville, Alberta. This hospital is now known as Duclos.

I left home in February of 1925 as my family was in need of money for baby clothes and food such as salt and flour. I was married to Ernest Knapp on April 22, 1928, at Flat Lake, Alberta.

After I had left home, my parents sold their first homestead, and purchased a second one at Sandy Rapids. At this time, only Wilbur, Pearl, and Wayne were still at home.

On August third, 1932 my father, Robert Palmer died. My mother, Rowena moved to Elk Point. She later moved to Erskine where she kept house for her brother. She returned to Garth about 1946, then to Bonnyville in 1951 where she lived till her death on January 1, 1955. My parents were both buried in the Duclos Cemetery at Bonnyville.

I, Elfreta Palmer Knapp, and my husband, Ernest Knapp, live in Elnora, Alberta. Our children are Wilfred, Lloyd George, Leslie Robert, Dorothy, David, Blanche Susan, Douglas Wayne, and Audrey.

Thelma married James Bellamy, they had five children, Robert, Donny, Lorraine, Lilly, and Ida. James passed away in 1953, and Thelma is remarried to Jack McLaughlin. They live in Penticton, British Columbia.

Fay married Jess Erickson on March 17, 1932. They still live by Manatokan Lake where they run a small resort. Their children are Ole, George, Lilly, Betty and Reta.

Robert (Larkin) married Olga Procinsky in 1939; they had four children, Evelyn Elaine, Gary, and Jimmy. Robert died in a car accident in 1963.

William is married to Andrea Solie and they are living in Bonnyville. They have four children, Sharon, Andy, Melvin, and Harley.

Wilburn and his wife, Jean McKinley, also live in Bonnyville. Their children are Judy, Linda, Eric, Wade, Chris, and Trudy. Eric drowned in Manatokan Lake.

Pearl and her husband Okle Oakes had nine children: Charlotte, Lance, Cecile, Maxine, Irvine, Robert, Waldemar, Alvin, and Oliver. Okle has passed away and Pearl is living in Edmonton.

Wayne was married to Shirley Troops; their children are Connie (deceased), Lilly, Kerry, and

Frankie. Wayne and his second wife, Verna, live in High River.



Wilburn Palmer, Rowena Palmer, Olga Palmer (bride), Pearl Laneva Palmer, Oakly Oakes and William Palmer.

Dmytro Panas History as told to David Panas by Andrew Panas

The lure of next to free land led the Dmytro Panas family to consider the move from the Kopernick district near Daysland, Alberta, to the Garth district. Land bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway was proving too expensive for the cattle and horse farm the Panas family was operating in the 1920's.

At this time, Dmytro had nine children. Dmytro and his first wife, Clara, had five boys; Mike born in 1905, Nick in 1907, Fred in 1912, Harry in 1912, and John in 1918. To Dmytro and his second wife, Zanolvia, were born four children while the family lived in Kopernick. Bill was born in 1923, Andrew in 1924, Martha in 1925, and Mary in 1930. Three more children, Sam, Paul and Olga were born in 1931, 1933 and 1935 respectively, after the family had arrived in Garth.

Expansion of the farm, to allow seven sons who were rapidly growing up, was economically not possible. A lack of good water for the animals was also a problem. These three factors led Dmytro Panas to seriously think about abandoning their farm for the space, water, and cheap land to the North.

At this time, the Panas family did custom farm work with a steamer threshing machine and plow. Since their neighbor, Bill Twerdohlib was a good steam engineer, Dmytro Panas convinced Bill Twerdohlib to also move North and farm.

Dmytro, Nick and Bill returned from Garth in the middle of June after filing on neighboring homesteads. Immediate planning was begun for the move North.

The crops had been planted before the homestead filing trip and would not ready for harvest until fall. This left the summer months for moving. Pens were

built for chickens, belongings were packed and the animals were rounded up. The last community activity the family attended was the end of the year school picnic.

Shortly afterward, the Panas family loaded their belongings into a covered wagon and a breaking plow onto an open wagon to begin the journey northward. Since Nick Panas was a good teamster, he drove the covered wagon pulled by four horses. Dmytro drove the wagon carrying the breaking plow while sons Harry and John joined Nick Twerdohlib to herd the cattle and horses. After meeting the Twerdohlib wagon, the three wagons, with fourteen people, thirty-one cows, twenty-five horses and a few chickens set out on their journey.

On the way Zanolvia remembered she hadn't packed her sauerkraut rock. Since there were few large rocks in the Kopernick district, she was a bit worried when she spoke about it to Dmytro.

"You know what? We forgot our sauerkraut rock."

"Where we're going, we'll have all kinds of rocks in all shapes and sizes, Dmytro replied.

In later years while picking rocks in the fields, the family must have wished many times that sauerkraut rocks, or any rocks for that matter, would be more scarce in this district.

The end of the first day saw the group travel ten miles. After camping on the road, the first night the travellers awoke to find the cattle missing. Apparently the cattle had other ideas about where home should be and headed back to Kopernick. The procession had to wait a whole day until the "cowboys" rounded up the cattle. That night the men herded the cattle.

By the end of the third day, the caravan made it to Vegreville. At Duvernay the wagons, people, and cattle were taken across by ferry but the horses refused to board the ferry. Instead, the horses swam across. A strong current took them some distance downstream and this second roundup in four days, took all day. As Andrew Panas recalls, "The horses needed a bath and a rest anyway."

After that it was on to St. Paul where another incident took place. As related by Andrew, "In the middle of the street, the damn chickens broke out of their cages and the whole bunch of us had to chase chickens all over St. Paul. The spectators including the RCMP thought the whole thing was pretty funny, but we didn't."

Then it was on to Glendon where several months' provisions were purchased. This was the last "civilized" place the wagon train would pass through before reaching the homestead. From Glendon, the trail led to the Sandy Rapids district where the car-

avan stopped at Galiwoda's (across the highway from Garry Mehlen's present residence). The Palmers, Kuniskis and Sashuks were already living in the area.

The Panas and Twerdohlib families were fortunate that these people already lived here for there was no suitable wagon road leading to the Garth area. This newly settled community got together to clear a wagon trail north of Galiwodas' to Petryshyns'. From Galiwodas' the caravan travelled along this new trail, then east to Osborne Lake and Hinecker's place where the travellers were treated to mutton and sheep milk.

Proceeding north to Frozen Lake and finally west to the homestead, the Panas and Twerdohlib families arrived on August 2, 1930. The first reaction was, "Oh boy, lots of mosquitoes!"

At first, home was a large tent intended for use only until the log house was completed. But before completion of the house, Dmytro and the older boys had to leave for Kopernick for the custom harvest season. John was left behind to herd the cattle and horses.

When the threshing crew had not returned to complete the Panas house by late fall, the Twerdohlib family invited the Panas family to move in with them because the Panas's tent had become too cold. A lean-to was added to the Twerdohlib house to accommodate the neighbors in need.

Annie Twerdohlib and Zanolvia Panas were kept busy with this houseful, but managed well by feeding their families potato pancakes, "holoshke", "magaloshki", blueberry perohe, and fish.

When Dmytro and his sons returned from the Kopernick harvest, they brought with them ten sacks of flour, a quantity of wine, a set of bob sleighs and other machinery as well as about four hundred dollars in cash. These earnings went a long way in helping the family survive the first year on the homestead. Shortly after their return, the men completed the construction of the log house.

The first Christmas in this new land was celebrated with plenty of festivity spirited by homemade refreshments.

In the spring and summer of 1931, the first improvements were made. Eleven acres on Dmytro's homestead and five acres on Nick's homestead were first cleared by hand and then plowed with the steam engine plow pulled by eight horses. Some buildings were also added to house the chickens and livestock. Many animals did not survive the winter and shelter had to be provided.

With the coming of fall, the threshing crew again returned to Kopernick for the last custom harvest that would be undertaken. At the completion of the harvest, the steamer and threshing machine were loaded

on the railroad flatcar and shipped to Bonnyville. The highlight of that journey was the crossing of the Beaver River where it was unknown if the bridge would stand up to the weight of the steamer. Up to this point, the steamer had a crew of four. Fred Panas was the "water monkey", Harry Panas was the driver and "apprentice engineer", John Twerdohlib was the fireman and Dmytro was the engineer with the boiler certificate. At the bridge, Dmytro ordered everybody off and drove the steamer across the bridge himself without any problem.

It was this last custom threshing trip that led to the formation of the area's first dance band. With his earnings, Nick Panas had bought a guitar to accompany brother Harry's violin and brother Fred's drum. After practicing all winter, the Panas boys began to play at dances at the Lubas, Panas and Twerdohlib residences as well as the Merton Hall. Proceeds from many of these early dances went to help get the Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Church started.

The two winters on the homestead were hard on the farm animals and many did not survive. Again it was the steamer that provided the family with an income. This time, it was the addition of a sawmill that kept the steamer going. Purchased in Glendon and rebuilt by Mr. Yurkowich, this original "pushing outfit" was later modernized by adding a friction box which allowed the carriage to move by mechanical power from the steamer instead of muscle power. With the friction box installed, the sawmill capacity was four to five thousand feet per day as well as providing roofing shingles.

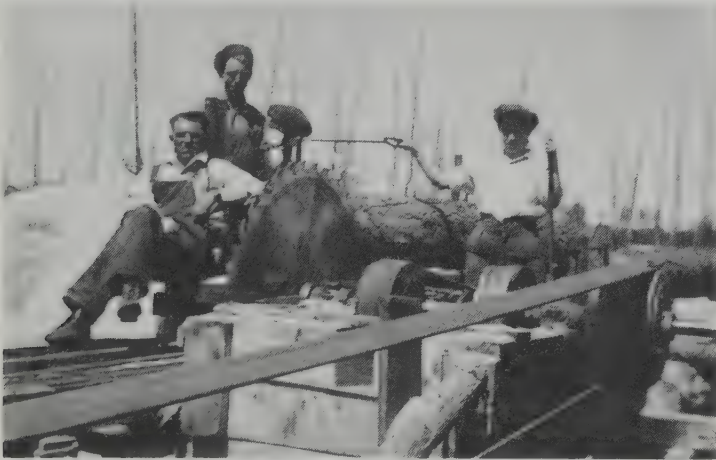
It was this shingle mill which four years later mangled Harry's right arm. The accident occurred when the belt, powering the shingle mill from the sawmill, jumped off. Harry tried to stop the shingle saw mandrel with his mitts but his right mitt stuck to the pulley and broke his arm in several places. He was taken to Bonnyville by team and then by RCMP



The famous Panas Sawmill — Harry, Dymeter, John Panas, George Erickson, Nick Panas and Orville Cunningham.

snowmobile, a propellor driven contraption, to Elk Point Hospital. Because the wrist was only attached by ligaments and the joint could not be repaired, Doctors Miller and Ross in Elk Point wanted to amputate at the wrist. However, Harry and brother Nick insisted that an attempt be made to save the wrist. After extensive surgery which shortened the arm by three inches and a lengthy convalescence, Harry was able to use the arm and wrist for simple chores like playing violin, shifting gears and carrying a water pail.

The sawmill located at different times at the Panas homestead, the Galick homestead and near Fox Lake continued as a custom sawing business for several years. Generally the fee charged was about a dollar and fifty cents per thousand board feet, or less if the customer helped with some kind of construction on the Panas farm. The custom fee was higher when community buildings such as the Iron River Church and hall and Forest Stream School were being built. During these times, an extra fee was added and turned over as cash or lumber to assist in the construction of facilities.



Run of the mill — Harry Panas, Pete Twerdohlib and Mary Panas.

Besides the school, church and hall, local lumber was sold to build Standal's Store at Iron River, the Beacon Corner store, Glendon businesses, and others. This commercial lumber sold for about five dollars per thousand board feet.

Another commercial sideline of the sawmill was the sawing of the railroad ties. The Twerdohlib family cut the trees and the Panas family cut the logs into ties. Mary and Stella Twerdohlib peeled the trees and Shmyrs hauled the ties to the Beaver River to be floated to Beaver Crossing where the ties were being used to build the Canadian National Railway line.

However, many of the ties were rejected because they contained too much brown heartwood. Being

more work than profit the railroad tie sideline was abandoned after one year.

In the fall, the steamer was put back to work powering the threshing machine. For the first time, a steam powered threshing machine did custom threshing in the Willow Prairie area. Neighbors who needed threshing done got together with the Panas family and moved as a group from one homestead to the next until the threshing was completed. The custom threshing fee was about twenty-five cents for two loads of grain bundles.

This was a cumbersome operation with more time spent moving than threshing. It took two hours to set up the machine and about one half hour to thresh two loads in the thirty-two inch wide machine. The machine could keep six to ten teams busy hauling bundles and the two whistle blast call for more bundles was often heard if fewer than six teams were used.

Two cords of wood per day were needed for the boiler and one man was kept busy full time hauling wood to the firebox. Another full time person was needed to haul water from nearby lakes and sloughs to the boiler. Since the steamer consumed about six hundred gallons of water a day, the water monkey would often hear three whistle blasts of the steamer, telling him the boiler water level was getting low. If the water wagon got stuck in the mud or the water monkey could not get the pump primed, the whole crew of fifteen men would have a chance to catch up with their load or take a breather.

By 1936, the steamer was replaced by a steel wheeled tractor on the threshing machine. The steamer now was used only on the sawmill which did not have to be moved as often as the threshing machine and was better suited to the steamer.

During these first five years on the homestead, Dmytro Panas had other interests as well as sawing lumber and threshing grain. Besides being involved in the Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Church, Dmytro had a keen interest in education. He helped organize a local school board and arrange for a school house. His son, Nick, donated his newly built house for a school and lived with his parents for another year.

Dmytro was also interested in becoming a teacher fused his request because of his lack of education. Dmytro and Zanolvia's last three children were born on the homestead. Sam was born in 1931, and Paul in 1933. Olga was born in 1935 but died shortly after birth.

By this time, more of Dmytro's children from his first marriage were going out on their own. Fred left the homestead first and went to work in Kopernick and Camrose. Fred never married and died from injuries received in an automobile accident in 1960.

In January, 1936, Nick Panas married Mary Galick. They lived on Nick's homestead and at Galicks' place until 1944. During this time, their children, Shirley and Larry, were born. The family left the area in 1944 to move to Burns Lake where Nick worked as a sawyer and operated a sand and gravel business. Nick passed away in 1967.

John and Bill remained on the farm until they were called to serve in the armed forces in 1940 and 1943 respectively. After basic training Bill returned to farm and saw lumber. In 1945, he married Nina Jacun and farmed his father-in-law's land until 1947 when Bill, Nina and their children, Jerry, and Diane moved to Prince George where Danny, Rick, and Carol were born. The family returned to the Jacun farm in 1960 but returned to work in the lumber industry in Prince George a year later.

John served overseas in World War II and after the war returned to the farm until 1947. While relaxing in the Central Hotel bar with Fred Hattebuhr, John bought a ticket on a car lottery. At the time, Fred predicted, "John, you're going to win that car."

"Baloney," John replied, "and if I do, I'll give you my truck." (He had a 1934 Dodge.)

John hit the jackpot and so did Fred. The car was John's ticket to greener pastures at Kamloops, British Columbia, where he joined a Canadian Pacific Railway bridge construction crew. John never married and remained at this job until his death in 1965.

When Martha left the homestead, she went to work at the Duclos Hospital near Bonnyville. While living in Bonnyville, Martha met and married Gerald Newlove. They later moved to Edmonton and their children are: Carol, Joseph, Eddie and Suzie.

Mary also left to work at the Duclos Hospital. In Bonnyville, Mary met and married Joe Shmyr. Their children are: Don, Eileen, Brenda, and Darryl.

Dmytro Panas passed away in 1951. Andrew, Sam, Paul and Zanolvia remained on the farm for a few years. Andrew left in 1956 to work in the British Columbia sawmills, when local sawmills had been shut down, after construction of the Cold Lake Air Force Base, to allow for establishment of the Air Weapons Range. At the same time, the Wolf Lake Metis Colony and traplines were closed.

Andrew lived in Prince George until 1962 when he returned to live in the Iron River district. Except for brief trips to work in sawmills during winter, Andrew still lives near the original homestead.

Sam left the farm in 1958 to work for Mike Matchuk until his death in an automobile-pedestrian accident in 1979.

In 1961, Paul began working for Matchuk Equipment of Bonnyville as partsman where he is still employed at present. Paul married Sokoro Iscoboda

of Saltillo, Mexico, in 1968 and they have one son, Joseph.

Zanolvia Panas passed away in 1969 after a lengthy stay at Parkland Nursing Home.

Harry Panas had bought brother Nick's farm in 1940 and married Kate Twerdohlib in 1944. He continued to farm and saw lumber until 1946. But with most of his brothers gone on their own, Harry and his dad decreased the amount of sawing they did and did more farming. Hearing that there were good wages to be made in the pulp mills in British Columbia, Harry and Kate sold their land and moved to Powell River, British Columbia. They lived in Powell River for three years, during which time, David was born in 1948. In 1949, Harry and Kate heard the Franchuks' Store (originally Standal's Store) at Iron River was for sale and decided to buy the business. Harry liked the idea of owning a business of his own and had once owned a wheat puffing machine in Bonnyville for a short time. However, that business was sold when the steam operated machine blew its topside through the roof.



We found our thrill on blueberry hill. Harry and Kate Panas.

Besides the store, Harry also did some trucking in his early years at Iron River. On Mondays, a driver working for the Panas's would pick up cream along a regular route and deliver it to the creamery in Bonnyville. Cattle, pigs, grain and passengers were also hauled to Bonnyville and freight for the store would be hauled back again.

Since Monday was market day in Bonnyville, most people would travel to Bonnyville to sell livestock and do some shopping. Some would leave a grocery list at the store in the morning and pick up the groceries on the way back later in the day. Some of

these customers were in the habit of staying at the hotel bar until quite late so Harry and Kate would put the customers' groceries in the garage for them to pick up when they wished. This arrangement worked well except for one customer. One spring, a customer who was too drunk to remember that in the middle of the garage was a three foot deep grease pit full of ice cold water, got the surprise of his life. The colorful language of this customer must have been enough to wake the whole countryside.

Owning a store had other hazards as well. On one occasion, a con artist salesman came to the store and showed Kate a complicated looking darning or crocheting needle. With this needle, the salesman was able to repair runs in a nylon stocking he carried with him. Impressed with his demonstration, Kate bought fifty needles and paid the salesman, who left in a hurry. When Kate tried one of the needles on her own stockings, the needles would perform none of the miracles the salesman had demonstrated with his trick stocking.

The original store building, built by Mr. Standahl was replaced with a new building in 1957. Two years later, the store was sold to Mr. Walter Slawuta who built an addition to the new building.

In 1955, Panas's donated land for the site of the present Iron River School. When the school started in the fall of 1955 as a collection of one room schools, David was one of the students in the grade one class. It was back to school for Harry also because he along with a few other residents in the community had purchased one of the school buses that transported students to the school.



Delivering the mail.



Minding the store — Harry with David and Emilie.

Harry and Kate sold the store after ten years in the business so Harry could spend more time on the school buses he operated under contract to the Bonnyville School Division.

After Harry passed away in 1963, Kate sold the school buses to Rene Dallaire and their farm to Pete Wakulchyk. In 1966, after David had finished grade twelve, Kate, David, and Emilie (born in 1956) moved to Edmonton where Kate (now married to Mike Kowal), began working at the University Hospital and is still employed. Emilie also lives and works in Edmonton.

After completing university in 1969, David married Rose Kurek (see Julia Kurek history) and they moved back to Bonnyville where David taught one year in Grand Centre, one year in Fort Kent and eight years at the Bonnyville Centralized High School. Since September of 1979, he has been principal at the Iron River School.

David and Rose live on a farm which was the original Fretz homestead. They have two children, Valerie and Jason.

Henry Paradis as told to Mildred Hall

Henry Paradis, who was born in Maine, came to LaCorey at the age of three, with his mother, Kate and his grandparents, Joseph and Sophie Ouelette. He attended school in LaCorey while living on the farm with his grandparents. During this time he also did all types of farm chores. He was always fond of horses and rode horseback a great deal. Henry tells of

helping to drive a herd of three hundred head of cattle to St. Paul, the nearest railroad at the time. Since this took place in the fall of the year, the Beaver River had frozen over. Henry was chosen to break the ice ahead of the herd, but riding across the river, making an open stretch of water to swim the animals across.

Pigs were hauled by the wagon box load, also to St. Paul. One trip in particular, Henry remembers quite vividly. He had started early in the morning and by nightfall had only reached the western end of Moose Lake. Here he camped on the sand for the night, let the tired horses loose to graze and crawled under the wagon to sleep. During the night it rained very heavily. When the downpour caused the pig manure to seep through the wagon box, Henry evacuated his shelter in a hurry and sought a preferable accomodation out in the rain. The next morning he continued with his load to a farmer's home on the outskirts of St. Paul. Here the animals were unloaded and fed before continuing their trip to the stockyards to be sold or shipped. This trip took about four days.

At twenty-one years of age, Henry decided he would like to try his hand at trapping. He had heard trappers' stories about Wolf Lake, Wolf Creek, Canoe Creek and places north. His grandparents, knowing the dangers of such a trip, tried to discourage him. His mind was made up and with three dogs and a sled, he started out. The first night was spent with friends at Fox Lake who also expressed their concern for his safety. The second night was spent at Spring Lake where more friends voiced their disapproval. Bravely, Henry continued his journey.

After three long, cold, lonely months in the bush, Henry returned. Pieces of moosehide and deerhide held his tattered clothes together. The seat of his pants had been crudely patched with a piece of deer hide. No one recognized him with his bushy beard, long hair and worn clothing; even his grandparents did not know him. They broke down and cried when they realized Henry had returned safely. Some sixty fox pelts, plus other types of fur were proof of his success. To achieve this successful hunt, over three hundred snares and fifty traps had been set along a forty mile stretch of trapline. Eighteen hundred dollars was derived of this three months of work. The money went toward the purchase of a stylish Model T. Ford. Henry continued to trap for fifteen years.

During those years muskrats, foxes and coyotes were most plentiful. There were a few bears and timber wolves. Quite a number of squirrels and some weasels existed. An occasional lynx was caught which brought about thirty-five dollars. Unlike today, when beavers are plentiful, there were none of these sleek animals then. Over hunting or disease had destroyed most of them.

Henry married Agnes Thibault. They homesteaded a quarter of land four miles north of LaCorey where they raised their family of seven. The older children attended school at Bevin and later all of the children received their education in the LaCorey School.

Jack, their oldest child is married to Carol Ringuette. They have two daughters, Kathy and Louise. Edmonton is where their home is.

Jeanette and her husband also live in Edmonton along with their children, Karen, Johnny, and Allen.

Lionel is married to Jeannine Plouffe. Their children are Charlene, Tammy and Rickie. Leo is in partnership with Art in the Waterwell Boring Business.

Suzanne and Ray Sturm's children are Sherry, Jerry and Corey.

Dennis who is married to Andrea Antoniuk spent some time in Malaysia working on the oil rigs. Their first child, Keith was born there. They have two more sons, Curtis and Leslie, both born in Bonnyville. They are farming near Fort Kent.

Adelle is married to Bruce Alexander. Their family consists of two boys, Darrell and Dean. They have been farming near Radison, Saskatchewan but are moving to Dawson Creek, British Columbia.

Arthur married Emilia Plouffe in November, 1965. For the first year they lived in Edmonton for a few months, then moved to a lumber camp near Kinooso, where Art was employed as a truckdriver, skidding trees. In March, 1966 they moved back to Edmonton and later coming back home to live in LaCorey until they bought an acreage near Iron River. Their five children, Claudette, Rita, Nicole, Henry, and Dennis all attend Iron River School. Art has been known as the well digger of the area since he is part owner of Paradis Brothers Water Well Boring.

A few years ago Henry and Agnes spent two winters in the Arctic, cooking for oil exploration crews. For company they had Amende and Eva Ouellet, a couple who went with them. The experience of



The Henry Paradis Family.

living and working in the Arctic proved very interesting. Now that their farm has been sold to Ben Dyck, Henry says he would like to journey north once more to see the Eskimos fish for seals through the ice.

Paskaluk, Nick and Ystina (Jessie) as told to Pauline Galick

Nick and Jessie Paskaluk lived with their son Nick Junior on six acres of land in the Ukraine. If they desired pasture land for a horse or cow it could be obtained on a rental basis from a wealthier individual. They were quite content living in this way. Then an individual from their village visited Canada and returned with a tale of riches to be had in that foreign land. All his talk convinced nine men to go out and see for themselves if this was so. Among these nine was Nick. He told his wife he would earn some extra money for them and return. He arrived in Canada on August 2, 1928 and proceeded to locate Jessie's uncle who lived near Andrew, Alberta. Once he saw the abundance of land he urged Jessie to make arrangements to leave their home land and join him. Jessie disposed of some of their property and left the rest for her brother-in-law to sell at a later date. On June 3, 1929 she and Nick Junior joined their husband and father. They came to the Lessard area to find a homestead along with the Odinski family. Nearby, at La-Corey, lived some distant relatives of theirs; Sophie Lubes and Dora Fretz, so this was an encouragement for them to settle here. They found a homestead near a creek and lived in a tent until a house was built.

Nick and Jessie with Metro and Rose Odinski cut logs and carried them to the house site where they were built into a house. They decided to place tar paper on the roof rather than sod and this was fine. One day Nick and Metro went to town for some things. While they were gone a strong wind came up. The women did their best to try and stop the paper from blowing away but to no avail. As the men were returning they thought they were on the right trail to their homestead yet they did not recall such a house on their route. Could they be lost? It was possible with so much dense bush around. No, as they came closer they realized it was their home after all, stripped bare of its roof. They solved that problem and continued to live in this one room home together. There were seven people so it was very crowded living that winter. By spring the Odinski home was built by the four adults and the Odinski family moved.

In a short time the rest of the Paskaluk possessions were sold in the Ukraine and two hundred and fifty dollars was forwarded to them. They were able to buy horses (a team for sixty dollars), a cow for

forty dollars and other necessities. A good neighbour, Mrs. Jack Scott gave them four hens.

Nick also worked out to earn extra money to buy essentials. He would travel southward and work where he could at harvest time for fifty cents a day.

Nick and Jessie cleared their land by hand with axe and grub hoe, then Nick joined with Alex Lubes and Mike Ulanicki to plow seven acres. He would use his horses and go to help the two men work some land for them as well. These seven acres produce a lovely crop of wheat.

The first few years on the homestead the garden produce froze early in the year because the garden plot was located in a low spot near the house. The decision was made to move to higher ground so another slightly larger house was built on a hill. Later on this house was used for a barn.

Nick was able to get a timber permit to cut logs. He worked for Walter Chyz at his sawmill and got his logs sawed too. From this lumber he built a large house and sold the rest to have extra money besides. When Nick Junior married Mary Woloshyn they lived in the large house and built a smaller one for the older couple. Nick and Mary still live on this original



Nick Paskaluk, Senior.



Jessie Paskaluk and Nick, Junior.

homestead. Nick Senior and Jessie purchased a lot in Bonnyville in 1966 and moved their house to town. Today they live in Bonny Lodge. Their grandson Michael is married to Sylvia Landry and lives in his grandparents' home. Granddaughter Connie attended the University of Alberta and graduated this past year.

Jessie and Nick are very happy they made the decision to leave their homeland and came to a new country. They have enjoyed freedom and are thankful to have escaped the war torn years in Europe.

The Christ Pederson Story

Erwin Pederson

My grandparents came from Norway and settled in Minnesota in the late 1870's or there about. My mother, Thea Tollefson was born near Vining, Minnesota, one of a large family. Dad, Christ Pederson was born near Leif Mountain Minnesota, one of three.

Mom and Dad were married in Fergus Falls, Minnesota in 1907. They moved to Hampdon, North Dakota where they farmed for quite a few years, Gladys was born in 1908, Clifford in 1911 and Erwin in 1913.

Dad farmed a lot of land, I remember, and at harvest time five eight foot binders one behind the other and the big steam threshing outfit with the cook car and bunk car came. In the fall of 1923, he sold out and we moved to California where we spent three years. In the spring of 1926, we came to Alberta for a visit as mother had two brothers and two sisters here. We arrived at Camrose and the Kingman area in May and in the latter part of June came to the Lessard area to visit Mom's sister, the Ole Iversons. We took in the Cold Lake Sports day and rodeo and I remember Vic Babb riding a big black bronc; he sure made a good ride. I believe this was a three day affair. The fishing

was good in all the lakes and in Cold Lake we caught trout, but the roads were terrible.

We returned to Kingman where we bought a half section of good land which we broke up. Then the 'thirties' hit and wheat went down to eighteen cents a bushel. Dad rented his land to John Matson and we returned to the Lessard area in the spring of 1933. We shipped a carload of cattle and machinery to Fort Kent and stayed with Edwin and Elna Tollefson who had moved here from the Kingman area, till our own house was built on N.W. 6-64-4-W4. Here we lived for awhile, then Dad traded his land that he had in Kingman to Mr. Matson for the land Mr. Matson had here. In 1934, Dad filed on a homestead at Crane Lake N.E. 32-64-4-W4th and we moved there to be near the small sawmill we had in operation.

Times were sure hard in those "thirties" but I



Erwin and Rose Pederson.



Christ Pederson on his sixty-fifth birthday.

remember well the good times in Lessard every Sunday during the summer. We played ball, went dancing, and did a lot of fishing. We all had a lot of pep.

In 1932 Gladys married Percy Sollett of Edmonton. They had three children, Wayne lives in Salt Spring Island, Bud and Judy live in Edmonton. Percy passed away in 1966 and Gladys remarried and now is Gladys Keyes, living in Salt Spring Island also. Clifford passed away in 1964. He is remembered for the many years he threshed, and also sawed, and planed a lot of lumber. He was very handy and built really good sawmills which are still in running order.

In January, 1940, I (Erwin) married Rosella Lenard of Bonnyville and lived at Crane Lake all through the years. We had five children namely: Eleanor married to Ed Reddecliff and they have four children, David, Kathy, Larry, and Ricky who all attend school in Bonnyville. Shirley is married to Claude Chalut of Fort Kent and they have three children, Bobby, Rene and Rose. Donna is married to Stan Kurek of Fort Kent and they have three children, Debbie, Dennis, and Douglas. We lost our youngest daughter, Joan in 1957, and Kevin the youngest member of the family lives with us and works for Stan Kurek (Stan's Power Tongs) and also helps out with the farming.

What was a visit turned out to be a long time in Alberta. We have had some good years and some poor years but I have enjoyed living here. Mom and Dad worked hard and our house was always open to all. The coffee pot was always on the stove and you were welcome.

Dad passed away in 1956 at the age of seventy-nine. Mother spent some of her years in the Senior Citizens Lodge in Bonyville. She passed away at the age of eighty-three in 1968 and they are both buried in the Lessard Cemetery.

I am still farming at the Crane Lake area. There surely is a change though, the roads are very good and farming has improved since the "thirties". This is the story of the Pederson family — fifty-four years in Alberta.

Isabella Peters Ole Wikstrom

In the spring of 1913 Thomas Alfred Peters, a Chief Petty Officer in the British Navy, sent his wife Isabella and four sons to Canada in anticipation of his discharge from the Navy after twenty-one years of service. Before the discharge became final the first World War broke out and he was recalled to service. In 1916, July 10th, he was granted medical discharge and died in 1919 in a Naval Hospital of Tuberculosis. The family, now including Robert, born in January 1914, were left fatherless in a new and strange country. The eldest, Hugh, at the age of

fifteen left school to help support the family, soon followed by Archie. These two supplemented the meager pension and kept the family going.

The family were living at Red Willow, a small town in central Alberta with Mrs. Peter's father, Hugh Rankin, and later in their own house in the village. Seeing no prospects at all in that area, the family decided to homestead, and in June, 1923 purchased a Model T Ford for nine hundred dollars and set out to find a new home.

Suitable land was located near the present Post Office of Iron River, the SE section of 1-63-7, west of the 4th to be exact.

In the winter of "twenty-four", Hugh and Archie lived with Dave (Shorty) Byers, two miles north, near Jackfish Lake, while they built the house that was to be the family home for many years.

The necessary logs were cut south of the Beaver River, and hauled several miles, as there were no good logs near by. The actual construction of the house was by Ole Wilstrom and Johnny Carlson, the fee for their services was forty dollars. Early in the summer of 1924 the family moved to their home. All of the settlers effects at a cost of sixty dollars travelled by rail in a box car including three horses and three milk cows. Archie rode in the freight car in order to care for the animals, while the rest of the family traveled in the Ford, cutting across country by way of Vegreville to St. Paul using farm roads as there were no highways.

St. Paul (de Metis) being the closest rail point, effects were unloaded there and hauled by team and wagon to the homestead by way of Bonnyville, as there was no road, or bridges between the Sandy River and Beaver at Malloy. The trip a total of sixty miles, took three days. The rest of the year, 1924, was a busy time. There was much work to be done on the house, a garden to be planted, a well dug, and most of all, hay to be put up for the stock. Everyone from the oldest to the youngest was busy. In the early fall Hugh and Archie took the team and wagon and went "out" for harvest. Wages were good that year and late in the fall they returned with a full load of winter supplies. The supplies included two rifles. In the years to come these provided most of the meat used by the family, supplemented by the odd hog and of course chickens. A large quantity of the moose meat was canned in the fall for summer use. Blueberries and cranberries in particular were a staple diet in the winter. In the early fall there would be several expeditions into the pines, one for raspberries, later blueberries, and finally cranberries, although the last two tended to overlap.

The years from 1924 until the depression of 1929 were busy ones. Barns and sheds were built, land

cleared broke and fenced, another well dug, and a larger kitchen added to the house. during this period three more quarter sections were homesteaded, Alex taking up NE 36-62-R7-W4 and Archie at SW 26-T63, and Bill SE of 15 T 63.

When the family first came to Iron River the first settler they met was Ole Wikstrom, who came by as the caravan was camped for the night just north of the Beaver River, stopping to chat over a cup of coffee. Ole was born in Skelleftio, Sweden, on the Baltic Sea, in 1895. He was one of a large family, the son of a poor farmer and fisherman. At the age of eighteen, as soon as his Military Service was over, he came to Canada, finding work at Port Arthur and working his way west in various lumber and construction camps, among them the construction of the Great Northern Railway through the Rockies west of Edmonton. In 1914 he along with a number of Scandinavians, homesteaded at La Corey. By the time the Peters family arrived, Ole had several years of homesteading and some interesting experiences, one of them the great fire of 1916. This occurred one hot summer day, with a fire starting miles away to the southwest across the river. The weather was hot and dry with only a light breeze, but as the fire grew larger it created its own draft causing large quantities of burning cone needles and small branches to be carried high in the air. While the fire was still over a mile

away, and across the river, such a large quantity of debris fell on the farm that at one time or another all of the buildings were on fire. Ole and his brother Andrew were taken completely by surprise and ran to save the stock, Ole in bare feet. The rain of fire was so great they were barely able to save the house and stock. Ole's feet were badly burned by the burning debris on the ground. Ole had saved enough money to bring his brother Andrew to Canada. Andrew also homesteaded at La Corey.



Mrs. Peters with her sons Hugh and Archie.

Ole was a frequent visitor at the Peter's home, sometimes to help with building or breaking but often just a social call. In Bonnyville, February 17, 1928 Isabelle and Ole were married and after a short trip to Edmonton, settled down to farming at the Peter's home.

In the early days of settlement there were a number of events that were eagerly looked forward to, the annual school picnic, the school Christmas party, and weekly mail day. The closest post office was La Corey, not far from its present site, with the mail coming once a week. One member of the family would walk to the post office, a distance of seven and a half miles and wait for the mail, which would arrive about three o'clock — maybe? However no matter how late, the family mailman would wait till it was all sorted and then the long walk home, about two hours at least. The post office usually carried groceries, but the main reward of the person who fetched the mail was to meet neighbours and discuss the latest events. The mail, besides the personal letters, would be the weeklies, the Family Herald, Weekly Star and the Free Press, with an occasional parcel from Eatons. Sometimes the mail carrier would have a good pack full, often picking up a neighbors mail also. Later when a post office was established at Iron River, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vigo Peterson only two mile from home, it was often my pleasure to pick up the mail, and the weight of parcels was made light by the anticipation of opening them. Each country school



Ole and Isabelle Wickstrom.

had its annual picnic, Iron River's being on the first of July. Other nearby communities chose a different date, to enable as many as possible to attend. It was basically a sports event, races, high jumps, broad jumps, baseball, etc. Someone in the community would set up a small booth with candy bars, fire crackers, ice cream, soft drinks, etc. Someone would be elected to make coffee, and I think the best coffee ever made was made by old "Charlie Shaffer" in a ten gallon copper boiler on an old stove and boiled for an hour or two. Maybe that breaks all of the rules of coffee making but it sure was good. Lunch was usually supplied by the ladies of the community, everyone bringing something. After supper there was a dance and often someone had to go home and do the chores. The dance lasted as long as the music could hold out. Often we went home by team or "shank's pony" in broad daylight. Many times I've walked home across flower dotted meadows and fields of grain all sparkling with dew in the early morning sun.

In the late fall the teacher and children started preparations for the Christmas concert. Every child had a part of some kind. A stage was set up at one end of the school with curtains and wings. One of the older children was master of ceremonies, and of course there was a prompter for those forgotten lines during the performance. Bulletins were received from scouts looking for Santa. Right after the performance he arrived with a great clatter and jingle. Carrying his pack straight to the tree he found a present, usually a large bag of candy, for each child including pre-schoolers. The evening wound up when the smaller children were too tired to continue. Although sometimes the adults reluctant to leave, organized a dance. Dancing was the main entertainment of the homesteaders, usually at a school but occasionally at one of the homes. The number of settlers within a given area was never so large that they could not be accommodated in the larger homes or sometimes in a barn loft. Often the entire family came. The younger children were put to bed in some corner while the older ones, anyone old enough to stay awake took part. Round dances were played, but the square dances were popular too. The floor shook to "Little Drops of Brandy", "Birdy in the Cage", "Red River Jig" or to the more stately Minuets and Waltzes. Sometimes the proceedings were enlivened by a bit of liquor and it was seldom a dance went by without some one making a fool of himself.

Before the railway reached Bonnyville, it was necessary to go to St. Paul for supplies, sixty miles via Bonnyville and later when the Sandy River road was complete, forty-five miles by way of Glendon. The trip was made summer or winter by team usually

with a load of hogs. Sometimes neighbours went together and drove cattle to St. Paul. I well recall one of these trips to St. Paul in the dead of winter with Ole. I believe one of the neighbours also made the trip with a sleigh. Making a little convoy for company and help in emergencies, we had a load of hogs with a cover on the box to keep the animals warm and for the driver to sit on, which we seldom did. In order to keep warm we walked behind the sleigh. The faithful horses carried on by themselves with the reins tied to the post at the front of the box. I probably walked thirty of the forty-five miles to St. Paul. No gourmet meal ever tasted so good as the cold pork sandwiches we had for lunch as we walked along, frozen solid but delicious.

Houses and other buiding were invariably of log construction, ranging from temporary shacks thrown up in a few days to well-constructed houses. The Swedes in particular were expert at this, dove tail corners, hewn on the inside and with hewn beam ceilings. Ole Wilstrom was particularly skilled with the broad axe and cross cut saw. With these tools and an auger he and Johnny Carlson made many fine and durable buildings. One problem with log construction was sealing the cracks. Usually done with moss "chinking" and sealed with mud or a mortar. Ridge pole rafters, everything except the roof was made of logs or poles. Sometimes the roof and floor too. In winter income was supplemented by trapping. Fishing through a hole in the ice for jack fish and pickeral. Crooked Lake yielded many a pack-sack full of perch.

The Island that gave Island Lake its name was a thicket of raspberries. There is an interesting story connected with this Island. In the early years it was heavily timbered with large spruce up to thirty inches at the butt and seventy to eighty feet tall. Ole and Johnny Carlson had gone to the Island to scout the possibility of getting timber there to help one of the settlers build a house. In some manner the fire they had built for tea got away from them and quickly reduced the timber to blackened sticks. Over the next few years the dead timber blew down and a veritable jungle of raspberry canes grew. One summer three of my brothers and I rowed to the Island, one of my brothers, Archie, I think, jumped off of the bow into the water and pulled the boat up on the beach with a mighty heave, his timing was excellent, for Alex had just stood up in the stern. He did a beautiful back flip and landed in the water, doing a backstroke until he sheepishly discovered the water was only ten inches deep! We went out to pick berries leaving Archie to light the fire and get the tea pail on, as it was near noon. He left the fire for a moment, probably to pick a handful of raspberries, a slight breeze blew the fire

into the grass and we had a repeat of ten years before, except this time the timber was dead and down and made a much hotter fire, I don't think we ever did tell anyone who ruined the raspberry patch.

No history of homesteading would be complete without an account of the bachelors of the district. The first settlers were usually single, for a variety of reasons. A woman with family or expecting one was reluctant to settle so far from a school, or a doctor. Often the first settlers were trappers, then there were the wanderers, past the likelihood of marriage, seeking a home and often deliberately choosing the solitude of some lake or river. Some were trying to get away from the alcohol, or a wife, some had left families, occasionally a man would develop a homestead in the hope that the wife and family would follow when the home was ready. Iron River had its share of these. Pete Oudin, Dave (Shorty) Byers, Bill and Jake Reedy, Tom Price, Arthur Osland, Ed Wyatt, Anton Anderson, Nelson, Chinn, and Kittle Kettleson. Most of these men remained unmarried and therefore died "without issue" as the law says, although some of them, Pete Oudin and Tom Price left families. Perhaps there were others. These men had differing backgrounds, many of them were quite talented. Ed Brandt homesteaded about the same time as Ole Wikstrom near where the Iron River store now stands. He was an accomplished musician on the violin and accordion and often played at the dances for a silver collection. He was often a visitor at our place, always with his accordion or violin. He was also a top man with a broad axe. Ed Wyatt was also a violinist and teller of tall yarns. Pete Oudin, born in Nova Scotia became a miner at an early age, heard the call of the west and covered much of it as a miner, cowboy, farmhand, etc. Finally he homesteaded near Jackfish Lake. Pete had a family in the East and finally was able to persuade his son Charlie to join him. Charlie homesteaded N.W. quarter sec 12 and built a cabin there in the year of 1925. Before he had time to prove it up, he was taken to hospital with some wasting disease and died there. In the later years Pete, wandered in mind and body, among various neighbors never staying very long anywhere. Finally he disappeared. Years later the remains of a body were found near Wolf Lake and tentatively identified as Pete. His nearest neighbour was Dave Byers, an Irishman, small in body but not in courage, for he would tackle any man if his Irish was up. He had a great store of yarns about his days on the bum across North America. Too bad someone had not a tape recorder, for he had the gift of the Irish.

Halver Norheim from Norway, had many interesting stories to tell of his early days in Canada. When we arrived in 1924, he had an extensive system

of ditches, perhaps a mile or so long, some of them three feet deep to drain the sloughs on his land and develop hay meadows, and all dug by hand. In his later years a relative in Norway died leaving a considerable estate, Halvar was one of the beneficiaries. He promptly proceeded to construct a stately home, patterned after one he had known in Norway. All of logs, two or three stories, with a total floor area of perhaps twenty-five hundred square feet. Unfortunately the money ran out and the incompleted mansion stood for years on the highest point of his land.

Charlie Carlson remained a bachelor throughout his life, settling in Iron River somewhere about 1914. He was a qualified Steam Engineer, having served an apprenticeship in Sweden and a good mechanic and machinist. He had a theory that if a man put himself into debt he would work harder and would eventually, with a little luck, become wealthy. In line with his philosophy in 1927, he purchased a Wallis tractor, the first fully modern tractor manufactured, along with a twenty inch breaking plow. Previous to this all of our sod busting was done with a four horse team, and usually a sixteen inch plow. Charlie soon had more breaking orders than he could handle at seven dollars an acre. In the fall he purchased a twenty-four inch thresher and later a sawmill, so the tractor was kept busy all year. Eventually Charlie's theory worked out. Previous to this there had been no threshing machines or sawmills in the district so these were a great help to the settlers. Carlson's machine and crew threshed all the way from east of La Corey to Malloy in the west and up to Christmas time. If the season became late and weather threatening, the farmers stacked their grain and threshed in the stack. This could be done any time in the winter. Either way it was hard work from daylight to dark, but a good source of a winter stake and many homesteader "went out" for the harvest.

Life on the homestead was hard but happy, heavily dependent on family for both work and pleasure. Each family member down to the youngest had his responsibilities and usually discharged them with very little prompting. A child of eight or nine could look after the cattle, check the herd in the summer and bring in the milk cows, fill the woodbox (no small chore with several rooms in a drafty house). Fuel was invariably wood, usually poplar, cut in the fall when the harvest was over, hauled into the yard and sawed to length with a circular saw. Larger families could raise their own crew for sawing but this was usually one of the many areas where neighbours co-operated, with no money changing hands, although the owner of the saw and engine usually received some cash or kind. The children also looked after the garden, weeding and hoeing, also seeing

that no breachy cattle or hogs got into the garden or fields. Every family had pigs and chickens and collecting eggs was another chore for the younger ones.

The fortune of the homesteader depended to a large degree on the extent of his fields. Clearing and breaking of the land undoubtedly was the most arduous job on the farm. Clearing was always by axe, although fire was usually used as well, always of course there was the danger of the fire getting out of control. All of the homesteads had a fire guard, at first a few furrows around the building, later a cleared area with another guard outside, and of course eventually plowed fields, so that if a fire got away neighbour's buildings were well protected. Fires during spring and summer were common place. From one of the hills on Hugh Peter's homestead it was not uncommon to see fires in every direction, sometimes a dozen or more. The smoke was so thick that one could look directly at the noon day sun. It was usual for neighbours to keep a casual watch and if any home was threatened there would be plenty of help.

In clearing and breaking the land the larger trees, even if burnt over, would have to be grubbed out by the roots. One of the tools used was a mattock, it's unlikely a modern store clerk would know what to look for if asked for one.

Each of the seasons had it characteristic labors, and its pleasures. Spring was particularly busy. The livestock had just survived a hard winter six or seven months on dry feed, and not the best of hay at that. During cold spells they could not be made to drink and this combined with the dry feed and lack of shelter left them weak in the spring. As soon as any green appeared they left the farmstead to rustle. Of course the best feed was in the soft bogs and sloughs and the stock in their weakened condition would become mired and if not quickly found and pulled out would die. Sometimes they were so badly mired they could not be helped, even with a team of horses. The older stock became wise to this and learned to avoid the worst spots. One horse in particular, an old Belgian named Bruno, developed a technique for becoming unstuck. Instead of trying to turn around, he would lie down and roll onto this side, pulling his feet out, then stand up taking a couple of steps and repeat the maneuver until he reached solid ground. With spring of course, came the crop of calves, a real problem when the weather was cold or bad. In the early summer any breaking that had to be done was done. Then the haying and harvest. Through all of the seasons and the work, time was found for recreation. In the long spring and summer evenings we would always find time to play ball, horseshoes, or other games, or take off to one of the rivers or lakes

for a little fishing, maybe swimming. In the fall the area teemed with waterfowl. There was a resident flock of "prairie chickens" on every quarter, and partridge in the bush. In the late fall it was deer and moose. During the summer there were not many organized activities, but in the fall and winter there was card playing and dancing and just plain ordinary visitng, although that usually involved a game of cards. The larger houses would often be the host of a party with dancing, and older ones and even young ones playing cards.

The coming of the depression in 1929 found the family well established and because of the largely self-sufficient nature of the pioneers, life carried on without any serious disruption. The older brothers all had homesteads, and helped each other with build-ings, land clearing and breaking, etc. Alex and Bill married and set up their own households. The old homestead, however, remained the center for the family, and they still shared the labor at home and with each other and gathered at the Wikstrom's home on all festive occasions for many years. Hugh the eldest of the family returned to Red Willow to care for an aging Grandfather, where he farmed until his death in 1958.

Archie homesteaded north of Jackfish Lake in 1927. When he went there he was all by himself, there was no one around for miles, but in a few years all the land around him had been taken. In the early years he did not actively farm, he worked out farther south, as a farm labourer. He also helped the rest of us from time to time. As a young man he was very active in sports, baseball and boxing were two of his favorites. He also kept us supplied with meat. He joined the Armed Forces in World War II and served as a signalman in Italy and the Low Countries. After being discharged, he worked for a few years at the airbase at Cold Lake then for the Dept. of Highways. He also bought and farmed the old home place until moving to Creston with Bill in 1964. He is now at Shaughnessy Hospital in Vancouver.

The youngest member, Bob, never took up land.



Home, 1927.



Ole Wikstrom, Bill and Florence Peters holding Isabelle and Alfred, Mrs. Wikstrom, Aili and Alex Peters.

Instead he “went out” and eventually took up Rail-roading in Medicine Hat. After serving in the Army Signal Corps, entered the Radio Television Field, eventually becoming an instructor in Electronics at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary, continuing there until his retirement. In 1942 he married Sue MacDonald, they have two children and three grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Wikstrom continued to farm the old homestead until her death in 1952. Ole continued to farm for a year or two finally selling to Archie and moving back to his native village in Byske, Sweden where he died at the age of eighty-six.

Alex Peters and Family

My mother, Isabella Peters, brother Hugh Peters and I, Alex Peters, left Red Willow about the twenty first day of July, 1923, in a Model T Ford car, in search of land in the Iron River district.

We camped overnight in a tent near the town of Holden at the end of our first day's journey. Our second day's travel took us via St. Paul De Metis, around Moose Lake, where we had to travel often in low gear, on account of loose, dry sand. About eight miles north of Bonnyville we had to detour east around Pelland Lake, over poplar cordouroy which had no dirt cover. The road was dry but very rough with deep holes where heavy loads had broken through the cordouroy. Further along we sank deep into powdery peat moss.

We finally arrived at the Beaver River bridge south of La Corey where we met Mr. Charles E. Shaffer, who had just finished his lunch and invited us to make use of his campfire. We soon became acquainted with Mr. Shaffer. He offered to come back the following day and help us on to Iron River

and show us suitable land for farming, which he did. After crossing the Beaver River bridge, we had doubts as to whether the Ford car could make the steep hill leading upwards out of the river valley. We made the grade by taking a so called “run at it”. From the Beaver Bridge to Iron River there was little grading or improvement done to the cut line trails and luckily for us, the low areas were dry.

In June, 1923 the Peters family arrived in the Iron River district with all their worldly belongings and high hopes for the future.

After settling in the Iron River area, we bent the front axle of our Model T Ford car by striking a stump while driving on the trail between township sixty-two and township sixty-three. The stump had been cut just above the ground and was hidden by grass. The ruts, having been worn deeper with traffic, let the front axle down low enough to connect with the stump. Gradually over the year grades were improved, low areas built up and steep grades cut down. One year I stayed with Mr. Peter Oudin for a period of ten days, when he was acting as the local construction foreman. On this occasion we arose at three forty-five in the morning, milked cows, fed pigs and calves and with breakfast over, we drove the five point five miles to the Sand River bridge in time for work at seven in the morning.

Dirt was moved slowly, with a team of horses which pulled the walking plow, four horses were required for the frengo, while two horses could handle a slip. Crosscut saws and axes were used to fall timber and shovels or crowbars to move rocks. Willing hands and sore back slowly eliminated the doubts we had about getting from one point to another with the older model cars, I am not forgetting the improvement for horses pulling loaded wagons either. Bogs and hills also posed problems in transportation, and I might mention being stuck in loose dry sand in the Stebbing Lake area in 1920 era.

During most of our winters we had heavy snow fall. With the usual drifting snow, and with much bush on the roadsides to catch and hold the snow as it drifted in from the fields, much water was deposited on the roads in the spring thaw. In spring, if the snow melted rapidly, flooding of the Beaver River valley, from the bottom of the hill on the north side almost to the bridge, took place.

I crossed the Beaver River with a team and wagon on some occasions when the water must have been over the wheel hubs. The water was deep, murky and turbulent to such an extent that I could not see the curving grade ahead of the team. Thinking that the horses were turning in too large an arc, I made an attempt to have the team turn shorter by pulling on the lines, guiding them to what I considered the

proper route. The faithful team refused to follow my instructions so I let them have a free rein. As I had learned earlier in life, there is nothing better than good "horse sense."

If travelling by car we made sure to have tools, such as a shovel, an axe, a logging chain, and sometimes an old blanket or piece of canvas, the latter two useful aids in getting out of a pocket of dry sand. The patching kit was another item one must not forget.

While on the subject of roads and travelling, there comes to my mind memories of a ride which I cannot easily forget. This trip took place after I was married and had two children. We drove, by way of Sandy Rapids, to Maloy in the Model T. Ford car. There was no bridge over the Sandy River where we crossed north of Truman Post Office, at the time. When we arrived at the river, which was quite late in the evening, there was fog rising from the water and with darkness falling I could not see the ripples from the rocks or see just where vehicles had entered the river. After looking the situation over for awhile I slowly drove into the river trying to follow the line that my mind had mapped out. About halfway across the river the front end of the car dropped into deep water killing the engine, leaving me with no choice but to sink or swim. I waded to the south shore and found that I would be able to carry my wife and children to shore, the deepest water being about four feet deep. If you have heard the story of the man on an island who had a wolf, goat and hay to move to shore without losing the hay or goat in the process, you will have some idea of the predicament that I was in. I first carried my son Edward to shore. Every time that I tried to return to the river Edward would also wade into the river, so I had to shake him and paddle his rear a few times before it was safe to leave him. My second trip brought my baby daughter safely to shore, and my third trip? Well all married men know what it is like to have a hefty woman on your neck, squealing orders, "Do not let my feet get wet, you should be stepping to the left or right," etc; When I finally arrived in water shallow enough that I could open my mouth without letting water in, I instructed my better half to keep quiet or she would be dumped in the river. Each step was a problem that had to be taken with some caution, I had to feel with my feet as to whether I was stepping into a hole or up onto a rock, besides bracing myself against the force of the strong current. Finally, soaked from head to foot, in the dark, I decided to walk to the nearest farm house for a team to pull the car ashore. In the stillness of the night I mentioned to Aili that I could hear the musical sound of heel chains approaching from the north, to which Aili replied, I had been wishful thinking, but

my ears did not deceive me. Moments later the sound of horses hooves and buggy wheels arrived, driven by Mr. Mort Kinnison of Maloy. I engaged Mr. Kinnison to drive back to Mr. Jalberts farm for a heavy doubletree and on his return I had to do some diving to get the chain attached to the car frame. With the car on dry ground I drained the crankcase of water, dried out the ignition system and the motor started with no trouble. One o'clock the following morning we arrived at our destination, very cold and wet. Thank you Mr's Kinnison and Jalbert.

After listening to two American settlers, in praise of Iowa and other parts of the United States of America, who in the earlier days came to the Iron River area to homestead, I finally questioned them as to why they left such a wonderful country to settle and make a home in our harsh climate with all, its drawbacks. Quick was their answer "The damned rattlesnakes". It seemed as though they were everywhere, in tall grass, under boards and log piles, along fences or wherever you chose to step, you had to be forever on the lookout for them. In Iron River 1925-1926 the mosquitoes almost, in their myriads, drove me out. I used spray, mosquito netting over a straw hat and draped under the shirt collar, smudges etc; but the mosquitoes always seemed to make their point stick. In the morning dew they would rise in clouds, winging their tune in anticipation of a nice warm breakfast. If we put on extra clothing such as a coat or extra shirt, the heat was unbearable. When grubbing stumps we had to bend over and of course, with tightly stretched pants over the posterior region it received more than it's share of attention from the persistent visitors.

In our first few years in Iron River we did not have grain to thresh. The small acreages first broken were seeded to crops to be used as feed or fodder for livestock. Frost seemed to be a constant threat in late summer and early fall, and if the grain did ripen there was the problem of getting it threshed. Much of the crop was stacked to be threshed if and when a threshing machine was available. My first experience at threshing in Iron River was at the farm of Mr. Ed. Brandt, located about two miles east of the present store in Iron River. This took place, in very warm sunny weather late in October, possibly in the year of 1926. The machine consisted of an eight horse power stationary gasoline engine, belted to a wood separator on the same platform. The separator, less feeder, weigher and strawstacker was fed by a man who cut the twine band and fed one half of the bundle at a time into the cylinder. Another man kept the straw away from the back of the machine, while the farmer took care of his grain which was threshed by an hourly rate. From what little experience and observation I

had of these machines, I came to the conclusion that they were quite trouble free and reliable, while threshing about four hundred bushels of wheat in a short days work. When the machine had finished threshing at the Ed Brandt's farm and was on its way to the next job, Olaf Wilkstrom and I cleaned up the screenings and boarded up the granary, to be safe in the event of livestock entering the premises. Olaf was not content with our tidying up efforts and expressed a desire to set fire to the tall dead grass, which was loaded with no end of fuzzy and highly flammable chaff on this hot fall afternoon. I warned Olaf against such a move, telling him that the fire would create such heat and draft, that we would not be able to control the flames. Olaf being older and much wiser than I, put a match to the very tall grass which immediately flamed up like gasoline out of control and continued up over the strawpile. We saved the granary full of oats, thanks to a wind in our favor.

In September, the fall of 1927, Carl Oscar Carlson and I drove his fifteen-twenty seven Wallis tractor from Iron River to St. Paul. We trailed a wagon with seven barrels of fuel, bed rolls and some tools. The tractor was equipped with steel wheels and at a top speed of four miles per hour, it required the best part of two days to complete our journey to St. Paul. The roads were not hard topped and not even gravelled so we did not get shook up to any great extent by our trip. We arrived in St. Paul about ten-thirty in the morning and I have never forgotten the look on C. O. Carlson's face when he looked at the waitress and told her "We have not had breakfast yet", to me missing breakfast was no problem but to C. O. Carlson, missing a meal was starvation to say the least.

We left St. Paul with a new twenty four inch Sawyer Massey threshing machine, and our first customer was a Mr. Renauld who lived just north of St. Vincent post office. We started to thresh Mr. Renauld's grain on the thirteenth of September and after three trips back to Iron River on account of rain, we finally finished his threshing on the thirteenth of October, 1927. I sometimes wonder if the two thirteens played a part in the meeting of my future spouse on this threshing run. Our six bundle teams were driven by Mr.'s Robert Palmer, Charlie Shaffer, Bill Ready and Clarence Shaffer, all of Iron River, Jens Wick, of Maloy and Wilfren Belanger of Therien. After the thirteenth of October we enjoyed a fine dry fall, with ideal threshing conditions in which we threshed for many farmers in the Therien, Glendon, Columbine, Maloy, Iron River and LaCorey districts.

If my memory served me right, winter finally overtook us in November, when temperatures fell to about ten degrees below zero Farenheit, with a fall of

snow sufficient to let the men use sleighs to haul bundles. The snow being dry gave little problems in threshing. I believe that Mr. Tom Phipps' farm was our last stook threshing job. We then continued to thresh stacks in the afore mentioned areas. As I remember the coldest morning on our run was at the farm of Dennis Albertson, in the district of Columbine. The thermometer registered forty-six below zero Fahrenheit when we left his house in the moonlight at about six o'clock in the morning. A walk of about three-quarters of a mile brought us to the machine and after three hours of firing with straw, under the transmission, crankcase, and governor housing and taking turns at cranking the motor, we finally had the machine operating at nine o'clock in the morning. The Wallis tractor used number one hundred forty gear oil in the transmission and number forty oil in the motor. If you tried to turn the motor with the crank before heating the oil, you discovered that it was impossible to turn the motor. If the oil was warmed sufficiently to get the motor running without putting heat under the transmission, the tractor could not move its' own weight on account of the stiff transmission oil. Firing with straw and cranking the tractor motor kept C. O. Carlson and I warm. When the bundle pitchers arrived later, they also kept a straw fire burning to keep themselves warm and also to warm their fork handles.

We tried the use of alcohol as an antifreeze in the tractor radiator but at seven dollars per gallon and evaporation losses too high, we soon turned to the use of kerosene, which was quite satisfactory as a coolant but was very destructive to the rubber hoses which we had to renew quite often. With steel wheels on the tractor and separator, moving from farm to farm in deep snow drifts, had to be accomplished at times with the help of a team of horses in front of the tractor. On one occasion a rear wheel of the separator broke through the frost in a muskeg area, giving problems. At Mr. Dennis Albertson's in the Columbine area we threshed eighteen hundred bushels of wheat and twelve hundred bushels of oats from stacks in severe cold. In the same locality we threshed twenty-eight stacks for Mr. Victor Carlson. Many of these farmers were bachelors, making it necessary for the crew to travel more than a mile at times to a married neighbors for their three meals a day.

Considering the severity of the weather, we had very few problems. On one occasion we did not heat the crankcase of the tractor sufficiently, with the result that the oil pump did not circulate oil to the pistons and wrist pins, so we lost some time, installing repairs. We also broke a rear axle off the separator, another loss of time.

Some farmers placed their stacks with no thought

or consideration as to how the separator could be placed or set. In trees, on side hills or rough ground, generally frozen, where it was not possible to set the separator level, and it was very seldom that the wind was in our favor. If we had trouble in our efforts to level the separator, we would attach a chain to its' rear axle and slide the machine sideways by pulling it with the tractor. If the wheel struck a frozen hump that would not yield, a broken axle was the result. If the adjustable sieve would freeze in a trend to warmer weather, I would have to remove it from the separator to melt the ice which formed, otherwise grain would go to the straw pile instead of getting to the granary. Repair parts seemed to be more readily available in those days. While we were out every day, working in the severest of weather we lost no time on account of sickness. Mr. Olaf Sorenson of Cold Lake, Alberta is the only witness to some of this story, having joined us in his home district of Columbine. Olaf was a powerful man and very steady at bundle pitching. We took sometime off at Christmas and finished our seventy day run on the second day of February, 1928 in La Corey.

Here I wish to insert a few lines regarding a misfortune of the Carlson brothers, in the early days of Iron River. Mr. C. O. Carlson informed me that he returned home one evening to find his home destroyed by fire. At the time he had a neighbor residing with him. On looking over the remains, C. O. Carlson found his large round wash tub still on the kitchen stove, and C. O. Carlson was of the opinion that his neighbor had put the tub on the stove, with a good fire under it, intending to have a bath. While waiting for the water to warm he had taken a nap, awaking just in time to escape the flames. The Carlson brothers then dug a cave in which they lived for about two years, until a house was constructed. According to C. O. Carlson the cave was very warm and comfortable. The coldest winter blizzards caused no draughts or discomfort.

Good land was fast disappearing so I began my homesteading career by filing on the north east quarter — thirty-six, sixty-two, seven, west of the fourth meridian, in the year of 1928. My older brother Hugh and I cut logs close by and with Hugh's help, we constructed a log cabin twelve by eighteen feet which served as a home as long as I owned this land.

With a home made door,
Light from three panes
I often pondered
Why I staked this claim.
A rough wood floor
With slabs overhead
A three tube radio
And a homemade bed

I dare not inform you
As to how we fed
My bones were showing
And a pencil with no lead
Four bare walls
After the days toil
Three rickety stools
And a lamp with no oil
I'll have you know
As you no doubt see
It was home sweet home
To the wife and me

Again it was my brother Hugh who helped me to cut and haul logs from south of the Beaver River, logs to erect a barn which was a requirement in proving up on the homestead.

When the time came to start erecting the barn walls, one of my neighbors came to give me a hand. He was the type of man who knew all the answers and continually found fault and criticized, trying to change my plans about erecting the logs. I had the same experience later when I had a man help me for a few hours, all he wanted to do was argue, trying to construct my building to his standards. Finally I had C. O. Carlson with whom I had worked on many occasions, give me a helping hand to get a job done to my satisfaction.

I worked with C. O. Carlson many days, running his tractor, pulling a twenty foot breaking plow, from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night. I broke many small plots of from one and a half acres to thirty acres. The first breaking jobs were charged for at the rate of five dollars per acre but the price was soon boosted to six dollars and finally seven dollars became the average price per acre. I received two dollars and finally seven dollars became the average price per acre. I received two dollars per day, which was generally taken in trade such as breaking, lumber, etc.

After our threshing run of 1927-28 C. O. Carlson ordered a sawmill, with the result that Dave Byers and I cut logs for him in the winter of 1928-29, after we had constructed camps south of the Beaver River, and had the sawmill set up. The winters seemed to be severely cold and this one was no exception, with the thermometer hovering around the forty below zero mark many mornings. One evening, after our one and one half mile return hike from log cutting, the thermometer registered fifty-four below zero. The air was milky white with frost crystals.

Mr. Henry Dumaine of La Corey was a fine man to work for, I put new sleeves in his Wallis tractor and made repairs to his truck, besides driving for him during spring work.

When spring came, the work of clearing my first

seven acres of land to be broken began. There were stumps to chop out, brush to pile and burn, fence posts to find and the money to purchase wire, all a part of the dilemma facing the penniless homesteaders of the day. I had to carry water from my mother's farm, especially for tea and coffee, drinking etc, when I first started to batch on my homestead. Though we did not have money, we had the urge and will to work.

With my brother Archie's help to pull up the pails of clay, I began to dig my first well. The top soil is usually easy to dig, but when the shovel meets the blue clay, it is a different story. I could not press the shovel into the blue soil so I switched to a sharp bar made from an old mower cutting bar. By raising the bar and bringing it down with considerable force the clay chipped out almost like cement. I doubt if we went down more than two and one half feet per day in the three foot square hole. At twenty three feet I struck a very weak seepage of water and at forty-two feet I broke through the clay into dry sand. The time was twelve noon so I climbed the ladder for our noonday meal. After dinner and a short rest I entered the well again. About ten feet down the ladder, I realized that I felt very weak and listless. While digging I always kept the ladder about five or six feet up from the well bottom, to give me more working room. Realizing that I might not be able to pull myself up onto the ladder in my condition, I climbed back up the ladder. Those last few steps were about the longest and required the most effort and will power of my career. Archie, at the top of the well kept asking me what was wrong, but I did not have the breath to answer him. After getting my nose into fresh air and getting out of the well, we discovered that a kerosene lantern flame was extinguished at four feet below the surface, from lack of oxygen. We also caught a young chicken of about six weeks of age, put it in a ten pound sugar bag with its head sticking out. We lowered the chicken to the bottom of the well. Just before reaching the bottom of the well I felt the chicken struggle its last. The chicken was hoisted up immediately but was dead on arrival at the surface. About one week later the well cleared of dead air and we continued on down through dry sand to a depth of seventy feet, where water was found in very fine sand. This well supplied water for our household needs, but at the time I could not get the necessary fine screened sand point to supply water in quantity for livestock.

At this time in my life, my only means of travel was walking, an exercise and means of travel that I accepted and enjoyed. On long trips I often looked forward to the day when I would be able to cover distance in minutes instead of hours and be able to

carry my burden on wheels instead of on my back. On more than one occasion I carried fifty pounds of flour and other groceries from the local store to my cabin, a distance of over one mile, not an extraordinary feat, just what the back was made for in those days.

My longest walk took place in about 1926, when I got off the train in St. Paul at about ten o'clock at night with my brothers, Hugh and Archie. We stayed overnight in a hotel room. The next morning, not finding any of our neighbors in town, we set out about nine o'clock in the morning to walk to Iron River. Being late in the fall, it was cold with good sleighing, but the traffic was all coming to meet us, with the result that we walked the total distance, less about three miles, arriving home in Iron River at about two thirty in the morning the next day. Another long walk that I may as well mention here, after my marriage, was to my father-in-law's home in the Columbine area. Aili and I walked the distance of about fifteen miles during a milder-spell in the month of February 1935. Our only ride of about three miles, was with a Mr. Turton. Our name should have been walker. No road was too long, no hill too steep and no river too wide to tackle.

As time went by I acquired a Model T. Ford car, cattle, chickens, etc.

My years of single blessedness came to an abrupt end in December, of 1934, when Miss Aili Lammi of Columbine, Alberta and I, Alex Peters became united in marriage.

After our marriage we had a severe cold spell which lasted four or five weeks, with reports of near sixty below zero from some of our neighbors. During this time I had to drive my cattle about one and one half miles south to the Beaver River for water. The snow drifts east of Mr. Martiniuk's field were four or more feet deep and contained a small amount of soil from the fields. These drifts were hard enough to support the cattle.

In the spring of 1935, using a three horse power Fairbanks engine, cordwood saw mandrel, and a twenty four inch rip saw, borrowed from Mr. Hayward Taylor, I put together a makeshift sawmill and with Aili's help we sawed enough two by fours and dimension lumber to construct an addition to our house (bedroom).

To conclude! We sold our farm to Mr. Viggo Peterson of Iron River and moved to Maloy, Alberta. In the ensuing years, we have moved five times and at present we are contemplating another move.

My family consist of (Spouse) Nee Aili Lammi daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lammi, Columbine, Alberta.

Edward Peters; Son, a welder works for Inland

Cement, Edmonton, Alberta. Aurora-Nurse, Robert, Doris, Susan, Jackie and Robert.

Evelyn Peters; Daughter, Mrs. D. Wright, spouse, Daryl Wright, R.C.A.F. Comox, Sons, Colin, Curtis, Derek.

Lester Peters; Son, welder, operates auto wreckage, County Bonnyville. Spouse, Nee Florence Neidszielski, son Ryan, Daughter Teena.

Larry Peters, Son, Welder, Department of Transport, St. Paul. Spouse Nee Gladys Galas, Son Lance, Daughter Tara.

Timothy Peters, Son, Operator, St. Paul, county. Ellie, Nurse, St. Paul, Hospital.

Brenda, Daughter, employed by Stanley engineering, Edmonton.

Bill Peters Family

by Bill Peters

My brother Bob has done a very good job of covering our early years as a family and of the home-steading done in the 1920's.

Being raised in Red Willow, a small town in the park belt of Alberta, which I suppose was modern for the times, was exciting for small boys. We had a two room school, three stores, a bank, church, post office, pool hall, a large livery barn and a railway station on the line between Edmonton and Calgary. There were two passenger and one freight train a day, and for some reason the livery barn and the railway station had a special fascination for us. I remember the crowds waiting at the station to hear the results of Jack Dempsey's early fights as they came over the wires.

I was thirteen years old, the summer we moved to Iron River and I must say that I was not impressed one bit. Suddenly being taken from an active life in the village and settling in a log house in an isolated clearing, took some getting used to. Mosquitoes were a constant problem; they raised large welts on our mother. It took mother quite some time to get out of the habit of asking one of us to run to the store for something she found herself short of — especially about meal time.

Iron River's first picnic was held a short time after we arrived. The school house had just been built and it seemed the logical spot for the community to gather then and for many years after. I remember the first picnic very well. As sometimes happens in communities, committees do not always see eye to eye. One group asked Vigo and Mrs. Peterson to put in a refreshment booth, while another travelled to Malloy and invited the store keeper, Mr. and Mrs. Demarse to do the same. When Petersons arrived at the picnic the Demarses were already in business. It was some years before Petersons attended another picnic.

The picnic was a great social event with the usual foot races, high jumps, and ball games. It amused us to hear old Tom Price at the high jump encouraging the boys with "That's it boys, keep your pecker up." His English expression of encouragement.

I took my grade eight at Iron River School. We walked a mile and a half to get there. During the first year or two, school ran from September to Christmas, closed until April then reopened until the end of June. Many very cold mornings we would all move closer to the old oil barrel heater, and the whole class would do exercises to get the "blood moving". The first fall we held a box social to raise money for the school. We raised forty-eight dollars and with this money we bought curtains for the stage, paper bells and streamers for the ceiling, some Christmas tree decorations, a Santa Claus suit, metal rings and rope for swings, and balls and bats.

I suppose whether you attended a country school or a town school, your teacher made all the difference. Mr. R. B. McGillivray had a wide knowledge of subjects which fit well into a country school. He gave us all a very good knowledge of the stars and the planets, there was not a flower or bird in those parts which he was not familiar with. Flowers were dissected and their parts explained, and having taken two years of Paleontology he could explain the different rocks to us. News period or Current Events was taken up with the sighting of birds or flowers and identifying them. To this day my children still take an interest in the birds and flowers found in their different neighbourhoods. Mr. MacGillivray taught me in grade eight and later taught five of my children.

When I was seventeen, Ole Wikstrom wintered one hundred cattle on what we called the "Big Meadow". About forty head of these cattle were Andrew Wilstroms and were very wild. One day we had gathered them from the bush and into our home barnyard, Mother came out to see them and although there were two of us on horse back those cattle just evaporated — they had never seen a woman in a dress before.

In late fall we moved these cattle up to the wintering site, which was four miles north and two miles east of our home. I fed them for the winter, actually we fed them as my brother Archie was with me part of the time. Feeding consisted of hauling one load of hay in a nine by eighteen foot hayrack everyday and the colder the day the more the cattle needed it. A circular swath was cut in the solid bush, at about four o'clock I drove around the circle unloading hay on either side of the hayrack until the load was off. The cattle ate their fill and bedded down on the rest. The next morning they finished off the rest and about ten o'clock we went out beyond the hay line and opened

the water hole. If it was very cold and windy the cattle would refuse to go and drink.

I mentioned Andrew Wilkstrom's cattle being wild, there was one, a two year old bull, that had escaped into the bush after we crossed the Sandy River bridge in the early fall drive to St. Paul stockyards, via George Dirks on the Beaver River and Flat Lake. All efforts failed to get it back home until after freeze up, and the main group of cattle were already up at the Big Meadow. When we did get him home we managed to drive him into the horse barn, but no one dared to go in with him. We managed to get a rope on him by working down through the feed holes. Once we had a halter on him, we tied him behind a team of horses on a bob sleigh and wagon box. Of course, he promptly laid down — but Ole was up to the occasion. Someone had told him that if you blew in their ear that they would get up. It worked and when that bull came to the end of his rope his head was actually pushing Ole. For the balance of the winter, when I was on the feed lot on foot we surely watched each other.

Archie was interested in radio and quite knowledgeable. That winter on the "meadow," he built me a two tube receiver. We used ear phones. It was assembled on a flat piece of arborite and powered by a large "B" battery and a smaller "A". If we were gone overnight and the batteries got too cold, we had to warm them up in order to use the radio. KSL, Salt Lake City was our main station, although after dark we could get many different ones. This being fifty-two years ago, I suppose it would be considered the early days of radio. My, how we looked forward to the evening to get the news from Edmonton on CJCA, and old time music from CFCN Calgary, and of course "Amos and Andy", "Fibber McGee and Molly", Kate Smith and Bing Crosby.

Early in the winter of 1927-1928, while I was tending the cattle on the Big Meadow, my mother went to Bonnyville Land Office and had the south-east quarter of fifteen-sixty-three-four west of the fourth meridian held for me. During the same winter as the days lengthened, I cut and sharpened seven hundred tamarac fence posts and the following winter, with Archie's help, I got out a set of logs for a house and barn.

The first winter I stayed on the "meadow," come spring, I trapped seventy-four muskrats and averaged one dollar a piece for the pelts. With this money I purchased sixteen spools of four point, eighty pound barbwire, at four dollars and fifty cents a spool, to fence my homestead — which Ole Wikstrom and I did the next spring. I had also cut enough poles so that we were able to refence Mother's place as well.

About 1928 the Canadian Pacific Railway ran a

survey from Cold Lake to Lac La Biche, not that they ever intended to put in a railway, but it certainly settled up the area. This was the end of an era as the first settlers knew it. After this, a large group of French Canadians settled north and east of Jackfish Lake and groups of Ukrainians settled all of the available land in the area.

The next big change came in 1934 when Bob and Mrs. Standal started a store at Iron River and truck service to Bonnyville. Now instead of driving a team of horses the twenty odd miles to Bonnyville, one could get a ride with Mr. Standal for fifty cents return. If there were no women along you might even get to ride in the cab. They would haul your live-stock, cream, grain etc. In the early years of his business, the roads were terrible. In the spring the trip was quite an adventure, there were mud holes, that if you were not careful, you would remain in. The driver would stop and survey the mud, test the depth of the water and try to decide which was the best side of the road to take. In the winter you might do a lot of shovelling of snow before you got home. In time with the coming of the new store we got improved mail service.

In the early years road work was primitive compared to the methods used today. Early settlers followed the high ground and skirted around the sloughs, found solid bottom and shallow fords on the streams. As the country settled people fenced the land and people were forced to use the road allowance. On the real boggy marshes, poles were cut and laid and the earth was spread on the top. On solid ground, usually the bush was cut, the stumps removed, small wet depressions were graded and large ones, the road usually skirted. The earth was moved with four horse teams and fresnoes, with a steady team and no stones they worked fine but with poorly driven or flighty horses and stones in the earth, it took a very good man on the end of that handle to avoid being crippled.

The Provincial Government gave a cash grant every year to each district for road improvement. This money was usually divided as evenly as possible among taxpayers who did the work. In the "thirties," wages were thirty-five cents per hour for a ten hour day for a single man, no coffee breaks. For a man with a four horse team, the wages were eighty cents per hour. It was the same then as now, most petty government jobs were usually politically motivated.

In 1933 at a United Farmers of Alberta meeting, I was asked to take Ole Wikstroms place as local road foreman. After one year on the job, Social Credit took over as the government. Due to the fact that there were very few Social Credit supporters in Iron

River and that Mr. Hayward Taylor put in a good word for me with Mr. Beaudry, our Member of the Legislative Assembly in St. Paul, I continued on with the job. As anyone knows, times were very hard during the “thirties” and many people received welfare, these people were later asked to do road work to pay this money back. As times improved it came back to cash grants and by the late “forties” and early “fifties” all road construction was done by government crews and machinery or by private contractors.

We did not get improved road service until about 1950, when a road grader began regular road maintenance and snow removal in the winter. During the summer of 1951 I ran a road grader in the Malloy, Goodridge areas and from 1952 to 1963 east of the Sandy River to La Corey. When the municipality was formed that area east of Iron River was dropped from my district. One certainly got to see every byroad and side road in the course of this job. The more traffic on a road the more often it had to be bladed. My work these past number of years has been much different, but often I still travel and see those same roads in my mind’s eye.

By the beginning of the 1930’s, it was difficult to get someone to put a refreshment booth in at the Iron River picnic so I agreed to give it a try. I really enjoyed it and continued to do it for the next twenty years at which time I was working for the Department of Highways and the community took it over.

The first few years we purchased our supplies from Vallee’s store in Bonnyville. We would drive in with a team of horses and a democrat, this trip took us a good ten hours. At the picnic hotdogs sold for ten cents, all ice cream was homemade and cost five cents a cone, lemonade was five cents a glass and the picnic committee supplied free coffee. The booth also supplied lunch for the dance in the evening. After 1934 we purchased our supplies from R. M. Standal.

Looking back to the old family home, Mother’s front yard was a perennial flower bed and her pride and joy. She started this shortly after we arrived and kept it up as long as she was able, and as long as we boys were home we helped. This was a lovely spot all summer and the only garden that I remember to be surrounded by a scroll wire fence. It may have been a cold country, but I remember she had delphiniums, coreopsis, columbine, dianthus, violas, pansies, sweetwilliam, peonies, forget-me-nots, and numerous annuals on the border of them. There were common lilac, Tartarian, Honeysuckle and caragana that I had grown from seed. The white spruce and the birch were dug in the bush. A few years back some of the perennials still persisted.

Some of Mother’s love for flowers rubbed off on

me. In the spring of 1932 I sent to Olds Agricultural School for cuttings of hybrid poplar, willow and red currant bushels. I also planted lilac, caragana and Tartarian Honeysuckle seed. Later I sent to Lacombe Experimental Farm for hybrid apple seeds. No doubt some neighbours thought that I should have had my head examined. The spruce trees which still stand as a shelter belt on the old homestead, I hauled with a team and stoneboat from the spot where John Shillers home yard now stands, a distance of two miles. I remember Charlie Gooler shaking his head, he could not understand a man planting trees in a bush country.

In 1964 Alfred, my son, knowing of my interest in plants told me of a nursery for sale in Creston, British Columbia. We subsequently purchased Wayside nursery and now I work with plants all year round. I am slowly developing a two acre arboratum with many unusual varieties of trees and shrubs. My love for plants is second only to my love for my family — although my wife, Anne sometimes thinks of this as reversed.

In 1932, Florence Amelia Peterson and I were married. Florence was raised in the north country, her parents Carl and Amelia Peterson came up from Nebraska and settled in Columbine, Alberta in 1911. We had three children, Isabel, Alfred and Janet. Florence passed away in 1938. During this troubled period of my life, we were fortunate in having the Rev. and Mrs. Marshall as close neighbours. This is an early friendship which I still treasure today, after forty years.

In November of 1939, Zella Jane Sample and I were married, Zella was a Saskatchewan girl who came to northern Alberta on missionary work with her sister and brother-in-law; Rev. and Mrs. Wilson. We continued to live on my homestead until we moved to Creston in 1964. We had three children; Joyce, Richard and Carol.

I asked my oldest daughter, Isabel, for her early impressions of life in Iron River. Here are her comments; “I remember walking two miles to school regardless of the weather, winter and summer. Waiting for the Eaton’s catalogue and later waiting for the parcels to arrive in the mail. Hating to wear felt boots and awful long underwear. Everyone going to Dave Byers for their haircuts. Snaring fish in the creek every spring and then canning them. Our purebred Holsteins and the R.O.P. inspectors coming unexpectedly. As we were coming home from school one day we could hear this commotion for some distance and it was Mr. Woloshyn hitting and swearing at his tractor. Big blocks of ice being stored away for summer use. Walking two miles for the mail and having a nickel for some candy at the store. Picking sow

thistle flowers and putting them in bags. Rafting on the slough in the spring, weeding the garden in the summer, and the large amount of canning done in the fall. Another remembrance of fall was the threshing being done. Big events on the social calendar were the Christmas Concert and the First of July picnic.”

Our family is now all grown. Isabel is married and lives in Edmonton with her husband Dennis Pearson and their two sons, Ron and Terry; Alfred has two children Brian and Kelly, and he lives in Calgary; Janet is married to Ray Coffey and they live in Los Angeles, California where she is a nurse. Joyce lives in Creston with her husband John Charset and their children, Greg, Spencer and Nicole. Richard, his wife Lorraine and their son Lyle live and farm in Boyle, Alberta and Carol lives in Cranbrook with her husband Bob Tarzwell, their sons Rick and Jim, their third child is expected this spring. My wife Zella passed away in 1969 and is buried in Creston. I married Margaret Anne Burns in June 1974, we have a four year old daughter, Melanie, who keeps me on my toes. We reside on and operate Wayside Nursery in the lovely Creston Valley.

One cannot cover forty years of district happenings or ones life in a few pages of print. Some of the early Annual School meetings were a story in themselves. The 1930's were hard times on the homestead although at the time I can not particularly remember thinking of them as hard times, and one recalls all the fine people one knew over the years and we could not have asked for finer neighbours.

Olaf and Helen Peterson

by Helen Peterson

Olaf was born in the state of Nebraska in 1909 and came to Alberta at the age of two with his parents and brother, Osmond. His father took up a homestead north of Glendon at that time. Because there were no schools until about 1920, Olaf did not get very much education.



The Petersons relaxing before the move to Alberta in 1911.

Bill Andrews, who lived at the mouth of the Beaver River, was looking for someone to help him with his cattle and also his trapping. Olaf stayed with this gentleman for six winters and they worked together. One winter, Bill gave Olaf a cow for his work, the following winter, a rifle and still another time Bill gave him half of the trapping earnings. Olaf enjoyed his stay there and remembers the old gentleman with fondness.

In 1928 Olaf filed on his own homestead, the S.W. 28-62-7-4. He cut logs for a house and took some to the mill to be sawed into lumber. The logs for the house were hewed and the house was built in 1929. That winter, a friend, Bill McDermott kept Olaf company in his new home.

On November 24, 1930 Olaf married Helen Anderson. John Feland took them to Bonnyville in his new Model A Ford to be married at Duclos by Rev. Frisk. Olaf's sister, Alberta went with them as a witness. Following the wedding there was a family supper at the Anderson's and the next morning with team and buggy, they were on their way to the homestead by the river.

One evening, about a week later, the couple heard horns blowing, cow bells ringing and an awful lot of noise outside their cabin. Quickly blowing out the light, they waited in the darkness for about fifteen minutes. The noise continued until the couple lit the lamp and invited the noise makers in — their friends from Merton. This little escapade was called a “chiv-aree”. Olaf played his violin, everybody danced and had coffee and lunch. All this took place in a one room, sixteen by twenty-two foot house. With a bed, table, cupboard, heater cookstove and washstand there was very little extra space, but nevertheless, everyone had a very good time.

Olaf and Helen did not have many worldly possessions but with a lot of love, good health and five dollars to last the winter, they made out fine. They had two cows, two horses and about twenty sheep. There was a little land broke for a garden and a small field which they ploughed with a walking plough. The only thing to smooth the ground was a brush harrow. To seed the crop, Olaf put the grain in a pail and broadcasted it by hand. The brush harrow was used again to cover the seed. When the crop was ready, they hired someone with a binder to cut the grain, then it was stooked and stacked. When their turn came, the crop was threshed by one of the local threshing crews.

Like many of the people of the area, they dug seneca roots in June and July, when the plant was in bloom with a pink flower. It was sold to stores and used for medicines. Later in the year, Helen picked blueberries and cranberries.

The first years they had coal oil lamps for light. Being short of cash and so far from the store they ran out of coal oil quite often. They used candles or a "bitch", which was made with some tallow or fat in a dish with a rag in it. Sometimes the stove door was left open to make a little light in the dark cabin.

During the "Thirties", Olaf and Helen had five children, all born at home. Fortunately, a new baby did not need many new things to start out in life, just a dozen diapers, bands, shirts and gowns. For medical supplies they had a disinfectant, baby powder, soap, castoria and vaseline. Olaf made the bed and highchair out of lumber.



Laura, Clarence, Lorane, Gerald and Ruth.

Saturday night was bathnight. The water had to be carried from the river, put in the tub and heated on the stove. The whole family used the same water, starting with the youngest up to the parents. Hot water was added as the bath got cold. Sunday morning everyone had a change of clothes, most of them homemade from flour sacks or old "hand me downs".

Summer wash days were made into a real picnic. They would put the clothes, soap, washboard into the tub along with deer ribs, bread and tea and carry it all down to the river. Water was heated on a campfire to wash the clothes. They were rinsed in the river and hung on bushes to dry. The deer ribs were roasted over the open fire, the tea boiled and the feast was ready.

There were a lot of kill joys at that time, not the least of these were bedbugs, lice, mosquitoes and flies. Smudges were made for the flies and mosquitoes, but the bed bugs were in every house. The beds had to be taken out, water heated and poured over them. The bedding was hung out in the sun, but

the culprits hid in the cracks of the walls. If coal oil was available people used a feather to spread it into the cracks. During the summer most people slept outside rather than contend with the bugs. Body lice (Graybacks) was another kind of problem. They were picked up at camps, school and different places. The clothes, in this case, had to be changed and boiled every night for a week. The only remedy for head lice was coal oil and washing.

The older children were growing up and should have been in school but as there was no school nearby correspondence lessons were sent for the two girls, Lorane and Laura. The following year Gerald took grade one by correspondence. When the girls were in grade three, they were taken across the river to Pinecrest School, two miles away. This was a problem in the summer as the children had to be taken across in a boat. In the winter, they simply crossed on the ice. When the children were old enough to ride horseback, they attended Iron River School. There was no barn at the school so they would leave the horse at Shaffer's place and walk the final two miles to school.

The house was getting too crowded so Olaf built a room at the back out of logs with poles and sod for a roof. The floors were rough lumber which opened up leaving large cracks where kitchen cutlery and cigarette stubs all collected. When Olaf did not have any tobacco left the search for stubs was on. These floors had to be scrubbed on hands and knees with a brush and homemade soap or Royal Crown Bar soap and water.

In 1937 there were quite a few cases of diphtheria reported. As this was a serious disease, Helen decided to have the children inoculated. Hitching up the team, she took the four children across the river to Scramstead's. Alice Scramstead took her four children and at Jones they picked up two more children as Mabel was teaching school. The two ladies with ten children all under five years of age started out on the long trip to Bonnyville with a large grub box and plenty of much needed patience. Arriving at the doctor's, they were told they would have to wait until evening because it was too hot to start a fire to sterilize the needles. After a long wait, with everybody's patience wearing a little thin, all the children were inoculated and the little band was on the way home.

Olaf had to cross the river to put up hay and one year while crossing the river with the mowing machine, he got stuck in the quick sand. The team started to lunge and broke the evener. He had to go home for another evener and a chain. After some problems, he made it across but lost a single tree which floated down the river. About thirty years later and five miles down the river, he was looking for

cows. There on an island caught in a pile of brush was the single tree he had lost.

In 1944 Charlie Shaffer was selling his farm so the Petersons bought it and moved to their present home. The children did not have far to go to school. A new house was built across the spring from the old house that the Shaffers had had.

It became easier to make a living as prices were higher for the things produced and work was available. They still milked cows and shipped cream. New things were added to the farm, a tractor and a model A Ford car.

In 1949 a new daughter was added to the family, the only one of the children to be born in a hospital.

More improvements were made. Propane appliances were a great improvement over the coal oil and gas. Later, electricity replaced the propane and running water and inside plumbing were added.

In 1971 the long hard years of work began to catch up with Olaf. He was told by the doctor not to do any heavy work so they sold the cattle and rented out the land for a few years. In 1974, reserving six acres to

live on, they sold the farm and bought a trailer home. Olaf and Helen still enjoy living on the farm and working their garden. Now that they are retired they have more time to travel and enjoy their grandchildren.



Four Peterson Generations — Clarence Peterson standing with his father, Olaf. Seated is his father, Carl with Clarence's son, Olaf Carl.



The famous cabbage patch of Carl Peterson. Amelia and Carl with grandson, Robert.



The Olaf Peterson family taken by the old homestead shack. Back: Clarence and Gerald. Second row: Olaf, Laura, Ruth and Lorane. Front row: Helen and Florence.

Lorane married Willie McGregor. (Story elsewhere)

Laura married Nick Gavronsky. (Story elsewhere)

Gerald married Julie Sims. They have two daughters and live in Sherwood Park. He is a surveyor for the Alberta Government.

Clarence is a well driller and owns Peterson Drilling at Colinton, Alberta. He married Dorothy Benn of Meadow Lake and they have five children.

Ruth married Mike Balla and they have five children. They reside in Carstairs, Alberta.

Florence married Richard Matthews of Ryley. (Story elsewhere)

Steve Petryshyn Family

Steve Petryshyn emigrated from the Ukrainian settlement of Rostoka, Poland, to the Eastgate district of Redwater, Alberta, in 1928. His wife, Pauline (nee Bumburak), their son Paul, age eleven, and daughter, Stella, age four, joined him in 1932. In May of 1933, Steve hired and loaded a one ton truck with two cows, fifteen chickens, a wood cookstove, a sack of flour, a six by eight foot piece of canvas, a sack of potatoes, and all the family's personal effects, and belongings. They left the Eastgate district for a homestead they had purchased, without previously seeing it, from the government for the sum of ten

dollars. Their new home was located eight miles northwest of Iron River. They motored as far as the Ozust farm, four miles north of Glendon, and as the road ended, they stayed overnight there. Early the next morning, Steve hired Mr. Ozust to take the family and their belongings the final twenty-two miles. They loaded everything onto a wagon with the two cows tied behind and began the final part of their journey. They arrived at the homestead in the late afternoon. Their first home was a ten by twelve foot trapper's cabin without a roof, door, or windows. Their first task was to place cut spruce boughs over the cabin for a temporary roof, and at this point the canvas was put to use by being placed over the spruce boughs directly above a bunk bed which had been built by the trapper who had previously built the cabin. Under the bunk, they placed the flour and other staples that might have been harmed by the rain. The cookstove remained outside as they were crowded for space. The only furnishings inside the cabin were a table and the bunk bed. The entire family slept in the one bed. The cabin was not fancy, but it was home and the family was happy with it. Early the next morning, Carl Clausen, Fred Derlicia, and Bill Karas came over to welcome the Petryshyns. Later in the week, Bill came back with his horse and a walking plow. He began to break one acre of open field, which was to be the family garden. Steve, Valentine Raynoha, and Pete Atamanchuk began building a two room log house with a sod roof. The men plowed peat sod furrows then cut them into two foot lengths and placed them for a roof. The cabin being finished, the men preceded to build a barn. Both buildings were built close to the creek as this was the water supply. By now, it was haying time and armed with scythes, Steve and his son, Paul, cut the hay. Later, they placed the hay on the roof of the barn. It kept the rain out in the fall and it was warm in the winter, and they did not have to go far to get feed for the cattle.

During the first harvest season, Steve went to

work for other farmers in the Redwater area. His wife, Pauline, and children Paul and Stella tended the garden and then plastered the house and barn. The plaster consisted of mud, chopped straw or grass and water. It was mixed by walking in it for hours.

When harvest was over, Steve came home with seventy dollars he had earned for the season. He purchased a horse, Prince, for thirty-five dollars. The other half of the money was to last the family until the following harvest season. Steve built a stoneboat for Prince to pull, with which they hauled vegetables from the garden.

Small game, which was very much needed for food, was abundant. No one needed a license to hunt or fish. Paul, with a number of boys from the neighborhood, spent much time hunting and fishing. He earned his spending money by selling squirrel pelts for ten cents each, and weasel pelts for fifty cents to one dollar a piece.

He saved most of his earnings as the nearest store and post office was located twelve miles away at Vego Peterson's and the town of Bonnyville was thirty miles away, a two day trip by horse.

Stella helped her mother make bread. In the summer the bread was made outside in a Dutch oven made of mud. A fire was made in the oven, and kept burning until the mud was extremely hot. Then the fire was cleaned out, and the bread placed inside until baked. The bread was made with small square yeastcakes which were soaked in water. This dough had to sit overnight, and to keep it warm, most people kept it at the foot of their bed. Sometimes the house would get very cold as the stove would go out and even the water in pails would freeze. Temperatures of -30°F to -50°F were common during their first year on the homestead.

In the fall of 1937, Osborne Lake School was built, three and a half miles from the Petryshyn home. The children walked to school. There were only two families along the way, Bill Lukinuk's and Harry Balla's. The school lunches consisted of bread with butter or sour cream with sugar or cottage cheese. Very seldom there would be a treat of peanut butter. The children did not have warm clothing and there were no such things as jeans, ski pants, or muk-luk boots. On their feet they wore knitted woolen socks and low rubbers. Stella recalls wearing mittens which her father sewed from an old worn out coat. She remembers that they were not very warm. Her hands would be cold when she arrived at school and it would take several hours before she could hold her pencil. Another instance, she recalls was an errand she ran for her father. Plow shears had been sent to Bonnyville to be sharpened. They could have been brought back to the farm by a truck that picked up



Paul Petryshyn seeding, 1946.

cream once a week, but too much time would have been lost by waiting. Another truck went twice a week to the Iron River Store, which was eight miles from the farm. Stella was to walk to the store, and pick up the shears. She remembers having blisters on her feet and being very tired and hungry. When she arrived at the store, she still had to make the journey home. There was no money to spare for treats, so she put the shears in a gunny sack and started home. She tried walking bare foot, but the ground was very hot and made her blisters hurt more. Half way home, she stopped at a school pal's for a glass of water. It was almost noon, so they fed her some leftover porridge and bread and she continued on her way.

On April 12, 1934, another son, Mike, was born to the Petryshyns in the sod house with Mrs. Shylanka as midwife. On April 10, 1935, another daughter, Mary, was born.

By now Steve had broken enough land to stay home and farm. As Paul was a teenager, he went out to work for farmers and later in logging camps.

On November 3, 1941, another son, Eddie, was born completing the family. Paul joined the air force in 1943 as an air engine mechanic.

On January 27, 1946, Paul was married to Elsie Zaporzan. In the fall of 1946, they moved to Terrace, British Columbia, where they lived for the next twenty years.

Mike, now being the eldest son living at home had to help his father on the farm. Another quarter of land was purchased by Jackfish Lake, approximately four miles from the homestead.

During seeding and harvest seasons, Mike and his father went by horse to the quarter, taking food and water with them. They slept overnight in a straw stack. They built a bonfire to boil coffee, and heat their food. Mike has fond memories. This quarter was later sold to Jess Erickson.

Mike and Mary attended Osborne Lake School until 1946, at which time Wendel School was built, two and a half miles from their home. By this time a few more luxuries were added to the home such as a battery operated radio and a phonograph. Improved farm equipment was also added such as a McCormick Deering 13-30 steel wheeled tractor, and a four bottom John Deere plow.

Stella was married on January 30, 1949, to John Lokszy from Maloy. They farmed for a number of years, in the Maloy area and still own land there.

On March 29, 1949, Steve Petryshyn passed away. Mike, at the age of fifteen years, had to leave school to help his mother with the farm. William Clausen was a great help to Mike, after his dad passed away, in teaching him a lot about farming and operating equipment. William Clausen now resides in Terrace, British Columbia.

On February 21, 1952, **Mary** was married to Emil Laniuk from Maloy. They farmed for a number of years.

Eddie received his education in the Iron River centralized school.

Pauline moved to Bonnyville in the 1960s. Mike and Eddie continued on the farm. A threshing machine, an Oliver 77, a seed drill, and disc were new additions to the line of farm machinery. Mike and Eddie, both being very interested in music, practised and formed a band with Steve and Peter Charawich. They also played with Andy Shayka for a couple of years or so. The band played at many weddings in the area and social functions in the Iron River Hall. George Tkachuk and Johnny Lukinuk were also members of the band. Mike and Eddie took part and won prizes at Iron River talent shows. In the fall of 1962, Eddie went to Terrace, British Columbia to work in a logging mill with plans of returning to the farm to help Mike with spring work. Unfortunately, he was killed by a falling tree on March 7, 1963 and Mike continued to farm alone.

Pauline passed away on August 10, 1966. Steve, Pauline, and Eddie are buried in the Iron River Greek Catholic cemetery.

In the year, 1967, Paul and family returned to the farm for one year. Paul's children attended the Iron River School. Following this, they moved to Edmonton, where they still reside. Paul is employed with Famous Players Theatre as a projectionist. Paul and Elsie have four children, Judy, born January 23, 1947, married to Harold Holm. They have four children, and reside in Westlock.

Joyce, born on May 31, 1948, married Joseph Shmyr and they have three children and reside in Peace River.

Randy, born January 28, 1956, is married to Peggy Dwan and they reside in Edmonton.

Marriette, born October 26, 1968 is attending St. Mathews School.

Stella and John reside in Edmonton and are employed with Parkland Theatres as caretakers. They have three children; Larry married to Liz Pierce, resides in Edmonton.

Linda, born in 1953, married Ted Wychopen, now resides in Therien. They have three children.

Elsie, born in 1958, is married to Bob Charter. They reside in Edmonton and have one child.

Mary and Emil reside in Whitehorse, being employed with White Pass Division. They have five children; Eugene, born in 1953, is married to Carol Chipchase. They have two children and reside in Edmonton.

James, born May 26, 1959, married Val Ray and resides in Edmonton.

Cheryl, born March 28, 1961, resides in Edmonton.

Lynn, born July 15, 1963, and Cindy, born July 4, 1965, both reside in Whitehorse with their parents.

Mike has remained on the Steve Petryshyn homestead his entire life. He was married June 28, 1975, to Laura Curr. They have one son, Michael, born June 21, 1976, in the Elk Point Hospital. At ten days old, he was brought to the homestead to reside in the log house, his father was raised in. Mike has seven stepchildren, five of which attended the Iron River School. Jill, the youngest stepchild, is graduating from grade nine at the Iron River School. Sandy and Jill sang in the 1977 A.C.T. Search for Talent show in the Iron River School and won second prize. Mike is now farming a section of land, two quarters of which are his, one quarter was purchased from Carl Clausen and the other from William Clausen. Two quarters being Paul's, one is the homestead and the other was



Petryshyn family — Mary, Stella, Pauline, Eddie, Steve and Mike. (Paul is missing.)



A Musical Trio — Eddie and Mike Petryshyn and Johnny Lukinuk.

purchased from Fred Derlicia. Mike is also farming two quarters of leased land.

Over the years, Mike has progressed from horses to steel wheeled tractors to more modern machinery. There is now a total of 450 acres cultivated. Mike's wife, Laura, is now employed at the Iron River General Store. Mike is the only one of Steve's children still farming and has all intentions of remaining on the farm. The Petryshyn family thank the ladies of the community who made this book possible.

Joseph Plamondon Story as told to Jackie MacGillivray and Florence Matthews

In the spirit of many young men of the time, Joseph Plamondon who was born in Bonnyville, filed on a homestead in the Merton area. There he built a two room log house and cleared and broke about twenty acres of land. In 1936, Joe married Annie Hawrylak whose parents were also homesteaders in the area. (see Hawrylak Story) Annie was only sixteen years old at the time.

The first child, a son Clarence, was born February 12, 1937. A daughter, Clara arrived in 1938 and a third child, Shirley, made her appearance in 1940. With three children under foot, Annie found things rather hectic. Anne said she knew little about feeding of babies, therefore their main diet was milk. Anne was only twenty at the time and it was not until later that she learned the value of solid foods for young children.

There were no modern conveniences at this time. Ready cash was not easily obtained. In 1940, Joe worked on the threshing crew in order to earn much needed dollars. Anne mentioned that this left her with the full responsibility of the running of the farm as well as the care of the children. This is only one example of Anne's industriousness. Anne helped on the farm in many other ways. She pitched in when there was brushing or root picking to be done. Grain cutting was another major task. Anne remembers riding on the binder for many long hours and watching hundreds of bundles gathered on the bundle carrier. After being in the field all day, the evening chores awaited. Sometimes Anne sat long into the night caring for a sow which was farrowing.

Anne who was a very adventurous person, still found time for new adventures. With a few dollars which were available, Anne purchased a bike for herself. Anxious to try this unfamiliar contraption, Anne climbed aboard. She went only about fifty feet when the fence loomed up in front of her. — "Whoa!" I can't stop. Oy — Oy — Oy." Disgusted, she picked her self up and declared she would never

ride a bike again. As soon as possible, Anne returned the bike and bought a bed instead.

At this time, another part-time occupation of many farmers was the sale of firewood. Joe and Anne with the children's help, sawed, split, and loaded wood. This was sold mainly in Bonnyville (Bonnyville residents burned mainly wood at the time) for one dollar and seventy-five cents (\$1.75) to two dollars (\$2.00) a cord; a cord being four feet high, four feet wide, and eight feet long.

Joe purchased his first tractor in about 1940. This was an old Fordson, Anne recalls. Finally the couple were able to afford a bigger and better tractor which made things considerably easier.

All was not work. The family enjoyed good times together, as well. Shirley related some of these incidents.

Nearly everytime the Plamondon's left the children alone for a short period of time, the three youngsters went across the road to the Blais farm. Here they entertained themselves by herding the cows into the old barn, where they were easily caught. The children then proceeded to ride the animals and whatever else their imagination led them to do. One day, they decided to tie their old Collie dog to the cow's bell strap with a ten foot leash. Needless to say, the cow became frightened, bellowed and ran. The dog barked in alarm as it was being dragged behind the cow. How frightened the children were that their pet would be injured. What would their father say? Fortunately a tree was in the path. The cow went one way and the dog the other. The clasp on the leash snapped and the two were finally separated. The children vowed they would never try that stunt again.

Shirley recalled how she acquired a taste for rabbit after having some at "Ma Nelsons". One warm fall afternoon she borrowed her dad's single shot twenty-two and three shells. Off she went on her rabbit hunt. How her brother and sister laughed. "You are certain to come home empty handed," they teased. How surprised they were when Shirley brought home two rabbits which made for a delicious supper. Shirley's father had taught her the art of hunting.

Many useful hobbies were learned with Anne and Joe's help. Memories of constructing birdhouses, a wagon and a bookcase were some that were mentioned. These it was felt must have paid off since Shirley won first prize in a nail driving contest at the Iron River picnic grounds when she was only thirteen. Two of Anne's specialties were knitting and crocheting. This Anne passed on to her daughters. Today, the girls put this knowledge to use, teaching others and also for their own satisfaction.

The three Plamondon children attended Merton

School as did their parents before them. Mr. Taylor had taught Anne and Joe. Clarence, Clara, and Shirley received some of their education also under Mr. Taylor's guidance.

Most of the Plamondon quarter eventually was under cultivation. In 1952, Anne and Joe moved to Bonnyville. There they owned a revenue home until its closure because of gas seepage into the basement from a nearby garage. Anne now has another home.

After Joe and Anne's move to Bonnyville, Shirley remained on the farm. She remembers many humorous incidents and one in particular. One day after setting bread dough, her father came in and announced a trip to town was in his plans. "What shall I do with the bread?" questioned Shirley as she wanted to accompany her father. Joe, being a very resourceful man, suggested they fry it on the box stove and fed it to the dog. This was it would not exactly be wasted. This they did. The incident was kept a secret until some twenty years later, when Shirley's mother was finally told.

Anne said it was not until 1956 that she learned to drive a car. "I just watched Joe and one day tried it out," she stated. She has been driving ever since. Just goes to show what a little determination can do.

Clarence farmed for about two years and then rented the farm to John Kolody. Steve Kalinski purchased the homestead in 1969.

Clarence married Marie Byford and the couple and their children Randy, Rodney, Russell, Rox-



Joe, Regina, and Alice Plamondon.



Joe and Annie with Clarence.



Clara, Clarence and Shirley with their parents Joe and Annie.



Clara, Clarence and Shirley.

anne, and Rebecca make their home in Valemont, British Columbia. A little girl, Brenda passed away at the tender age of six months. Clarence, who has often been associated with "bush work" is employed by a large sawmill there.

Clara married Bill Short. Their children are Joseph and Valerie and they reside in Bonnyville.

Shirley married Nick Kalinski. (See Kalinski Story).

Joe died on March 7, 1970 and was laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery in Bonnyville. Anne still lives in Bonnyville and owns her own home there. "I could work all day before," she says, "but now I'm older and it's much harder."

To sum it all up, Shirley says times were hard but the children remember having a happy childhood, and look fondly back to their years on the homestead.

Mrs. Angelina Plouffe Tetrault as told by Maurice (her son)

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Plouffe, came from Quebec to Vegreville with thirteen children, bringing most of their household furniture with them. It was during the 1918 flu epidemic that my father passed away and my mother married Arthur Tetrault.

By 1928, times were getting tough so in August of 1930 my parents, Paul, Gerard, Angelina, Bernard, and I made the long trek north. Arsene and Joe came as far as La Corey where they took homesteads while the other members of the family stayed in Vegreville. Mother took a homestead here in Willow Trail and built a small log house by the creek across the fence line from Joe Lecompte.

After examining the situation a little closer, Gerard took a homestead closer to the main road, across the road from what is now the Osborne Lake school. Paul took one north of him, then I took the quarter west of Paul's and Bernard took the one north of mine, across the road. On Gerard's farm we built a large house along with the other buildings. Mother had taken her cook stove to Vegreville, then on to Willow Trail. It was known as a double oven stove. The stove was a large, square cast iron heater with a large oven on the top to the back with a warming oven beneath the main oven. It had a large firebox which used wood twenty-four inches long. It served as cook stove and heater.

The house we built had a living room twenty-five feet by thirty feet with a kitchen eighteen feet by twenty feet. Besides the two bedrooms downstairs, there were two more upstairs. When we put the rafters up, we had no way of knowing those rafters would ring with joy. By now we were in the darkest part of the depression. The people living close by were our friends and those farther away were our

close neighbours. We all had the same problem — not remembering when we last had a dollar bill in our pockets. We tried to cheer one another up and the best one to help was Bob Telleson. He did not have a six piece orchestra, but when he picked up his violin, he felt he did. Gerard gave Bob a hand with his guitar or I joined him with another violin. The neighbours and friends came from near and far by horse or dog team for the Saturday night dances. Those that came quite regularly were Ayottes, Dubucs, Tom, Helen, and Ann Cholik. Then there were the Lemays, Palmers, Hargroves, and Lyman Harper.

Summertime was more serious business. Gerard had had polio when he was nine months old, he had leg braces and walked with the aid of crutches. Hard work on the farm was impossible so he hauled the cream cans and any hogs that were ready for market into Bonnyville, twenty-five miles away. He received up to a dollar and sixty cents for each five gallon can of cream and the hogs sold for three cents a pound. A hundred pound bag of flour sold for two dollars and three sixteen ounce tins of tomatoes sold for twenty-five cents. Food was not the greatest problem. Mother grew nice gardens and we caught tremendous sized fish in Jack Fish Lake. Wild game was plentiful in the summer; the dandelions made fresh, green salads while the blossoms provided us with a good supply of wine for the next winter. The blueberries were a never-fail crop and that was when the screen door came off its hinges. Mother laid the screen door on two saw horses and covered it with berries so they would dry in the sun, then stored them in wooden boxes for pies during the winter.

By now the thirties are memories. Angelina married Joe Brosseau, they lived one half a mile north of us. Bernard had gone to Vegreville to visit and found work in a garage. He stayed and made his home there. Johnny Hunka and I worked at Charlie Carlson's farm for one summer. We must have been fair workers because he paid us top wages of eighteen

dollars a month. Paul married Beatrice Nadon and moved to his farm.

Now the war years were upon us and bound to make a few changes in our lives. Our young neighbours joined the army and air force and the older ones joined the work force. The war had created several jobs.

A few more cutlines were made through the bush and called roads. Gerard could see a brighter future in selling Paula household Products.

The years were starting to show on Mother. She had spun a lot of yarn to knit into mitts, made rugs and blankets on the loom, and carded wool for quilts, not to mention making loads of homemade soap. She developed heart trouble and moved back to Vegreville to be close to her family doctor.

In 1940 I bought myself a 1929 car for two hundred dollars. With the price of gas at sixteen cents a gallon, I had to use it only for special trips or taking people to and from the hospital.

By now Mr. Hinecker had built himself a store and Post Office at Garth so Gerard took the Willow Trail post office and I took the mail haul from La Corey to Garth. Gerard took up watch repair and was able to keep the neighbourhood clocks working. By 1945 I had hauled the mail on Saturdays and Tuesdays and felt I wanted a change of work as well as better pay. We had brought our machinery from Vegreville. By now 'they' were showing a lot of wear and some had to be replaced. I took a temporary job as janitor at the Bonnyville school. Now, thirty-five years later I'm still doing the same work. Back in 1945, I sold my farm to Mike Tkachuk for four hundred dollars.

Gerard stayed on the farm for another year repairing watches and tending to the Post Office. Late that summer he sold out to Carl Webster for six hundred dollars and moved to St. Paul where he opened a jewelry shop. Thirty years have passed and he is still repairing watches.

Paul Plouffe Story

I was born to Adelard and Angelina Plouffe on December 1, 1911 in a small town east of Montreal. I was one of the thirteen living members of our family. In 1915 our family moved west to Vegreville to settle on a farm, and I went to school in the Old Vegreville School. My father died in 1919. In 1926 my mother married Arthur Tetreault, who came from Montreal.

In 1929 I filed for a homestead in the Iron River district and moved on it in August, 1930. We built a big log shack on my brother's place which was next to mine. I lived there with my mother, stepfather and three of my brothers, through the "hungry thirties."

Here is a brief resumé on how we survived. My stepfather was the only one in the household who was



The Tetreault family.

allowed to have government relief, which was seven dollars and forty-two cents a month. With this money we bought the most needed groceries and the rest were bought by bargaining odd squirrels and weasels at the LaCorey Store! It is a good thing fish and deer were plentiful.

Farming was the only means of survival. No jobs were available in the area, not even for room and board. In fact the government would pay a farmer four dollars a month to board someone they could not get off the bread line in Edmonton.

As the drought hit Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, quite a few of our neighbors from Vegreville came to homestead in Iron River. We all lived close together so we could help each other in any way possible. Mr. E. Dubuc was the first to come, he was sent by the land office agent Mr. Joe Dechaine. Joe Lecompte bought a homestead on the same section as my brother's and mine. My homestead was located N.E. 35-63-7. Pete Lemay and his Dad lived across the road. Joe Brosseau, Emile Gagnon, A. Vaudrin, the Knapps, Villeneuve, Goolers and Van Raes were all our neighbours.

In 1937 I was lucky enough to get a job in a sawmill at Fox Lake. I operated the steam engine for Camille Boutin and Joe Baril. That is where I started the trade of steam engineering.

Joe Nadon came from Paradis Hill, Saskatchewan in 1937 with his wife Marie Louise and their children. His daughter Beatrice Nadon was our good cook at the Fox Lake lumber camp. I can still remember the land mark at Fox Lake, it was a very fancy, well-built shack.

On November 22, 1938, Beatrice Nadon and I were married in the LaCorey Catholic Church by Father Thibeault who was the parish priest at the time. We lived in my brother's shack until we moved to our own shack on my homestead. We became the proud parents of seven children. Our first child, Jacqueline was born on February 7, 1940. Clement, our oldest son was born on the homestead on November 16, 1943. Mrs. Pete Jorgensen, a registered nurse who lived in the area at the time, assisted at the birth.

I was able to get a job at the St. Louis Hospital so in January, 1944 we moved to Bonnyville. The rest of our children were born there. Emilia was born on November 25, 1945, Joseph on March 15, 1948, our twins Jeannine and Jeanette were born August 7, 1949 and our youngest, Gerard on October 1, 1951. They all attended Bonnyville school.

Jacqueline — married Andre Daoust from Montreal. They have three children Alice, Jeannine and Richard. Their home is in Fort St. John, British Columbia.

Clement — is married to Mable Odowichuk.



Paul and Bea Plouffe.

They have three children Carrie, Collette, and Daryll. Mable is expecting another baby in March, 1980. They lived in Prince George, British Columbia until they moved to Edmonton two years ago.

Emilia — married Art Paradis and lives in Iron River. Their five children are Claudette, Rita, Nicole, Henry and Dennis.

Joseph — better known as Joe married Debbie, a girl from British Columbia. They have two children Jodie and Jeremy. Their home is in Sparwood, British Columbia.

Jeannette — married Ed Strasbourg. They have four daughters Nita, Lynn, Kim and Tina. They live in Evansburg.

Jeannine — married Leo Paradis and lives on a farm north of LaCorey. They have three children Charlene, Tammy and Ricky.

Gerard — better known as Jerry married Marie Beaulieu. They have three sons Leo, Jerry Jr. and Andy. Their home is in Drayton Valley.

Joe Plouffe

Joe, his wife Jeanne and family came to La Corey in 1930 from Vegreville. They took a homestead four miles west of La Corey where J. C. LaJoie lives now. He did some farming but his main interests was motors.

He acquired a motor along with a cord wood saw, mandrill and grain chopper to saw wood and make

chop for the neighbours. Over the years, mechanical work won over farming so he moved to Bonnyville where he worked at Urbanowski's Garage.

The Procinsky Family

by Mike Procinsky

Tom and Mary Procinsky, my parents, came to the LaCorey district in the spring of 1930 from Glendon, where they lived for two years. Prior to moving to the Glendon-LaCorey district, they homesteaded at Edwand, east of Smoky Lake, where they were married in 1912 and farmed till 1928.

Mary (Kryzanoski), my mother, had come to Canada at the age of three with her parents, who had settled on a farm at Chipman. Tom, my Father, came to Canada at the age of two with his parents. The family settled and farmed at North Bank, near Smoky Lake.

It was a cold and miserable spring when my parents and family undertook the journey, by wagon, to their newly purchased farm at LaCorey; bringing their livestock, chickens, and household furnishings. We arrived at our new home which had two log houses which had been built by Mr. Fedchuk and Mr. Koleba, who previously owned the land. The yard was so thick with trees, it was difficult to get through with the team and wagon. There were only twenty-five acres of land broke, which meant plenty of hard work ahead for all of us (Dad, Mom, Pete, William, Paul, Millie, Kate and myself). A few years later, to provide additional income for the family, Father and Pete decided to buy fish at Primrose Lake to resell in the Vegreville-Ranfurly area. The trip by team and sleigh required one week to Primrose Lake and an additional two weeks to sell the fish.

In 1933, Father travelled south to purchase a steam-engine, which was the first steamer in the area. It was used for pulling stumps, plowing and threshing.

In 1935, Father went into partnership with Charlie Carlson and purchased a saw-mill, which was set on Charlie's farm. Later they sawed lumber at Sandy Lake and Fox Lake. As the family was growing up and attending school, we helped out at the saw-mill and with farming in our spare time. Millie, Paul, Kate, and myself, attended Merton school, which was two miles from home. That same year, we had an addition to the family, John.

Families in the area organized their own entertainment, namely dances at the local school house and picnics where everyone participated. William and Pete, who enjoyed baseball tremendously, joined the local team. At the local dances, Pete, playing guitar, and William, the violin, supplied the enter-

tainment for three dollars per night. Admission to the dance was twenty-five cents. Lunch and coffee, provided by the local women, could be bought for fifteen cents.

In 1935, Pete married Margaret Batke. They settled on a farm near home, where they raised a family of four: Mildred, Edward, Marie and Marjorie. In 1945, Pete moved his family to Iron River, where he purchased land from Charlie Carlson. Charlie resided in his own house in the yard for many years. The children attended school in Iron River, which was taught by Mr. MacGillivray for many years. In 1952, their second son, Larry was born.

Pete spent most of his winters logging and sawing lumber. From 1955 to 1968, Pete owned a crawler-tractor. Logging was done during the winter months; as well as farming, Pete and his son Edward, kept busy clearing and breaking land for farmers in the surrounding area during the summer months. Margaret and the children managed the farm chores. Later, when most of the family were grown up, Margaret went with Pete as a cook in lumber camps at Primrose Lake, Whitecourt and Swan Hills. In 1963, Pete, Margaret and Larry moved to Bonnyville, where Pete continued to provide land clearing and land aeration services. In order to adjust to a different lifestyle, Margaret acquired employment.

Their oldest daughter, Mildred, married Walter Solowoniuk. Five years later, Edward married Shirley Sabatier and took over the family farm. They have a family of three; Louella, Connie and Sherry. A few years later they sold the farm and moved to Fort McMurray where Edward was employed by G.C.O.S. They still are residing in Fort McMurray. In 1964, Marie married Edward Sielski from Prudhomme, Saskatchewan. They are presently residing at Namao with their family of two, Stacey and Murray. Marjorie married Malcolm McFadyen in 1967; they are residing in Bonnyville with their children Kimberly and Derek. In 1973, Larry married Yvette Gamache, moving from St. Albert to Bonnyville with their two sons, Desmond and Kristen in 1978. Margaret passed away in 1968. Pete resumed his employment in Fort McMurray till his passing in 1975.

My father, Tom, passed away in 1941. In 1942 William left the farm, finding employment with C.P.R. in Edmonton, where we worked till his retirement. In 1943, he married Mary Klementovich. They have a family of six: June, Millie, Thomas, Robert, Betty and Kenny. They still reside in Edmonton. Millie married Bill Seminiuk in 1941, making their home in Two Hills and raising a family of three: Lillian, Orest and Bobby. In 1944, I married Leana Hryhurchuk, keeping up the family farm with my



Mother, Mary and Paul.



Bill, Millie, Mike, Paul and Kate Procinsky.

mother's help. She lived with us till her passing in 1958. We raised a family of four: Philip, Patricia, Victoria, and Brian. Philip attended Merton school prior to the centralization of Iron River School where the remainder of the family attended. My children are in Edmonton now with the exception of Patricia, who married Ken Palichuk. They farm in Warspite. In 1973, we sold our farm and bought a house in Bonnyville, where we still reside.

In 1953, Paul married Anne Martiniuk. They took up farming on the property adjacent to the family



Pete and Margaret Procinsky.

farm at LaCorey. They have a family of seven; Richard, Mary Anne, Janet, Jim, Micheal, Judy and Peggy. They all attended Iron River School travelling by bus. Richard married Claudette Ducharme, they reside in Bonnyville. Mary Anne and Janet are employed in Edmonton. Jim works on oil rigs and the three youngest attend school and help Paul on the farm. In 1946, Kate married Leo Broski and moved to Edmonton. She later married Harold Wishart and still resides in Edmonton. She has four sons, Leonard, Thomas, Jerry and Terry. John moved to Bonnyville when the farm was sold. He is presently employed by the Bonnyville Auction Mart.

Rapp, Emil

Not too much is known about Mr. Rapp's early life. He has no known relatives in Canada. He had three brothers and one sister in the United States. He did keep in touch with them a certain amount, however, details of his early life are not known. We do know that he worked on the railroad in Sweden with Axel Ljunggren's father.

He came to Canada in the early 1920's and homesteaded in the Iron River district. He gave up his first homestead and filed on one two miles west of LaCorey.

In 1933 he sold that land to Axel Ljunggren, reserving a few acres in one corner where he built a little log house. He lived there for eighteen years. He was well-known for the beautiful flower garden he had. He tried most of the flowers offered in the seed catalogues. He also had a lovely vegetable garden every year.

In 1951 he went to the Scandinavian Senior Cit-

izens Lodge in Camrose. He returned to the LaCorey area for six months then went to the Scandinavian Home in Wetaskiwin where he resided until he passed away in 1955. He is buried in Wetaskiwin where he resided until he passed away in 1955. He is buried in the Wetaskiwin cemetery.

Wendell and Anne Raynoha

Wendell Raynoha was born on September 25, 1902 in Mala Lehaba, Hungary, now Czechoslovakia. Hearing of a new country with new opportunities he decided to come to Canada in search of a better way of life.

He arrived in Edmonton in 1928. From there he went to Redwater where he worked for a farmer for five years. In 1933 he took a homestead in the Garth district, SW 20-64-7-W4th.

The quarter section was all bush and after locating a spot which he thought would make a nice yard, he built a house. The house was made of logs with a mud roof. After a rain, he says with a smile, it used to rain in my house for a day longer as the mud roof absorbed a lot of moisture and dripped after. But owning some land and having a house of his own was a dream come true.

Mr. Raynoha recalls that the first animal he had was a tom cat. He said the cat used to catch weasels but didn't eat them, just laid them on the doorstep. He would take the weasel and skin it and with it he said he was able to buy the odd small item. Coming home from church one day he found the remains of the cat. What a terrible loss this was, for money was scarce.

The first year on the homestead he cleared one and a quarter acres with an axe. He hired Fred Yadowski to plow this land with horses. He recalls that at that time it cost him five dollars per acre for plowing.

He said that in order to get to the neighbours they had to clear the trails through the bush, as there were no roads. The nearest neighbour to the north was James Yanchuk and to the South, Peter Otomanchuk.

The second year in order to make some money, he walked to Ashmont to get a job. In the spring he cleared twenty-five acres by hand and hired Joe Galick to do the plowing. Not having any equipment or horses to work the land with, he rented it to a neighbour, Steve Petryshyn.

The third year he went to work at Myrnam. After one and a half months he earned eighty dollars. He bought two horses from the farmer for one hundred and sixty dollars, still owing eighty dollars. He recalls that those two horses meant more to him than a new tractor would now.

The following year after working out again he

was able to buy a second hand harness. After selling a calf from the only cow he owned he was able to buy a sled at Glendon for twenty-five dollars.

That winter he hauled logs to Myrnam with the horses and sleigh. With the money he made on the logs he was able to buy a seed drill for twenty-five dollars and two more horses. He traded some logs for a plow and bought a three horse binder from Steve Netter. He said he really was happy now because he had something to work the land with. He seeded oats the first year and recalls that it was a good crop.

In 1948 his wife Anne joined him and they had two children, Joseph, now living in Edmonton and Eileen, married to Alfred Brundige. In 1973 Mr. and Mrs. Raynoha retired to Bonnyville and Al and Eileen are now farming the place.

Remillard, Jean Baptiste

In April, 1930, Jean decided that his family might be better off on a farm. He was a widower with thirteen children living in Castor, Alberta. His wife passed away December 24, 1923, of cancer nine months after their last baby was born.

He went by train to see if he could find a homestead. On the train he struck up a conversation with another gentleman. The man was also a widower and told him this little story. "A short time ago, in the morning, I took the milk pails and went to milk. When I returned to the house, I found it was on fire and my wife and seven children were inside and there was no way I could get to them, so I have nothing left. I am looking for a new start."

Jean Baptiste did not find the country to his liking in Peace River, but there he heard that the land was quite good north of Bonnyville. He returned home and set out with his sons, Joe and Paul. At LaCorey, he met a man who took him up north to see some land. As they travelled, they met Pierre Lauzon, who in the course of conversation asked Jean if he had any daughters. He told him that he did and Pierre said that maybe one would be for him. He later married Jean's daughter, Marie.

Jean Baptiste and his family moved up by Tucker Lake where they stayed for about three weeks at which time Philip Chouinard came looking for a seed drill. As they were talking Jean told Philip that the mosquitoes were so bad by the lake they could hardly stand it. Philip took Jean to see some land near his home which Jean liked so he took out a homestead on N.E. 23-63-4. He then brought his family there to live. There the family did well as no one was ever badly hurt or sick. They had a hired woman for the first year and then Therese, who was fifteen, looked after the little ones with the help of her sister, Marie.

Marie, whose help was invaluable, helped out until 1937 when she married Pierre Lauzon.

Six of the sons left to go to war. Special tribute was paid to the Remillard family, seven of whose members were in the armed forces at that time. A brother-in-law, Stan Hallsall was with the Royal Canadian Engineers. The boys all came back from the war but Joseph Remillard was brought back to Vancouver with dysentery, where he passed away in July, 1946, at the age of thirty-three. He was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The five girls all married. They are Mrs. Fernand (Therese) Villecourt, Mrs. Pete (Marie) Lauzon, Mrs. Albertine Parent, Mrs. Alice Lissenden and Mrs. Jean Hallsall.

The boys all left, except André, who married Cecile Dumaine and lives one mile west of LaCorey where they raised three girls, Paulette, Lillyann and



Remillard Family.



Home of Jean Baptiste Remillard.



A Bakers Dozen — The Remillard Family in 1926.

Louise and three boys, Roland, Michel and Leo. The children are grown up but André and Cecile still farm there today. Paul Remillard lives across from his dad's old homestead. Louis Remillard, who died September 6, 1967 is buried at LaCorey.

Jean Baptiste Remillard passed away June 24, 1960 and is buried in Castor beside his wife.

NOTE: by Therese

I think my father was the most honest man I ever met. Not that he did not have some failings, who does not? I met an old friend of his a few years ago and in reminiscing he said, "Therese, you know, your dad was the nicest man I ever met." What greater legacy could one leave?

Renstrom Ted

Ted Renstrom came from Norway to Canada in 1927. He first of all spent some time working in British Columbia and gradually worked his way to Alberta. In 1933 he arrived at LaCorey and was taken in by another Norwegian, Oscar Bjornson.

During the winter months, Ted would trap and in the summer and fall he would work for various farm-

ers around Dewberry as well as right around La Corey.

In the early years trapping was permitted anywhere. Later when it was required that trap lines be registered he spent most of his time on his line. He had no relatives in this country. All his family, including two daughters, were left in Norway. He spent a lot of time with friends, for example he spent eleven consecutive Christmases with the Ljunggren family. He was fond of children and the Ljunggren girls remember him bringing them presents. One year he gave them a red fox pelt for Christmas. In a lot of cases families considered him as "Grandpa."

Spring, summer and fall Ted found himself helping in the fields. He spent many a harvest on Joe Galick's threshing crew and was a reknowned "Field Pitcher."



Time on my hands. Ted Renstrom in center.



Dressed for the Hunt — Ted Renstrom with his dogs.

Ted's dogs were his pride and joy. Ask Kaye Byford she took care of them for six consecutive years as did many other friends. He is remembered by many, for the dog teams he would put together to use on his trap line. It seems whenever he had a team he always had a dog named Silver in the lead.

On January 3, 1980 Ted Renstrom passed away. Some of our fondest memories go with this colorful pioneer.

Ridsdale

written by Donna Steele as told by Joseph Ridsdale

Virginia and I decided to homestead along with my brother, Frank. We took homesteads up in the north country near Garth. The summer before we moved we broke ten acres of land and built a log house. While we were doing this we lived in a tent. I'd get up at four in the morning and plow with the team until the early afternoon. By then it would be time to quit, as that was when the flies would get so thick it was impossible to continue further. Then I'd give the horses a break and go to cut logs for the house. In the fall of 1938 we came by team and wagon from St. Paul where we had been living. We brought three, two year old heifers along with us as well as our three eldest children Emery, Tommy, and Louise. Ida, another daughter was left to board out and attend school.

In 1939, the spring after we moved, I sowed ten acres into wheat. In the fall we took the wheat to St. Paul, to be ground into flour. The following summer Leona was born. That year we were so broke we had to dig seneca root to buy groceries.

In the winter we took care of the cattle. In the spring we raised chickens and planted the garden. Virginia got one hen (with thirteen eggs) from a neighbor. From these who got twelve little chicks. In the summer we cared for the garden and made butter and canned. Towards the end of summer we'd make hay. We didn't have any water where we lived and when we wanted to wash clothes we'd haul water from a quarter mile away for a whole day so we could wash the next. In the fall we'd dig the vegetables. We'd saw and haul wood, and we'd plaster the house with mud.

In the winter everything would start all over again. We did all our own spinning and made wool so during the winter evenings we could knit.

In 1944 the twins Billy and Jerry were born. Jerry got polio when he was eight years old and had to be taken to the hospital in Edmonton. He pulled through and now lives in Terrace, British Columbia, with his wife Cathy and son Phillip.

My nephew Harry and I started up a sawmill after this and then things got pretty good. We then sold out and went out to Whitecourt and worked in a Lumber Camp.

When I retired, Virginia and I moved to Grande Prairie. We were there until April, 1979. Then we moved to Edmonton, and are now living in St. Andrew Senior Citizens Home.

Emery, Ida, Tommy, Louise and Leona live in Edmonton. Billy lives in Salmon Arm, British Columbia

My Stay in Iron River

written by Hervé Robert

I was born and raised in Vegreville. Being the oldest boy of a family of fifteen, at the earliest possible age I came to see some land and take a homestead.

Mr. E. Dubuc, his wife and their oldest son, Léon and I all went to Edmonton to file on the same section. This was in the spring of 1929. Mr. Dubuc and his family moved to the land that same year. They had horses and had made a road to pass with wagons to get to their land.

I came back the following year. My dad and I, we had come with a car so we decided to open up a road to be able to get through. Léon Dubuc came to help us but it took us two and one half days to make it through from Mr. Vego Peterson's store which was about three miles from the south-east corner of my homestead. We worked and searched to see the land markings so we could be sure if we were on the right section. It was the quarter east of where Iron River store is today.

I worked and toiled to clear space to build a log cabin. This I did that winter. Next spring a fire went by and down went my shack. But what a difference did it make to the place! Where, before there had been big bush and broken down dry trees, hardly anything was left standing. We could really see something now. So like an eager beaver I started to clear some land. I chose the clearest spot, which was about in the middle of the quarter. I had borrowed some horses from Mr. Dubuc to start breaking some land. First I cleared it with the axe and grub hoe. There were no stones on my dad's land in Vegreville so I was not ready for what happened next. I started the first furrow and BANG, we encountered our first rock. The horses not used to this, stopped. I commanded them again and again but that was not the tool that was needed. I did not break a big piece of land that year but it was a start.

When I had first filed on this homestead I thought I was really rich, having bought a whole quarter section of land for only ten dollars. Little did I realize the work that would have to go into this piece of land before it would bring me a living. I was just beginning to find out.

In 1930, my dad took a homestead one mile east of mine. After that, in the summer, we would come with eight horses to break land on dad's quarter and a little on mine. We were eleven boys at home so we would bring some of the older boys to help us.

In 1935, I decided I had enough of bachelorhood so I married the former Antoinette St. Pierre of LaCorey on the 26th of November.

By this time I had started another log house, but it

was not finished, so the first winter we stayed at my cousin, Ernest Mailloux's house. He had had enough of homesteading and had gone back to his former home town. We did not have any money but had some potatoes that my wife's parents gave us. We also caught a few squirrels. We had a 22 calibre rifle for which we bought a box of shells. With that one box of shells I shot forty-six prairie chickens and rabbits. When I aimed I had to be certain to make every bullet count.

We were as happy as kings. We did not have much work to do except getting some firewood, so practically every night we would go and play cards at the neighbor's, Jos Plouffé's or Mr. Dubuc's. Sometimes we would go to my in-laws but they were living farther out. They lived two miles north of LaCorey so we did not go to often. About once a month there was church service at LaCorey so then we would go and visit with my wife's folks. It seemed that winter went by quickly.

Early next spring, my father-in-law came to help me finish my house so we could move in and be at home. We had a roof over our heads, but no well. Everytime we went someplace where they had a well we were sure to bring a pail for water. Thanks to Jos Plouffe everytime he would come by our place he would bring us a can of water. Between grubbing and clearing land for others at one dollar an acre, I dug a well on my place so we could have water.

In 1937, I started working for Mr. Standal who had bought the land just west of mine. He had started a store there and also had the post office. I cleared a piece of land for him and when I had finished he asked me if I wanted to drive his truck to town. This I did then and for five years after that. This truck was about the only vehicle in those parts then. Everyone had a few acres cleared by that time and the little crop that they had, had to be taken to town. They also owned a few pigs. There was cream to be hauled in. I took people when they had some business to do in Bonnyville.

It was not always an easy task to be a truck driver. First of all, there were no roads, only trails for horses and oxen. The things that I had to be sure to have in the truck with me at all times were: a set of tire chains, a big logging chain (in case we got stuck), a bucksaw, and of course a good arm to use these tools. I certainly had to use them often, especially the first year. I would go into town once or twice a week. In between those days I would work at home to clear more land and work a little for others to be able to get a few extra dollars.

Monday was always hog and cattle day. What fun and work! Did you ever try to load cows in a truck without a loading chute? Some people had chutes but

not everyone. I had to think of ways and means to load them and have a separation for the mean ones. Sometimes I even had to tie some up. If there were enough cattle for a load, fine, but if there were not, I then had to make a separation in the truck box to load pigs as well. At the same time we had passengers who had to go to town. The women would have a place in the cab if there was room and the men rode on a plank on top of the load. This reminds me of one trip on a cold winter day. There were three ladies for the ride to town, Mrs. Ed Brandt, who was quite old, another lady, I cannot recall exactly who it was, and Mrs. Camille Blais with her three children aged five, three and one. Who would have the cab? They all had to go in plus myself, then the other two ladies and the three children on the other side. Needless to say, I do not think we needed a heater in the cab with seven persons in it. I was sure glad when we got to town. I am sure the good Lord helped me many times to go through all these hardships without any mishaps.

One day I went to town with a load of pigs and calves that were separated in the box, the pigs in front and the calves at the back. That day, as I recall, I had five grass fed calves. I had some sawdust on the floor of the truck box. Maybe you know what grass fed calves are like! When I got to the stock yards Paul Bougie told me, "Harvé, there is an inspector in to check the loads, so I hope your load is not mixed up, (by that he meant were the pigs and cattle together)." So I said "No I think they're alright." Anyway, here comes the inspector before I had time to open the door I guess it must have scared the calves. One of them fell and of course when he fell his hind legs slipped and the inspector being quite close to the door got the biggest shock of his life, I am sure. On his face and down the front of his suit, he got the sawdust mixed with muck and what have you. My load was not counted that day and needless to say, I am sure he never stood at the back of a truck when the door was opened again. Poor man!

The hardest thing that I ever had to do (it was not physically hard) was to buy an undergarment for a lady. This I did not do many times. One time I'll never forget, — a woman had asked me to buy a bra for her daughter. I asked what size and I do not know if she had told me or I had forgotten, but when I got to Brosseau Store I could not recall what it was. I went on the side where clothes were sold. I asked Francoise Vilendey, the clerk for a girl's bra. Naturally she asked what size, so what was I to say or do? I said, "As far as I can tell, the girl is about the size of the other clerk." "Well, what cup size does she need?" How could I tell? So then I made two fists and said, "That size." You can imagine how she laughed and everyone else around. I must have had a

good eye then and it must have fit because they never sent it back to be exchanged.

My wife knew when I was leaving in the morning but never knew what time I would be back at night. Many times I had to stay in Bonnyville. If there was too much snow or a blowing wind I would have to stay in town to bring back the freight for the store the following day.

One winter I was hauling ties from Wolf Lake. The meadow just north of Mr. Standal's store was very smoky. The moss was burning in spots on both sides of the road. When I would get to that part, I would try to go in a straight line hoping not to go off the road. The rest of the road was just a trail through the muskeg and bush. Most of the way back from the lake, with a load of ties, I had to have the truck in compound low and hope to God that the load would stay on the flat deck.

I usually had to quit using the truck in February or March. By that time, usually there was a lot of snow. The first trip hauling again, I would have eight to ten men come along with shovels to help me open up the roads. More often than not, this was a whole day's work just getting to town and back. All I would do that day was get the freight for the store and get back as soon as possible.

All these years, my wife was also doing her share of the work. We had two children by then, a few head of cattle, some pigs and a team of horses. One time, she recalls, she got up around six o'clock to go looking for the cows. We did not have a closed in pasture then, so she had to go looking and calling the cows, hoping they would hear her and come home to be milked. Anyway, this particular time, she could not find the cows so she came back to make breakfast for the two little ones. Marie-Rose, "Now be a good girl and take care of your little sister, because I have to go back looking for the cows." Finally after another couple hours search, she came home without the cows. I guess the cows knew that they had to be milked because when she got back they had come home ahead of her. Do you know what the two girls were doing? Sawdust cakes! We had a cow that was very quiet and easy to milk, so Marie-Rose had milked her a little, gotten some eggs from the chicken coop and mixed that together with some sawdust. This she had put in balls on a board and that was supposed to be cakes.

It was not all hard times, we had our good times too. No one had money but it seemed whenever there was a party, everyone was in a jolly good spirit. Sometimes someone would say, "How about going someplace for a good time?" "Where do we go?" "To Mr. Tetrault's place, Mr. Theo Ayotte's or Mr. Dubec's." Wherever it was decided to go, every-

one and anyone were invited. The three places mentioned were often chosen because they seemed to have the most room. No one needed a special invitation, you were always welcome.

Music was cheap. Anyone that had an instrument would bring it and he would always be willing to play. There were the Plouffe brothers, Gerard, Paul, and Maurice, Reid Hargrove and his son, Myles, and anyone else who happened to be there took his turn playing. The women would bring sandwiches. The filling was rabbit, but no one complained. There was also a lot of fish so no one ever went hungry.

I always had to be a taxi driver, especially for pregnant women. Quite a few stayed home, but once I will always remember. I made three different trips to Bonnyville to bring in expecting women. By that time, Mr. Standal had a car and I knew where he left the keys, so when the first patient was brought to my house, I went and got his car. I came back from Bonnyville around one o'clock. There were lights in my house, so I stopped and there was another man anxiously waiting for me to go and get his wife. We brought her into the hospital and coming back, the same thing again, so I made three trips to town that same night. You can imagine by this time I was ready for bed. I did not sleep very long, maybe a couple of hours.

Needless to say, that morning, I got to the store a little late for work. The first greeting I got was, "How come, Harvé, you're late for work this morning?" I felt like turning right around and going back to my bed, but as this was during the "Hungry Thirties," wages of even a dollar a day were hard to come by. I do not mean an eight hour day like we have nowadays; a day was anywhere from ten to twenty hours.

All in all, it was really interesting. I knew everyone living in the district. A good number of the people called me "Little Standal."

The last summer that I worked on the truck, my wife came with me on Friday mornings. She took orders for groceries, repairs for "machinaries" or what have you. This saved me a lot of work. By then every farmer had two cream cans. I would take the empty cream can off the truck and put the full one back on.

When I first started working for Mr. Standal, I was paid one dollar a day. Then I got one dollar and fifty cents a day and the last year, two dollars and fifty cents a day. That fifth year, in the fall, Mr. Salley from Bonnyville asked me if I would repair and run his threshing machine. He offered me five dollars a day so I did the fall work for Mr. Salley.

For the next five years I worked for Mrs. Henry Dumaine, a widow with nine children. She had five

quarters of land. Her son-in-law, Bill McDermott was called to war, and asked me if I could run the farm for Mrs. Dumaine. While I was working for her, I would use her "machinaries" to work my land. It worked fine for both parties.

We decided to move to British Columbia where we stayed for four years before returning to Alberta.

I bought three quarter south of Ardmore and was there for fourteen years. Due to my failing health, I had to quit farming. We then moved to Bonnyville where we still live.

We are the parents of ten children. Our oldest son passed away when we were still in Iron River. We now have twenty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Our health is failing but we are still happy and often talk about old times. I am sure if we were to do it over again we would gladly do so without grumbling.

Romanko, John and Nastasia (Nellie) as told to Sharon Fersovitch

John Romanko came from Buchovena to Canada in 1923. After earning enough money he sent for his wife Nastasia and daughter Mary. They arrived in Canada in 1928 and the family was directed by land agents to a homestead bordering on the north side of the Beaver River.

They just had enough money, ten dollars to be exact, to pay for the homestead. John immediately left to find work at Willingdon so he could provide for his family. Nastasia was left in a vacant house owned by Ollie Wikstrom. She worked for the Wikstroms, milking eight cows by hand. In return she was given all the milk and cream she needed and some flour, as well as the use of the house. From the flour she was able to only make bannock since she did not have any yeast and could not afford to buy any.

John worked at Willingdon for the next two years returning home occasionally to see his family. He was earning thirty-five cents a day at that time. While he was away Nastasia had to make improvements on the homestead. The first year she built a log house with the help of Ollie Wikstrom. He shingled it for her while she mixed the mud for plastering. During the winter the mud plastering froze, cracked up and fell off, so the process had to be repeated in spring once again. Even so it was good for the family to be living in their very own home.

Ollie Wikstrom pastured his cattle on one corner of the Romanko homestead where there was a small clearing. Nastasia decided this piece of land would be very easy to clear. Not having any tools she borrowed a grub hoe from Mr. Wikstrom, and dug out all

the roots, then proceeded to work by hand as much of the ground as she could. She managed to dig up about two acres when Mr. Wikstrom came with his land breaking outfit and did the rest for her. She was not in the position to pay for the work that had been done, but, he had some hogs he wanted fed over winter and this became Nastasia's job as payment for the breaking of those four acres. As well as supplying the family with two bags of flour for the winter, in the spring he provided the seed grain for this portion of land.

Times were difficult in those days and a person had to do many things in order to survive. One of the ways Nastasia earned some money was through the picking of blueberries. Each summer she would pack up her children, which now included George and John and travel to Tucker Lake with her team and wagon and keep a fire going while Nastasia went further off. On one occasion she filled her two pails full of berries and started off to find her family. She soon realized she was lost. Her strength was gone since she had not eaten for a long time and had walked a far distance carrying the berries. She had to spend the night separated from her children. In the morning she could hear something approaching her. Thinking it was a bear she felt she would never see her family again. It turned out to be an Indian fellow to whom Nastasia could not speak, never having learned English very well. He took her pails and motioned for her to follow. He brought her to a tent and invited her in. His wife prepared a breakfast of coffee and bannock. Being so very hungry by this time Nastasia thought it was the most delicious food she had ever eaten. The Indian knew where Nastasia's horses were and guided her back to camp, carrying her berries for her. This man later died in an accident and Nastasia was able to repay his kindness by taking his wife to live with them for the winter.

As well as berry picking Nastasia and her daughter Mary took a janitor job at the Merton School to help pay school taxes and earn extra money. While returning from the school one day Mrs. Oresuik, a neighbor invited them in for a bite to eat, always having little to eat this was a real treat for them. This generous lady not only fed them but gave them some bread to take home. Nastasia kept a large flock of geese in later years and was able to give Mrs. Oresuik some.

After struggling along on one quarter of land for four years the Romanko's made application to purchase a quarter of Hudson's Bay Company Land across the road from their homestead. They broke twenty-seven acres on it with their horses. The first crop was very bountiful and enabled them to make



Pioneers at work. Miss Frances Zaccaglini and Mr. and Mrs. Romanko.

the final payment on the land that totalled nine hundred dollars.

After fifteen years on the homestead the Romanko's were able to build a larger home. It was three stories high and had seven rooms. This home is still in use today by the Toker family.

In the "fifties" John became ill and farming became very difficult for them. Louis Synowec purchased their farm and they moved to Elk Point in 1958. John passed away that same year. Nastasia still resides in Elk Point. Her children are scattered throughout Canada. George works in the forestry industry and resides in British Columbia with his wife. They have one child. John enlisted in the Air Force and made this his career. He presently resides in Toronto with his wife and child. Rolland is living in the Yukon. He is also married and has one child. Polly married Walter Simons and lives in Edmonton. She has three children. Mary lives in Elk Point with her husband. She has two grown children.

Looking back to the many hardships that were endured by the family during the early homesteading days Nastasia is thankful all her family is well and that she has a small corner she can call her own.

John Roth (First Family)

John Roth was born in 1888 in Missouri. In the year, 1900 his family moved to Camrose, Alberta where they homesteaded. When John was seventeen he met Lottie Cordillia Cooper. In 1905, John, still seventeen years old and Lottie, only fifteen, eloped. They came to the Lessard area shortly after their marriage by horse and wagon and took up their first homestead. They farmed for a few years and then in 1909, they moved back to Camrose where John worked in the coal mines for awhile. In 1910, their

first child, Susan was born and shortly after that, they returned to their Lessard homestead. They farmed the land but moved back and forth from Camrose to Lessard trying to keep the family fed until 1919. By this time they had five children and they settled down to steady farming. To add to the income, John freighted fish in the winter from Cold Lake to St. Paul. Two more children arrived, making a family of seven children. The children all attended school in Lessard until 1924 when Lottie passed away at the age of thirty-three years. John and his children moved back to Camrose shortly after. Three years later, they returned to the Crane Lake area once more.

John Roth died in 1957. The children are as follows:

Susan — born 1910

Bill — born 1912, died 1979

Jim — born 1914

Gladys — born 1916

Evelyn — born 1919

Viola — born 1921, died 1941

Grace — born 1923

Early Pioneers in the Crane Lake Area

by Eva (Dayton) Roth

We left Camrose on March 27, 1929. We had expected to take about six days to get here, but it took ten days. We left Camrose with four horses pulling a covered wagon we had made by boarding in a hayrack and making a roof with the linoleum off the floor. We never had our clothes off for ten days and we walked most of the way. Only baby Faye did not feel the hardships. There were six half sisters and brothers, ages seven to nineteen years, besides the three of us.

The load was too heavy and we broke down eighteen miles out of Camrose. We stored some furnishings in a farmer's granary, repaired the wagon and continued on, still too heavily loaded. As we got farther on we came into mud and snow. We had started too early for wheels. We crossed the lakes as much as possible since the wheels rolled easier on the ice than in the mud and snow. We were stuck several times and the lakes were dangerous since the thaw made several inches of water on the lakes. By the time we got to the river the ice was really thin. If we had not whipped the horses into a run everything we had would have sunk to the bottom of the river along with the horses, driver and baby. Most of us walked across the river in about eight or ten inches of icy water to make less of a load. We did not have rubber boats and it seemed our feet were always cold and wet.

April 5, 1929 we arrived at Whitewood Lake. There we moved into a one room log shack with a sod

roof and a dirt floor. There was also a log barn for the horses but we had no feed for them so we had to turn them loose so they could eat grass. The boys still slept in the covered wagon.

Now we only had one mile left to go, but no road. The timber was so heavy it took my husband and myself four long days work to cut a road through with axes. Where the dead trees had fallen and wedged we got one on each end of the crosscut saw to remove them. Now we had a road through, but no house yet at the end of the road.

First John Roth had to work for a farmer, Mr. Edd Smart for a cow so the family could have milk. The oldest boy was already at the lumber mill to work for lumber. As soon as the cow was paid for, his father joined him and soon a few loads of lumber were brought down and a little house was made which later burned down.

Meanwhile when the men were away at the lumber mill, I was looking after the children, the cow, the chickens (six chickens had rode in a box under the floor of the hayrack), cutting down trees and sawing them up for wood because it was still cold and we needed a fire going all day long.

The blankets and clothes we had used on the way up were filthy, so I carried water from the lake, heated it on the stove and washed clothes on a washboard. I hung them to dry on the trees.

There was one more child from the first family, Susan, who was eighteen years old. She joined us a year later bringing our family up to ten people.

We were the only people living at Crane Lake for several years, so of course we called it our lake. At that time the lake was beautifully clear and clean and full of fish. The wild meat was plentiful. We enjoyed seeing the deer, bear and other smaller animals that were a common sight. The wild berries were plentiful too. We cleared land with axes, and broke it with a walking plough. Since newly broke land is not good for a garden, I did a lot of work for nothing. I planted a large garden, when the rains began everything turned yellow. The potatoes were as small as marbles and there was nothing else. Since we had no money, this was a hard blow. What would we eat? Somehow we pulled through the winter and the following years we always had plenty of garden vegetables. In fact we always grew enough to give help to each new settler with gifts of vegetables when they began arriving.

We lived there till 1953 at which time we moved to the near-by village of Grand Centre. Once again Easter was on April 5, the same as the year we moved from Camrose to the north land. Once again we moved in the Easter season, arriving here on April 5, 1953 where we have been ever since.

One by one the children have all moved away and

married except Faye who still lives at Grand Centre. I now live alone, but I am not lonesome. I have very good plans for my future.

Dayton Family

Eva Dayton Roth

My parents, John Russell Dayton and Lettie Elnora Huttson were married in 1907. They came to Canada from Missouri with my grandparents. I was born on grandfather's homestead on December 30, 1908. We lived for a few years in Wetaskiwin and then my parents travelled around a great deal seeking employment where they could. I attended my first school in Loughheed. Later I went to school in Camrose and Edmonton and back to Camrose to finish my schooling. I married John Roth and came to homestead at Crane Lake in 1929.

My mother was left a widow with eight children and one on the way in 1933. My grandfather came to live with them and help out. In the "thirties" my mother came to Crane Lake with seven of her children. One son had died in 1939 and a daughter Dorothy arrived later. George, Pearl, Harold, Floyd, Percy, Clara and John Russell Jr. all arrived with her.

When World War II broke out George joined the army and was killed in action in 1944 in Italy.

Harold also joined the army and after four years service, he married Honolene Robertson at Brandon, Manitoba. They settled down in the Crane Lake area until 1949, when they moved to British Columbia.

Pearl married Jim Roth who also joined the army before conscription and served three and one half years. They moved to British Columbia in 1948.

Percy went to live in Brandon in 1954.

John went to live in Brandon in 1946 and that same year Clara left to live in Meadow Lake.

Once mother's family was gone she came to live with me until Floyd went to live in Gismo, British Columbia in 1945. It was there she passed away in August, 1970.

Karl and Katherine Ryll

written by Katherine Ryll

My husband, Karl Ryll was born in Poland, but was of German descent. In the 1920's he joined the Polish Army, which gave him an opportunity to do a limited amount of travelling. As a result, he became fluent in Polish, German, Ukrainian, and understood the Russian language. After immigrating to Canada, he also became fluent in English. Due to his travelling, the continual social unrest in that part of Europe and the constant immigration to Canada, he left Germany in 1928 and headed for Canada. He joined a brother in Peace River country and slowly worked his way to the St. Paul area.

My parents emigrated as small children from the Ukraine to the Mundare area in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Growing up and then marrying and living in that area for a short time, they moved to the St. Paul area and farmed there until their retirement.

Karl and I met and were married in 1932. Like many homesteaders, the "Depression of the thirties" forced us to move to the LaCorey area. Wages were extremely low; in 1932 my uncle paid us \$130.00 for ten months work, which increased to \$250.00 in 1933. Livestock and grain prices were so low that nobody could afford any luxuries. A good cow sold for five dollars and grain at ten cents or less a bushel. The future was rather gloomy, yet a vast part of the country remained unsettled. We had very little, yet if we were to homestead some land would be ours.

Hence, on February 1, 1934 my husband Karl and myself moved from St. Paul to a homestead seven and one-half miles north-east of LaCorey. Karl had previously built a log house twelve feet by twenty-four feet on our property in addition to breaking ten acres of land. We bought two horses, three cows, some pigs and chickens, five hundred pounds of flour and fifty dollars cash.

There were no roads or schools and much of the land to the north and east of us remained unpopulated. To the south, a few neighbors had settled, some of whom gave up and moved elsewhere. Some of the timber was large enough for lumber. That which was not provided us with posts and rails for fencing. Tools and machinery were rather crude, which meant extremely hard physical work. Lumber was sawn with a huge hand saw; land was broken with the use of an axe!

Times were also very tough financially. The price of farm products remained very low. We survived by milking cows, selling eggs and raising a large garden. This was supplemented by Karl building homes and farm buildings for many of our neighbors. In addition, he enjoyed working in the bush, and at one time he hewed a large amount of railroad ties.

There were also some good things about life at that time. Being young and in good health meant very much to us. Friendly and helpful neighbors often gave us assistance and moral support. We began to raise a family. Our first children Erna, was born in 1936 and she was followed by three boys, Leslie, Erwin and Adolph, another girl Judy, and lastly Rick.

When Erna was five years old, Harold Lake School was opened. There was no road to the school, only a trail through the bush. With the help of neighboring children, She was able to begin school. Later,

Bevin School opened and our children switched schools as there was some type of road to this school. It was four and one half miles to Bevin School, but this problem was overcome by using horses as transportation. A buggy was used in the summer and a cutter during the cold winter season.

Conditions began to gradually improve. In 1945 we bought two more quarters of land from the late Walter Chyz. After living in a little shack, it was such a relief to move into a much larger house. Our total acreage increased and we now owned a section of land with one hundred and seventy-five acres in cultivation. In 1955, after driving a 1937 Ford coupe for a few years, we bought a new Chev truck. We also bought a threshing machine in partnership with our neighbor, Nick Kozak. This made harvesting less risky as we now did not have to rely on a large custom operator. Roads were slowly improved, often the result of all the neighbors pitching in and doing the work themselves.

As with all families, our children soon grew up and left and we became too old to farm. In 1962, we moved to Iron River and became caretakers at Iron River School. We kept the farm until 1966 and then sold it. This brought an end to our rural life in the LaCorey district.

Karl's health began to fail, and in 1970 he was



Katherine Ryll standing beside original home on homestead.



Karl Ryll — 1935.



Rick, Leslie, Erwin, Adolph, Erna (Batke), Katherine, Karl, Judy (Strumecki).

forced to retire completely and we moved to Bonnyville. His health continued to deteriorate and he passed away in October of 1978. I am still residing in our home in Bonnyville and keep quite busy by, among other things, being actively involved in the Senior Citizens Drop-In-Center.

Sabatier, Albert

Several years after Emile and Jenny were married Emile's brother Albert came to live with them again. He occasionally went to stay with some of the other members of his family but always returned to Emile and Jenny as he seemed to find life with them most compatible. When Emile built the large house, Albert came to stay for the next twenty years. He purchased a home in Bonnyville when Emile and Jenny moved to the Belanger farm. Albert continued working his land until his retirement commuting to the farm from Bonnyville. He resided here until the Lord called him home in March of 1977 just two months after Emile.

Sabatier, Emile and Jenny by Carol Matichuk

In 1909 Frank Sabatier brought his wife, Mary and their six children to Canada. He got a homestead by Cold Lake, Alberta, and settled there with his family. Emile was three years old when he arrived in Canada. When he was ten, his father passed away. About a year later they moved to Bonnyville where

their mother purchased a house. When Émile turned eighteen he took a homestead. It was a quarter section of land in the Merton area, three miles north of the Beaver River and about six miles south-east of the Iron River store. Emile built a two room log house for himself. His two younger brothers, Joseph and Albert, came to stay with him. When they were old enough they both got their own homesteads and began to work the land. Albert's homestead was just across the road from Emile's! Their mother and sister, Elizabeth came to live with them.

It was a common practice for the young people of the area to drop in at the Chachula home for a visit in the evening and here Emile met Jenny, one of the Chachula children. Jenny had come to Canada with her family in 1930. She worked out for other farm people, doing all kinds of heavy farm work. She worked on the Yarema farm, milking twelve cows by hand as well as feeding pigs and working in the garden. Jenny found life in Canada very different than in Poland and was lonesome for her friends with whom she used to visit and play games while watching the cattle grazing in the community pasture. During the winter months she remained at home and worked for the neighbours when help was needed. The following summer she was in poor health from the heavy work she had been doing and found an easier job on a farm close to Bonnyville. All the wages Jenny made were turned over to her father to help meet the needs of the family.

Jenny had a heart-attack while in her twenties and was plagued with heart problems for several years before the Lord completely healed her of the problem. While in her thirties she was hospitalized with crippling arthritis, and the doctors told her she would never walk again, but God again restored her to health.

Jenny and Emile were married on November eleventh of 1932. They lived in Emile's log house with the other members of his family for a few months. Joseph left to live with his older brother Leo, and Albert built a house on his homestead. Mrs. Sabatier and Elizabeth soon moved into Albert's house. Emile's possessions at this time were: the homestead with twenty acres broken, a plough, a wagon and sleigh, a team of horses, one cow, and five chickens. Within the next eight years four children were born in that little log cabin, Edward, Louis, Lawrence and Eileen. A friend, Mrs. Ulanicki tended Jenny at the times of the births of Louis, Lawrence and Eileen. She acted as a midwife for the neighbors in that area. Mrs. Ulanicki was loved by the people in the area for her kindness towards them. She came whenever she was called,

staying all night if need be; and remaining patient and kind throughout the whole time.

Shortly after they were married, Emile bought a steel-wheeled tractor in partnership with Jenny's brother, Stanley. He attempted to teach Jenny to drive it one day but realized if he was to keep the buildings intact he had better do the driving himself and leave her to look after the house, garden and livestock.

During the berry season, Jenny picked blueberries by Beaver River and sold them at fifteen cents a pound to Brosseau's Dept. Store in Bonnyville, fourteen miles away. When Edward was born she would carry him on her back while she picked berries, and when possible she would catch a ride with the neighbors, Hewaks or Solowoniuks, and pick berries by Jackfish Lake, where they were more bountiful. She would earn enough money to buy twine, sugar, flour and other staples for the coming years.

In 1940 Jenny had saved up, two hundred dollars by selling cream from the cows she milked and seneca roots, which were worth twenty-five dollars per sack. She went to the bank to borrow another two hundred and fifty dollars, to purchase a half section of land from Mrs. Ulanicki, in the Sandy Lake area. They built a one room house of logs and plaster, in which they lived for the next few years. The fifth child, Morris, was born here.

In 1945, the family moved back to the homestead and sold the farm by Sandy Lake to Stanley Chachula. Emile then bought Leo Sabatier's homestead which was a half mile north of them, on the main Merton district road. They moved into the log cabin there, where the youngest child, Caroline, was born. Within a year they began construction of a new house. It was three stories high with nine rooms, a porch, a sun room and an upstairs balcony.

In 1960, Eileen married Nick Matichuk from the Garth area, and in 1961 Caroline married Nick's brother Bill (see Matichuk history). Both families resided for the next several years near the Yukon,



Clear the road, here comes Ma! Jennie and Emile.

British Columbia border. There they worked in construction, building the Cassiar-Steward highway, which eventually was to reach the Coast.

Morris left home in 1962 to work on his own.

In 1964, Lawrence married Joyce Preston from Vilna, Alberta and they settled in Edmonton, where they were both working. Today they live at High Level with their children Glen, Leila, Brian and Jason. Also in 1964, Edward married Irene Marchuk of Bonnyville. They helped run the home farm for a few years until they bought their own farm five miles north of Bonnyville, where they still live with their children Bruce, Darlene and Richard.

In 1969, Louis married Maureen Crispen from Pierceland, Saskatchewan, and they bought the home farm. Emile and Jenny then bought the Belanger farms two miles northeast of Bonnyville and moved there where Jenny had a market garden, planting three and a half acres of garden produce. This land



Emile and Jenny Sabatier with their children, Lawrence, Edward, Louis, Eileen, Morris and Caroline.

they later sold to Louis, after he had sold the farm at LaCorey to Morris. Louis presently lives in Bonnyville with his wife and children Connie, Stuart and Benjamin.

Emile and Jenny moved to Bonnyville in 1974. Emile went to be with the Lord in 1977. Jenny continues to live in Bonnyville, and attributes her good health and blessings to the love of God. She is very thankful to be alive to see her children and grandchildren serving God.

Sabatier, Joseph and Sadie

Joe's first homestead was SW 3-63-6-4. In 1938 he met and married Sadie Bidulak.

They stayed on this farmstead for four years then moved to the Sandy Rapids area and remained here for the next eight years (NW 28-63-7-4 along the creek). During this time Joe ran a sawmill and farmers from different parts of the area brought their logs to be sawn. A lot of the farmers were aided in hauling of these logs by oxen. Also a threshing machine was owned by Joe and he did custom threshing and when he got his first big tractor he did breaking of land. Sometimes one was unable to pay his debt immediately and had to work for Joe in some way for payment.

During the years Sadie and Joe raised seven children: John, George, Stanley, Roger, Betty, Joyce and Sidney. The family moved east of Bonnyville and continued farming there. They now reside in Bonnyville and lead active lives. Sadie enjoying her grandchildren and gardening and Joe puttering around "fixing things" and going to the Drop-In Centre for card playing.

Anton Sarawanski

by Peter Sarawanski

We arrived at Halifax on the ship SS Polonia from the Ukraine on June 8, 1930.

My dad, Anton and my mother, Lukia Sarawanski, with their three children Nadia, Peter and John came into Bonnyville on a train about a week later. From there we went to a farm in La Corey and stayed with the Fedchuk family.

In the meantime Dad applied on June 25, 1930 for a homestead on SE 26-63-8-W.4th. So Dad and a man that was helping had to walk from La Corey while they were building a house on Dad's homestead, in what was later to be known as the Sandy Rapids District. In about the last part of July 1930, we moved to our new home.

Dad hired Mr. Romanko to move our belongings and us to our new house. About halfway on a road in a swamp, a wheel broke off the wagon. We had to get poles to lift the wagon so we could get a log under the axle. Finally we made it to our partly finished shack on the homestead.

We surely went through some experiences in this new land as we tried to adjust. It reminds me of my mother, she used to sit by a window at night and watch so Indians would not come and scalp us. One night as she was sitting by a window, she made a lot of commotion, "Wake up," she said, "Indians are coming." We all got up, "Where are they!" "Over there," she said, "In the willows. I saw them smoking cigarettes." Dad watched for awhile, then he said, "You silly woman, those are only fire flies." That was the first time we had seen fireflies. Relieved, we all went back to sleep.

Mom and Dad walked many times about fourteen miles to Iron River Store and carried flour and groceries on their backs. But our main diet was rabbits, for the first few winters.

As we kids grew older I had to walk with Dad everyday, about four miles, to cut hay with a scythe. One fall in the "Thirties" we finished cutting and stacking hay, not even thinking about ground fires that were in that area. Then one day an old Indian by the name of Jim Banck came riding up on horseback and tried to tell us that a fire was burning in the hay



Anton and Lukia Sarawanski with children, Pete, John and Nadia.



Not time yet, boys! Pete Sarawanski, John Charawich, Alex Fedchuk, John Haponiuk, John Sarawanski.

meadows. We all got together and we walked there to fight the fire. We got there in time to see some haystacks going up in flames. It was a rough winter for people who lost their hay. After that ground fires burned for years, winter and summer.

In 1939 Nadia married Serge Hothoniuk and for awhile they lived on the same section as we did, but they had the northwest quarter. They later moved to Thorhild and then to Edmonton with their family of seven.

In 1958 Dad and Mom retired and moved into the town of Bonnyville.

John married Tillie Sawchuk, November 8, 1969 and they live in Bonnyville.

Peter is still farming on the old homestead in the Sandy Rapids District.

Anton Sarawanski passed away on April 15, 1961.

Lukia Sarawanski passed away on December 30, 1966.

Sarawanski, Petro and Maria by John Sarawanski

In May, 1930, Petro and Maria Sarawanski with their two children, Annie five and John four years of age, left their village Rohozon, in Poland for their journey to Canada. After boarding the ship S. S. Polonia the family spent fourteen days crossing the Atlantic before arriving in Halifax on June eighth. Here, after going through customs they took the train heading west and arrived in Edmonton on June the fourteenth. From here they boarded the train for Bonnyville.

On arrival in Bonnyville, Dad got in contact with Mr. Fedchuk, an acquaintance, who had come to the area the previous year. Mr. Fedchuk, who lived in La Corey at the time, had filed on a homestead twelve miles west of Iron River. He advised Dad of available homestead land in the same general area. With Mr. Fedchuk as a guide, Dad and his cousin Anton Sarawanski, who had also immigrated to Canada with his family, set out on foot from La Corey in search of a homestead.

Dad decided to file on the SW 25-63-8-W4 and on June 27, 1930 obtained his homestead entry. With the help of his cousin Anton and neighbors Alex Fedchuk, Bill Karasiuk and P. Galiwoda, a small log house was built. This soon became home to the family.

In the spring of 1931 Mom and Dad dug up a pitch of ground with a spade and grub hoe and planted a small garden. That summer they purchased a cow and calf which cost them one hundred dollars. This was a large sum in those days. Clearing the land for breaking was all done by hand and was a very difficult and slow process as the homestead was heavily treed. In the fall Mom and Dad built a small log barn from the trees they removed clearing some of the land. In the spring of 1932 Dad planted his first crop of grain on the homestead.

November 19, 1933 saw an addition to our family. My sister Mary was born. One of our closest neighbors at the time were M. A. Berg and his sons Otto and Oliver, who had settled just east of our place. In 1935 Mr. Berg opened up the Sandy Rapids Post Office which remained open until 1958. Just west of us on the next quarter lived Dad's cousin Anton, his wife and their three children, Nadia, Peter and John.

In November, 1935, Sandy Rapids School Number 4612 began classes. Annie and I both received our education there. I believe over forty pupils were enrolled there then. My sister and I were lucky since we had only two miles to travel to school, unlike

some of the children who walked four and one-half miles to school.

Eventually two more girls were added to the Sarawanski family, making five children in all, four girls and one boy. Nellie was born November 5, 1937, and Elizabeth the baby, on May 19, 1941.

In 1944 Annie married Harry Fersovitch (see Fersovitch history).

Mary attended school at Sandy Rapids and Garth, then completed her high school in Glendon. She then took a secretarial course at McTavish Business College in Edmonton. She and her husband Hampton Anderson reside in Camrose. They were married November 19, 1954.



John Sarawanski breaking land.



Petro and Maria Sarawanski on their Fiftieth Anniversary with their family, Annie, Mary, Nellie, Elizabeth and John.



John and Helen Sarawanski.

I, John, married Helen Garbanewski on February 15, 1952 and in 1954 began farming on my own. We built a house on the quarter I purchased from M. A. Berg.

Nellie attended school at Sandy Rapids and Wendal before going to high school in Glendon. In July, 1957 she married Mike Makar. They make their home in Edmonton.

Elizabeth attended elementary and high school at the Iron River Centralized School. She received her Bachelor of Education degree from the University of Alberta. In August, 1965 she was married to Sam Johnson and they now live in Sherwood Park.

In November of 1964 Mom and Dad retired and moved to Bonnyville where they celebrated their golden anniversary in February, 1973. After a short illness Dad passed away in April, 1977.

We (John and Helen) still farm the original homestead purchased from my parents in 1964. We have two children Susan, born at Glendon September 21, 1953 and David born May 2, 1956. Susan received schooling firstly at Iron River and Fort Kent. She graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High School in 1971 after which she enrolled at the University of Alberta. She received her Bachelor of Education Degree. In 1974 she married Walter Kardash, a local boy. They now live in Ardmore.

David also attended grades one to nine at Iron River and graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High School in 1974. He received his Bachelor degree in Education in 1978 and is presently teaching, grades two and three at Iron River School.

Looking back I remember quite clearly the hard lean years on the homestead, and am proud of the homesteaders who blazed the way for the present generation and generations to come.

Sashuk, Metro and Fedora compiled by the Sashuk Family

Metro Sashuk and Fedora Shalomy were married in Poland in 1919. In 1920 their first child, Bill was born, Neda in 1922 and their third, Fred came along in 1923, and Sam in 1925.

Metro and Fedora farmed on a small farm in Poland which was only a couple of acres. They found it very hard to make a living so decided to seek their fortune elsewhere, and chose Canada.

In the spring of 1929 Metro, Fedora and their four children sailed on the ship Polania and headed for Canada, arriving in Halifax after ten days. It was a very unpleasant trip for Fedora due to sea sickness.

Directly from Halifax, the Sashuk family went west to Alberta, because they had heard of cheap homesteads for only ten dollars for one hundred sixty acres. This sounded very cheap for so much land. The family was delayed several weeks though, due to the mumps. They finally arrived in Edmonton, then Bonnyville, and finally headed out to Iron River to look for a homestead. In August 1929 Metro filed on a homestead, SE 21-63-7-4.

Metro and Ignace Sokorinski, other new settlers who homesteaded near Metro's got together and built a shack before winter came. The two families lived in this shack for the winter. This shack was located on Mr. Sokorinski's land, and consisted of log walls and dirt roof. It was not the warmest abode. Late in the fall Sashuk's third child, Fred got pneumonia. Since there were few or no roads or transportation to get to the hospital Fred died at the age of six.

In January, 1930, Metro and Fedora's fifth child Anne was born. In the spring of this year they began to build their own cabin and by fall moved into their own home. Enough land was cleared for a garden and to grow a bit of grain for chickens.

In 1932 Fedora had a set of twins, a boy and a girl. This made not six, but seven children now. Fedora had missed her dead son so much she named the twin boy, Fred and the girl, Sandy.

Things were very hard for all the homesteaders. Neighbors would help one another and exchange tools and things back and forth to help make it easier for everyone.

Metro would snare rabbits and fish, also collected wild duck eggs for the family to eat.

In 1935 Fedora filed for a homestead in her name — SW 33-63-7-4. Land was continually being cleared and broke with a team of horses. The next

year 1936, Nina was born. That fall Metro was not feeling well and on February 14, 1937 he passed away, Fedora was now left a widow, and Bill, being the eldest child, went out to work to help provide for the family.

When World War II started, Bill, in 1942, volunteered his services to the Army. He was sent to England and Italy with the Royal Edmonton Regiment. From Italy he was sent to France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

It was very hard for Fedora and the rest of the children while her son Bill was in the war, but they all did their part in helping on the farm and manage as well as could be expected, considering it was hard times. Bill was paid a Dependence Allowance by the Army which was sent to his Mom (Fedora) to provide for her family. In December, 1945 Bill returned home and once more took up farming with his mother. In 1947, Bill bought his own land through the Veteran Lands Act. (N½ 29-63-7-4) which already had thirty acres broke. He also rented Mr. Palashuk's land, (NE 5-64-7-4) and also his Mother's land.

By 1950, Fedora's children left home and were on their own working except for Nina the youngest girl and Fred the youngest son. Fred began farming with his Mom, and bought Mr. Palashuk's land.

In 1952, Bill married Mary Shymchuk and farmed on their own. The first year they worked out then bought Mr. McKinley's land which had a house on it (NW 29-63-7-4). Here they moved and in 1953 their first child, Diane was born and a year later their second, Gail was born. In 1957 their third child David was born. Soon after Bill built a new home (1960) which was quite comfortable with all the luxuries in comparison to their old home. In 1965 the fourth child, Terry arrived. Bill and Mary continued farming until 1974, then sold their farm to Ray Sturm. They moved to Bonnyville and reside there at present.

Bill and Mary's oldest daughter, Diane married Marcel Caouette and live in Bonnyville. Their second daughter, Gail married Gordon Vaughn and they live in Onaway. David is on his own and works as a plumber in Bonnyville. Terry still goes to School.

In 1960, Fedora's youngest son, Fred married Ellen Erickson (daughter of Glen Erickson's). Fred and Ellen continued farming with Fred's mother. In 1961 a daughter, Kelly was born, to Fred and Ellen and 1963, Douglas arrived.

As the old saying goes, two women cannot live in the same house, so in 1964 Fred and Ellen moved to their own land (NE 5-64-7-4). They fixed up the small already existing one room shack and moved in.

Most of the time Fred worked on oil rigs whenever he was not busy on the farm. In 1965 he broke

his leg so was laid up for a few months. That spring he had to hire Len Johnson to help Ellen to put in the crop. That same summer Fred made a deal with his Mom to build her a small house, on her farm and he and his family would move into the bigger house. It was a good sized house compared to what they were living in. Fred hired Mr. Fred Hattebuhr, and they built Fedora a house. By fall the family moved back to Fred's Mom's quarter. In December of that year their third child, Dixie was born.

In 1968 Fedora moved to the Bonnylodge in Bonnyville.

Ellen being a very outdoors person, one who would drive tractor, milk cows, or hunt sooner than she would cook or keep house, bought a trapline in 1971 at Wolf Lake with her sister Theresa Ward. Fred was very much against her buying this trapline, but he soon enjoyed trapping as much as Ellen.

In the next couple of years Fred and Ellen bought most of Ellen's father's land (Glen Erickson), plus all the machinery and tools. Fred and Ellen moved to their new location, and Fred sold his first quarter to Don Easthope and another to Lou Preteau. In the meantime a house was built for Ellen's folks and they live in the same yard.

When BP Exploration (oil plant) at Marguerite Lake opened up the opportunity for Fred to work part time arose, and he could still farm.

The children have grown. Kelly has graduated from Bonnyville Centralized High and now works in Edmonton. Douglas has started working on oil rigs, and Dixie attends school at the centralized Iron River School. Ellen continues her trapping expeditions, works part time at Mike's General Store in LaCorey, and participates in the local softball team.

Fedora reminisces through all these hardships, good times, and remembers also how Metro loved music and was a good violin player. There was not a party that he would attend where he would not be asked to entertain. Many of the children followed in his footsteps, either by singing or playing an instrument.

To this day the "elders" talk of these times and hope the generations to come will realize the need for one another.

Land of Freedom

Sawchuk

written by Martin Sawchuk

Translated by S. Fersovitch

After I had served my term of two and a half years in the Polish army I returned home to my wife Dora and two children Sam and Mary. I had not been home long when it became necessary for me to go to the city of Koval some forty-seven miles away from my

village. Here for the first time I heard about Canada. It was January twentieth 1926. This greatly interested me as no one had ever gone to Canada from our village; it had always been America. I talked to various people who knew something about the country and soon I was directed to the Bureau of American-Canadian Affairs where my curiosity was satisfied. They supplied me with all the details and I filled out the forms applying for a passport. A doctor verified I was in good health and this completed all the requirements. By the time I finished my tasks the last bus and the last trains had already left for my village. Here I was, stranded in a city where I knew no one and did not have the means with which to secure lodging. There was only one thing for me to do, walk home. Tired and alone I set out. The later it got the more difficult it was for me to stay awake. I fought against the desire to lay down and rest for I knew if anyone dare to do that they would surely never rise from the snow covered ground. Sleep, then death would overtake them. At ten o'clock the next morning I finally made it home. I explained my desire to visit Canada to my wife, but she was convinced I would not go. How could I leave again so soon after being away for more than two years?

On February 20th I was notified that my papers were all in order. I was to come with the passage money as soon as possible. I discussed the situation with my father and brothers and it was agreed I should venture out to see if prospects for a better future were indeed in Canada. We raised the two hundred dollars I needed and I picked up my passport and ticket. When I returned home I told my wife I was ready to take the trip. She said she would like to see the papers and took them from me. As she walked to the stove she told me that I would not take the trip, rather my papers would, right into the fire. I laughed and asked for a chance to see if our lives could not be improved in Canada. She relented and in the next little while I packed and bid farewell to my parents, four brothers, and my wife and children amidst many tears.

In March, I travelled across Poland to the seaport of Densk where I boarded a small ship and sailed for Copenhagen. Here on March 16th passengers transferred to a larger vessel called the Allan Olda bound for Canada. After spending two weeks on the ocean we arrived at Halifax and from there boarded a train which took us through to Vegreville. There were four of us, immigrants, on this train and we were quite confused as to what we should do. We were in a strange country where there were not any familiar people. We were without money and could not understand the English language being spoken around us. We conversed amongst ourselves in Ukrainian and

one of the fellows who heard us stopped to inquire what we could do since he needed help. His term for farming and ours differed so we had a difficult time understanding what work he offered. After some confusion he took my three companions to his farm and I was hired to do carpentry work for a butcher at a dollar and a half a day.

From here I searched for people of my faith and became acquainted with my fellow believers in Brosseau and Glendon. I soon found carpentry work amongst the farmers at Brosseau. As the summer progressed it became evident the crops would not yield much due to a dry spell, so Metro Sherisanko (the man I worked for) advised me to go to British Columbia to work at a lumber mill. It was operated by a friend of his, Bill Kresanowski. I spent twenty-two months here piling lumber and learning a great deal about Canada. I thought a lot about my family and my country and what decision I should make. I had a desire to return, still I could see a great deal of good here. I wrote home often explaining this, but my wife had no desire to come to a strange land. I urged her to consider carefully. This was a vast country with few people. There was plenty of room here and things were not as they were at home. Grain was stored on the farms without being locked up. Machinery was left out in the open. Wood was plentiful and did not need to be purchased. In our province everything had to be stored under lock and key, and even then people would break in to take food or clothing. A farmer had to bring everything home. He could not leave his walking plow where he stopped for the day because it would not be there the following day. The more I wrote home the more people in my village became interested in a new life and many ventured out. I sponsored my brother Nestor and an orphan our family had taken in, Jacob Koziol. I also assisted Jacob Michuk and others in coming. At last, too, my wife agreed to come on some future date.

At Prince George where I worked I met up with Nikia Fersovitch, Fred Wakulchyk, and a friend of theirs at a gathering of believers. These men were undecided as to what they should do. They were at the crossroads of their lives and wondered if they were to return home or remain in Canada. We talked at great length. I had already decided to stay and urged them to consider carefully the advantages in this land. The friend insisted he was returning to Poland, but Fred and Nikita still debated. They had not been on a farm yet and since I had experienced Canadian farm life I explained farming to them and advised them to visit the believers of our faith at Brosseau and see for themselves. They went on to Brosseau, their friend returned to Poland and I proceeded to Edmonton to meet my brother Nestor. We

worked for a few months here, then Nestor left for Brosseau and I went to Grande Prairie for two years. From here I sent for my family and when they arrived at Edmonton I was there to greet them. We remained in Edmonton and I discovered my brother now had a homestead at Garth. I came to visit and helped him with his house. By this time there were a great number of immigrants in Canada and there was little work to be had in the cities or else where. I was able to find an empty house at Two Hills on Pete Taschuk's farm and I brought my family to live here for two years. In 1933 homesteads opened up again and I applied for one at Garth.

I came alone to clear land and build a house. A fire had come through my property a few years previous so the brush was dry and could be easily removed. The trees themselves were large and made excellent building material for a house. I started out building a large house that still stands today but ran out of time when I got to the roof. As well I did not have the money to purchase windows or shingles. Winter was approaching and I wanted to bring my family to the homestead so I begged a friend from Brosseau to come and help me out. He came and we started a small house that measured twelve by seventeen. In two days it was complete with a sod roof and moss filled cracks. The third day we proceeded to dig a well that was four feet wide. We dug twelve feet by hand that day and the next eleven more. The water began to seep in so we decided to wait and see what would happen. The next morning there was seven feet of water which we bailed out in order to set the cribbing in.

After this I brought my family which now included a second son, Peter. I acquired a team of horses with harness, a wagon, some sheep, chickens and, a cow with a calf which I also brought out at this time.

I worked out a great deal because we needed money for so many things and my wife did not like living alone in the bush. One of the things I did, as did many other was to cut posts and then haul them to Brosseau for sale. This was not easy work and then I did not have a sleigh to haul with. Yurkewich and Netter would lend their sleighs but so many used them it was difficult to get either one. I decided to make my own out of some birch and it worked well at home for hauling wood. I decided to try to take a load of posts to Brosseau with this sleigh. It was strongly built but the runners were not covered with steel and wore out on the ice. I had difficulty getting to Glendon where I stopped over at George Nesimiuk's. He did not think I could go much further and offered me his to complete my trip for which I was very thankful. One of these trips brought ten dollars but took a

total of six days from the beginning to the end. After the posts were sold we would buy wheat from the farmers at forty cents a bushel. On our way home we would stop at the St. Paul flour mill and get our wheat made into flour and porridge. We had enough food for awhile and were very thankful for all we had, the food, the wood, large piece of land and plenty of pasture for the cattle on the government property. We often gathered together with the people in our community to give thanks to God for bringing us to this land of freedom.

Here we could go where we wanted, do what we wanted, worship as we desired without having to account to anyone. Anyone who has known oppression truly values this freedom. In Poland we had had to account for all things we did, and now freedom to us was indeed precious. True, we had to work hard, but were able to do so and desired to do so. This was a time of working together, of sharing what we had. I know we each had cleared a little land but found it difficult to break since none of us had any money. My brother Nestor, Klym Martiniuk, and myself purchased a sixteen inch walking plow in St. Paul and helped to break land for each other. One of us drove the horses, one held the plow, and the other carried the axe ready to chop away anything that held the plow back. The first year I broke three acres and Nestor three while Klym did four.

One of my horses died and Andrew Kocuipchuk was also left with only one horse so we decided to get together one winter and see if we could make some money selling fish. We borrowed the sleigh from Yurkewich and loaded the box with fish we had purchased at Wolf Lake, but when we returned from the lake Yurkewich needed his sleigh. What could we do? We went to see Steve Netter to tell him our problem. He lent us his sleigh, and by the time we reloaded the fish it was turning dark. It must have been forty below or better as everything just crackled with frost. Andrew walked to keep warm and finally said that he was too cold and sleepy to go any further. I could not give him my coat for I would freeze but I had a horse blanket which he wrapped around himself. In another half mile he had warmed up and was less sleepy. By the time we reached Glendon it was very late. We stopped at Filipchuks and he took us in for the rest of the night. He turned his own horses out of the barn and put ours in so they would be rested and warm for the rest of the trip. For his great kindness to us we left him some fish and went on with our peddling trip. It took us nearly ten days to get rid of the fish and all the while it was extremely cold. On our trip I had found myself a good horse which I bought and a sleigh that we both purchased in partnership. Andrew did not find a horse so he stayed

back at Myrnam while I returned home. Our sleigh now too became very busy with seldom a rest. The following year I was able to buy my own sleigh and that problem was solved but I was in need of more land.

A large number of us were approached by Fred Yadlowsky to help him purchase a Cockshut 99 tractor and brush breaker. In return he would break land to repay our investment. He broke seven acres for me and later when Fersovitch's had their outfit I had thirty more acres broken. After this I was able to buy a tractor to work my land. We were able to have more cattle, and things were pretty good. Some now started to leave the area. In 1951, I too looked for an easier life. I bought a lot in Edmonton and built my own house from lumber I had sawed with my sons. In 1952 we sold our livestock and moved with the family, which now was larger by two more girls, Ruth and Victoria, to our new home. We would spend the winter in the city and then return to do the spring and fall field work.



Martin Sawchuk family — Pete, Sam, Mary, and Ruth, Martin, Victoria and Dora.

My wife Dora passed away on January 20, 1975 and I continued farming alone. I sold my farms to my son, Sam and retired to lead a quieter life. At seventy-eight years of age I live in Edmonton and travel wherever I please. I enjoy my family which includes Sam and his son Gordon; Mary, who married Walter Koleba (see Koleba history) and her children Jane, Bonnie, and Perry; Pete married to Annette Guntch and their children Denise, Debbie, Darla and Darcy; Ruth married to Paul Sabatier and their children



Talking Turkey. The Sawchuks.

Kenny, Gena, and Jackie and Victoria who lives in the United States with her husband and daughter Natalia.

As I look back I have never regretted coming to this land and I thank God for the freedom he had enabled me to enjoy here.

Sawchuk, Nestor and Sennie

In 1929 Nestor Sawchuk left Europe to come to Canada. His brother Martin had come the year before. In Poland where they lived there was no room for expanding, as the land was all occupied. In Canada there was land for the taking and many people took advantage of it.

Nestor worked in British Columbia when he first came, first on the railroad, then in lumber camps. One winter he worked at a lumber camp, in spring the owner declared bankruptcy so he lost his whole winter's wages. This was the beginning of the depression and jobs were scarce. The government was offering land for ten dollars a quarter section so Nestor filed on a quarter in the Garth area, as did many other Ukrainian settlers. The land was heavily wooded and logs were readily available. He built a log house and hired a fellow to break a garden patch and a few acres by the house.

After three years he was able to send for his wife Sennie and three children, Irene, Bill and Tillie. They arrived in May, 1932 and stayed at Brosseau for one year. Nestor worked for farmers there and was able to get a couple of cows and some sheep. In March of 1933, Mr. Sherstanko from Brosseau brought them to their homestead in Garth.

From that time, each summer Nestor cleared some land by hand and broke it with horses. The

horses got so used to that job that whenever the pulling got heavy they seemed to know there were roots that needed to be grubbed out, so they would stop and wait for the men to chop the roots and they got to rest. Sometimes they pushed their luck and stopped even when there was no root.

Every fall Nestor went to Brosseau and area and worked in the harvest. Every winter he cut posts and hauled them to the same area to sell. Often it was bitterly cold and they would have to walk behind the team to keep from freezing.

As they opened more land they had their own crops to harvest. Mr. Panas had the first threshing machine in the area. The farmers would stack their grain and wait their turn for the threshing outfit to come. Gradually, more and more land was cleared. Mrs. Sawchuk also filed on a quarter two miles south of their homestead. The crops were usually good on the newly broken land. All this was done with horses until in the 1940's when Nestor bought his own tractor, threshing machine, and other machinery. Conditions improved as time went on.

In 1951 they built a new home beside the log house. Like all the pioneers they knew what it was to work hard and get along with what they had. Nestor worked hard making a living for his family, and Mrs. Sawchuk worked hard caring for the family and doing all the work that pioneer women had to do, from the necessary duties around the house and yard to helping with the haying, stooking, etc. They attended church at the Christian Evangelical church built by the local people. The children walked two and a half miles to attend school at Forest Stream. They went there until grade nine, then the girls went to high schools in Glendon and Fort Kent because there were none closer.

Nestor and Sennie raised a family of nine children. Irene married Pete Karas (see Karas history) and Bill married Edith Ljunggren (see Ljunggren history). Tillie took her C.N.A. training in Calgary and nursed for many years. She is married to John Sarawanski and lives in Bonnyville. Anne graduated from Glendon, took education at the U. of A. in Edmonton and married Louis Hochachka. They live in Devon where they both teach school. They have two children, Wesley and Alexandra. Lucy took Business College in Lloydminster. She is employed in the office of Woodward's Department Store in Edmonton where she and her husband Harry Sidor and their two daughters, Barbara and Marlane make their home. Liz graduated from Glendon and also took education at the U. of A. She is married to George Buckle and they make their home in Edson where they both teach school. They have a family of three, Patricia, Sheila and Trevor. Tanya graduated

from Fort Kent High School then took a Business Course at McTavish Business College. She is Mrs. M. Richardson and has one daughter, Gina. Tanya is employed at the Department of Highways in Edmonton. Jean also took a business course at McTavish College. She is married to Wayne Belore and they also live in Edmonton. They have three children, Jeffrey, Todd and René. David lives at home with his parents.



Nestor Sawchuk Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Sawchuk are still living on their original homestead. They are both over eighty years of age, but are still active and able to care for themselves. Nestor was wounded in the First World War. The doctors wanted to amputate his shrapnel torn leg but he refused to give them permission. He spent eighteen months in the hospital recuperating from that ordeal. Despite carrying this reminder, all his life, he has enjoyed exceptionally good health. He still enjoys getting out on the tractor and working a field even though he is now eighty-six years old. Mrs. Sawchuk is still active as she keeps the house and does the cooking etc. In the spring of 1980 they will be celebrating their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Sawchuk, William and Edith

Bill is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Sawchuk. He remembers coming to this country when he was a small boy. He can remember some of the hardships they had to endure, the difficulty of not being able to get medical help was one thing. He remembers how his mother suffered with a toothache and was not able to get help as there were no dentists around. One time a mobile clinic was set up in the

Osborne Lake School. Many of the school kids had some teeth pulled and some even had tonsils removed.

Of course, they seldom had spending money but one winter there were a lot of rabbits so he shot many and sold them for five cents a skin. Guess what he bought with his money? A twenty-five pound pail of peanut butter! A real treat! He remembers how they had to pick blueberries every summer. They would walk about four or five miles, fill their pails, then walk back carrying those twenty-five to thirty pound pails. They would sell them for five cents a pound.

Like all kids in those days he had to walk to school. One winter they had to take turns going early to start the fires and warm up the school. Some of the men would haul the wood to the school yard but whose ever turn it was to make the fire had to saw the logs by hand and carry in enough to keep the fire going all day. They had difficulties but had a lot of good times too, as there were a lot of boys about the same age and they made their own fun. I think they enjoyed going to school just so they could play Prisoner's Base at recess time.

I first met Bill in 1948. My sister Andrea was married to William Palmer and was living in Garth. Mrs. Larkin Palmer was the school teacher in Forest Stream School and needed a babysitter. Andrea told my other sister, Lilly about that job so she came up to babysit. Of course she got to know the young folks in the area. Once in awhile Bill would bring Lilly down to our place in LaCorey. Of course he did not take any notice of me at that time. I remember one time he and some other young people came. They were going to go to Jack Fish Lake and I really wanted to go along but there was no room for another one in the cab of his International truck so I had to stay at home. (It did have a very small cab, I found out later). However after awhile I guess he changed his mind, because that International came around quite often. To make a long story short, we were married in the United Church in Bonnyville on June 24, 1952.

For eight and a half years we lived in the log house his dad built in 1931. It was plastered with mud and whitewashed. Whenever we got a heavy rain the plaster would get wet. Sometimes a chunk would fall off. When I first came there I could not understand Ukrainian. Bill's mother was a very patient person. She would keep trying every day to make me understand what she was trying to say. By the time we moved I could understand her fairly well. I have been thankful to her many times. It has come in handy.

For three winters in the 1950's we went up to the Whitecourt area and Bill worked at the sawmills to make some money as the crops were not always very good and we had no cattle at that time. There were

five of us in a twelve by eighteen foot bunkhouse, sort of crowded but those were good times. One year we went before Christmas so we took the gifts along. Carolyn and Dennis, then three and one and a half years old, had great fun sneaking under the bed to peek in the gift box when I would go out to the creek for water. Of course Carolyn was wise enough to have them hidden again when I got back.

In 1960 we bought half a section of land from Mr. Alex Kuniski. We had three children, Carolyn, Dennis and Bryan, so we really appreciated a bigger house. Later, Sherry joined our family to make it an even half dozen around the table.

We went to the Ukrainian Evangelical Church but the children could not understand, so we were very happy when Bill and Betty Wright, who were Sunday School Mission workers in Bonnyville, would come out and hold services in the homes on Sunday evenings. These were always well attended. The Wrights still hold a special spot in the hearts of many. When they left, the Tom Colley's followed the same pattern and were enjoyed just as much. When the children got older, we felt the need of being part of a church, so began attending the Fellowship Chapel in Bonnyville.

The children were all more fortunate than we were because they never had to walk to school. They all rode the bus to Iron River, and later to high school in Bonnyville.

In the 1970's there were several years when the crops were really poor and Bill began to get very tired of farming. He again went to the lumber camps in

winter. Now we had some cattle and the children were in school so we could not all go along. In 1974, Bill decided he had done his share of farming so we sold the place and moved to Bonnyville.

The children are all grown and gone now. Carolyn married Dale Krizan and they live in Stony Plain. They have two children, Rhonda and Brent. Dennis married Sharon Fersovitch and they live on an acreage near Bonnyville. Bryan works for Alberta Power and is stationed in Drumheller. Sherry is working as an Accounts Receivable Clerk for an Engineering firm in Edmonton.

We enjoyed our twenty-two years on the farm. It is a great place for children to grow up. Now we are quite happy to be able to work a regular eight hour day and Bill really enjoys the chance to go fishing on Saturdays.

Louis Schegal

My father, Frank Schegel came from Wadeana, Minnesota to Edberg, Alberta where he homesteaded in 1901. It was there he met my mother, Francis Chan and in 1903 they were married. It was two years later on July 27, 1905 that I, Louis was born.

In 1931, I married Agnes Batke of LaCorey. Agnes had come to the Camrose district in 1914 with her family, moving to LaCorey in 1916. We farmed at Edberg for two years and in the fall of 1933 we moved to the Lessard district.

Anges and I have a family of three, Lewis of Lloydminster, George of Calgary and Marie of Bonnyville.

In 1938 we decided to make a move to LeGoffe, Alberta where we bought a farm. In 1950 we sold the farm and moved to Ardmore. I worked at Cold Lake Air Base until my retirement in 1970. At that time we moved to Bonnyville where we still live quite comfortably.

The Scott Family as told by Lorraine Scott

On March 12, 1909, Claude and Clara Scott and their family consisting of Reynoldson, Gilbert, Castle, Steve, Clarissa, Leslie, Evelyn and Thomas sailed from Liverpool, England bound for Canada. Their housekeeper, Miss Dixon, accompanied them. All arrangements were handled by an agent of the Canadian Pacific Railways. After disembarking at St. John, New Brunswick they continued their journey westward by train to Calgary, Alberta. The family settled at Dalroy, east of Calgary. The third daughter, Iley, was born in Calgary in 1913. After a series of misfortunes and crop failures the family moved north to the hamlet of Warwick. It was here



Carolyn, Bill, Dennis, Edith, Brian and Sherry with Edith's parents.

Clara passed away from pneumonia in 1914. Reynoldson, the oldest son, passed way in 1915. The family rented a farm from a real estate company in Calgary which went into receivership just prior to World War I. Claude decided to move further north to land which was available for homesteading. The place he chose was east of Willow Prairie, now known as Iron River. Claude filed on the N.W. 16-63-5 and his son Steve on the N.E. 16-63-5. Gilbert chose his homestead on a quarter which now is two miles north of the present Iron River Store. Gilbert enlisted in the army and served overseas then was wounded at Vimy Ridge and returned home suffering from gas poisoning. He found his homestead unsuitable for farming and settled at Ryley, Alberta. He passed away in 1926 while undergoing an operation. Castle settled in the Claysmore, Alberta area. He is now retired and living in Vermilion.

In March of 1917, Claude and the remaining members of the family moved to their homesteads. Leslie, Steve and Thomas were in charge of moving the livestock, fourteen horses and forty-nine head of cattle. A move like that today would probably be accomplished in one day, then it took thirty days just to move the livestock. Numerous other trips were made to complete the move.

Slowly these pioneers cleared the land and built up the homesteads. By the summer of 1919 Claude and his sons owned two hundred and ten head of cattle. The winter of 1919-1920, with snow falling in mid October and persisting until May, proved disastrous to many homesteaders. Due to the long hard winter and shortages of hay and feed many cattle starved to death. The herd of two hundred and ten was reduced to ninety by the spring of 1920.



Agnes and Steve Scott with Elton and Audrey.

A forest fire started in the spring of 1919 and changed the face of the country. It burnt out of control ravaging the land that summer and winter and on into the summer of 1920. It left behind miles and miles of burnt stumps and rocks.

The flu epidemics of 1918, 1919 and 1920 claimed



Claude, Evelyn, Miss Dixon, Clarissa, and Steve.

the lives of many homesteaders but in spite of the hardships and heartaches the land attracted more and more people. Claude's family was growing up and starting homes of their own. Clarissa married Alfred Hansen and they homesteaded in the Lessard area. They had two children, Lola and Donald. Leslie took a homestead on the N.W. 17-6-5 but passed away in 1926. Evelyn married Robert Scott on December 25, 1932. Robert had emigrated from Scotland in 1928 and homesteaded the N.W. 21-63-5. Evelyn had filed a homestead on the S.W. 28-63-5. They had one son, Robert Leslie. He attended school at Lessard, Bevin, LaCorey and Vermilion School of Agriculture. Robert Sr. passed away in 1956. Evelyn and Leslie moved to Edmonton for a short time where he worked at a meat packing plant. They returned to the farm and later moved from the old homestead to the N.E. 17-63-5 where Leslie presently resides. Evelyn passed away in 1969. Besides farming, Leslie owns a trapline north of La Corey which he thoroughly enjoys. He recently married Anna Jensen (nee Beer) and her youngest child Joyce lives with them and attends school in Bonnyville.

Iley married Louis Martin and they farmed in the Lessard area before moving to the northern side of Beaver River.

Thomas married Mrytle Solberg and they settled on his homestead which was S.W. 16-63-5.

As the community grew and more pioneers settled in this fast changing land the need for schools became evident. Claude's daughters, Evelyn and Iley, had previously been sent to Edmonton to further their basic education. The cost of this was borne by the other members of the family. Because of the lack of formal education for Steve he vowed he would do his utmost to provide schools for the often neglected rural children. Steve was instrumental in forming many schools in the area and served many years on the local school board as well as on the regional school board. Besides working for the development of the school system, Steve devoted many hours to the planning and building of roads in the local municipal district. He served on the Municipal District of Bonnyville, the Lessard Church board, the Lessard Cemetery Committee as well as Duclos Hospital Board. He was also a Commissioner of Oaths. Many of the old timers of the area will remember him for the assistance he willingly gave in helping them become citizens of Canada, obtain pensions, birth certificates etc. He was a firm believer in the equality of men, regardless of race, color or creed.

The community was a close knit group working together to meet the economic and social needs to the family. At a local picnic Steve met Agnes Solberg. The Solberg family had moved to the area from

Chauvin, Alberta. Agnes was a shy, reserved, hard-working girl who lived with her brothers. Steve and Agnes were married in Duclos Hospital by the bedside of the Scott family's beloved housekeeper, Miss Dixon, who was suffering from a broken hip. Although Dixie never walked again she lived with Steve and Agnes until her death at the age of ninety-two. Claude passed away the same year at the age of eighty-two. Steve and Agnes had seven children; Audrey, Elton, Claude Jr. Florence, Lenard, Connie and Stephen. While Steve was very active in community affairs Agnes provided a stable home life caring for her family. Steve retired from active farming and community work in the "sixties", devoting more time to his various interests. He wrote a book entitled "My Sixty-three years in Canada" as a keepsake for his children. Steve and Agnes enjoyed this less hectic life, going on short holidays together, visiting family and friends. Much of his time and energy was devoted to his grandchildren. Steve spent the last months of his long and fruitful life in the Parkland Nursing Home in Bonnyville where he passed away on January 4, 1980, just two weeks short of eighty-two years. Agnes remains active and lives on the family farm with their son Elton. Her home manifests her love of houseplants and gardening. Her family and friends enjoy the fruits of her favorite summer pastime, berrypicking.

The children of Steve and Agnes are grown up now and are busy with their own lives and families.

Audrey attended school at Lessard. Due to the distance, Audrey lived with Alvin and Alice Tollefson at Lessard. She vividly recalls waiting with anticipation as she heard the sleigh bells and the sound of her father's voice, singing and whistling as he came to take her home for the week-ends. When her younger brother started school, Audrey lived at home and drove the horse and buggy the four and one half miles to school. She attended the Vermilion school of Agriculture for two years, the same school her father had graduated from in 1916. She worked in Vermilion before going to work at the Banff School of Fine Arts. While in Banff she met and married Bert Layh. In 1952 they moved to Yellowknife where Bert was employed by the Department of National Defense. In 1958 they moved to Bonnyville where they established L & P Radio Electric. Bert and Audrey have three children; Gloria (Mrs. Harold Angle, Bow Island, Alberta) Gordon (married to the former Cindy Moleschi, Bonnyville) and Ricky, a student at N.A.I.T. in Edmonton. At present they have four grandchildren.

Elton took his early schooling at Lessard. Later Bevin School was built and he completed his elementary education there. He attended La Corey School

and later Vermilion School of Agriculture. After working out for a time he decided to go into full time farming and presently farms with his brother Lenard. He lives on his father's original homestead.

Claude attended school at Lessard and Bevin. He passed away at the age of fourteen years. The family was returning home from a picnic at Crane Lake when a severe storm forced them to seek shelter in a near-by barn. Lightning struck and killed Claude.

Florence attended school at Lessard, Bevin, La Corey and Fort Kent. Florence lived with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Martin, while going to Fort Kent. At this time they lived by the Beaver River within walking distance of a school bus route. Florence attended Vermilion School of Agriculture then returned to continue her education at Iron River. In order to complete her education she went to Yellowknife and lived with her sister, Audrey. There she met and married Robert Ward. He was a member of the Armed Forces. In 1958 Robert took his discharge from the army and they moved to Eastern Canada. There Robert was employed by the Department of Transport for sixteen years. In 1974, Robert, Florence and family moved to Bonnyville where Robert works in the music field. Their family of four girls includes Cyndy (Mrs. Chuck Boisvert, Bonnyville), Terry (Mrs. Randy Bodnar, Bonnyville), Leanne and Stacey. They have one grandchild.

Lenard attended school at Lessard and Bevin. He worked at truck driving and in the oil field before going into full time farming with Elton. Lenard married Margaret Laye from Rimbey, Alberta. Margaret, a dental hygienist, was employed at the Bonnyville Health Unit. They lived in Bonnyville for two years before moving to their present location, the original Claude Sr. homestead. They have two children, Murray and Heather who attend Iron River School.

Connie attended school at Lessard, Bevin, La Corey and Fort Kent. While attending Fort Kent Connie boarded at Duclos Home for Girls for one year. When her uncle and aunt, Alfred and Clarissa Hansen moved to Bonnyville Connie stayed with them until her graduation from Fort Kent High School. She married George Johnson who was employed as a construction worker. The couple lived in various central Alberta towns before settling at Red Deer, Alberta where George is presently employed with the Department of Highways. They have five children, Brenda (Mrs. Doug Graham, Lacombe), Danny, Rayline, Daryl and Donnie.

Stephen attended school at Bevin, Iron River and Fort Kent. While attending Fort Kent High School, Stephen lived with Audrey and Bert and drove a school bus. After graduation Stephen worked at con-



Steve Scott Farmstead.



Back row: Elton, Lenard and Stephen. Front row: Florence, Audrey and Connie. Seated are Steve and Agnes.

struction and in the oilfield. During this time Stephen met Lorraine Dicke from Vermilion, Alberta. Lorraine was completing her nurses' training at Vegreville, Alberta. The couple were married in Vegreville then moved to Edmonton where Stephen was employed by Loomis Armored Car Service. In 1974 they moved to Bonnyville. Stephen is presently employed by Union-Texas Petroleum, in Ardmore and farms as well. In 1978, Stephen and Lorraine moved from Bonnyville to their present home on the N.W. 18-63-5, the original homestead of Baptiste Verrier. They have three children; Jodi, Curtis and Shelley. Jodi attends Iron River School.

Scott, Tom

In the spring of 1917, twelve year old Tom Scott left Warwick with his two brothers Steve and Leslie headed for the North country. They came by horse and wagon, bringing a herd of cattle. Tom rode horseback mostly, helping to chase the cattle behind the outfit. After waiting at Duverney for two weeks for the ice to melt, they crossed the North Saskatche-

wan River on a ferry. They joined the rest of the family at Steve's homestead east and north from what is now La Corey. This trip had taken a whole month.

One spring Tom stayed four months at Batke's and went to school in a shack on Batke's farm. Joe Lirette, was the teacher. A big forest fire came from the south and jumped the Beaver River. Batke's saved everything at this time (later their house burned) but Ole Wikstrom lost his barn and prize stallion.

The winter of 1920 and 21, Tom stayed with his brother Castle, who was living with a bachelor near Vermilion. Tom rode horseback to a country school four miles away. That was the end of his schooling. In 1923 he filed on the homestead on which he is still living, two miles east of La Corey. He plowed it up in three years, then went out working for a couple of falls, threshing around Lloydminster and Unity. He worked one whole year at Unity, always coming back home to his folks in between times.

In 1933 he left home, went to Vancouver looking for work, could not find any so he bought an old car for thirty-five dollars and started back. In Nelson, British Columbia he ran out of money for gas and repairs, sold the car for fifteen dollars and started back on the freight train along with other jobless men.

He worked here and there on farms around Edmonton and Camrose getting no more than twenty dollars a month at the busiest seasons. One whole winter he worked for two dollars a month. After four years of this, he took his savings and bought a team of horses, a wagon, and some household appliances and returned to his own homestead. He lived in a tent for awhile, then fixed up and moved into a granary before winter. Now he started farming, clearing one hundred acres of land with an axe and a grubhoe.

In January 1943, he married Myrtle Solberg. They gradually got cattle, pigs, chickens, etc. They continued to live in the renovated granary, adding a couple of lean-to's as the four children came along. They all started school in La Corey. When the new Iron River School was built they went there by bus.

Clara finished high school in Fort Kent, then took up Education at the U of A in Edmonton. She is married to Jim Thomas. They make their home in Edmonton with their two children Cory and Anita. Ivy took a Certified Nursing Aid Course in Edmonton. She is married to Ernie Goltman. They also live in Edmonton and have two children, Glen and Lynn. Roy is an Electrician and is married to Monica Chorney. Edward is a Civil Engineer who makes his home in Calgary.

In 1970 Tom bought a house in Edmonton and had it moved to the farm. They put in the electricity, phone, running water and retired on the farm. They

have a very comfortable life and are reaping the benefits of the hardships and much hard work of the early days.

The Shaffer Story

by Myrtle Ingram

We left the Ryley district the 6th day of June, 1921, driving a sizeable herd of cattle and horses and it took us thirteen days to get to the homestead at Iron River. Dad had filed on it the summer before (1920).

There were Dad and Mom and seven of the eight children that were in the family at that time. Alfred stayed at Ryley to work there. We lived in a tent until we were able to get a small log house build. We put up hay that summer on the school section and other small hay fields for wintering the stock.

That fall Dad, Mom, and five of the children went back to Ryley where Dad and Sykes worked at the coal mine hauling coal. Alvah stayed on the homestead to care for the stock and I (Myrtle) stayed at the Websters to care for livestock. Beulah was born that October 25, 1921, and in January (1922) Dad came north and took me back to Ryley.

Dad and I came back to the homestead at Iron River in April to clear some land and get a bigger house built. Mom, Maggie, Sykes, Sarah, Pete, and baby Beulah returned to Iron River in May. Anne stayed at Ryley to work that summer returning home late October, 1922. She was later married to Alex Levy of Bonnyville.

In 1924 Alfred joined the U.S.A. Navy where he served several years. After that he was married and lived in San Francisco until his death in 1961. He never resided with his family at Iron River.

Ivy was born in Bonnyville January, 1926, the last addition to the family.

Alvah married Alice Marty in July, 1926. Maggie married Nels Borglund in May, 1927. Beulah passed away in Bonnyville September 19, 1927, at the age of five years, eleven months. Irving and I were married at the Shaffer home in Iron River on January 29, 1928. Sarah married Jack Davis in February, 1934. My mother passed away July, 1936. Sykes married Pat McDermott October, 1948. My Dad married for a second time, Mrs. Margaret Knapp, October 24, 1945. Ivy married Harry Bird of Winnipeg in October, 1948. Dad died in Matsqui, B.C. July 1, 1965, at the age of 90 years. He would have been 91 on the fourth of the same month. Sykes died in 1961, nine days after Alfred died.

I might add that the Shaffer children attended school under Mr. MacGillvray both in Ryley and Iron River . . . also some of the grandchildren at Iron River.



The Charlie Shaffer Family.



Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shaffer.

Fred Shandro

In the fall of 1921, Fred Shandro immigrated into Canada at the age of twenty years old.

Mr. Shandro came from a family of seven, four girls and three boys, which were all born and raised in a small village called Bonelo, Austria, (Now part of the Ukraine). Fred and his brother Steve were the only two fortunate Shandro's to immigrate into Canada.

Fred Shandro came to Canada with a sum of forty-dollars, which had been given to him by his

father Daniel. Mr. Shandro's parents were transferred to Siberia during the war. They died a year before the Romanian War ended.

Mr. Shandro worked at various jobs before coming to the LaCorey region. Working at the farm which was owned by his uncle Nikon, Fred decided it was time to start looking for a homestead. Upon arrival to Willingdon and Shandro, he discovered that all the land was taken up by other immigrants like him.

After asking around, Fred, found out that there was land available in the LaCorey area. Fred was lucky enough to buy a quarter section of land for ten dollars, situated north of Beaver River, the original homestead.

In the year of 1927, the Shandro homestead was set up.

August 28, 1931, Fred married Anne Chernik, formerly of Glendon. They were married in the United Church in Bonnyville.

1931 was a beginning of a bad turn for all, the Depression was setting in. Fred sold his grain for eighteen cents a bushel. In that same year, the first log house that Anne and Fred worked so hard at building, was burnt to the ground by fire. This tragic incident occurred when Fred set lumber by the house to dry. He was planning to use the lumber for a wagon which he intended to build. Trying to put out the fire, Fred was seriously burned. Fortunately, both Anne and Fred came out alive, but everything that they had owned was destroyed.

Money was running out, for the depression was still going strong. In order to find a job, Fred walked many miles searching. Mannville, Alberta and Cutknife, Saskatchewan, are some of the places he went looking for work.

After a hard ten years for everyone, life finally began to pick up.

Mr. Shandro had many neighbours, and two such as Mr. Bill Kolody, and Mr. Charlie Branstrom were always there to lend a helping hand. Everybody helped each other during threshing time.

During the happy years to follow, Anne and Fred had six children, four boys and two girls. The eldest was Steve, followed by George, Nettie, Nick and David. The oldest of the family, Marie, died at a very early age of four weeks from pneumonia.

Fred Shandro is still living on the same piece of land that he bought many years ago in 1927.

This is Fred's history, but not very much can be said about his brother Steve, who immigrated in 1927, six years after Fred came here, for he died a year after his arrival from Europe, of fever. He is now buried in Edmonton.

Mr. Shandro was born January 3rd, 1901.

Sherstan, Nick and Bessie

Written by Bessie Wylie

Because of the depression in the early "thirties" Nick and I (Bessie), with our three year old son, Jim, moved to a homestead about seven miles northwest of Willow Trail Post Office. While residing there we were involved in several areas of work.

The first and foremost was that of making a living. This entailed early rising summer and winter. In the winter wood had to be hauled, sawn, cut and piled to do us until next winter. In the spring and summer, land was cleared of rocks as well as bush. The bush, once cleared, was done once and for all, but the rocks had to be picked every year. Every time the land was worked a new crop of rocks would appear. This was hard on the equipment as well as on us, not a very encouraging factor.

During the summer we raised our own garden; picked wild berries and canned them; made our own butter and cheese, ham and bacon, soap and even liquid lye for bleaching and cleaning.

Then we took on the care of Garth Post Office which the Government granted our district after a petition had been sent in to Ottawa. It was located in a small room in our log house. Once a week Nick would take the outgoing mail to Willow Trail and bring back the mail addressed to residents at Garth. For this service, as well as for selling stamps and postal notes, we received one hundred dollars a year plus ten cents a mile.

We were also involved in the Young Peoples' work of the Evangelical Church at Garth. On our invitation the Canadian Sunday School Mission sent our graduate students to carry on the spiritual aspect of the young people in the Garth, Willow Trail and Iron River areas. They lived in our home, we supplying room and board as well as transportation, horse and buggy in summer and a horse and cutter in winter. Some of the workers were Alec Sherstan and Frank Frazie, Herb Congo and Axel Swanson, Jesse Ruff, Frances Zaccaglini and Murdeen McIver as well as Joan Gray and others.

The first summer the mission sponsored a camp at Jack Fish Lake, (Manatokan Lake) it seemed that we moved everything—stove, pots and pans, linens, boiler and tubs into a temporary slab kitchen that Nick helped to build to do the cooking in for the campers. Tents, sent out by the mission were set up; ticks were filled with straw to be used for mattresses; benches built out of slab boards to sit on, water for cooking and drinking was hauled from a farmers well close to the lake. We had a wonderful week with the young people and workers!

Another area I was involved in was teaching at Forest Stream School with a school population of

forty-one boys and girls. As the Second World War was in progress, Forest Stream was faced with the problem of no teacher. Mr. Sylvestre, the superintendent, after much discussion, went back to Bonnyville with, "if no teacher is available by the time the crop is harvested Bessie will take the position October 1st." What a busy September! Storing vegetables, canning, threshing and finding help to look after the home and our second, three year old, Don (Jim had been at school for a year by now). So October 1st found Jim and me walking to school, two miles away. This lasted for five years. In 1947 we sold our property at Garth and moved first to Beacon School and then to Lac La Biche where we labored for the Lord under the Canadian Sunday School Mission.

Four of five years later we moved to Edmonton so



Nick Sherstan family.



The shovel gang — Mr. Hansen and Nick and Bessie Sherstan.

that our boys could further their education. Our son, Don, is involved in car sales and at present is working for Fuhr Motors at Spruce Grove. Jim is a surgeon at Kitimat practicing General Surgery after receiving an M.D. and a F.R.C.S.(c) degrees at the University of Alberta. In 1966, Nick, after a few years of illness, went to be with the Lord, whom he served. I was married to Norman A. Wylie in 1972. I continued teaching until my retirement in 1974.

The years on the homestead were difficult ones involving a great deal of hard work, but we rejoice as we think back to how God blessed our work with the mission and allowed us to see the fruits of our labor.

Adam and Joanna Shiller and Sons (interviewed by Mrs. Hall)

Many factors greatly influenced the emigration of Adam and Joanna Shiller and sons, Raymond and John to Canada, precisely Iron River. Adam's father, a member of the Polish Border Patrol had been killed in the line of duty. Living was hard in Poland at this time; then when a neighbor returned to Poland, after "making a stake" with stories of Canada being the "Land of Opportunity," the Shiller family set about the task of securing boat passage. In order to save enough money it was necessary for Adam to mortgage his land. He departed from Poland in 1929 leaving his wife and sons until such time as he could earn enough money to send for them.

Mr. Shiller travelled to Halifax by ship and then on the Winnipeg by train. Adam was fortunate enough to secure a job with the Canadian Pacific Railroad working between Kindersley and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. This job provided Mr. Shiller with much needed income.

Adam's desire to own his own home and land was ever present. With this in mind he and Mr. Roman Slawuta bought a team of horses and wagon and drove to Bonnyville, Alberta in search of land. Land near Bonnyville had already been taken, however, news of land available north and west of Bonnyville in the Iron River area, came to their attention. At this time, there was no bridge across the Beaver River so the two prospective homesteaders had to ferry across.

Approximately six miles west of the present day, LaCorey Store, Adam filed on his 160 acre homestead, in 1930. A fee of ten dollars was paid when the papers were filed in Bonnyville. At this time, in order to "prove up" on a homestead two acres had to be cleared and cultivated. Since Adam had no means of doing this work, he hired a neighbor with the necessary equipment while he proceeded to build a two-room log house, with a sod roof. For a stove, Adam built a box-like affair of clay with a sheet of

iron for the top. This served as the cooking area. Fuel was wood obtained from the homestead.

Adam's family were still not with him. Working out again on the railroad, Adam earned enough money to send for his wife and sons. They arrived in Halifax, October 31, 1932, after a 14-day boat trip. They travelled across Canada by train to Bonnyville where they stayed for a day or two before journeying on to their new home at Iron River. This in itself was quite an experience. Joanna caught a ride with a mail carrier. A few days later, the boys, John and Raymond, came out by dog team, thus reuniting the family. Upon the arrival of the family, a lean-to room was added where a domed shaped oven was made out of clay. This was to bake bread in and help heat the house. Near this oven a bed was made for the boys.

Now the Shiller's dream of land and a home of their own had become a reality, but their struggle in this strange new land had only begun.

Mr. Shiller found it necessary to work out to earn enough money to buy the few essentials needed by the family. This time Adam worked on farms near Hairy Hill and Two Hills. In place of money some of his wages were in the form of machinery that could be used on his farm. For instance at one place he acquired a disc, some harrows and a walking plough.

While Adam was out working, Joanne his wife and sons John and Raymond remained at home to care for the farm. This involved much work. Animals needed to be cared for and the one milk cow had to be milked. This milk provided the Shiller's with butter and cheese. Any extra butter could always be traded at the store for groceries. Chickens supplied meat and eggs. Surplus eggs were readily sold or traded. Extra meat was provided by wild game, sheep and hogs, The sheep's wool came in handy for quilts and clothing. Raising a garden was always an essential part of homesteading. Potatoes were the mainstay of the family's food supply. Garlic, horseradish and rhubarb were grown, as were carrots, turnips, beets, peas, lettuce.

One of the biggest tasks of the Shillers was the clearing and cultivating of their land. Most of this was done by hand using an axe and shovel. The entire family was involved working from sunup to sunset during the long summer days. Mr. John Shiller said that he remembered how his father hitched three oxen and the milk cow to a walking plough. His brother would lead the unusual foursome while his father followed behind holding the plough. These same animals were used to disc and harrow the fields. Seeding was done by hand, broadcasting the seed. Seed was advanced by the government to be paid back after the harvest.

Mrs. Shiller made all the clothes. The first "store

clothes" he could remember Mr. Shiller said, were rabbit fur underwear provided by welfare during the depression; two washings and they fell apart.

Travel was slow and difficult. Mere trails zigzagged through the bush. Travel was mainly done on foot, horseback, horse and wagon or dog team. John said there were a great many dog teams at one time.

John and Roman attended the old Iron River School. John remembers Mr. MacGillivray as a teacher. "He was tough but he was good," he recalls.

As soon as the boys were old enough they went out to work. John set out for Whitecourt where he landed a job working in the bush. Because John was too small to handle the demanding work he was laid off but got a job as a kitchen helper and earned \$75 a month. Most of the money went home to his mother and dad.

As the years progressed, things became a little easier particularly following the depression. Roads

were built making travel much easier. New machinery was acquired. Horses replaced the oxen and eventually tractors replaced the horses.

World War II came and Roman served in the Canadian Army. Upon his return he purchased a quarter of land from Ed Gooler near Manatokan Lake better known as "Jackfish Lake." He resides there today and has noticed many changes surrounding the lake area. Roman never married.

John and his father farmed the original home quarter for many years. In November, 1966, John married Lillian Morawski from the Innisfree area. Lillian's parents were also Polish pioneers and still live in the Innisfree district. John and Lillian reside on the original homestead. They have four children; three boys and one girl. The boys, Steven, William and Michael attend Iron River School. Ruth, the youngest is a baby.

In 1975, Joanna Shiller died of cancer and is buried in the Ukrainian Pentecostal Cemetery at Sandy Rapids. Adam resides at Bonny Lodge in Bonnyville but still makes occasional trips to the farm, his first home in the new land.



Joanne Shiller with sons, Roman and John Shiller.



Adam and Joanne.

Bill and Fedora Shymchuk

In the spring of 1929 Bill and Fedora Shymchuk, their small son, Metro and Bill's brother, Anton (Samchuk), came to Canada from the Ukraine. Their destination was Mr. and Mrs. Gavronsky's. After arriving, they stayed with their host and hostess. Dad went to the land office in Bonnyville, checking out the land available and bought his homestead, NW 14-63-7-W4, for ten dollars in the Iron River district. Dad walked to the land and started a house on a site which was picked along a well travelled road through the farm. He hired Pete Oudin to haul the logs to the site and there he peeled and trimmed the logs by hand. They got the house built and Mom filled the cracks with moss. Next they dug a well with Dad digging in the well and Mom pulling the dirt out. They ordered a stove from Eatons. They planted half an acre of potatoes and vegetables at Dave Byer's. Pete Oudin gave Mom a chicken and she collected the eggs. Then she set the hen which gave her the start of her first chickens. They bought a cow for seventy-five dollars.

Their first winter in 1929, Mr. and Mrs. Procor Yaroshuk and family lived with them. Procor bought a horse and they used it to skid in wood. Christmas was spent at Dave Byer's listening to a radio program, a church service in Ukrainian. This eased their homesick feeling for their relatives.

In the spring of 1930, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Karas, their four children, Mr. and Mrs. Metro Sashuk, plus four children, Mr. and Mrs. Hnat Sokorinski, and

daughter, Mary, arrived in Canada and stayed with Mom and Dad until their houses were built on their own homesteads.

In June, Anne was born. They broke four acres of land and Dad went to work, brushing with an axe for one dollar a day for Steve Netter. Dad also walked to St. Paul, Two Hills and Myrnam where jobs could be found. Transportation was mainly on foot in those days. A trip to Bonnyville was made by a few neighbors getting together, pairing up their horses to make a team, staying overnight and returning the next day.

In 1931, Mr. Gooler threshed the wheat, while Dad was out working. Dad bought a team of horses when he came home.

One day Dad was working out in the field. Metro and Anne decided to go see him. A while later Metro returned home without Anne. Mom asked Metro where Anne was but he did not know so Mom started to search for her. First, Mom went to Dad but he had not seen Anne so Mom took off for the creek. She saw Pete Oudin coming and carrying something. Mom recognized that he was carrying Anne. He said Anne was sitting by the house playing with the cat. When Anne was asked why she went there, she said she was looking for Daddy. It was surely easy to get lost in that wilderness.

In the fall, Mary was born. Shortly after, the family got their first radio. Many evenings, neigh-

Fedchuk to take care of Peter and the other children for a while and other girls helped after that. In 1939, Lida was born. Five months later, she had an accident and passed away shortly after.

The school concerts were a big event and everyone loved to go to them. In the summer, they had picnics. Mom recalls making ice cream at their place. The ice cream was sold to raise funds for the building of the Sandy Rapids Greek Orthodox Church. In the spring, men would come and help cut ice on the lake to put in the ice houses for storage. Then a day before July 1st, the members would gather here bringing with them milk and cream. Many times Mom had to go and bring in the cows in the afternoon when they had run short of milk. The men usually turned the ice cream makers. Mr. Mike Gurin loved doing it because he got a chance to taste more ice cream. Everyone looked forward to these events. When a child received twenty-five cents and entered a few races for extra spending money, he was happy. At the end of the day, the ice cream that was left would be soft and everyone got to eat it for a treat.

In 1944, Dad bought his first vehicle, a car. Before that, the family used to catch rides to town with Mr. Standall from the Iron River Store. Mr. Standall hauled cream to Bonnyville.

In 1947, Anne married Charlie Farrell. The wedding dance was held in the Iron River Hall. They lived at Pinehurst Lake until about 1950 when they moved to Edmond, Washington, United States. Charlie passed away in August, 1979.

August, 1952, was another big event; the marriage of Mary to Bill Sashuk. The reception and dance were held in the garage in the yard. Mary and Bill left the Iron River district in 1973 and are presently living in Bonnyville.

In 1953, Mom and Dad built their new home, bought a new threshing machine and also acquired three more quarters of land from Mr. Sneath and Mr. McKinlay.

Peter left school and went working out in lumber camps by Wolf Lake in the winter and helped out at home on the farm in the summer. He worked at Bill Bilida's in Olds, Alberta, skidding logs.

In 1956, Peter and Mom were coming home from the Iron River School picnic during a lightning storm and they noticed heavy smoke from something burning but did not know what it was until arriving home and seeing the barn on fire. Dad was working out in the field when the lightning had hit but could not save much as it went up in flames too fast. The barn was replaced the next year.

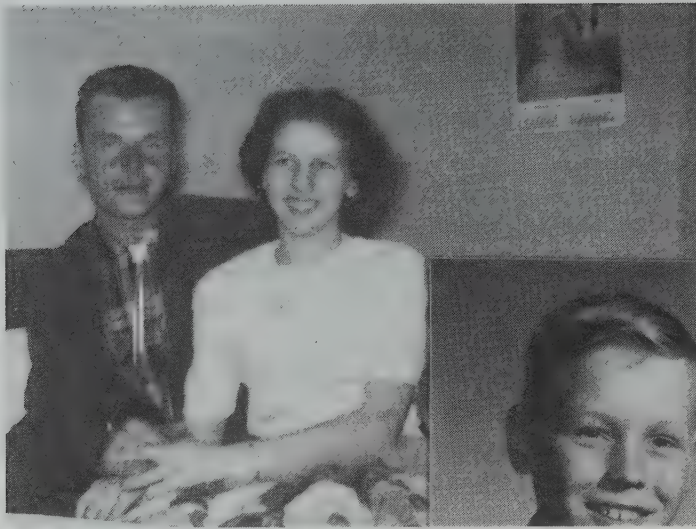
Peter also worked on the second addition of the centralized Iron River School. Later on, he himself



The Shymchuk family — Bill, Metro, Annie, Fedora, and Mary. (insert) Peter.

bors used to come to listen to the radio programs. The neighbors got together, often travelling with sled and team. The children were covered with quilts in the box.

On April 20, 1937, Dad went to check his traps on the lake and brought home some muskrats and ducks. Peter was born that morning and that afternoon Dad went out into the field to plow for the first time that spring. A few days later, Mom got sick and was taken to the St. Louis Hospital to have her appendix removed by Dr. Sabourin. Dad hired Vera



Peter and Veronica Shymchuk (insert) son Donald.

got a gravel truck for hauling gravel for paving the roads in the summer and stock piling in the winter.

In 1960, a shower was held for Peter and I (Veronika Kolody) in the hayloft of the barn. A week later, the wedding took place at Nick Kolody's.

We stayed with Peter's folks after the wedding, helping with the harvest and remained with them for the winter. Next spring, we were planning to build a house but that was not put into motion until 1962.

On May 29, 1962, Don, our son arrived.

In 1964, the new house was moved to Bonnyville and in 1967 the folks moved to Bonnyville. In February, 1976, Bill and Fedora celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in the Sandy Rapids Hall with family and friends.

In 1977, Metro who had been working away from home, moved to Bonnyville. He is also farming with Peter. Peter is presently located on the original homestead. Mixed farming is his major occupation while working out and commercial fishing are his side lines.

The Sneath Homesteading Days

by Effie Sneath McKinley

In the fall of 1928, my father, David Sneath and a couple of friends, namely James Good and Earl Mayhew, all from Clandonald Alberta, went on a moose and deer hunting trip north of Bonnyville, some thirty-five miles. They were very much taken by the lay of the land and one piece in particular my father thought he would like to have as it had a creek running across it, and a big hay meadow.

On their way back home he inquired at the land office in Bonnyville and found that the land had been filed on by a Mr. Karl Neilson, but that very morning it had been thrown open again for homesteading. Mr. Neilson had passed away the year before and his relatives in Denmark did not wish to come to Canada.



David Sneath and Carl Clausen sod breaking, 1929.

My father then filed on the S.E. 32-63-7-4. and Mr. Mayhew filed on the N.E. quarter.

In the summer of 1929 they returned to get out logs for building and put up hay and corrals for the stock. He had to return for threshing on the rented place we had at Clandonald. Father returned in October to start building but found his logs and hay had been burned, presumably by a bush fire. On going to Iron River store and post office, a distance of eleven miles, he inquired if they knew of anyone he could hire. Upon learning where he was located they became rather annoyed and admitted burning the logs and hay, hoping it would discourage him and he would not come back as they wanted that section. It meant extra work for all of us and with the help of a local man, Charles Oudin, they got out more logs and built a house and barn.

In the spring of 1929, father moved up our cattle and horses with the help of the Phelan brothers who later that year filed on land farther up the creek from us. Leaving the boys to look after the stock, he returned to Clandonald to move up his machinery, so he could get some land broken up for a garden.

It was not until June of 1930, that mother and I reached the homestead in the wilderness. In those days roads were one muskeg hole after another. We had to cut out a new road two and a half miles to connect with the road to Glendon. Going to Bonnyville was mostly a two to three day trip, so one only made the trip twice a year. It was hard work putting a bridge across the creek. In flood time it was a small river and mosquitoes and sand flies were no help.

The next year other neighbors moved in and work was exchanged. Hard times and some discouragement but life had a few lighter moments to, with picnics, berry picking, parties and an odd dance. Also getting lost going for milk cows one night and seeing the odd bear and lynx proved interesting.

Dad and I had taken a short cut late one afternoon where he said there was a log across the creek. He said, "It's right here" and took one more step. All I

saw was his hat floating on top. It was a very cold ducking for him.

The next few years saw a big change. More neighbors moved in and the Sandy Rapids store and post office came into being. The Standal store had already been in operation and roads were improving. Schools also were built.

In 1943 sadness entered our home as mother passed away. Small threshing machines came in and stook threshing was done. Previously, the grain had to be stacked and threshed in the winter when the ground was frozen so the machines did not get bogged down.

About this time I bought Mr. Mayhew's quarter section. Larger trucks came into the district so livestock was now trucked to the stockyards instead of long drives by saddlehorse, having at times, to swim the Beaver River.

In the summer of 1947, Oliver McKinley and I were married and went in to partnership with my father getting in a small sawmill, also clearing off more land.

In 1950, Dad's health was failing and my husband had a heart attack. We rented the farm to Mr. Johanson and moved to Bonnyville. During the following few years, the farm had many tenants. The Johansons bought a place on the Beaver River. Next, the Norman McKinleys, who moved to Elk Point, where they bought a place and finally the Tizzard family who moved north of LaCorey. Mr. Bill Symchuk and Sons bought the farm.

In 1969 my father passed away in his ninety third year. Mr. McKinley continued with dealing in livestock and veterinary work but that is another story.

There are many pleasant memories of the homesteading days, also sad ones, but that is life.

The Roman Slawuta Family

by Betty Slawuta

In the fall of 1927 Roman Slawuta came to Iron River from Tarnpol, Ukraine. His wife and children, Mary the eldest who was married to Steve Kruk, Anne, Helen, Walter, Jean, and Bill stayed behind. Three other children had passed away at various early ages.

When Mr. Slawuta arrived at Iron River he took a homestead and broke fifteen acres of land the first year after enduring many hardships just as many other pioneers did. People were already settled in the area mostly Norwegians, Swedes and Englishmen. He was one of the first Ukrainian speaking men to arrive but language was not a barrier because prior to coming to Canada he spent some ten odd years working on the railway in the United States of America. It was here he learned that land was sold for ten dollars

a homestead (one hundred sixty acres). From Montreal he came by train to Bonnyville and then walked to Iron River, where he chose his land and then walked back to the Land Title office to register it.

His first home was a tent and his first possessions an axe and an air tight heater. He worked from daybreak to sunset. One day when leaving for work he turned around to see his tent in flames. Now he had no home, no clothes, and no place to go, all he could think of was his family and almost cried. However, great neighbors came to this rescue. Mr. Charles Carlson helped him out by giving him a few precious household items, a quilt, a few dishes, and a pot. He also let him use an old log shack which stood on the corner section of their land. Once again he had a home. Mr. Carlson went a step further and backed him up at the country store for credit. Winter had come and daily he would swing the axe and lunch pail over his shoulder and continue to brush his land. He cut enough logs for the family home, because in the spring of 1929 his family would arrive in Canada. He carried all these logs on his back across his fields to the site of the proposed new home. When spring



Mr. and Mrs. Roman Slawuta.

came, he started the house, but could not complete it because he had no money for shingles, windows, and doors.

By early spring he was very lonesome. As he was walking one day he noticed a small animal and thought that if he could catch and tame it, he would have a pet for company. What he did not realize was that it was a skunk. Unfortunately he lost his only set of clothes because no amount of washing would take the smell out. He even dug those clothes in a pit for a few days.

In May of 1929 his family arrived. Nobody recognized him because he had lost so much weight and had turned grey. When the family saw the living conditions they could not believe that they could exist with very little food and straw beds, all in a one room shack. The biggest and most aggravating problem was mosquitoes, something they did not have in the Ukraine.

Because Mrs. Slawuta sold all their belongings and land in the Ukraine she brought a small amount of cash with her. They were able to buy a cow, chickens, two horses, a saw, and an old wagon.

In 1930 more people came from the "Old Country." This was a happy year for the whole family because their oldest daughter Mary came with her husband Steve Kruk. Since many of the newcomers could not speak any English Mr. Slawuta had the job of translator. Most of these people took homesteads north and west of Iron River. Because the country store was past the Slawuta residence most all the people would stop in for a chat and rest. Some would have to walk for six or seven miles to get their supplies. Mrs. Slawuta fondly recalls the "Borsh" she would make, usually out of pig weeds, wild onions, and lots of sour cream.

In about 1931 the first Mass was held in their home because they were fortunate enough to have a Bazilian priest from Mundare. He was Father Zydan. Eighteen children were baptized on this occasion, and seventy-six adults attended this solemn occasion. Later on in the same year John Hunka donated two acres of land for a church. It and the community hall still stand today. The first president of the parish was Steve Kruk and secretary was Mr. Fred Yadowlowsky.

With the arrival of the Andrew Orysiuk family the introduction of plays and live theatre was created in the district. The whole community participated. They provided entertainment, also a means of raising money for the church and community hall. Mrs. Slawuta fondly recalled the admission fee — thirty-five cents which included supper.

The following year they were able to exchange eggs for groceries, also sell six pigs for the sum of



The Slawuta family.

two dollars each. A neighbor sold two steers and he did not get any cash for them. He was still left with a freight bill. For months at a time they got along without money, and could not even write a letter to their daughter Anne in Montreal. When Anne realized the reason she sent them a three cent stamp.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Slawuta farmed in Iron River with Bill until 1951. They retired to La Corey, also moving in with Bill. Mr. R. Slawuta passed away in 1955 at the age of eighty. Mrs. Slawuta then moved to Bonnyville where she passed away in 1964 at the age of eighty also. Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kruk live in Bonnyville at present.

Mrs. Anne Machny lives in Montreal. Mrs. Helen Zat lives in Montreal. Mr. Walter Slawuta lives in Edmonton. Sister Dominic (Jean) at present lives in Rome. She is on the advisory committee to the Mother General of the Sister Servants of Mary Immaculate.

Bill now resides in Bonnyville — owns and operates Slawuta Carpets and Drapery and is mayor of the town.

Slipchuk, Paul and Cecilia

written by Alexander and Theodore Slipchuk

With so many people leaving their own homelands, Paul and Cecilia Slipchuk, and their three children, Kate, Alexander and Theodore left for a better life in a land called Canada. They sold the land, livestock and a house as well as their belongings.

We left the Ukraine on the ship Letitia on June, 1927. As we were sailing across the Atlantic ocean we were sea sick and homesick except the youngest child who was usually climbing about the ship with



Paul and Cecile Slipchuk with their children, Kate, Ted and Alex.



Chicken Feed. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Slipchuk and daughter, Florence.

the captain. We arrived at Halifax on June 18, 1927, then travelled by train to Bellis, Alberta where a relative met us at the station. He took us to his place where we stayed for two weeks, then we were on our way again. Travelling by rail to St. Paul and then with the mailman to Bonnyville we were met by Bill Kolody and taken to his home. All of us stayed here for about a month and a half. On August 18, 1927, Father filed for N.W. 27-62-6-4. This quarter section was already filed on in July of 1922 by Peter Reil who had cleared and broke ten acres but did no other improvements.

Father and Mother went to work in Saskatchewan for harvest. Late in the fall they returned to pick us children up and we went to live at John Beix's house. We occupied the main floor while the Walter Kureks' lived upstairs.

The trees on our quarter section were very thick and large, so during the winter months Father would take an axe and peel the bark off around each big poplar. In two years or so these trees would dry up. Then Father would set a fire and in a few years that quarter section was all cleared of trees.

We moved from Beix's place to our own farm in the spring of 1928. There was a small one room house that Father and Mother fixed up. As there were ten acres cleared, Father plowed this with two horses and a walking plow. Then he seeded this field by hand. Mother also planted a garden that first spring on their own farm. Then Father went to work for other farmers. His pay was fifty cents a day. Kate went to work for John Biex for eight dollars a month. Father cut the ten acres of grain with a scythe, then this grain was picked up with hands and made into bundles by tying the bundles with the twisted straw. It was then hauled and stacked by the buildings and threshed in the winter with a flail.

Roy was born in the late fall of 1928, so father stayed home that winter. He cut and peeled logs for some buildings and he also cut tamarak trees along the river for posts. During the fall of 1928 and winter of 1929 there was hardly any snow on the ground. People drove with their wagons most of that season.

Father bought a few more horses and some cows. For this livestock he had to cut quite a bit of wild hay which was plentiful in those days. This hay had to be cut and raked using horses. Then it was piled into small round stacks which were later hauled with a hay rack into corrals and pitched to the livestock during winter and early spring.

Father found two curved logs and he made his own sleighs at home. After a few years he bought new sleighs and other machinery.

In 1934 Florence was born. In 1935 Father bought his first Wallis tractor and a plow. He started to break his own land and he also broke land for other farmers. Father hired Edward Galick to operate the tractor during the first two years. In 1937 he traded this tractor with John Beix for another bigger Wallis tractor and a threshing machine. There were not very many tractors, plows, or threshing machines in those days so Father was always busy doing breaking and threshing for other people.

The grain was hauled to the elevator with a wagon in the summer and sleigh in the winter. As Father had to go down the Beaver River Hill the wagon wheels or sleigh would have to be braked or the load would push upon the horses and an accident could occur. He would load between forty and sixty bushels of grain into his grain box. Then he would drive to the elevator in town. This trip took a full day to complete.

In April of 1938 Alexander filed for N.E. 8-64-8-4 quarter section, and Mother filed for N.W. 4-64-8-4 in August. In June of that same year, Kate

filed for N.E. 4-64-8-4 quarter section. In October, father bought a farm next to the one we were living on from Gustav Anderson. The following spring Father built a new house on this farm he bought. We moved into it in late summer. In the spring of 1939 Father bought a new Massey Harris Model 25 tractor and a one and a half ton Model B Ford truck. During the fall of the same year he bought a sawmill. That fall Father and us two boys built a small house on Mother's quarter. Then we started to cut spruce logs. These logs were cut by hand with a cross cut saw which needed two men to operate it. The trees were limbed, pulled to the sleighs where the logs had to be loaded. After this was done the load of logs was hauled to the mill where it was loaded onto a big pile. There were about six men feeding the logs into the sawmill and taking the boards away and piling them. Father hired Paul Frohlich to operate the sawmill for him for a few years. This lumber was sold mostly locally.

In 1940 Father bought our first automobile. It was a brown four door Hudson. The family surely enjoyed this new luxury.

On winter Sundays many of the young people from the Merton area would get together on the Beaver River Hill. They would take the bob sleigh apart, and about six people would sit on the back sled. It took two people to steer this sled as they were sliding down the hill at a very fast speed. Then it took all of these boys and girls to push the sled up the half mile long hill.

In summer the young boys from this area would come on horseback and they would train unbroken horses, riding them bareback.

In 1941, Kate married Edward Galick (see Ed Galick history). Alexander was called into the army in the fall of the same year. He served in the Canadian Artillery for four years.



Put up your dukes! Paul Slipchuk and Albert Limoge.

Father sold his farms in 1947 to his two oldest sons and moved to Revelstoke, British Columbia. He bought a farm and farmed in Revelstoke for six years.

I, Alexander married Helen Kolody in July 1948 and we are living on Father's original homestead. We have a family of six children. Theodore married Anne Kolody in October of the same year. They have a family of six children also. Theodore and Anne are residing in the Dupre district. Father sold his farm in Revelstoke in 1953 and moved to Edmonton where he bought a house.

Roy married Rose Marko in July of 1959 and they made their home in Edmonton. Roy and Rose have a family of three boys. Florence married George Gandicki in November of 1959 and they have three boys. They are living in Edmonton also. In 1960, Father sold his house in Edmonton and bought a house in Bonnyville. Father passed away in 1967 and Mother lived in Bonnyville by herself until 1979. She spent one year at her son Roy's place until her passing in 1980 at ninety-one years of age.

Solberg

Anders Solberg had come to the United States at the age of twelve from Norway in the year 1886 with an uncle. He married Augusta Benson in 1904. Augusta had come to the United States with her aunt and uncle from Sweden, in 1886 when she was just eight years old. She had worked near where Anders lived and had gotten to know him. They lived in Minnesota after their marriage and here four of their children were born; Annie, Esther, Agnes and Ole.

In 1910 Anders took a homestead near Chauvin and proceeded to make the necessary improvements. His family followed him in 1911. Here they made their home for the next twenty-eight years. Here also four other children were born to them; George, Clifford, Myrtle, and Mable. Mable passed away in 1920 and eventually the rest of the family moved to the LaCorey area where land was relatively cheap.

Ole and George were the first to take up homesteads here and then their sister, Anna, who later became Mrs. Axel Ljunggren (see Ljunggren history) followed. Clifford was the next to come and file on a homestead. The three brothers spent a great deal of their time working out locally as well as going south to the Hazeldine area during harvest time.

During the war Ole was drafted and spent the next four years with the Armed Forces in Europe serving with the Medical Corps.

Esther came to this area in 1937 and filed for a homestead. She had lived in Southern Alberta for many years and also spent twelve years at Marsden, Saskatchewan working for a dairy farmer. She decid-



Granny baby sits — Augusta Solberg with great-granddaughter, Gloria Layh.



There's no Place Like Home. The Solberg house — still in use today.

ed that she would like to be on her own and live nearer her family.

She had her brother-in-law, Axel along with Mr. Benoit, a local farmer, build her a log house. Axel and Anna cut the logs on their homestead, where the

trees were very nice, and then they transported them ten miles or so to Esther's farm. In 1939 Esther's parents joined her. Anders filed for a homestead near his sons but most of the time the parents spent living with Esther on her homestead.

The land Esther filed on was first filed on by Bill Hughes. He had already cleared seven acres and Esther had Axel worked these seven acres for her and seeded them to oats.

Esther helped her sister Anna a great deal with the children and with the milking. In appreciation Axel gave her a milk cow and she soon increased her herd to four, from the offspring of this one. She would milk the four cows and make a living selling cream. Her brother made her a wagon to haul the cans of cream to the main road, three quarters of a mile away, where the mail man would collect it and drop it off at the creamery for a small charge.

After paying into a life insurance scheme for a number of years Esther was able to collect some money back from it. This enabled her to hire someone to break three additional acres for her. Either Axel or Esther's brothers would seed her land into oats for her. This oats was cut as feed for the livestock Esther had.

Since Esthers' father feared that a fire could wipe out Esther's buildings he planned a fire guard for her. He cleared some three acres by hand and someone in the family broke it. Now Esther could raise additional feed for her livestock.

In the early "forties" Canadian Sunday School Mission workers in the person of Frances Zaccaglini and Joan Gray came into the area. Esther hungered for the word of God and used to walk many miles to hear the gospel preached. Most of the services were held in the Merton School, some three and a half miles away while services for young people would be conducted at Gavronsky's or Kalinski's some six miles away. Each of these, Esther would faithfully attend and often she would be accompanied by her nieces Lily and Edith Ljunggren. On one occasion Esther went alone to a youth meeting and found herself on a road she seldom walked. She used this particular road in order to walk a lady home who was afraid to walk alone. This lady advised Esther to go east around a muskeg that was on this road. Esther proceeded eastward but it seemed the muskeg just went on and on. She wondered could the lady be wrong? She backtracked and tried the westerly side, still no end to it. Deciding that if she wandered too far off she would become lost she was determined to walk through the center of it. Remembering a scripture verse she had learned; "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Isaiah 41:10 she went forward. Removing her socks and shoes she chose to step on the high

tufts of grass. As she placed one foot down she sank to her knees in water, and the same with each step. The Bible verse returned again and again to give her assurance as she waded through to the other side. When Esther finally arrived home it was after one in the morning, but she was grateful God had seen her through. Esther still walks out to meet her ride to attend the services at the Fellowship Chapel in Bonnyville.

In the late "forties" a huge ground fire came through burning up a large hay meadow just to the northwest of Esther's homestead. Times were somewhat better now, the Canadian Sunday School Mission worker, Axel Swanson, had a car and would give rides to various people. Esther was along on a trip to a meeting at the Bevin School. The smoke from the ground fire hung like a heavy blanket over the entire area. Visibility was extremely poor even with the headlights on the car. Mrs. Swanson kept her head out one window looking out for the ditch while Mr. Swanson kept his eyes on the other side of the road. Finally they had to stop and Mr. Swanson went to see with his flashlight how far the ditches were. Their car was struck from behind by another vehicle, but the only damage was a broken windshield. This mishap did not discourage them and all were able to enjoy a blessed time at the meeting.

In 1956 Esther's mother, Augusta passed away



The Solbergs — Clifford, George, Ole, Anders, Annie, Agnes, Esther and Myrtle.

after having spent seventeen years on the homestead. Anders continued to live with his daughter, walking to his sons' homestead every summer. He kept a garden and also had a lovely crop of potatoes. He was able to care for himself until he passed away at the age of ninety-three. Both of the Solberg parents were laid to rest in the Lessard cemetery.

Of the Solberg children Esther, George, Clifford and Ole never married. Agnes married W. S. Scott (see W. S. Scott history) and Myrtle married Tom Scott (see Tom Scott history).

Esther still lives on her homestead where she was able to look after her cattle until just recently. Her family of brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews keep in close touch with her and provide her with things she might need. She is grateful to them and to those who provide rides for her in order that she might attend church services. God has been good to Esther in that she has the privilege of still being able to live on her homestead, a place she has come to love.

Solowoniuk History

John and Bernice Solowoniuk having lived many years with wars and political oppression revaging their native land made a very big decision in choosing to immigrate to Canada in search of peace and opportunity for themselves and their children.

Leaving family and friends behind in Obeniz Poland, John and Bernice boarded the ship with their three children, Nick age seven, Mary age three and Ann age one, for a twelve day ocean voyage to what must have seemed the very far away shores of Canada. After landing in Halifax, Nova Scotia and a train journey of several days across Canada to Bonnyville, the family finally arrived at Iron River in the month of June, 1929. In the summer of 1929, the family lived with a cousin, Axsanti Solowoniuk, who was already living in the area and proceeded to build a house on their homestead which they had purchased for ten dollars. The house they built was a copy of many other pioneer homes in the area at the time, consisting of a two room log building with a loft and a cellar. Insulation against the cold was provided by a mixture of mud, manure and straw plastered to the outside of the house. The inside of the house was done in the same manner with whitewash added as a finish.

Paul Saratiuk who lived near the creek, south of the old McDermott place made a couch (Boombatyle in Ukrainian) which pulled out to make a bed at night and also some cupboards. His knowledge of woodcraft was a great asset to the community. Being a bachelor, he was free to roam the area visiting the farmers and was a welcome guest since he owned one of the few decks of cards in the area. His dream was to dam the creek and build a flour mill powered by water. He began this project but it was never completed.

The rest of the summer was spent getting ready for the long cold winter. A person has to marvel at the determination and ambition of these immigrants as they carved a new life out of the wilderness, in a strange land, faced with a language foreign to them and a very harsh winter climate.

In the spring of 1930, a few acres of land were



The Old and the New — Edward and Ann Solowoniuk.

cleared, plowed with a horse drawn plow borrowed from Charlie Carlson and seeded by hand. Once the crop was in, John, along with other immigrants, walked to St. Paul, Two Hills and Myrnam stopping at farms, looking for work. They made out by sleeping in hay stacks and eating whatever the farmer could afford to feed his own family. A day's work would bring them fifty cents to one dollar. When the work was done at one farm, they moved on to the next farm. Bernice Solowoniuk was left behind with the children, having to chop fire wood, carry water, milk the cow they had purchased and fend off the wilderness at a time when she was pregnant with her fourth child. Walter was born in July of 1930. She did not have a lying in period after the birth of her children, but had to get up right after and carry on with whatever chores there were to do. A midwife was summoned, however, to attend her deliveries and no serious complications ensued, so life went on.

Three more children after Walter were born, Helen in 1933, Vera in 1938 and Edward in 1943.

As the years went by and the family increased, two more homes were built on the Solowoniuk homestead, each one bigger than the previous and more modern.

Nick, the eldest started school in the fall of 1930 at the age of eight, not knowing how to speak English

and walking three miles to the one room school at Iron River. As the other children reached the age of seven, they too attended this same school. As the children grew older, they too helped to support the family by picking berries with their mother, some for sale, the rest to be used by the family. The first years, the fruit was preserved by drying, as the family could not afford jars. Seneca roots were also dug up and sold to buy material for clothing and footwear.

The children, when not helping around the farm, entertained themselves with homemade toys such as sleds, skis and stilts. A big event to the children was a trip to Bonnyville, which did not occur very often. Other occasions to remember were the concerts and annual picnics in the area. Friends and neighbors would visit each other with wagon and horses, entertaining each other by playing cards or telling stories. Holiday traditions were kept according to their family upbringing.

Their health remained good throughout those years. The children did not suffer any serious illnesses except in August, 1947, when their daughter Helen contracted polio. This was the first case in the area, of an epidemic that was to follow. She recovered after three months of hospitalization, however.

As the years passed more land was cleared and machinery was purchased to work the land. A Chrysler Maxwell truck was even purchased when Nick was old enough to drive and understand the mechanics of it. Later came a 1935 Ford car and others.

In the spring of 1960, John Solowoniuk purchased a house in Bonnyville and after thirty-two years of farming he retired. His son, Walter purchased the homestead and lives there in a remodelled house that was built by John in 1945.

Their children grew up and were married as follows; Mary married Willie Bellamy, son of Warren and Elsie Bellamy. They have four daughters and three sons. Mary and Willie live in Bonnyville.

Nick married Mary Charawich, daughter of Ivan and Lena Charawich. They have six sons and three daughters and live in Iron River.

Ann married Mike McKoryk, son of Steve and Mary McKoreyk. They have three daughters and one son and live in Vernon, British Columbia.

Walter married Mildred Procinsky, daughter of Pete and Margaret Procinsky. They have five daughters and one son and live in Iron River.

Vera married Edward Mercier, son of Gerard and Lucille Mercier. They have three daughters and two sons and live in Bonnyville.

Helen married Jim Bond, son of Merton and

Bertha Bond. Helen has one son and lives in Bonnyville.

Edward married Linda Palsat, daughter of Brunis and Faye Palsat. They have two sons and one daughter and live in Bonnyville.

Life for John and Bernice Solowoniuk in Bonnyville was now easy street, having running water, indoor plumbing and natural gas heating, but years of hard work had formed some habits which continued even in town. Bernice would plant a large garden every year, make quilts and pillows for her children and grandchildren and mend clothing for her grandchildren as well as her husband.

John kept busy too, one year building a fence around the property, another year constructing a porch and so on.

In 1969, John and Bernice celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with their children, grandchildren and friends. They had another ten years of life together after this.

Contact with their families in Europe was broken during the war years. When they finally got word, they learned that Bernice's mom's sister and her children were killed and also some of her brothers had died. Bernice was finally going to be re-united



Back: Vera, Edward, Walter, Nick, Helen. Front: Ann, Mrs. and Mr. Solowoniuk and Mary.

with her family in 1967. She, along with her daughter Helen, flew to Poland and visited with her two brothers and four sisters. She found her homeland very changed and was happy to get back to Canada. Her youngest sister returned the visit in 1975.

John never did go back to the land where he spent his youth.

In 1977, their health began to fail and on November 7, 1978, at the age of seventy-nine, Bernice Solowoniuk passed away suddenly while visiting her daughter, Ann.

John was lost and grieved deeply after the loss of his wife. He was living in the nursing home by then.

Less than two months later, on December 29th, 1978, at the age of ninety years, John Solowoniuk also passed away quite suddenly and so a generation was gone.

Bill and Jen Spaniard

We moved here in May of 1969 from Gerald, Saskatchewan. Since we were both born and raised on a farm, we decided we would like to have one of our own, after my husband worked for seven years at the potash mine; International Minerals and Chemicals Ltd.

One of the reasons we chose this area was because it was very lovely, and land here was very reasonably priced, especially compared to what it is now.

Our new neighbors held a welcome party for us in June, which we enjoyed very much, and presented us with a lovely clock.

We had six children then, Julianne six years of age, Marianne five, Duane four, Darren three, Derrick one and Susanna just five months old. Julianne finished her grade one in Iron River School and her grade two. Marianne started school and took her grade one there. The next year we transferred them to the Bonnyville schools. The rest of our children attend school in Bonnyville also. Julianne will be graduating this year.

Our first crop here was a new variety of wheat called "Manitou" which grew very well in Saskatchewan but we were told would not do well here. It was a bumper crop, but due to snow on September eighth, which stayed, the crop stayed in the fields. What was combined showed a dockage of twenty-three percent ice at the elevator. Due to this my husband went to work at the Superest Oil plant near Grand Centre, where he worked until 1971.

In 1972 we purchased a dairy head which kept us very busy, and in 1973 we bought Ed Galick's farm.

The winter of 1974 my husband worked on the oil rigs at Wainwright for Bow Island Drilling. In 1975 on October 7th, our first Alberta baby was born, a boy whom we called Dallas Dexter. He is now four years old and will be going to kindergarten this fall.

The whole family enjoys spending our leisure time camping and fishing at the lakes and going to the rodeo's. We joined the Gymkhana Club in 1978.

I joined the Oilettes club in 1979.

In 1979 we went on our first trip since we moved here and had a wonderful time visiting places in British Columbia. It was the first time for some of the children to see the mountains.

Alberta and particularly the La Corey — Iron River area has quickly become home to us.

Art Stewart History

by Lavina Stewart

I began my career as a cook in the Elk Point Hospital in 1928 when I was nearly nineteen. That was the year I met and married my husband Art.

In the spring of 1929 we moved to Lessard near the Beaver River where we filed on a homestead. At this time we had no house so we lived in a triple wagon box, until we built our twelve by twelve log shack. The roof was made by first putting hay on the roof, covered by sod. Of course when it rained, which it usually did, it was wetter inside than outside. My cooking centre consisted of a heater with an oven made from two square oil cans, one four gallon and one five gallon can set into the stove pipe. Here I did all my baking. Art used to say the best biscuits he ever tasted came from this makeshift oven.



Art Stewart Family and Model T.

On September eleventh, nineteen twenty-nine our first daughter was born. The following year on November twenty-eighth our second daughter was born at home, as money was scarce and we could not afford the doctor and hospital fees even though it was only fifteen dollars for the doctor and one dollar a day for the hospital. In the next thirteen years we had five more daughters and three sons.

Times were hard in the "Thirties" and jobs were hard to come by. Art hauled dry wood to Bonnyville for a dollar a load. This was not just any old dry wood either. The blocks had to be cut square on the ends or people would not buy them. It took two days to cut and haul the wood to town. We owned an eight horse stationary engine and chopper with which Art chopped grain for the neighbors. He and Vern Mathes built a sawmill, with rollers and two planks for the table, with which lumber was sawed for quite a few years. We traded a horse for a shingle mill (homemade) and one summer we cut shingles and sold them in Fort Kent and also to some of the neighbors. Sometimes the shingles were paid for with eggs or meat.

A school was finally built one and one half miles north of us, which they named Balm Tree. Mr. Taylor taught there, also Mrs. Ronald Humphries. I made the children's clothes and footwear. Their moccasins were made from the backs of old mitts. Art's shirts and the girls' dresses were made from flour sacks which were dyed with Dyola, a common brand of dye used. Our coffee was made from barley roasted in the oven, then ground up. I often baked bread using what we called 4K flour, which was not the top grade. I am sure the "Old Timers" will remember this. Besides these tasks I always raised a large garden.

Art used to break land in the summer and thresh in the fall. We never did get much breaking done (about forty acres) on our own land as it was very rocky. The first breaking done was by oxen owned by John Shewchuk. I remember going out to watch. The oxen spotted me coming over the hill, became frightened and ran away.

We finally built a second home which was plastered by our neighbors, John Shewchuk and his wife. We bought a stove for twelve dollars which Art relined with iron. We used it for about ten years then sold it for five dollars, when we purchased a new one. Many incidents of our pioneer days come to mind. One of these occurred as we were building our first house. I helped by skidding the logs with a horse. The horse stepped on my foot and tore my shoe off. I did not own another pair except the high heeled ones I was married in.

Another amusing incident which I remember well was the time Johnny Levesque came to the house, went down in the cellar and drank all the cream, while I was out picking blueberries. Our daughter Evelyn, was really angry with him. Remember that Johnny? Another time Johnny came and wanted to trade Art out of his rubber boots. He stayed, trying to convince Art, until three in the morning at which time Art finally gave in and traded.

Art and I were married fifty-one happy years before he passed away on Christmas Eve, 1979. Our



Stewarts and Shinglemill.

homestead years were fondly remembered and often spoken of.

The Strus Family by Mary Morrison

Miron Strus was born in the Ukraine August 30, 1901, the third child of the family. He finished grade seven and at eighteen served his first year in the army as a carpenter for he was talented that way. After serving in the army again in 1923, he decided that he wanted to come to Canada. Three years later on October 10, 1927 he left his homeland to come and visit his uncle Ted, who lived at Flat Lake, Alberta. He came over on the C.C. Arabic, a sixteen thousand seven hundred eighty six ton ship which took eleven days to reach Halifax. He was quite seasick and all he could stomach was pickled herrings. Miron arrived at Halifax November 21, there was no snow and it was quite warm. He saw his first coloured person (a negro) when he got off the ship and was apprehensive about it for at home he had heard of people like that but had never seen any. By train he reached Edmonton on November 28, then on to St. Paul, which was the nearest station to his uncle's place. Uncle Ted picked him up with sleigh and horses but there was so much snow and it was so cold that they walked the eighteen miles behind the sleigh. Upon arrival at his uncle's log shack he wanted a drink of water but could not get one for the water in the pail was frozen solid. At this time all he could think of was getting enough money and going back to his homeland. Besides a log shack Uncle Ted had fifteen acres of land cleared which he seeded by hand and one cow which he only milked in the summer. That winter they both cut down some trees and had them sawed into lumber, for ten dollars a thousand feet.



The Strus Family — Miron, Barbara, Mary, Mike, Anne, and John.

The spring of 1928 Miron came to Edmonton but job finding was difficult because he could not speak English. However, he managed to get a job laying track for the Canadian National Railways in the Glendon area. At that time the Canadian National Railway was building a track from Ashmont to Bonnyville. He worked for only two weeks, finding the job of carrying tarred ties too tedious and dirty. He went to Waskateneau and helped a farmer seed. When that was finished he came back to Edmonton where he got a carpenter job building a two storey apartment house two blocks north of the Canadian National Railway station. This job was his first introduction to building with studs and putting in window casings which in later years proved to be a very helpful experience. At that time lodging was three dollars and fifty cents a month for a single room. His salary was twenty-five cents an hour for an eight hour day. Besides his bread and milk he would eat at a restaurant once a day, a heaping plate of perogies for fifteen cents, a second helping for free.

In the summer of 1929 Miron travelled throughout Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. There was always a group of men travelling together looking for jobs (riding atop box cars). One day he and some of the men got off at Lloydminster to look for jobs, but the police told them to move on and directed them to an open box car where no tickets were required. That summer he got a job at Kamloops on the extra gang but only worked for a couple of weeks because the mosquitoes were too bad. On the way to Jasper, riding atop a box car with some other men, the brakeman spotted them and asked them to move up closer to the engines where there would be less chance of them falling off. However when they did this the brakeman had other ideas. He hosed them down with water. Fortunately it was a warm day so when the train stopped at McBride they got off by a stream, stripped and hung their clothes to dry on some bushes. That fall Miron got a job helping to build the Thorsby Hotel at thirty-five cents an hour which was a top wage. By the end of February the Hotel was serving beer. The summer of 1930 he travelled again, picked fruit in the Okanagan and helped harvest around Biggar, Saskatchewan. It snowed early that fall so he went back to his uncle's.

Barbara Dudak was born December 19, 1912, the oldest daughter of Marco and Pauline Dudak. In October of 1927 she left the Ukraine with her three year old sister Sadie to come to Canada and join her mother and father who had previously come over and had begun farming at Rife, Alberta. What stands out in Barbara's mind is that at Danzig they had a two week wait for a bigger ship to bring them across. She remembers staying in a big hall with alot of other

people and they ate sausages, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed, until someone told them that they were made out of horse meat. Then nobody would eat them. When she arrived at Rife her father had a two room shack. There were five children in the family and they shared one bed in the kitchen while the parents slept in the living room. Being the eldest child she had to work and help support the family. She was introduced to rubber boots and an axe and helped clear the land. During the summer she also helped others by picking rocks at fifty cents a day. She remembers the first coat she had was a hand-me-down summer coat which she wore winter and summer.

On February 12th, 1931 Miron and Barbara were married at St. Vincent, Alberta. There was no snow and the roads were dry and dusty when they drove to church. They lived with Uncle Ted on his farm while waiting to get their own. By the time he had two horses and three cows. Dad worked out a lot building new homes or finishing homes at two dollars and fifty cents a day plus room and board. Mother picked seneca roots and berries to sell for extra food and clothes. On December 4, 1931 John was born. Two years later on November 9, 1933 Ann was born.

The land they lived on was very rocky so they decided to find their fortune elsewhere. In 1934 Dad got a homestead, for ten dollars, at Willow Trail, a quarter section the northeast three, sixty-four-six, west of the fourth meridian, and Uncle Ted got a quarter section just one mile north of ours. In 1937 they moved to uncle's quarter section. That year Dad helped pour the foundation for the first Willow Trail school which was built two miles south west of our homestead and John started his first year of school there. The teacher had some fun with the first year class for most of them did not know how to speak English, only Ukrainian. By the time we started school we had learned some English from the older ones. God bless the bilingual teacher. That year Dad also took another homestead two miles north of our quarter section. February 12, 1938 I, Mary was born. In those days we were all born at home. When I was born the midwife got so excited that she plunged me into a cold bath. To this day mother still wonders how I survived. Mom and Dad were forced to move to their own quarter section or else the Government was going to sell their homestead to someone else. In June of 1939 they moved. They had previously built a one room shack on the land and had six acres cleared. They also had two horses, one cow, and a sow with eight piglets. A couple of years prior to this Dad got the sow from a farmer in trade for doing some work on a house. The pigs were difficult to raise and were fed a lot of potatoes because Dad could not afford to

buy much feed. Dad worked out a lot during the winter of the first few years, building, while Mom looked after the farm and family. Mom used to snare rabbits, sell the pelts at eight cents each and we ate the meat. We also ate a lot of pork. Dad built a smoke shack so we had bacon, ham, and our own sausages, etc. I never was too fussy about cleaning the intestines, but the sausages were great.

The fall of 1939 Mike was born. That day Dad was out working so when Mom realized that the time was near she milked the cow, cut a tree down for firewood and brought some water before the midwife came so she could have some warm water when the baby was born. Dad did arrive later that evening and got a midwife before the baby was born.

Before the family moved from the Flat Lake area Dad bought the remains of an old buggy. In the next couple of years he built wheels, a box, two seats, etc. and put everything together. We had a couple of Palomino horses to draw this buggy so we really travelled in luxury. Dad did a lot of his own welding. He had built a blacksmith shop. He would restore plough shears, axes, etc. which did help financially. Besides building a blacksmith shop we did add a porch, kitchen, and bedroom to the log shack. The four of us had to share the bedroom for quite a few years until we built a bigger house. We built a barn with a round roof which was something different in the neighbourhood. I remember before we finished the loft and the roof Dad put a swing in the barn which we and the neighbours' children enjoyed. It was a one seat swing and the rope Dad used was home made. Dad had built a rope making machine and all he had to buy was twine which cost three dollars and fifty cents a ball.

In 1941 Dad was in charge of building the old Willow Trail Hall. There were twelve members at that time and each member was responsible for a little over one thousand feet of lumber for the building. When it was finished they held a lot of dances, Christmas Concerts, Ukrainian Easter Concerts, Farmer's Day picnics, etc. Everyone in the family went to the dances. It did not matter how old or how young they were. I remember looking forward to the lunch break because the ladies would make up sandwiches out of bought bread and balogna, something we never had at home until some years later. They would sell one sandwich and a piece of cake or a couple of cookies in a bag for twenty-five cents. If we were lucky we would get a taste. I also had my first ice-cream cone for five cents at a Farmers' Day picnic and saw my first movie there. They were having sound problems so most of the movie was silent. Unfortunately the hall burnt down after a dance in the spring of 1955.



Back: John, Mike. Seated: Mary, Barbara, Ann and Miron.

In 1944 we bought a threshing machine (twenty eight inch cylinder) but had no tractor to run it so the first year Emile Sabatier used his tractor to run the machine. I always liked the threshing season, especially when they came to our place to thresh. We always had so many good things to eat that Mom would prepare for the threshing crew. In 1945 Dad teamed up with John Kicia and his John Deere tractor plus six teams and they threshed all over the country. Mr. Kicia and Dad threshed together for three years until we got our own tractor.

The fall of 1947 after threshing, it was warm and there was no snow so Dad did some ploughing on Mom's section. On October 26, at three in the afternoon, the plow hit a stump and the horses would not move. Dad got off the plow and stood behind the horse and hollered for them to go. When they jumped forward the double tree broke hitting Dad's right leg just above the ankle. The leg was smashed. He managed to get a couple of horses hitched to a wagon and drove two miles home. We did not have a vehicle to take him to Bonnyville Hospital so Mom took the horses and went two miles to a neighbour's who had a truck to drive Dad into town. He never reached the hospital until ten p.m. It is a miracle he never bled to death. The doctor could not do anything but bandage it up and the next day they took him to the Edmonton University Hospital by train. The leg was so badly smashed they thought they would have to amputate, but thank God for Dr. Huckle. He decided to give it a try and put it together. Two years and two thousand dollars later Dad walked again without crutches and had both legs. However, fate was not on our side completely. In 1948 we bought our first tractor a Minneapolis Moline for two thousand, three hundred

dollars, which was a lot of money at that time. In November that year John and Mom were taking a grain box of wheat and some turkeys to sell at Bonnyville which was twenty miles from home. We used to raise about one hundred fifty turkeys every year to sell. The roads were icy and when they came around the bend by the Beaver River the tractor went out of control and rolled down the hill, spilling the wheat and turkeys. Fortunately John and Mom jumped clear. Some friends came and helped salvage the turkeys but there was no more wheat and one smashed tractor. It cost too much money to have the tractor fixed at a garage so Dad fixed the rear wheel, the radiator, etc.

May 1951, we bought our first truck, a one ton maroon Chevrolet which I learned to drive shortly after because Dad's eyes were failing him. John and Ann were working in Edmonton by then.

In 1953 we built a two storey house. The lumber we used was what we had sawed ourselves. It was too time consuming to take the logs somewhere else to be sawed into lumber so Dad bought an old sawmill, fixed it up and Dad, Mike and I sawed the lumber.

In the summer of 1956, we bought a four door Chevrolet Bel-Air. I did not get a chance to drive that much because after I graduated in 1957 I also went to Edmonton to work. Mike was left farming with Dad and in 1967 Dad moved into a senior citizen's home. Mike still lives on the farm with his wife Selma and two daughters. He rented out the land and spends his time at his General Store at La Corey.

I married Brian Morrison and live in Edmonton and have two daughters.

Ann makes her home at St. Albert with husband George and nine children.

John and family make their home in Edmonton.

Swetish

Albert and Wanda Swetish came to the Iron River area October, 1974, from Dillon, Montana. They bought a farm on the Wolf Lake road from Michael Byrne. The place is often referred to as "the Old Matichuk Place".

Albert, with the help of his brother Edward, built an eighty-foot dairy barn. This structure houses much loafing space for cows. A very modern milking parlor is in one end. Albert milked about twenty-five cows for a year and then went out of the dairy business. He worked on oil rigs. He obtained his steam engineer ticket and worked for Weco, World Energy Corporation, near Fort Kent.

Wanda worked as a bookkeeper for Mike Matichuk, as a clerk at Wimpey's Confectionery in Bonnyville, and as a clerk at the LaCorey store.

In the summer of 1979 Albert and Wanda sold their farm to Don and Marie Winter. They bought a mobile home park at Salmon Arm, British Columbia.

Synowec, Bill and Vera **by Vera (Melnychuk) Synowec**

The Synowec family came to Canada in 1927 from Mikolajou, Poland. They settled around Mannville which was called British Dominion at that time. They had a one room shack covered with sod and grass which they lived in for six years. Then the family moved to Beaverdam in 1934 and took a homestead for ten dollars.

Bill built a three room log house and dug a well by hand. He also managed to break forty acres by hand.

In 1942 Bill and I were married. I lived with my family at Willow Trail and as the old adage says, "who takes a husband takes his country" therefore I went to live in the Beaverdam district. There were less facilities here than at Willow Trail.

We lived here for nine years and because of the fact that there were no schools for our children we moved to Iron River. We purchased a farm from Mike

Kryzanowski and later a farm from Louis Miller. Our children were able to attend Merton School and later the school at Iron River.

In 1973 we left our farm and moved to our home in Bonnyville where we still reside.

We had thirteen children and thank God they are all well and living. Lily our eldest daughter is married to Laurent Marcil and lives in Bonnyville. Helen is married to Ray Pilon and lives with her children Michael, Donald, Shelly and Monique in Edmonton.

Anne lives at Westlock with her husband Dave Kerr and children Michelle, Laurie and Dana.

Mary lives in Edmonton with her husband Ewald Funk and their daughters Candice, Connie and Carmen.

Our daughter Olga is the furthest away from home, residing in Toronto with her husband Terry Cook.

The remainder of our children are all making their homes in Edmonton. Harry is married to Audrey Schmidt and has four children, Xena, Tania, Kara and Clinton. Nancy married Steve Marinc and has Jason and Marina.

Our twins are also married. Mike to Becky Parks and Nick to Rose Zelenko. Mike has two children Robin and Jamie while Nick has only Jocelyn.

Diane married Randy O'Hara and they have a family of three, Carrie, Jodi and Crystal.

Darlene, Bobby and Dale all work in Edmonton and are still single.

We are very thankful for our family and for all of our neighbors and friends who helped us in this wonderful adopted country. Our greatest thanks go to God for bringing us here and keeping us through some difficult times.

The Taylors

Hayward Taylor was born in Green's Harbor, Newfoundland, where he was raised and went to school, after which he went to St. John's and attended the Methodist College for four years. After graduating, he taught for two or three years in northern Newfoundland, and then for a short time in Green's Harbor where he met his wife Leah Davies, who at that time was teaching in Hopehall, a community about three miles away.

Hayward and Leah went together until war broke out in 1914, at which time Hayward went to Kingston, Ontario, and enlisted as a gunner in the first war. Leah quit teaching and went to Boston Mass. where she took a deaconess training course and worked as a deaconess until Hayward returned from overseas in 1919.

They were united in marriage at one o'clock on Sunday, May 4, 1919 in the church of All Nations in



Bill, Vera and Louis Synowec.

Boston. They then returned to Newfoundland, for their honeymoon and stayed there all summer with their families and friends.

In the fall of 1919, they moved to Montreal, where Hayward got a job in a lumber yard for a couple months and then with the McDonald Tobacco Company until the spring of 1920.

Being restless from the war years, they decided to move west to the peace and quiet of the prairies and try their hand at farming. They came to Kitscoty, Alberta and worked for a farmer for awhile. Not being impressed with farm life in that area, they moved to Calgary, where Hayward decided to go to normal school and become a teacher.

After graduating from normal school, he went teaching at Valley Gardens near Nightengale, Alberta. It was there he met Mr. MacGillivray who was teaching at Standard, about six miles away.

In 1921 the two men came north to Iron River and homesteaded on a half section of land each, adjoining each other. They then went back south for a year or so.

In 1922 or 1923, Hayward and Leah moved to Ryley where he taught for awhile. Among his students were the Byfords, Harry, Edward, Carol and

their sisters. He also taught the children of these pupils in later years at Churchvelt and Iron River.

The Taylors moved to Iron River to settle and make their home in 1926. Hayward taught at Merton that year, travelling back and forth on horse back.

In 1927 he taught at Beacon Corner. He stayed in Glendon with Mr. and Mrs. Kite who had a general store in that town. At that time Hayward only came home on week ends, and Leah was home all week alone except for myself, who was only a baby. Her nearest neighbor was Mrs. MacGillivray, one quarter of a mile away. The next neighbor lived two and one half miles away.

In 1928 they moved to Lessard where he taught at the Jolly school for three years, and other schools around the country, Merton, Dupre, and Iron River.

In 1939, he and the family moved back to Lessard and again he taught in the Jolly school. While there he purchased a quarter of land from a woman in the States whose brother had homesteaded in the early years up here and had passed away a few years before. His name was Lou Gillam. Hayward and his family remained on that land until he retired in 1960.

In the 1940's, Hayward moved his house from Iron River to the farm he had purchased in Lessard and later, traded and sold his homestead in Iron River.

Mr. Taylor continued teaching in many schools in the area, Rat Lake, Balm Tree, Harold Lake, and Churchvelt. When all the schools were consolidated in 1955, he went to the Iron River school where he taught until he retired in 1960.

In the fall of 1960, Mr. Taylor and his family went back to Newfoundland. While there, they sold their land to Vernon Batke who still owns it. The original house is occupied by Mr. Dan Lapratt. The homestead in Iron River is owned by a Mr. Twerdohlib.

The Taylors stayed in Newfoundland for three years, and then they returned to Edmonton for a year or so. While in Newfoundland and Edmonton Mr. Taylor continued working as a substitute teacher. He then moved to Peers, out by Edson, where he continued to substitute teach until 1969.

In 1969 the family moved to Peachland, British Columbia in the Okanagan Valley. Not finding the weather suitable, they moved back to Edson and lived in the lodge for a year until Leah went to a nursing home in Edmonton.

Hayward passed away in 1974 at the age of 91 years.

Leah passed away in 1976 at the age of 94 years.

They are both laid to rest in the Memorial Gardens, Edmonton.

The Taylors are often remembered for their work in the different communities where they lived and taught.



Hayward, Leah and Don Taylor.

Four Years Old

Composed and written by Leah Davis Taylor, Peers

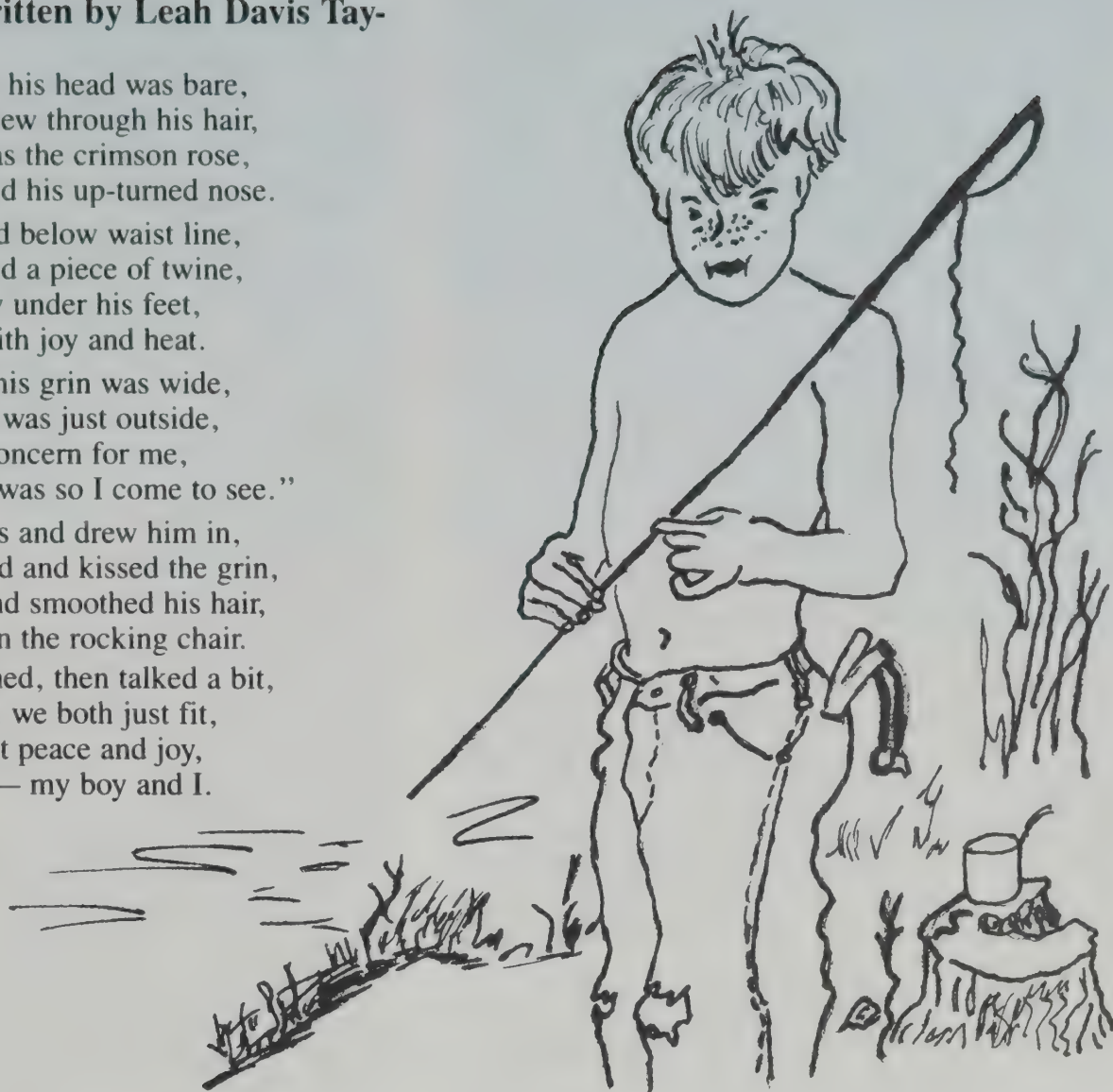
His hat was off so his head was bare,
The soft west-wind blew through his hair,
His cheeks were red as the crimson rose,
While freckles covered his up-turned nose.

His pants were pushed below waist line,
He dragged a stick and a piece of twine,
The smokey dust flew under his feet,
His face was moist with joy and heat.

His eyes were eager, his grin was wide,
I opened the door, he was just outside,
His face was full of concern for me,
“I thought, how you was so I come to see.”

I reached out my arms and drew him in,
Before he had finished and kissed the grin,
Pulled up his pants and smoothed his hair,
And together we sat in the rocking chair.

We sang and we laughed, then talked a bit,
With him in my arms, we both just fit,
His little body brought peace and joy,
As we slept together — my boy and I.



Taylor, Donald by Donald Taylor

I came to this beautiful province of Alberta and arrived in Calgary in the fall of 1925. I made my home with two wonderful people, my mother and father. I don't remember too much about the first year or two because I had their love and security and that was all that was needed at that age. After awhile my memory started to take over and I recall a lot of instances of my childhood.

The first Christmas I remember was the old house on the farm and Santa had brought me a little wagon with rubber tires. Dad had to pull me around the house most of the day, or at least until Mr. Price, an old friend of ours at the time, came for dinner as he did for a number of years until he died in 1934.

When I grew older, dad traded a cow to Gerard Plouffe for a bicycle, (second hand). We used to go to church on Sundays and after the service we would stop at McDermotts for supper. Mrs. McDermott was a wonderful cook. I will never forget her baking

powder biscuits. They were scrumptious, coming hot from the oven and spread with fresh homemade butter and syrup.

I started school at Merton where Dad was teaching at that time, then to Iron River, Dupre, etc. and finally to Lessard where I finished my schooling. After that I stayed home and ran the farm dad had purchased in that district, until 1960.

In 1960 we rented our land to Vernon Batke and I went to Newfoundland where I set up a service station, which I operated for three years. Money was scarce down there the last year and I had an offer to sell out. I did and moved back to Edmonton in 1963. In the meantime we sold our land here to Vernon who still owns it.

I went to work in Edmonton until 1968 and then moved to Peers and went into the lumber business with my own mill and equipment. After a year I sold out and moved to the Okanagan Valley for a year. Not being able to take the climate there, I moved back to Edmonton where I worked until 1977. Then I went to

Ft. McMurray, returning to Lessard in 1978 and went to work at the air base in Cold Lake where I am still employed.

Now I am going to go back to the early days and relate some of the hardships our mothers and fathers had to put up with.

All our parents were used to the more refined way of life. They came from lovely homes with better lighting, water, and heat, close neighbors and friends, a lot of them were from large cities and towns. They left all this and with the help of steam trains and wagon trains they made their way toward the west, taking homesteads and settling down to a new life of their own. Many of them never saw their families again. In opening up this new land they had to go miles to their nearest neighbor. The flies were so bad in those days they had to hang smoke pots in front of the horses to keep them away. The smoke would drift back over the horses and keep the flies off of the men.

The houses were crudely built, small windows, sod roofs, and wood heaters. They had no radios to listen to, their mail only came in once a week and they had to drive many miles to get it. The winters were not like they are now, they often had temperatures down in the fifty and sixty below zero range. Their main shopping was done in St. Paul during the "twenties". Prior to that they had to go to Vegreville and they would buy a years' supply at a time.

There were no roads in those days, only trails leading around sloughs, muskegs, lakes, hills and even heavy timber had to be skirted.

There were only three or four cars in the district in the "twenties". When the depression came in the "thirties", what cars there were were made into wagons, thus we had the Bennett wagon, named after the Premier who was in power at that time, R. B. Bennett.

In those days, times were hard and money was scarce. Teachers were getting \$300.00 a year. Farmers were getting:

Pigs/ /\$1.25 each
Cream/ /\$2.00 for eight gallons
Wheat/ /\$.08 a bushel
Cattle/ /\$10.00 a head.

At that time most of the farmers were only starting up and so they only had about ten or twenty acres broke, four or five cows, one sow with maybe six or eight little pigs. Everyone had a good garden and put down lots of wild fruit, and wild meat. I can remember Mother roasting barley in the oven for coffee, and Dad crushing his own wheat for flour and cereal.

When you stop and think of our ancestors and the hardships they had after leaving beautiful homes and coming west to make a life for themselves, you have

to admit they were real men and women with lots of courage and ambition, combined with a heart of gold. God Bless them all.

Now I will ask you all, who have read this. Could we do it today?

Delphis Thibault

Mr. and Mrs. Delphis Thibault moved to the LaCorey area from Vernon, British Columbia in 1929. They took a homestead three and one half miles northwest of LaCorey Store. They had three children with them at the time, the three youngest, Mignonne, Agnes, and George.

They had to cut down trees to be able to build their first house. In the early fifties, they sold their farm and moved to Bonnyville. Mr. Thibault passed away in 1955 and Mrs. Thibault in 1966.

Mignonne married Jean Laramee. They settled in LaCorey where two of their boys were born, Robert in 1940 and Roland in 1942. Their next home was a log shack on a rocky farm in Lessard. There, two more boys were added to the family, Louis in 1944 and Henri in 1946. In 1947, they sold their farm and moved to another, five miles south of Bonnyville. Here, another son, Maurice, was born in 1956. They lived on this farm until 1966 when they moved to the town of Bonnyville and Jean worked for the School Division. In 1973 they decided the Alberta winters were "too much" so they went west and settled in Chilliwack, British Columbia.

Now the boys are all on their own: **Robert**, married to Jeannine Vachon from Holyoke, is now living in Bonnyville. **Roland**, married to Vicki Maruniuk from LaCorey, is in Stony Plain. **Louis** is in Mission, British Columbia, **Henri** in Hinton, and **Maurice** lives in Chilliwack.

Agnes Thibault married Henri Paradis. They had seven children, three girls and four boys, most of whom are living around LaCorey and Bonnyville. **George** married Garmaine Bordeleau; they had five children. George is now living in Vancouver.

**Tizzard, Alfred and Violet
as told to Carol Morton**

On October 14, 1949, Alfred and Violet Tizzard and their three children Dwain, eight years old, Donna, six years old, and Derrick, two and a half, moved from Onion Lake to Fox Lake. They had an old pickup truck, and a trail wagon. Violet rode horseback and drove the cattle. They had come hoping to ranch by Fox Lake, where they had gotten permits to use the hay that grew abundantly there.

They fixed up the old house Frank Hood had lived in on the edge of the lake bank. They dug a well and settled down to raise cattle. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper

were close neighbors and soon became their friends. Violet taught Dwain and Donna by correspondence as there was no school close enough for them to attend.

In the summer, they were kept busy watching that the cattle did not sink in the mud, and building smudges to keep the swarms of mosquitoes and sandflies away from the cattle.

Their garden on the lake shore flourished, and everything looked promising. Then, in the fall of 1951, the Fox Lake area was declared to be a green zone, and the Tizzard family had to move.

They rented land in various places over the next few years, until they found a place to buy. They rented from Bill Greschuk the first year. The children were enrolled in the Bevin School and were taught by Mrs. Gray. On August 31, 1952, Daniel was born at the Duclose Hospital. Upon Violet's release from the hospital, the family moved to the Lubas place and the children transferred to the Merton School where they were taught by Mr. John Kalinski.

In 1953, they moved to the David Sneath place, and the children went to the Wendel School. David was born on July 6, 1954. In 1955, they moved north of LaCorey where they built a small house on land they rented from Roland Duchesne. The Iron River Centralized School opened, and the children were bussed to school. They then bought a quarter of land from Albert PreFontaine six miles north and a half mile east of LaCorey. The following spring they moved the small house there and settled down. They continued to raise cattle and milk cows, as well as grow hay and green feed.

Douglas was born on August 28, 1957 and Debbie was born on August 23, 1958.

In 1961, Alfred and Violet had a harrowing experience when Douglas was lost for twenty-six hours. Happily, he was found safe and sound through the efforts of many people, including the neighbors and friends they had made over the years. (see Little Boy Lost)

On September 16, 1963, the youngest member of the family, Darlene, was born. Some of the children had grown up and left home by this time. Alfred and Violet had quit milking cows since Alfred had ex-zema quite badly, and Violet's hands had stiffened. They began to raise beef cattle instead.

In 1967, the future seemed to be decided, and they built a new house. They lived there for eight years. One day in the fall of 1975, Violet was away on a field trip with Darlene's class. Alfred and Dwain were ten miles from home seeding a crop. Upon their return, they found the house in flames. Nothing could be saved, and they had no insurance. Once again, their friends and neighbors rallied to help

them. A benefit dance was put on at the Willow Trail Hall, and Johnny Levesque and his band donated their music to help the Tizzard family. A total of one thousand dollars was donated, plus the hundred dollars some of the Tizzard children had given their parents. The neighbors also chipped in to give them clothing, dishes, and other practical necessities. With this help, they managed to start over again. They bought a trailer and moved to LaCorey where they still live.

Dwain married Janet Green from Newfoundland in 1963. They live only a half mile from Alfred's and Violet's. They have five children, Rodney, Kenny, Sandra, Roy and Sharon.

Donna married Bill Petrushka in 1962. They live in Bellis with their three children, Brent, Brenda, and Bryna.

Derrick married Elsie Reed in 1968. They have settled in this area, and have three children, Earl, Edward, and Elaine.

David married Mary Gillies in 1972. They have three sons, David, Robert, and Lance, and make their home in this area.

Daniel married Linda Blanchard in 1971 and settled in the LaCorey area as well. They have three daughters, Penny, Paula, and Holly.

Douglas married Debbie Gillies in 1975. They live in this area with their two children, Alfred and Christy.

The Tizzard family celebrated the weddings of their two youngest daughters just recently. Debbie married Frank Wassink on November 24, 1979. They are living at Houston, British Columbia. Darlene was married to Bradley Ayres on January 26, 1980, and they make their home at Cherry Grove.



Alfred and Violet Tizzard with Douglas, Debbie, Derrick and Danny.

Jaffim Tkachuk as told to Mildred Hall

Jaffim and Epistma Tkachuk emigrated to Canada in 1930. They came from Poland at the same time as Ivan and Wasylena Charawicz. They filed on two quarters of land just north of Ivan's. By this time women could file on land for a homestead. Their house was built on the line between the two homesteads and the well still straddles the line.

Jaffim and Epistma lived in a small cabin for about a year while they were building their home. They carried water from a muskeg about half a mile away. To help in this chore a pole was slung over the shoulders, with a hook at both ends to hold the buckets. Their present well is hand dug. It took two men six weeks to dig and crib it. The well is three feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep. It produces an ample supply of very good water.

Barns, sheds, and granaries were all built of hard hewn logs, beautifully done with a broad axe. The



Turning sod — the Tkachuk children.

walls of buildings were plastered with mud and straw, making a well insulated building.

At this location, the Tkachuks farmed for many years before retiring to Bonnyville. Their sons, Philip and Paul, continue to farm the home place plus several additional quarters.

The Tkachuk children attended Sandy Rapids School. They went to high school in Glendon. The Tkachuks had a house in Glendon where the children lived during the week, returning to the farm on weekends. The twenty-one mile trip to school and back was made by foot, by bicycle, or on horseback over a crooked trail. There was no road or bridge. They had to cross the river on the ice or ford it.

Life was difficult but by hard work and persistence the family succeeded. Marlene and Philip are now building a beautiful new home on the old farm.

Ivan and Epistma have six children. Fanny is the



Jefim Tkachuk's house built in 1935.

oldest and is married to John Wojcik. They live in St. Paul and have two children, John and Helen.

Walter and his wife Mildred (nee Hrycauk) live at Edson and have four children, Gerald, Mitchell, Kim, and Warren.

Katie is married to Bill Harrison and they live in Glendon. They have five children, Dwayne, Betty, Wanda, Benny, and Darrell.

Paul is not married and continues farming with his brother Philip on the homestead.

Pauline lives at Edson and is married to Peter Fedchuk. They have three children, Randy, Kenny, and Debbie.

Philip is married to Marlene Kaplan from St. Lina. They farm the home place plus several additional quarters with brother Paul. Philip and Marlene have five children, Alan, Priscilla, Erwin, Marvin, and Wayne. Alan, Priscilla, and Erwin go to the Iron River School.

Tom and Savata Tkachuk by Martha Yadlowsky (Tkachuk)

In 1900, Tom Tkachuk came to Canada as a babe in arms. In May, 1923 he married Savata Lasutvika a Canadian in Smoky Lake, Alberta. The Tkachuks had five children before moving to the Willow Trail area. They were Martha and Mike, born at Wasloo, Alberta, George, John and Mary born at Hamlin, Alberta, thirty miles west of St. Paul.

When Tom Tkachuk took a homestead at Willow Trail on July 5, 1934, Willow Trail's post office was at Plouffe's home. Tom continued to live at Hamlin until he moved with the family to the homestead in 1941. The well was dug by hand. Clearing and cleaning of a farmyard was no easy task and was accomplished with use of a grubhoe and muscle power. The



Tom Tkachuk's IHC — 6-horse power sawing and crushing outfit.



Tom and Savata Tkachuk with Martha, Mike, George, Johnny, Mary and Tony.



Tom Tkachuk — sunk in the Sandy River with his '27 Chev.

buildings were of log construction and homemade shingles on the roof shed the damp weather. Since no electrical power was available at the time, farm and household chores such as washing of clothes, milking the cows, churning of butter and separating of milk were all done by hand.



Tom and son George Tkachuk fixing tractor.

Tom Tkachuk custom broke many acres of land surrounding the Sandy Rapids area using a 1530 McCormick Deering tractor and a twenty-two inch low beam brush breaker. He can also boast of forty years of threshing in Hamlin, Sandy Rapids and Willow Trail. This was accomplished with a 28-46 McCormick Deering threshing machine which is now owned by George Tkachuk. Much of this threshing was done well into the fall and winter months.

Mother built an outdoor oven. This oven was used for baking bread and cooking for weddings. Roasts were placed in large roasters or pots with no lids. Dough was placed over the roasts and everything was placed in the oven to cook. Once twenty pies were baked all at once in this oven, which may give you some idea of its size. Mother cooked for seventy weddings that were held at various community homes. Two days of tiring work were needed to prepare for each occasion.

Our home for the first coat, was plastered with a mixture of clay, chopped up straw and water. The second coat was mainly sand, clay and water. Mother, then whitewashed these interior walls and for variety and color used a sponge and made different colored designs on them. The board floors were kept clean by scrubbing them with a scrub brush. The boards were unpainted. Some were even rough lumber.

In 1942 Dad had our house stuccoed outside, white with green designs. The original stucco remains today.

The first wedding in the family took place in July, 1945 when Mike wed Nellie Cholik. Each in their turn, all six members of our family married and made lives of their own, some nearby and some more distant. George married Anna Luciak and they and their family farm the original Dave Byers homestead. John lives in North Surrey, British Columbia. Mary, who is Mrs. Harvey Ross resides in Calgary. Tony who was married to Sharon Cabana died suddenly in a farm accident in the fall of 1974. Upon retirement Tom and Savata Tkachuk moved to Bonnyville and are living there at the present time.

Tkachuk Mike and Nellie

And so began the second generation . . . Iron River Mike, son of Tom and Elizabeth Tkachuk and Nellie Cholik, daughter of Mike and Doris Cholik were married in July 1945. A charming young man and his lovely wife set up farming when Mike purchased a half section of land from the Plouffe families for a total sum of twelve hundred dollars. They located their farmstead on a hillside location which provided excellent drainage and an attractive farm setting.

Mike worked diligently the first year clearing sixty acres of land, manually constructing farm buildings and a house. In the year of 1949, Mike invested in a truck for commercial trucking supplementing the farm income for some twenty-four years, hereby acquiring the name of "Iron River Mike". Many anecdotes arose from these early trucking years. All the area relied on Mike's truck for shipment of cream, grain, cattle, hogs and even provided transportation for people, who at that time did not own their own vehicles. In those days Mike recollects even racing with the stork when a woman in labor needed a ride to the hospital. He reminisces saying he often had to stop the truck en route back to Iron River from Bonnyville to settle disputes amongst intoxicated men riding on a platform in the truck box.

"Iron River Mike" became very involved in community affairs as local trustee of Osborne Lake School, aided in the centralization of school and in the rural electrification and telephone developments.

Mike and Nellie's family soon increased to six lively children — Shirley, Garry, Marjorie, Linda, Gilbert, and Valerie who received their education in Osborne Lake, Iron River and Bonnyville respectively.

In the years following, Mike acquired more deeded and leased land. Mike and Nellie were successful farmers and in the last years of farming when most of their children left home and when farm hands were difficult to come by, they sold their farm and trucking business (1974). They moved to Bonnyville where Mike invested in L & R Realty and again became very active in community affairs.

Mike and Nellie now reside in Bonnyville with their youngest daughter, Valerie, where they both lead active lives. Their children and grandchildren:

Shirley — married to Jean Dallaire — two sons, Justin and Daryl — Bonnyville, Alberta.

Garry — married to Al Maria Rezzie — three daughters, Michelle, Chantelle, Christy — St. Albert, Alberta.

Marjorie — married to Clem Lapointe — one

son, Cory one daughter, Tamara — Edmonton, Alberta.

Linda — single Edmonton, Alberta.

Gilbert — single — Edmonton, Alberta.

Valerie — at home in Bonnyville.

Alvin Tollefson

as told to Florence Matthews

In April, 1921 Alvin Tollefson of Wetaskiwin filed on a homestead one mile west of Lessard and then returned home. In July, he came back, built a cabin, and proceeded to make the place a little more like home. It was necessary to make a reasonable passable road from Lessard store to his cabin in order to drive his Model T.



Alvin Tollefson and his sisters in 1918.

Alvin spent the latter part of the summer threshing in southern Alberta. That fall, his brother, William returned to the homestead with him. Together, Alvin and William trapped on the river near by. They sold the resulting furs to the Hudson's Bay in Cold Lake. When springtime came the two would travel to southern Alberta to work on various farms, returning to trap during the winter.

In 1924, Alvin married Alice Anderson of the Merton district. He continued to work out during the summers. Wintertime found him back on the trapline. He had a shack near Spring Lake. Alvin recalls walking the thirty-two miles carrying sixty pounds of supplies. He started out early on a very cold New Years Day. When he finally arrived at his shack late that night, he was so cold he had difficulty starting a fire. Looking at the thermometer he found it was forty-five degrees below zero!

The "Dirty Thirties" brought some difficulties for the Tollefson's as it did for everyone. Alvin did carpenter work for various people for ten cents an hour, walking a distance of four or five miles to and from work. Alice sewed for neighbors, family and

friends. Dresses and shirts were made from flour sacks. They had purchased a sewing machine in 1926 — that same machine is still in use.

Sad news came to the Tollefson's in 1935. Alvin and William's father had passed away. William returned to live in the Wetaskiwin district in order to be near their mother.

Even though Alvin and Alice never had children of their own, their home was full of love and laughter. Alvin's eight year old niece, Mary came to live with them in 1937. She attended Jolly school and finished her education in Three Hills. She then worked in Vancouver until the time of her marriage.

Alvin often played jokes on Alice. Once during preparations for Alvin's trip "out to work" for the summer, Alice mentioned that she would use the Model T during Alvin's absence. When Alvin was gone, she went to the garage. There was the car — up on blocks with all four wheels removed!

The Tollefsons left their home in 1943 to earn money "working out". This was wartime and Alvin's first job was building airplane hangers in the Northwest Territories. The following year they both worked in a C.P.R. roundhouse — Alvin as a mechanic's helper and Alice as a "wiper" (someone who cleans and paints steam engines). After four years of various jobs they returned home to resume farming.

In 1971 the farm was sold and the couple retired to live in Bonnyville.



Alice and Alvin Tollefson with Mary.

Selmer Tollefson

Selmer Tollefson came to the Lessard area in 1923. He stayed with his brother, Alvin for some time. Later, Selmer filed on a homestead two miles east of Lessard. He farmed and also worked out until his retirement in the late "Fifties". He then moved to Wetaskiwin where he lived until his passing in 1964.

Pioneer Days — Ole Tollefson by Roy Tollefson

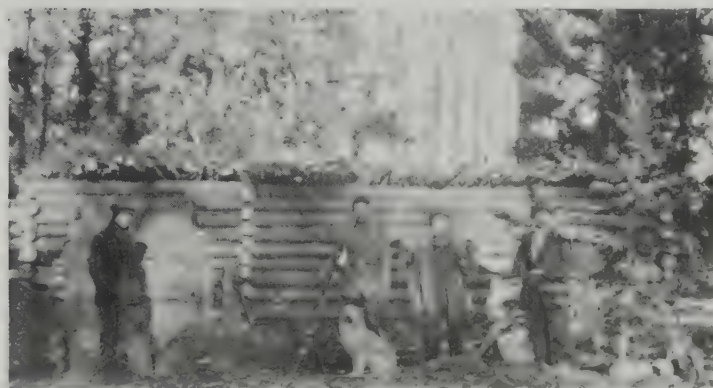
I remember hearing about an incident of when Ole Tollefson, my grandfather first came to Canada. With him was a man by the name of Johnson and they drove a team and wagon from Minnesota to Camrose. When they arrived in July there had been a frost and it froze water in a tub so hard that a seven year old boy could stand on it without breaking through. The newcomers, seeing this, were completely disgusted and returned to Minnesota. Some years later, Ole made a return trip with his family to Canada when the boys went homesteading. My father, Gilbert was the youngest at eighteen years of age.

It was in 1912 that Ole Tollefson and four sons, Theodore, Edwin, Oscar and Gilbert, also one daughter, Sena and her husband, Oli Linrud all filed on homesteads in this area. At that time the post office was Riviere Castor, located on the southeast corner of section 8-63-4-4. They came from Vining, Minnesota, where their land was very hilly so they came in search of something better. Theodore and Mr. and Mrs. Oli Linrud did not stay, however.

Edwin Thompson, a brother to Ole Tollefson was a land guide and had been in the Lessard, and Edward Lake (Rat Lake) area previous to the Tollefson's coming to Canada. They, meeting with Thompson, came to this area to homestead, their lands located close together at the west end of Rat Lake. Thompson's family located on the east end. The reason for this being that Thompson had seen blue-prints of a railway to be built shortly and this meant something to the homesteader. The railway was coming from the west and passing down the center of section 12-63-5-4 and going east to the south side of Rat Lake and to continue eastward. In 1914 World War I broke out and the railway never came.

Ole Tollefson filed on N.E. 12-63-5-4 while his sons, Edwin filed on S.W. 7-63-4-4, Oscar on N.E. 1-63-5-4 and Gilbert on S.E. 12-63-5-4.

Buildings were all made of logs. To get logs they



Home in the Wilderness.

first had to get a permit on some certain quarter section in order to be allowed to cut the trees. Their equipment for this was an axe and a saw about seven feet long with a handle on each end. It took two men to handle this saw. They would cut a notch with the axe on the side of the trees and then use the saw to cut them down. The trees would then fall in the right direction. Once the trees were down they were cut into the desired lengths and hauled out of the bush. This took a team of strong horses and a strong bob sleigh. The Tollefson's hauled the logs to the home-place (the father's place) where they were hewn before they were used for building. There was a different kind of an axe for hewing called the broad-axe. Some of the logs were taken to the sawmill and made into lumber, boards and two by fours to be used for roof and window casings, also gable ends. The buildings were put on their father's homestead as the sons could prove up their homesteads by living with their parents within a certain distance.



Hunters on the move.

All settled now, it was time to get some land broke. The first of this was done with ox power and a walking plow made especially for breaking land. It then had to be disced and harrowed. The harrow was made of wood with iron pegs. The following spring this cultivated land was planted into oats to make feed for livestock.

Sometime within the year Gilbert went back to Minnesota and loaded all his belongings and shipped them by rail to Vegreville. This was the closest railway station at that time, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the homestead. That trip was made by team and wagon across country on winding bush trails. One had to be a good teamster or he might hit a tree on one side of the trail or a stump on the other, or rocks on the trail. A few head of cattle were herded along. Cattle can walk only about twenty miles a day while a good horse can travel thirty or forty miles in one day. Gilbert arrived on the homestead on the third of November, 1913. The weather

was fine and they mowed hay (frozen grass) wherever they could find it.

Later, hard luck hit. Their first set of buildings were destroyed by fire and new buildings had to be erected.

During the early years on the homestead as I remember being told, there was at times, a lot of cloudy weather and rain, sometimes for two or three weeks at a time. As time progressed and more people moved in and settled, the lands became more open, while bush and timber was then being cleared away by the primitive way, the grub axe and a lot of toil, brute muscle and sweat. As time went on, there also seemed to be less rainfall.

Tollesfsons continued to clear land so as to grow some oats for their livestock. Acreage was small, only where there might be a small opening in the bush and fields were irregular in shape. When the crop was harvested it was sometimes hauled in and stacked until it could be threshed. Sometimes the crop was hauled from the field for threshing and the one feeding the threshing machine would cut the twine and feed it in by hand. A man was at the back of the machine to carry the straw away when it came through. Grain was placed in two bushel bags or one hundred twenty pound bags if it was wheat before being loaded on a wagon to be hauled to a granary. Power to run this threshing machine could be either a single cylinder gas motor or by just plain horsepower. How could this be? By the means of another machine which was made of a wood frame and the belt also of wood strips, possibly attached by some kind of chain. One end of the wood belt ran over a larger pulley than the other, this making an incline. To the side was a large pulley to which a belt was attached to



Tread power threshing machine.

run the thresher. Next, how could this do so much? A team of horses, was led onto a wood belt and tethered. As they started to walk the belt would begin to move and as they would get nowhere but this wood belt, now rotating gave power to run the threshing

machine. This power method was called treadpower. If one horse would wish to stop walking while everything was in motion it would fall down. With this happening or if the team should slow their pace of walk it would automatically change the speed of the threshing machine. With this method, we note, there was no gasoline involved and yet the farmers' needs were fulfilled.

Some of the Tollefson brothers went back and forth to Camrose and Kingman for a few years. After homesteading, they were also farming next to the railway track at Kingman and close to Camrose. One time, Gilbert was at Camrose when the train came and on it there was an elderly lady whom the train crew could not communicate with. One of the crew asked him if he could possibly give some assistance which he did. The lady was so happy and surprised she broke down and cried. Talking with her in the Norwegian language, they now conversed and she asked about her two sons she was going to visit, Martin and Olaf Berg. Yes, Gilbert knew these people and described how to get to them. Martin at St. Paul and Olaf at Lessard. The lady was confused again, saying St. Paul, Minnesota. "No, no" Gilbert told her, "St. Paul, Alberta". With this the elderly lady was labeled as where to go and they parted company.



Gilbert and Emma Tollefson with Roy, Eileen and Conrad.

Gilbert

Gilbert was great for picture taking right to his later years. In earlier times he would take the shots and develop his own pictures.

Back some years when Dad was still single he and his brother, Edwin had a team of 'Hamiltonians', that if they felt like going on the trails through the bushland, were hard to hold and some experiences were sure to be unless the driver was ready.

Emma Nelson, was an adult who moved to the Bear Trap area in 1919 with her parents, three broth-

ers and five sisters. the boys, Oscar and Bob (Robert) took homesteads there and in 1926 the family all moved to Cold Lake where some still reside. Emma, went to and from Camrose for a few years and later worked at the old Duclos Hospital, two miles north of the present site. Then on May 14, 1925, Emma became the blushing bride of Gilbert Tollefson when they drove with team and buggy to Elk Point to be married by a Reverend Laurenceson, a Lutheran minister, a marriage witnessed by Mrs. Laurenceson and Mrs. Markstad. With the proceedings complete, the couple went on their way, with no frills and flowers, returning to their home area. Sometime later, a wedding dance was held in their honor at what used to be Palm School. As simple as it may have been, many times strife and toil, the marriage lasted 'till death do us part,' for more than fifty-three years. Emma, now almost eighty years, is quite active, but for a few ailments.

Gilbert, in homesteading, was not too different than many other pioneers. There was land and as he had one quarter as a homestead, was then able to buy "scrip land" from the government at that time. He bought the N.W. 6-63-4-4 for a price I do not remember hearing. Some years later he was granted a second homestead quarter, and now married, took the second quarter along with his wife. The homestead of his wife, Emma was the west quarter, later sold to John Laramée who still later sold to Mrs. Mabel Miller. It was finally sold to Conrad Tollefson, their son.

From 1925 and on, food was mostly home grown. There were the cattle for milk, cream, butter and beef, a few chickens for frying and for eggs, also a few hogs for pork. Of course, there were fish when they could be caught. Gardens grew well as there was a lot of rain but there were no electric freezers, just the cellar to keep vegetables in. During winter, meats were kept frozen outside in some building or in a container in a well or cured meat even buried in an oat bin. For fruit there was wild raspberries, saskatoons, blueberries and cranberries and rhubarb.

A creamery was built in Bonnyville in the early twenties, a big help as cream could then be sold for a few dollars to buy the food that could not be grown.

It was hard to get enough warm clothing and men had to have clothes first as their work was outside. Gilbert used to drive to Cold Lake with a team and bob sleigh, a twenty mile drive, to pick up fish. He paid one and a half cent per pound for white fish, then he drove to Camrose, a distance of two hundred miles, to sell the fish. He made a pretty good profit had had a long cold ride. He wore a fur coat, fur cap and fur driving gauntlets. He would buy a package of cigarettes to smoke while driving. That was his com-

pany and his wife never did see him smoke. Clothes for small children were usually made from the best parts of old clothes. Mittens and socks were home knit from wool yarn either homespun or bought.

Machinery for spring work was a two bottom gang plow drawn by four horses, a harrow made of wood with iron spikes and a seed drill for seeding the grain. For harvest, there was the binder drawn by three or four horses depending on the size of it. For travel, a team of horses and a wagon or buggy was used. In winter it was a team and bob sleigh with a grain box. We put lots of blankets and some hot rocks or a foot heater at our feet.

In 1928, Gilbert returned with his wife, to this area, after a short time near Kingman. They moved to his brother, Edwin's place, who was also living at Kingman until 1932. At that time, they moved to the old Tollefson home, establishing total residence on the present farm in 1933.

Dad usually kept about forty head of cattle during those years and shortly before harvest in 1934, I remember he was going to truck six head of two year old steers to Edmonton to get money to buy twine for the binder for the coming harvest. A trucker from Riverhurst was approached and they loaded and went on their journey. On the way they had a flat tire and neither had money. The driver pawned something for tire repair. Gasoline was also necessary along the way so something also had to be forfeited, I believe it was a jack. On arrival in the city, they now had to find a place to rest for a few hours until the following day when they would sell the cattle. Dad then gave up his Waltham pocket watch until the cattle were sold, and he paid for the room. The next morning, they started looking for a Jim Hebert who bought cattle at that time and was there and also Victor Armstrong of Cold Lake, who was bus driver at the time. They managed to borrow money from these two fine gentlemen to get breakfast and some repairs for the truck. Later, that day, the cattle were sold. What was received, I do not remember but after paying the accumulated bills and getting the watch back there was twenty-five cents. The twenty-five cents was used to buy cookies, so as to have something for their way home.

One nice summer Sunday, July 27, 1935, we were all at Crane Lake (Moore) when during the afternoon, an almost black cloud came up from the southeast and seeing this we started home. We were travelling with Ole and Aunt Nellie Iverson and Shirley and we got as far as Slim Espetveidt's, where Lawrence Leonard now lives, when it was raining and it started to hail. It broke one window in the house and a pillow was put in. Soon the roof could not shed the rain and water was dripping all over the

place. Pans were placed in the bed and elsewhere to catch the water. The ground was covered with "golf balls of ice" and could anyone have things more handy running water almost anywhere in the home! What a mess it made, though. Roads were not gravel in those days, basically clay, and the farmers, what did they have left? Nothing. Many places the crop was driven into the ground by hail. Only a little straw was found on top and some people made feed for cattle on what was left. Dad harvested with a binder on one hundred fifty acres and his threshing bill was a big ten dollars. The ambition of the farmer to carry on was not given up. Grain prices were down to eighteen cents a bushel, eggs hardly paid to sell. They were fed to the calves or pigs. Dad, taking a pig to market one day during those years received two dollars and seventy-five cents and bought one pound of bacon for twenty-five cents for Mrs. Iverson, who kept the school teacher. The farmer, in those days, did not give up. He could not, as starvation would then follow. Without money, there was still a feeling of warmth and security in the home. Many people would go to a farmer and work for their board during the winter months, or a bachelor would work during harvest and threshing for one hundred dollars, and possibly make out until the next year.

Roy

I received my first quarter of land from father, the same as my brother, Conrad and during the mid '1940's' purchased the adjoining quarter section from John Elshof, who had rented to Gilbert Tollefson since 1929.

I remember some of the trails in this area. With the opening up of more land and more people coming, the ferry was replaced by a wooden bridge in 1922, the pilings of which still stand, and in 1930, a steel bridge was erected. These changes made traveling to and from town easier.

I was out of school at seventeen years of age and did not go to high school. Being the oldest in the family, I had a job to do. My father was sickly since the early "Thirties" and it was up to me to help with the farming. My first year was interesting but to get that one hundred fifty acres seeded got to be a chore towards the end. By staying with this year after year, I bought the first quarter, then in 1956, purchased the two Iverson quarter sections. In 1962, I bought the farm home quarter which was once a homestead and later in the early 1970's, took on one more quarter, along with equipment to do the job. Of course, with it came the usual hardship in finance when there was shortage of funds and payments to meet.

I was away to the school of agriculture for two terms in my earlier years. Along with taking courses

from trade schools at about the same time, I received three certificates in about nine months.

After finishing trade school, I was at work in a garage in Bonnyville Motor Service, where the Provincial Building now stands. For some years I worked at various places, always returning to my home area.

In days of yore, I used to play some with Johnny Levesque; he playing the violin and I, the accordian. What a noise we made, but the crowds were gala and for us, five dollars each and sometimes a night for nothing.

Soon after finishing public school, I was appointed as a member of the supervisory committee of our local credit union. I was there for years along with Steve Scott and Bert Cabana. After a time I was the secretary-treasurer for a few years and later joining an organization in Bonnyville which is now non-existent.

After a seige of outside employment, I was home and farmed continually and cleared more land for cultivation. Along with the farming, I did road construction in that Municipal District and the Local Improvement District up to the fall of 1955. During the early 1970's I sought winter employment on snow removal for the local M.D. in Division six, and later in Division five on a more steady basis.

For many years I thought like most other people, as it seemed a plan of mine was doomed to failure, but nevertheless, in later years, a long time dream did come true. I now felt that I may be prepared to satisfy a partner to be with me for at least what would be our later years of life, and should not possibly be faced with all the hardship that could have been some years before. During 1974 I met a fine lady working in a store and I felt there was a need for help. We conversed, we visited and as time went, we were married and proceeded to build a home of our own together, with happiness within the home but not necessarily a mansion.

In 1977 I was again employed by the M.D. in division seven and for more than two years at last with Andrew Leroux of LaCorey as road grader operator. At this point, there seems to be weaknesses developing and so I am looking at possibly full retirement and it is an honor for a man to cease from strife, as quote in Proverbs 20:3. I'd like to do things around the home that make for improvement and beautification after thirty-six years of continuous farming and very few holidays.

Conrad

Conrad, my brother was somewhat different than I, as at an earlier age was going to do as other people. He married Emma Batke and now has a family of

three girls, Charlotte, Sharron and Cheryl, the latter being twins. Conrad and I worked together in farming for a number of years as he rented and I continued to expand.

Eileen

After finishing school, Eileen attended Vermilion School of Agriculture, Vermilion, Alberta, for two terms and later was an employee at the school. Later, working at the Duclos hospital in 1957 she acquired the meaning and need of a life time partner. Living in various places they settled later in Wainwright where their family was born, Freya and Gilbert. Some years later they moved to Cold Lake. Her husband, Emil has been a police officer in various towns previously and a carpenter to the fullest, also an oil painter, but look out when he gets his boxing gloves.

Edwin Tollefson

Edwin's efforts were scribed in the area of earlier years. He felt anyone coming was welcome in and a helping hand was lent to many.

Elna Oberg, a school teacher taught at Edward Lake prior to her marriage to Edwin in July of 1923.

The couple cleared land and farmed section 7-63-4-4. In September, 1944 they had an auction sale and rented the land to Gilbert and moved to Armstrong, British Columbia. Moving from there to Condor, west of Red Deer where he became ill and was laid to rest in September, 1950. Their girls were married while at Condor and the boys in 1950 went homesteading, settling to the southeast of Valleyview. In their move to their new home they encountered many problems to get there. Time went by and each got thinking of bringing someone new to the home. The youngest became married first and this set off a new spark. Later each had their mate and raised their families near their mother until May, 1978, when she passed away.

Bill and Anna Twedohlib as told to Rose Panas

Bill and Anna Twerdohlib and their children, Nick (thirteen), Mary (eleven), Stella (nine), Kate (four), and Pete (six) along with Dymetro and Zenova Panas and family arrived in the Iron River area in 1930. Their oldest children, Sally and John Twerdohlib remained in Copernick where they were working.

The Twerdohlib family came here because the land was cheap and easy to obtain. Back in Copernick, which is near Holden, they had been renting land and Mr. Twerdohlib was also working for the Canadian Pacific Railway for wages.

They travelled in a covered wagon. Nick remem-

bers Kate riding in the wagon all the way here while he and the others had to walk so he feels she should remember most of their history. The family brought with them: ten bags of flour, a cook stove, pots and pans, only the clothes they wore, a round tub, an axe, rocking chair, pillows and a few peranas (feather quilts).

The trip from Copernick took fourteen days. In good weather, they slept under the wagon and when it rained, they would stop at farmers living along the way and stay at their homes.

One day when it was raining, they stopped at a farmer's place. The farmer's wife was very hospitable and set out coffee and cookies. Kate kept helping herself to the cookies and finally after she had eaten all the cookies on the plate, she said, "Well, I don't think 'I'll have anymore."

The Twerdohlib family travelled from Copernick via Vegreville, Beacon Corner, Glendon, across the Beaver and Sandy Rivers and finally came to Galiwodas in the Sandy Rapids area. From Galiwoda's place, they finally reached their homestead which was in the Willow Prairie district.

Mr. Twerdohlib and Mr. Panas went on horseback to locate the stakes on their homesteads. They returned to Galiwoda's, picked up their wagons and families and drove out to their homestead. Their first shelter was a thatched "tee pee." During their first week, a strong wind blew the "tee pee" down and another time, Panas's cow was sniffing around looking for food and walked right through the "tee pee."

The Twerdohlib family eventually built a log cabin with a sod roof. Pete remembers being "fired" as a roof builder because he kept putting the hay between the rails instead of across the rails. The floor was made of plastered clay. One evening when the Balla family came and started dancing the "Hopak," a Ukrainian dance, the clay floor broke up and had to be re-plastered. Mrs. Mary Yadowsky used to be the expert on mixing the clay and knowing the exact proportions that had to be mixed to make a good clay.

Water was carried from a creek about a quarter of a mile away from the cabin. The family lived on rabbits, deer, potato pancakes, and fish. The fish were snared in the creek. Mr. Twerdohlib would also catch fish at Wolf Lake and peddle it down south or trade for groceries and meat. He also cut birch and sold it to be used for neck yokes, runners for sleighs, and wagon poles. Nick Twerdohlib used to shoot squirrels and sell the pelts for two cents each.

Pillow cases, sheets, and clothing were made out of flour sacks. In the winter, they wore "mocassin rubbers". Instead of insoles, hay was stuffed into the boots.

For entertainment, Andrew Balla would play his

fiddle and everyone would dance. If there weren't enough girls, the boys would dance with each other and everyone had a really good time.

On the homestead, the trees were first grubbed out by hand with a grub axe and the roots were pulled out by horses. The walking plough pulled by four horses was used to break up the land. Later, small discs were used to disc the land. In the spring, the land was disced again and was ready for planting. The first year the Twerdohlib family planted four acres of wheat which was seeded by hand.

During the summer, hay was cut with a scythe, raked by hand and put into piles. The hay was hauled strung over the back and later by horses and a rack.

The grain was cut with a scythe and tied into bundles. It was threshed with a flail and the grain was stored in farmer sacks and covered with loose straw. The grain was then taken to Mr. Lemay's to be ground into flour. Mr. Lemay lived where Allan Hinecker now lives.

In 1932, the Panas's brought their first steamer and threshing machine from Copernick and did custom threshing.

Nick Twerdohlib recalls the first fall when Mr. Panas and Mr. Twedohlib returned from working at Copernick and they brought back a gallon of wine. Nick was thirteen years old at the time and had taken a few drinks from the gallon and then went to visit a neighbor. Bill Panas drank so much wine, he went outside and they found him climbing jackpines. He looked quite a sight because the trees had been burned and he was covered with black soot. Mrs. Twerdohlib was very worried when she found out Nick was not home and saw the state Bill was in.



Taking the 'cure' — Anne and Wasył Twerdohlib and Fred Yadowski.

However, Nick showed up in a few hours, much to everyone's relief.

Pete recalls one time being drunk from moonshine. His father had told him to hide a gallon of moonshine in the hay on top of the barn but Pete had sampled a lot of it before hiding it. He had to chase the cows to the creek so they could drink water. When he got to the creek he stumbled into a hole up to his knees in water. He finally got out and on his way home he kept staggering along until he caught a cow by the tail and got pulled all the way home.

In 1933, a family by the name of Lebuck's moved in near the Twerdohlib homestead. One day John and Lebuck's son were walking down by the creek and stumbled upon Nick's moonshine still. Of course, they had to sample his batch. When they returned home, Lebuck's mother was so horrified at the state her son was in that they packed up and in a few days moved elsewhere.

The Twerdohlib boys used to like to eat pickled turnips and drink moonshine.

Nick recalls going to a neighbors and since there was not too much to do for entertainment, the boys put some turpentine under a cat's tail and watched it go screeching up the side of the house. Another time, he had gone to a neighbor's place and the neighbor's son being drunk on moonshine decided to ride a big sow that was walking around in the yard. The sow let out one bit "oooofff" and ran into the barn with her passenger still on her back. Somewhere in the barn, he fell off and was quite a smelly mess.

Stella recalls walking all the way to Bonnyville with her sister to pick up a horse which was supposed to be brought from down south. However, the horse did not show up and they had to walk all the way home. They had blisters all over their feet and were sick from all that walking.

Stella was about fourteen years old when she was asked to go to Duvernay as a "foster child." She went there with a neighbor, Mr. Martiniuk, who was hauling a load of rails. They sat on some hay on top of

the rails. It took two days to get to Duvernay. She worked as a housekeeper for three different farmers and got paid five dollars a month. When her dad was returning from work at Copernick, Stella decided to come home with him. They stopped at St. Paul and someone offered her eight dollars a month to work there so she stayed in St. Paul for a while. In 1936, when her mother got sick, Stella came home and the next winter, she went back to St. Paul to work. She remembers buying a winter coat with a fur collar from the Sears catalogue for eight dollars. It lasted her for a few winters and then was handed down to two different girls. She also sent two or three dollars back home so her family could buy lard and sugar.

Stella was the first to leave home and she married Mike Balla on February 6, 1939. They moved to Shandro where they lived for two years and then returned to the Garth area in 1940. They had four children; Lily, Gladys, Eddie and Miles. Mike Balla passed away in 1970. Stella farmed until 1972 and in April, 1972 she sold out and moved to Bonnyville. She has been working at Brosseau's Department Store since 1972.

Lily is married to Orest Poliakiwski and they have two children, Delores and Colleen. They live in Edmonton.

Gladys is married to Roger Buzak and they have two children, Trevor and Stephen. They live in Edmonton.

Eddie is a bachelor and lives at home. Miles is married Joanne Harder and they live in Edmonton.

Mary Twerdohlib married Paul Shmyr in October, 1939. They lived in the Bonnyville area and then moved to Kamloops, British Columbia in 1947. They have one son, Joseph. He is married to Joyce Petryshyn and they live in Peace River with their three children. Mary and Paul lived in Kamloops for twenty-five years and then moved to Edmonton.

John Twerdohlib married Annette Benio (see



Twerdohlib Family Picnic.



Kate, Nick, Pete and Walter Twerdohlib.

Fred Benio history) on January 21, 1945. They lived in the LaCorey area near Sandy Lake for seven years and then moved to Grand Centre where they are still residing. John works as a heavy equipment operator and Annette is well known for her beautiful crocheting and knitting.

Kate married Harry Panas (see Panas history) on February 6, 1944. A wedding dance was held at the Iron River hall. They lived in the Willow Prairie area now known as Garth on Nick Panas's original homestead. They farmed for two years and in the fall of 1946 after a heavy frost ruined the crops, they moved to Powell River, British Columbia. They lived in Powell River for three years and in 1947 they returned and bought the Iron River Store from Harry Franchuk. They got a loan from the bank and Mike Balla co-signed for them.

Pete Twerdohlib married Mary Odynski on September 5, 1946. (see Odynski history). They lived in Pete's little shack by the lake. The horses lived in one room and they lived in the other room. They had a table, a stove and a nail keg for a chair. After one month, they rented Harry and Kate Panas's house and stayed there for the summer. In the winter of 1946, Pete went logging with Anton Yadowki. In 1947, they built a new home, across the road from Mike Tkachuk's. In August, 1948, they went to work to Powell River, British Columbia. Pete and Mary made enough money that year to pay off their farm and in March, 1949 they started back this way. They stopped at Kamloops to visit Paul and Mary Shmyr (Pete's sister). Paul found Pete a job and they stayed in Kamloops for one year. Harry Balla rented Pete and Mary's farm while they were gone. In February, 1950, Pete and Mary returned to their homestead. RoseAnn was born December 25, 1950; Donna was born in October, 1953. They moved in with Mr. and Mrs. Odynski in 1954. Karen was born May 19, 1955 and Pete and Mary built and moved into a new house in December, 1955 where they still reside. They continued farming and in 1956 Pete started driving a school bus which he still is doing at present.

The three girls were involved in 4-H at Iron River where they attended school and Mary was an assistant leader in the 4-H garden club and sewing club for ten years.

Rose Ann is married to Frank Kurek (see Julia Kurek History) and they have a son, Ryan. They live in Bonnyville.

Donna is married to Leonard Loza and they have a daughter, Elaine. They live in Bonnyville.

Karen is married to Lawrence Charron and they have a daughter, Carmen and live in Edmonton.

Nick Twerdohlib married Rose Onofchuk on August 28, 1946. They lived at Paul and Mary Shmyr's

in Bonnyville and then moved to the Dupre area in July, 1947. Their children are: Gloria, Bobby, Betty, and Marianne.

Gloria is married to Roger Sabatier and they have three sons, Clinton, Shane and Darrell. They farm southeast of Bonnyville.

Bobby is married to Diane Chouinard (see Chouinard History) and their children are Chris, Rachael and Scotty. They live in Edmonton.

Betty is married to Brian Pilipow and their children are Bruce and Dennis. They live in Bonnyville.

Marianne is still attending school at the Bonnyville Centralized High School.

Walter Twerdohlib married Lena Ozero on July 20, 1951. They lived at Alex Ozero's for about three years and then moved to Powell River, British Columbia in 1954 where Walter works in the sawmill. They have five children, Roland, Terry, Linda, Karen, and Corey.

Roland is married to Evelyn Elchuk and they have two children.

Terry is married Fanny Krywiak and they live in Bonnyville.

Linda, Karen and Corey are still at home.

Sally Twerdohlib married Frank Backalaryk in 1935 and they lived in Edmonton. They had one daughter, Jeanne. Sally later married again to John Hromyk and moved to Vancouver where she now lives as a widow as John passed away in 1970.

Jeanne is married to Jim Shirley. They have three children.

Pete recalls that when the pioneers first came they got a homestead, built a house and bought a milk cow. The husband would go to work on the railroad to earn money. In the evening, he would return, very tired from working so hard. One evening a man had come home from work and after supper his wife said they had to take the cow to the bull over at the neighbor's. They put a rope around the cow and walked over to the neighbors. The neighbor's wife said the bull was in the corral and to take the cow there, and so they did. After the cow was inside the corral, the wife looked at the bull and turned to her husband and said, "Dear, that bull looks like he's been working on the railroad too."

Roman and Natalia Ulanicki as told to Doris Ulanicki

Roman Ulanicki, his wife Natalia and five children lived in Poland. They heard of high wages and an abundance of jobs in Canada. Roman decided to try his luck in this land of opportunity, make some money, go back to Poland and buy some land of his own. He left Poland, March 17, 1927. Travelling by boat to Halifax and across Canada by rail, he arrived

in St. Paul, Alberta. Seeing the abundance and cheapness of land, he filed on a homestead near St. Paul. The land was too hilly so he came to Bonnyville and filed on a quarter of land just north of the Beaver River, a half mile upstream from the bridge. Being satisfied with this land he then sent for his family. While waiting for them to arrive he stayed a short time with Fred Shandro and then went and helped Harry Ozero build a two-room log house. From this time on Roman was known for his carpentry. With his son, John, they built many log buildings around the district. To mention some of the houses — Alex Yurak, Sam Mendzak, Steve Scott (a barn in 1932), Jim Byford (1933), and William Fritz.

Natalia and her five children, Mike age nineteen, John, seventeen, Mary, sixteen, Olga, thirteen, and Nick, eleven, arrived in Edmonton on October 4, 1928. They came by train to St. Paul. As there was no railroad from St. Paul to Bonnyville, they had to travel by freight truck. About halfway to La Corey they met a car stuck in the mud in the middle of the road. They had to turn around and spend the night at a farmer's house and continue the journey the next day. Mike, the oldest son, recalls going with Joe Gavronsky to Bill Kolody's home and hiring him with a team and hay rack to continue with the family and luggage to Harry Ozero's homestead. This is where Roman and his family spent the winter. During this winter of 1929, Roman built a large two-room log house on his homestead and moved his family in April, 1929. All the logs for his house were from the homestead and all were hewed by hand with a broad axe.

The Ulanicki home served as a refuge for emigrants coming from the old country. The immigrants would be given the Ulanicki's name and address, and would make their way west. Visitors were always welcome. People from north of the river would stop and stay overnight on their way to Bonnyville and on their way home. Horses as well as the weary travellers were given food.

Mike recalls taking many prospective homesteaders out to help them find a piece of land. The area had been surveyed about 1907. The person looking for land to file on would have to find the survey markers to determine the legal description of the land. This legal description was filed with the land commissioner in Bonnyville. Mike remembers Mr. Joe Duchesne who served in this capacity for many years. The homesteader was required to pay a ten dollar fee, build a house, a barn, provide a well and put up a fence. Having little money to buy wire and with lots of trees to clear, many a homestead was fenced with a rail fence. A homestead was a quarter of land, one hundred and sixty acres. The amount of

clearing that had to be done depended upon the lay of the land. The inspector would inspect the work and if satisfactory the person could apply for a land title. This method of securing a homestead was one of the main reasons why so many settlers came to Canada.

The Ulanicki family lived at the homestead for several years. Olga and Nick attended Merton School. The two older boys, Mike and John worked on the farm for their Dad and occasionally worked out. During harvest, Mike and John recall going to work in Saskatchewan as the wages were usually higher — up to three dollars a day.

Natalia served as midwife in the area and helped to deliver many babies. Some babies were born at the Ulanicki home. It has been remembered that one couple, on their way to town, stopped at their house as the woman was at the time of her delivery. The baby was born with the help of Natalia and the couple returned home immediately.

Roman Ulanicki continued to farm until his sudden death in 1937 at the age of fifty-four years. His widow lived here until she sold the farm in 1950. Roman is buried in St. Nicholas Cemetery, a little hillside cemetery near the Beaver River upstream from the bridge. Natalia died in 1966 and is buried beside her husband.



Roman and Natalia Ulanicki with Mike, Madeline holding Roman, John, Olga, Mary with Agnes, John Chubey. Nick standing behind.

Mike and Madeline Ulanicki

In the spring of 1930, Mike Ulanicki filed for a homestead three miles north of La Corey and in 1932 built a one room log house on it. The following year Mike married Madeline Lubas (February 4, 1933). Madeline and her folks, Alex and Sophia Lubas,

came from Lamont and moved into the Merton area in 1925. Madeline attended school at Merton.

Mike tells of breaking six acres of his homestead in one year, four acres the next year and so on. Many, many days were spent picking rocks, about thirty-six wagon loads to six acres of land. Mike's very first crop was destroyed by cattle running free over the land. However, crops grown in future years on this broken land were fairly good. During the winter months Mike went fish peddling and logging to make extra money.

The cattle he sold in the year 1935 brought him thirty-five dollars for seven steers, one bull for ten dollars and pigs were selling at two dollars and fifty cents each.

Breaking land was done with a large breaking plough and team. Sometimes as many as six or eight horses were used. The men could remember doing some of this breaking at night because the daytime heat and the flies were hard on the horses. One team hitched to a wagon ran home and into the barn, taking the wagon with them. The wagon had to be taken apart to get it out of the barn.

Mosquitoes were miserable. Sometimes they would be so thick the horses would actually go wild. Smudges were built to keep them down. Mike remembers one time when the mosquitoes were so bad that he rigged up a smudge in a tin pail and hung it on the tongue between his team of horses. It flamed up too much, scared his horses and they tried to run away.

Fire was always a danger. Madeline recalls having built a smudge, going out to the field and returning at noon to find their barn and four calves burned. She felt very badly about the calves as they had been in really great shape. She had been feeding them eggs because the chickens had been laying well and all she could get was two and one half cents a dozen so she fed the eggs to the calves.

Mike recalls that about 1934 or 1935 one could not see the sun for about a week because of smoke from uncontrolled fires.

They were poor but happy. They had time to visit their neighbours. Everyone looked forward to the Christmas concert held at the school. If a neighbour needed help, he got it. About every Saturday night, there would be a dance, either in the school, in the community hall or at someone's home. Women usually only had one or two dresses. Music was supplied by local volunteers. The women would bring the lunch and the men would bring "moose milk". A good time was had by all.

Mike and Madeline farmed on this homestead until the year 1942. Three of their four children were born here, Roman, Mary and Thomas. At this time



A Gathering of the Clan — Mike and Madeline Ulanicki, their children, grandchildren and great-grandchild.

they moved a mile south on a farm they bought from Louis Chouinard. One of the reasons for this move was so the children could attend La Corey School. Helen was born here in June 1950.

Up until 1949 Mike had hired tractors to do his breaking. He recalls paying four dollars and fifty cents an acre. At this time he bought his very first tractor — Oliver 77 and then three years later he bought an Oliver 88 for Two Thousand two hundred and fifty dollars.

In 1945, Mike bought a quarter of land (adjoining his on the east) from Art St. Pierre. Another purchase was made in 1952 from Jean Chouinard, one quarter across the road from their home quarter. About this time Mike also bought a quarter from Bill Meronik.

Mike tells of having part ownership in a threshing machine for one year with Bill Meronik and then in 1951 bought his own machine. Mike, with his machine, harvested many crops for the neighbouring farmers. Whichever crop was ready, was harvested first. A threshing crew consisted of usually six teams of horses and hay rack, the owner and a helper. The farmer's wife would rise at four o'clock in the morning to cook breakfast for six o'clock. By seven o'clock the crew was on their way to the fields. A large dinner was prepared for noon at which time they stopped working for one hour. An afternoon lunch was taken right out to the field by the wife. The threshing machine was not shut down at lunch time. They ate lunch in turns. The work day ended at seven o'clock in the evening and supper was served at eight o'clock. Usually the crew slept over night in the hay loft of the barn.

Mike remembers the longest harvesting time being twenty-two days, beginning in September and sometimes continuing until December because of bad fall weather.

The threshing machine was replaced by a new

machine in 1965. This eliminated the large working crews as only two men were required to harvest the crops now.

Both Mike and Madeline were active in the Willow Trail Community League. The very first hall was located four miles north and two miles west of La Corey but was destroyed by fire and after much contemplating they built the new one one mile and a half north of La Corey on an acre of Land they bought from Camille Verrier for the "big" sum of one dollar. Mike was the president of the hall at this time and



Mike and Madeline Ulanicki on their Twenty-fifth anniversary with their children, Tom, Mary, Roman and Helen.

tells that the main reason for building on this new location was because electricity was available. A main carpenter was paid but the rest of the work was volunteer. Money was raised by holding regular dances. The Farmer's Day picnic and dance was an annual event and enjoyed by all.

In the year 1959, Mike was elected to Municipal District Council by acclamation. He remained as councillor for Divison Five for ten years (until the year they moved to Bonnyville) and all these years was elected by acclamation. When Mike was asked many times by the people how he enjoyed this work he always had the same answer "There are many ups and downs, but it was a good experience". He spent many hours of his time at meetings and supervision of road construction.

Tom remained on the farm and farmed with his Dad during the summer and usually spent the winter months working in lumber camps near Whitecourt, Alberta.

Mike and Madeline moved to Bonnyville in 1969 at which time they sold their farm to Tom. For the next few years one would see Mike travelling north to La Corey and helping Tom where ever he could.

Roman married Jean Sabatier in 1958. They were farming for a few years and then bought the La Corey

store. During this time Roman also started his Construction company. In 1972 they sold the La Corey Store and moved to Bonnyville (west on Highway 28) where he has a very successful construction business. They have two children, Susan and Robert who have both graduated from the Bonnyville Centralized High School.

Mary married Cornel Kicia in October 1952. They farmed one and one half miles west of La Corey for two years and then sold out and moved to Edmonton where they have resided since. They have five children, Delores and Kathy were born in Bonnyville, Kelly, Terry and David were born in Edmonton. Kathy is now married with two children, Crystal and Jordan.

In July, 1965 **Tom** married Doris Espetveidt, formerly of Ardmore. A few years later they bought the family farm at which time Mike and Madeline moved to Bonnyville. Tom and Doris farmed until the fall of 1976 at which time they purchased the business, Sene-Boy Tire, in Bonnyville renaming it Tubar Tire Centre. They continue to live on their farm, however, the land is rented out. Their two daughters, Roxanne and Rachel attend the Iron River School.

Helen, after graduation from High School at Iron River, continued her education at the University of Alberta and returned to the area as an elementary teacher. After teaching for one year at Glendon she taught seven years at the Iron River School. In 1975 she married Tom Wakulchyk and is now living on their farm near Iron River. They now have baby son, Curtis.

Nick and Annie Ulanicki

Nick married Annie Kicia on February 15, 1944. They stayed and farmed for four years with Nick's mother who had been widowed in February, 1937. Three children were born while they lived here. William, born December, 1944 died suddenly at an early age of two and one half years. He is buried in the St. Nicholas cemetery. Peter was born July 1946 and Elsie, December 1948.

In the spring of 1946 Nick had bought one quarter of land from Jean Bonin and one quarter from Pete Lamaie two miles north east of La Corey. Since there was not a good house to live in, Nick in the spring of 1949 built a new home. While he was building they lived in a small log house already on the one quarter. Only fifty acres were broken so Nick spent many days clearing land. This was done by hand, approximately twenty acres a year. The breaking he did with his 1944 Model D John Deere steel wheeled tractor and breaking plough. Nick had purchased this tractor (his first) in 1947.



Nick and Ann Ulanicki with Sylvia, Peter and Elsie.

Since Nick had several head of cattle he got busy and built a barn out of lumber. At this time Ann tells of how busy she was, with two small children, cooking for men, bringing in cows and milking them and finding it quite hard to manage.

Close neighbours at this time were John Beer, Blythe and Jack Jensen, Camille Verrier and Nick's brother Mike.

The lumber of the house, barn and other building had acquired from the many winters that Nick had spent in the bush cutting logs. He and his brother Mike logged together hauling their logs to Pete Jorgenson's mill, which was known and used by many other farmers in the district. Ann tells of staying home alone with her children during these long winter days and nights doing the chores, chopping wood, etc,

In October, 1950 Sylvia their fourth child was born at the St. Louis Hospital in Bonnyville. Nick tells of this being the year that he bought his very first truck, a 1950 one ton Chevrolet. Until this time they had travelled by horses. The fall of this year was very wet and cold and most of the grain froze. They had a very difficult time threshing.

The two years that followed were very good years which saw Nick growing wheat that yielded fifty bushels an acre, barley, sixty-five bushels an acre and a fairly good hay crop.

Because of the two prosperous years Nick bought a new tractor, a 1952 Model D John Deere on "rubber" which made his farming easier and "smoother riding".

In May, 1953 Emilie, their fifth child (third daughter) was born. Around this time Peter began his schooldays, walking one half a mile north to Bevin School. Mrs. Kathleen Batke was the teacher with

approximately thirty-five children attending. Elsie also attended Bevin school for a short while.

Farming continued the same for many years with a threshing crew coming in the fall to thresh the crops. Nick tells of Mr. Strus threshing his crop in 1950 and from then on brother Mike did this job.

A bouncing baby boy was born to Ann and Nick in June 1957. He was named Eugene and was their last child. The children were now attending the Centralized Iron River School.

Nick purchased his first car in 1960, this being a second hand car and then in 1962 bought a brand new Oldsmobile Delta 88. Both Nick and Ann were active members of the Willow Trail Community Hall helping to build the hall where it now stands.

They continued farming until August, 1972 at which time they sold their farm and bought a house in Bonnyville where they now reside.

Peter, their oldest son, completed Grade Eleven at the Iron River School. He went to work as an electrical technician for C.N. In 1970 Peter married Elaine Hirsh and they now reside in Hinton and are proud parents of three children, two girls and one boy, Jodie, Jana and Jonathan.

Elsie completed Grade Eleven at the Iron River School and then was working at the Provincial Administration Building in Edmonton as a typist. She married Andy Hameliuk in 1967. They now reside on their farm at Andrew and have two children, a boy, Melvin, and a girl, Corrine.

Sylvia graduated from Grade twelve at the Iron River School. She then began working at the Toronto Dominion Bank in Bonnyville. In 1970 she married Stan Madro. They now reside in Grand Centre and have three daughters, Brenda, Terry, and Michelle.

Emilie graduated from Grade twelve at the Fort Kent School. After a few different jobs she then became employed at the Bank of Montreal in Edmonton. She married Jim Lauder in 1975. They now reside in Edmonton.

Eugene graduated from Grade twelve at the Bonnyville Centralized High School and then continued his education at N.A.I.T. in the field of Electronics. He married Lorrie Shannen in 1978 and they now reside in Swan Hills where Eugene is employed as a computer Technician with Amoco Canada oil company. They are the parents of one son, Calvin.

John and Jean Ulanicki as told to Doris Ulanicki

John Ulanicki filed for a homestead in November, 1928, five miles northwest from La Corey. John, with his Dad and brother Nick, started to build a two-room log house but it remained without a roof for two years at which time he sold it to Nick Paskaluk, Sr. John

decided he did not want to farm this homestead because of the many rocks. In 1937 he bought a quarter of land from Ole Wikstrom near the river, one mile from his Dad's farm. There were thirty-six acres already broken and there was a little one room house and granary.

Because of the death of his father in February, 1937, John postponed his wedding plans for two years and in February, 1939 John and Jean (nee Galick) were married. John tells of working for those two years to make payments on his farm as well as helping the family.

When first married they lived with John's mother and in the fall of 1939 moved into the little house which they had plastered and white washed. Two of their three children were born here, Roland and Diane. Jean recalls spending every winter at home while John was logging in the bush. She tells of how she did the chores, took children to school, and even split some wood. John would return home every two weeks. During the winter, Roland (age seven years at this time) went to school with his dog pulling him on a toboggan. Merton school was a distance of three miles from their home.

In the spring of 1948 John sold his farm for five thousand dollars to Pete Dubilowsky and bought a half section from Mac McKinley, two miles south of

La Corey on the correction line for seven thousand two hundred dollars. There was a big two storey log house, a barn, three granaries and a pump house. Because of all the heavy bush to be cleared, John hired a crawler tractor — the first ever to be hired in the district. He paid ten dollars an acre and cleared thirty acres. In the spring Mike Matichuk came and broke this land with a small cat and plough.

Roland and Diane attended Merton school until 1950 at which time they started attending La Corey School. Edward was born in July 1952.

John continued to clear his land about ten acres a year. John also continued to log in the wintertime. John built a machine shed and garage in 1956. In 1959 they built a new three bedroom house with running water.

In 1972 John sold a registered purebred Short-horn bull for one thousand dollars to a buyer in Brantford, Manitoba. He had bought this bull from Elmer Berg of Ardmore for two hundred and fifty dollars. This prize bull was later seen at the Calgary Exhibition and was noted for his breeding serum.

For a number of years John kept the pound yard for the Municipal District. In 1973 John and Jean sold their farm to Adolph Ryll and retired to Bonnyville.

Roland attended Iron River School where he graduated from Grade twelve. He worked for Mar-



John and Jean Ulanicki and their family.

shall Wells in Bonnyville and Edmonton and then decided to become an electrician. In 1966 he married Jean Ritchie and they lived in Edmonton where their three daughters were born, Cindy, Brenda and Diane. Roland and Jean now live in Bonnyville where Roland is part owner of Balm Tree Electric.

Diane married Peter Charawich in 1961. Peter and Diane farm near Iron River. Peter also owns and operates a school bus. Peter and Diane have four children, Ronald, Donna, Thomas and Rodney. Thomas and Rodney attend Iron River school and Donna and Ronald attend high school in Bonnyville.

Edward attended Iron River School until Grade nine at which time he started working in Edmonton. In 1974 Edward married Paulette Berube and they now have a son, John. Edward is working for Loomis and they reside in Edmonton.

Urbaniuk, John

John Urbaniuk came from St. Michael, Alberta in the 1930's to homestead a piece of land across the road from the Galick's. He had been a laborer, working farm land for others and now he wanted his own property. He exchanged labor with the Galick's and had a house and barn built on his land. It seemed to him there were easier ways to make a living and during the "Forties" he sold his quarter to Bill Melnychuk and moved to Eastern Canada. He returned to Poland to visit relatives in the late "Fifties" and passed away there.



Getting together with the boys — John Urbaniuk in front far right.

Van Raes Story

Van Raes, Albert and Mary as told to Carol Morton

Albert Van Raes was born in Belgium in 1884. When he was six years old he and his family boarded a steamship bound for Halifax. From Halifax, they travelled on a train to their destination at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Mary Van Raes was also born in Belgium, she

was four when her family decided to immigrate to Canada. Her father got a job cutting ties for the railroad. It was only a year later that he contacted typhoid from drinking from a slough, and died. Mary's mother went to work washing in a hospital to try to earn enough money to return to Belgium. It was there that she met Albert Van Raes father. Delighted to meet someone who could speak Flemish, she became his friend. He took her to the Belgium Club, and in a matchmaking spirit introduced her to Bruno Pattyn, the man who two weeks later became Mary's step-dad.

Mary and Albert were married in 1926 and first homesteaded in Dollard, Sask., where Albert ran a hardware store. Their eldest son, Paul, was born in January, 1927. Gene arrived in September 1928.

In June of 1930 Albert Van Raes came to Iron River area in his Model T to take up a second homestead, and in 1931 he moved his family here. Gerard Plouffe homesteaded nearby. Mary filed for an additional homestead in 1933. In October of 1934 their youngest son, August was born.

In earlier years, Albert had taught himself to be a veterinarian and had passed the examination from the States in 1919. He spent much time doing vet work for people in this area. To amuse himself, he often wrote songs which he sang as he drove around the countryside.

After Albert and Mary had lived here for three years, they bought a team of oxen, one from Big Steve Shewchuk, and one from Mr. Kicia.

In 1938, Albert was one of the men who helped build the Osborne Lake School.

Although their homestead by Jack-Fish Lake presented a beautiful view, it also caused some problems. During the winter, their stock would wander across the ice, and they often had to search for miles to find them. Mary recalls their pigs trying to swim away, and ten year old Gene wading out in the lake to chase them back.

In November 1961, Albert passed away. Mary



Spring's work — Albert Van Rae and August.

still lives here with her two younger sons, August and Gene. Her oldest son, Paul, married Mildred Desjardins in 1950. They have five children: Jean, born in 1952, Colin in 1955, Rae in 1960, Novella in 1968 and Bond in 1974. They are now living in British Columbia.

Although Albert is no longer here to reminisce about the early days, he nevertheless committed his thoughts to paper in an old scribbler. It is filled with the songs he had written. This particular song he called the, "Homestead Song." He first wrote it in 1930 when he arrived here to homestead, and added to it as the years passed.



Room for all — Mr. Van Rae's oxen.

Homestead Song

by Albert Van Raes

We came from Dollard to take up a homestead
We started with a car that had no speed ahead,
We hit some stumps and we hit some holes,
We got in Bonnyville, we were hungry and cold.

Chorus: Now we are here,

I think we're going to stay here,
Land is good and water the best,
Lots of wood, and fish in the rivers,
As long as we get that, we don't care for the rest.

We went in a store; the name is Red & White,
We bought all we needed for our supper that night,
Next day at the butcher, his name is Hamel,
We got a pound of sausages and some cheese that smells.

We struck a job working,
Working in the streets shovelling sand in the big city,
We went to Vallee, we asked him for some credit,
He said he was near broke and could not do it.

We located on the North side of the Jack Fish Lake,
We never could tell how many fish we ate.
We had fish for breakfast, we had fish for dinner,
On many many days we had fish for supper, too.

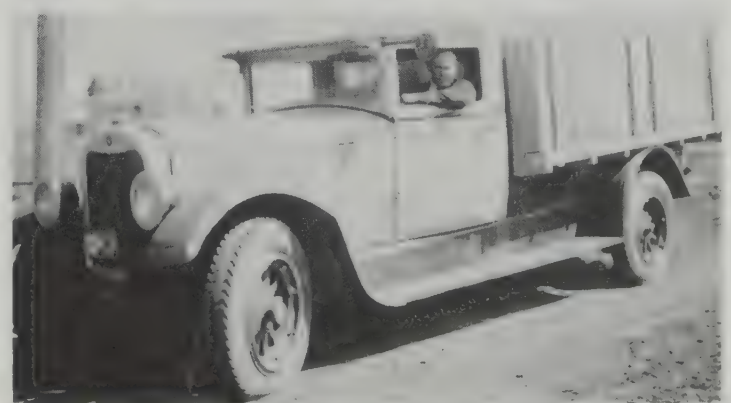
We got some deer, we got some caribou,
We ate a lot of rabbits, but just now they're few,
We got some moose that was good for stew.
We caught a lot of fishes and that's what saved us too.
We have a cow and we have a calf,
We have a yoke of oxen, I don't care if you laugh,
We have no wagon, we have no sled.
We made a toboggan. We'll get along that way.
The board of trustees, they want to build a school,
They thought by mistake I was a fool
They changed things and fixed things,
They have it their own way,
They have young Pete Lemay for their secretary.
We have a post office, now it's Willow Trail,
It's Ernest Hinecker that arranges all the mail,
It comes in one Saturday, goes out next Saturday,
It's an awful poor service if it stays that way.
We have a dog that can shut the door,
He shakes his tail and rolls on the floor,
He sets right up and he gives his paw,
He sure can blink his eye to get a piece of potato pie.

Fernand Villecourt

Fernand Villecourt, son of Dr. Raymond Villecourt came to Alberta with Arthur Cadieu and Mederic Durand on an excursion to thresh. He stayed in Castor until 1925 when he moved to Drinkwater, Saskatchewan to work for R. Q. Wright for three years showing Shorthorn cattle in the showing in Toronto, Guelph and Chicago. He then went to Springfield, Massachussets to demonstrate motorcycles for seventeen months returning to Castor in 1929.

It was then that Fernand took the Remillard children, Therese, Jack, John, Alice and Marie to their dad's homestead north of LaCorey on August 26, 1929. They left Castor at seven A.M. and arrived at the homestead at midnight very tired.

Fernand returned to Castor and brought back a two and a half ton truck with which he planned to



Fernand Villecourt at LaCorey.

haul coal. This was during the fall but it rained so much and then snowed so no coal was hauled. It was necessary to let the truck go.

In the spring of 1930 he went to Peace River to look at the land. Not liking it there he came back to LaCorey in August and on a frosty morning, September 3, 1930, he married Therese Remillard. They were married by Father Lapoint in the St. Louis Catholic Church in Bonnyville. It will be their fiftieth anniversary this year.

They stayed at the Remillard farm with Therese's brothers and sisters until 1935 when they moved to Joe Remillard's. As Joe was out working they stayed to look after the place for him. While they were there one winter there was an abundance of rabbits. The government needed them to make felts for the boys in the war so Fernand killed sixteen hundred of them and sold them for nine cents each. He skinned them while Therese cut up some of the meat to can.

They moved to the home place, N.E. 14-63-6-4 in 1946 with Annette, born December 26, 1931, Simon, July 18, 1933, Omer, November 19, 1934, Dennis, September, 1935, Lucien, November 29, 1936. A daughter Mariange born January 20, 1938 passed away eighteen months later. All the children had whooping cough, even Baby Cecile, born July 13, 1939. Mariange developed pneumonia and she was laid to rest in the LaCorey cemetery. Raymond was born March 28, 1942, delivered by Mrs. Violet Jorgenson, the local health nurse. A son, Bernard was born February 1, 1943 but died February 19, 1943. Denisa, born December 26, 1946 was also delivered by Mrs. Jorgenson.

The family settled into their new home. They had built a frame house, the same one the couple still lives in today. Then came Retia on August 20, 1948,



Villecourt Girls.

Adrien on April 16, 1949, Roger on February 16, 1950 and finally Rose Marie on November 24, 1951.

The family had milk cows, pigs, chickens and a large garden. Therese did a lot of canning and made most of the children's clothing as well as her own. To supplement their income, Fernand worked for neighbors at various jobs, cutting posts at fifty cents per day or picking roots for the same pay. In the "Thirties" eggs were bought for twenty cents per dozen, 100 pounds of flour for one dollar ninety, Ogdans fine cut tobacco, seventy-five cents. On October 5, 1932 they bought ten bushels of wheat for two dollars and eighty cents, a two and a half pound box of icing sugar for twenty-five cents and one gallon of coal oil for thirty-five cents.

On May 4, 1934, they caught five baby foxes by digging them out of their den. One got away later but they raised four of them and sold them for eleven dollars each to buy a new bed.

They made a big garden, raised their own meat and made a good living with many good memories. The children have all married except Lucien who was injured in a car accident and is unable to work. The rest of the children have all left home and live in different places, even as far away as Australia.

Fred and Anna Wakulchyk submitted by the Wakulchyk Family

In 1928, to escape the unrest and hardships suffered in Russia, Father left his homeland and landed in Halifax, Canada on a hobo train, and landed in Prince George, where he worked in a sawmill at forty cents a day. While there he acquired a homestead. The sawmill closed down, and unable to find other work, or farm his homestead, he decided to go east to the prairies to work on the harvest fields. While travelling on the train, he had an appendicitis attack in the area of Two Hills. In the hospital, he learned about some homesteads that were available in the Iron River — Garth area. He immediately made plans to acquire a homestead and ended up staying and working in the Two Hills — Brosseau area. It took Father two years to make enough money to buy tickets for Mother and a three year old son who were still living in Russia. In 1930, he was able to get a homestead at Garth.

In the fall of 1931, Mother and Mike came to Edmonton. The reunited family came north to Glendon and spent one winter at Metro Filipchuk's. Father had enough money left over to buy a stove and some dishes and together with donations of food and clothing from some of the people of Glendon, these served them well in the small house given them to live in. He earned a cow which provided them with much needed milk. Later, more homesteads opened

around Garth so they decided to file for another one. Mother used to talk about drawing straws to determine who got which parcel of land.

Father travelled from Glendon to build the log cabin for the family to live in at Garth. The walls were put up first, but the family moved in before the roof was put on. This was in the spring of 1932. One night when Father went to work, a lynx crawled up the walls and Mother found herself looking up into the lynx's face. The log house complete with roof still stands on the homestead today. Five children were born in that log house. They were Peter, Nina, Walter, John and Tom. The remaining two children, Anton and Bill were born in the hospital in Bonnyville.

The land at Garth was cleared by grubbing the roots of the huge trees and then waiting for the wind to topple them. By the time they left Garth for the Iron River area, seventy-five acres had been cleared by hand.

Father used to haul posts to Duverney and Brosseau in the winter to make extra money. He would leave the posts at Mr. Sherstanko's to be sold. It used to take him a week round trip with a two horse team and a sleigh with bunks. Sometimes a convoy of two or three neighbours would undertake the trip. Mr. Kocuipchyk was Father's working companion at that time. It was during one of those trips that Father, wearing his buffalo coat to keep warm, discovered Mr. Kocuipchyk nearly frozen solid on his sleigh. He had to tie him behind the sleigh and make him walk to keep him alive. On another trip, Father encountered a blizzard and not having adequate clothing, he froze his face very badly. When he came home, Mother ran

out to meet him but did not recognize him because his face was so black. She ran into the house and locked the door until she recognized his voice when he spoke to her. For the rest of the winter she would melt lard and put it on his face with a feather.

Father harvested in Brosseau where he was not paid with money but a few sacks of wheat to be ground into flour. Mother went one fall and helped stook to earn a few sacks of wheat. One fall Father got a pig in payment for harvesting but as he was hauling it home by horse team, he hit a big wash out by St. Paul, upset, and lost his pig which ran off into the bush.

At that time, a trip to Bonnyville was a two or more day affair because of the lack of roads and the slowness of the teams and sleighs. Father and Mother would stay overnight at Kowalski's Boarding House whenever they made the trip to town and then would venture home the next day. It used to cost them twenty-five cents to board and water the horses and another quarter to sleep there. Bread, at eight cents a loaf and sausage was their food for the duration. Later, John Martiniuk shortened the length of these journeys by purchasing an International two ton truck on which he gave rides to the neighbours.

One of the hardships suffered because of the slowness of travel concerned the scalding of one of the boys and the resulting ordeal in getting him to the doctor in Bonnyville. Father and Mother got a ride in Nick Sherstanko's car as far as Iron River Store where the car broke down. Mr. Hinecker took them as far as Iron River Store where Mr. Standal, the storekeeper, offered them a ride to La Corey. From there, Mr. Limoges kindly drove them the rest of the way to Bonnyville. Mother took some milk along for food and this milk eventually soured. She applied the sour milk to the burn to soothe the pain. This kept the burn from drying out and scarring. By the time they arrived at the hospital, the boy was unconscious and the doctor there gave him no hope. Mother took him to the other hospital where the doctor there helped while commending Mother on the use of the milk treatment. Father said that this emergency prompted them to start thinking about moving closer to Bonnyville in order to avoid such crisis in the future.

In 1946 they purchased Harper's quarter section in Iron River and in 1947 acquired John Rezun's quarter. Two small shacks were pulled together from those quarters to the present homesite to make one house. They moved in within a week, basically, and the remainder of the move took several years.

Up until 1948 we farmed with horses. That year we purchased our first new rubber-tired tractor. That cost was \$2900.00 for the tractor, a one-way tiller and a hammermill. Father and Mother then thought the



Fred and Anna Wakulchyk.



Wakulchyk Family — Mike, Fred, Anna. Front row: Tom, Nina holding Anton, Pete, Walter, and John.

trip to Bonnyville was relatively short as it took only one day with the tractor. Groceries and other goods were lashed by twine to various parts of the tractor. It was a real vehicle!

In 1952 we started a custom threshing operation. We used to start at one end of Iron River, Kozak's, and work through to the other end at Dubinuk's. The next year we would reverse the order. The crew was usually about eight men and six teams of horses. Royal meals were prepared by the women at each place to feed the threshers. At this time we also purchased a Massey 26 combine with which we did a lot of custom combining for the neighbours, basically alfalfa.

In 1949, the oldest son, Mike, married Stephanie Palahnuik of Hairy Hill. They farmed at Iron River until about 1956, then moved to Hairy Hill where they presently reside. They have two sons, Paul and Mark.

In 1960, Peter married Mary Dmitryuk of Drayton Valley. They have three children, Connie, Janet and James. In 1966, Pete and Mary bought their home quarter from Mrs. Harry Panas, on which the present Iron River Store was built on in 1933 by R. M. Standal. At present Pete farms and also is trucking in the Bonnyville area.

Nina, the only daughter, married George Fedina

of Edmonton. They were wed in 1959, have two sons, Wayne and Bob, live in Edmonton.

In 1973 Anton married Pat Howell of Montreal and they presently live in Edmonton. He is a helicopter pilot engineer, flying over western and northern Canada, and the Arctic Islands.

1975 was a highlight year for the Wakulchyk family as the remainder of the boys, Walter, John, Tom and Bill all married. Walter and Frances Nelson of Entwistle were wed in September. They have one daughter, Jodie, and live in Edmonton. He is a construction superintendent. John married Faye Pokeda of Lessard in November. Tom wed Helen Ulanicki of La Corey in August. They have one son, Curtis. Bill married Vickie Fersovitch of Iron River in July. They have two children, Rebecca and Jeremiah. John, Tom and Bill presently farm together at Iron River. They are also involved in trucking and operating their own sawmill.

In September, 1972, Father, Mother and Anton went on a visit to Russia. It was their first trip to their homeland in forty-four years. They stayed in the villages where they were born, and visited all their relatives and old friends.

Mother Wakulchyk lived long enough to see all of her children married, which made her very happy. She passed away on February 27, 1976. Father celebrated his 79th birthday in January, 1980, and presently resides in the Parkland Nursing Home in Bonnyville.

The Story of Steve Waskiewich family by Anatole

In a capital city of Ukraine, Kiev, a twelve year old girl was walking down the street when shooting broke out. In desperation she had to find cover quickly so she opened a door to a small vacant building with a dirt floor. As she closed the door and moved over to the corner to observe where she was, a bullet pierced through the wall that moment about six inches away from her. Realizing that she was in trouble she lay down on the dirt floor, where she stayed until dark, and fighting subsided.

The girl's name was Pearl Greschuk, brought to the city along with her younger sister by their step mother at the beginning of the first world war. Her father, Maxim Greschuk was a career soldier, an officer in the Russian army. In time of peace, he was given a posting on the Russian-Austrian border where the state gave him a house to live in, along with soldiers quarters, barn full of saddle horses, and all requirements to guard a section of the border. Soldiers under his command were guarding the border twenty-four hours a day. Later he was heard to say, "I'm very sorry for Nickolas (Czar Nickolas

Second). I had a great life in those times. I would get up in the morning and work in my office after breakfast. At one o'clock in the afternoon my men would bring me a well groomed horse, saddled, and I would take an inspection tour along the border where my men were stationed. I would return home about three or four in the afternoon, hand my horse to one of the men on duty, and I was free to work in my garden or orchard for the rest of the evening. In those days I had a good position, and money in the bank and had it not been for the devilish war, my children would have attended the best of schools.

When the war broke out, he had to move away from the border and head for the battlefields. He gave his wife and two small girls (from a previous marriage, his wife died a few years earlier) the money from the bank and sent them to the city of Kiev. He thought they would be safe there and could attend a school due the children of the Russian army officer. However, because of the length of the war, their money was gone and their stepmother had to find a job, while the children were turned over to the orphanage for girls. At times, there was no food for days and the manageress of the orphanage would send one of the older girls to the bakery to see if there was any bread. It was on one of these trips that Pearl ran into the shooting problem.

She told us later, "I never felt so alone as in those days when our stepmother left us at the orphanage. I did not know what happened to father, not hearing a thing about him for years. We were often hungry and my small sister was often sick. Children needed milk and we hardly had enough bread, often made out of ground peas." But, the father did arrive one day, with a little wagon pulled by one horse, and you can imagine the joy. It was a perilous journey back to the village where their grandmother was living. Although the war was officially over, the many different factions were still fighting. However, they did get through to the village of Litovage where their grandmother was still living and looking after a few acres of land alone, right through the war and all. It is to be sure that the father was glad to have his mother living there for gone was position, his job and his country. This area was under Polish occupation now.

A great cry came through the village of Beliche one January morning as Polish soldiers went from house to house collecting all the boys who had reached the age of twenty-one years to be inducted into the Polish army. They reached the outskirts of the village where Wasil Waskiewicz lived with his wife, two sons and two daughters. Stefan Waskiewicz, the oldest son was twenty-one then and a prime target for the army. As the soldiers herded the young boys

away, much like prisoners, they left many mothers back in the village, lamenting and crying.

They were taken to the nearest railway station and put into boxcars. There were no windows and no heat, the temperatures being about thirty below. However, a couple of the boys noticed a heater on the station platform, which they quickly picked up to the consternation of the station manager.

Dad said many times, that the frost on the barrack windows was an inch thick. There was one heater in the middle of the long barrack in which the fire was to be put out at ten o'clock. At six in the morning everyone was up standing barefoot on the cold floor after shivering under blankets all night. Breakfast and out on the parade square, the fingers freezing to the cold barrel of a gun. He used to say, "I put in my basic training in the Polish army and I will not forget it." However, he got through it and two years later he was discharged with the rank of a corporal.

This was some of the background of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Waskiewicz as they were known in the Bonnyville area in later years. They married in the year of 1924 and lived in the house of his parents until 1929 when they left for Canada. During those first five years two children were born to them, myself, Anatole and my sister, Angeline. In those days most of the people in the village and right across the country for that matter were illiterate and it was hoped that at least the oldest of the family would attend school for a few years so that someone in the house could read in case some letter came to the house. Because he had gone to school and had been discharged from the Polish army with rank, the Polish authorities made my father a village secretary. So it was, that he would accompany a tax collector on his rounds through the village or many other errands of government business. He was in a prime position to have a first hand knowledge of business of the village, as most of the letters came to him and he was to read to any of the people who could not. Much literature came on the opportunities to immigrate to other countries. Canada looked like the best of the lot to them, although his brother had left for Argentina a year earlier. Mother would say later, "I concluded that Canada would be the best, and I would not let up on it." While Father went on his trips through the village and talked to many people, he would come home every night with a different idea. "You know," he said at one time, "these people in the village sold everything, got as far as Danzig and he could not pass a medical and they had to return home. Now they have nothing!" "So," mother said, "we have nothing now, what is the difference? Look at our children, they will surely have a lot less," and then she would sit down and cry.

Nevertheless, in 1929, after selling all they had,

about six or seven acres, they had enough for the ticket to Canada and three hundred dollars to show Canadian Immigration. The requirements were five hundred dollars, so the loan was made from Dad's uncle, Mr. Roman Ulanicki just for that purpose. Mr. Ulanicki had immigrated to Canada in 1927 and his family in 1928.

Finally, the day arrived in May, 1929 when a trunk and other belongings were loaded on a wagon and we were taken to the railway station and put on a train heading for the only Polish port of Danzig. I remember the leaving and later the train. The passenger trains in Europe have little rooms with two seats facing each other with a corridor to the side.

In Danzig, we waited about two days while going through the medical and what not, which must have seemed like an eternity to our mother. However, the time came when we went up the gang plank and were taken down the small stairs to our room, just above the water line. As I remember, the waves washed over our window every once in a while. The first thing mother said, "Thank God we are on the ship." Dad asked, "Why we still have the whole ocean to cross." Yes, mother said, "But they will not send us back." As she often told us later, "I would have rather the ship went down to the bottom of the sea, than to return to where we came from."

These were young people that set off for a new land. Dad was twenty-nine, mother twenty-three and the two children, myself four and Angeline only one and a half. On the boat we saw our first silent movie and were sea sick for about three days. There was a kindly sailor to take care of us and with whom our folks could communicate. I remember the orchestra playing every night and a concession stand. First we stopped at Copenhagen, Denmark to load the provisions for the trip. We all watched great cranes lowering crates in the opening of the ship. So, through the English channel and we were on our way.

As the train wound its way through the mountains of Eastern Canada, a great cry went out. "One hundred and sixty acres they promised us for ten dollars and is it any wonder. Look at the rocks. What are we to do here?" This went on for a while until Dad spoke up, "Why are you people so strange. We still have some two thousand miles to go, a lot of room for flat land."

We stayed overnight in a little cabin south of the station after arriving in Bonnyville in the evening. Dad got up early in the morning to walk the ten miles north of town where his uncle, Roman Ulanicki and his family lived on the banks of the Beaver River. It was about noontime when Mike Ulanicki and Dad sitting beside him arrived to pick us up.

We stayed at the Ulanicki home for about a month



Mrs. Waskiewich with Angeline and Anatole.

while Dad was finding and building his own place with the help of Mike and John Ulanicki. To find a homestead of his own, Dad teamed up with John Kicia and taking maps with them, they set off to find their land. Most of the country north of the Beaver River was bush with a winding trail and a cut line here and there. Mr. Kicia and Dad must have walked for miles on these cut lines, and coming to a muskeg they took their shoes off to get through to the other side. After reaching the other side, about a quarter of a mile, they thought the area looked good to them. They chose their quarters and went back across the muskeg in bare feet, never thinking of how they were to travel across that muskeg with wagons and horses later.

That was to be our home for about eleven years. With the help of Mike and John Ulanicki, the house was put up in a very short time. While the house was being built, a shelter was required, so one was made out of tree branches. The house (log cabin) stood there without windows and Dad was away at the time when Mr. Bill Smolyk, a Canadian National Railways public relations man, arrived to see how we were getting along. He took mother and us kids in the car, and away we went on a winding trail through the bush. We came out on the south side of Osborne Lake



A Better Home — the Waskiewichs.

and proceeded along the lake, until the back wheels of the car cut through the turf and we were stuck in the middle of nowhere. Mr. Smolyk worked hard to cut tree branches and lay under the car wheels. He finally drove off and turned the car around. We walked about a mile to our homestead where he took the photos of mother, my sister and myself.

Those were hard times for everyone. For us, well, if Dad would have had the two hundred dollars he was supposed to have or if there had been any jobs available it would have made things easier. Rabbits, partridges and fish were the main food staples and one's legs was the transportation of the day. Looking at it now, I would have been mostly concerned about the fact that there would not have been any medical help in case of emergency.

One summer Sunday morning we had visitors. We were all sitting outside enjoying the warm weather when we noticed a stranger approaching us. He started talking to Dad and showed him a pad with a list of names on it. Dad also signed as well as our neighbor. This was Ernest Hinecker getting a petition to be able to start a post office at this place. They later had a meeting and named it Willow Trail.

Clearing and breaking land is what it was all about in those days. Wheat did not grow between trees and after all they were farmers in a new country on new land. After clearing about four acres Dad had Mr. John Chubey and another gentleman with five horses hooked to what they called a bush breaker (it should have been called back breaker) come to break the land. I was sent out by Mother with cold drinking water and coffee from time to time and I remember watching the plough being stuck in a stump and men trying to cut it loose while the horses were going crazy from black flies and bull flies.

So it was, for years after, clearing land, breaking, picking roots and rocks, harvesting, putting up hay and so on. Kids knew what work was. That first harvest on the new land was cut with sickles and a scythe. I helped Mother tie the bundles and stook, then Dad put it up into a stack. He had purchased a team of horses and a wagon from a young bachelor by the name of Mike Warchola. He threshed by hand two sacks of wheat and took it to town and was paid twenty two cents a bushel for it. He came from town and said "I have met a man in town that has a threshing machine, and is going through out the country threshing for everyone so he will be stopping at our place. Sure enough, I remember one frosty November day, two of our neighbors came to see Dad and the three of them rushed off to the west of our house. I was watching through the window when I noticed a column of grey smoke coming through the tall poplar trees and forming into a mushroom type

cloud above the trees. Then I saw a steam engine coming into our yard, Dad and the two neighbors running ahead with axes cutting out any of the trees that were in the way, throwing any of the dry wood in the wood box on the engine. This was Mr. Panas and his son Harry, whom the whole country got to know before long. Later on, even I worked for them during harvest.

The first fall of our stay on the homestead, Dad had no crop to take off the field and whatever money he may have had left after moving, was long gone, so early in August, Mother packed him enough food for a few lunches and saying goodbye to the three of us, he walked away in search of a job. He ended up in the area of Cutknife, Saskatchewan where he was employed by farmers stooking grain. The pay was eighty-five cents a day, but then the farmer gave his men a raise to a dollar a day, whereupon one of the men ran to Dad saying, "Steve, Steve, will you look at that, he is paying us a dollar a day. Million days, million dollars!"

It was during that harvest, on the way riding home in a box car with about forty other men, he learned what it meant to ride the rods. The boxcar was pushed off to the siding at one station while the men scrambled back for the moving train, the only place to hang onto were the steel ladders at the end of the box cars. There were a lot of sore arms that night when the train finally stopped at one station. The men were cold and hungry. They uprooted potatoes from a farmers field, found a pot somewhere and water and started boiling. Dad said he went to a restaurant and paid five cents for some salt. They had the potatoes and spent the night sleeping under the elevators in a sitting position with their backs to the wall.

In the spring of 1931 I was taken to Ulanicki's and sent to Merton School. Schools were in operation through the summer months and Mr. Nick Ulanicki was my guardian and was attending school as well. I will always remember the grade one reader I was given to learn to read. "TOM TINKER HAD A DOG. IT SAID BOW WOW" I spent six months in school there and that was great for it gave me a good start. However, it was not practical to send a kid to school so far away when there was no transportation. The answer was to have a school close to home. In the meantime, in 1930, my brother Bill was born, then came Gene and Sophie. Now there were five children in our family and no prospect of any school. Our parents took a head count of all the kids in the neighborhood and they could see that there was about twenty-five or thirty children who could be attending. Why were they not building a school in our district, our Dad asked the teacher, one day when he

went to see him? He suggested that Dad go to see Mr. Gibault, the school inspector at St. Paul which he did. "You see, Mr. Waskiewich," said Mr. Gibault, "In this country we live under a democracy. If you were to call a meeting for instance and there were enough people who want the school then you could apply to the government and the school will be granted." "But, said Dad, what if there were more people against the school?"

"You see," said Dad to Mother after arriving home, "Is it not a strange law? Our kids could grow up without any schooling at all." He went around to see what the attitude was toward a new school. Sure enough, those people who had kids big enough, were for the school but those who had small children or no children were against. However, he called a meeting that was held at Mr. Koleba's and it ended up in shambles. He was jeered and laughed at and was in a rare state of mind by the time he got home. "I am going to see the school inspector again, there must a way. Who do these people think they are?" "Well, Mr. Waskiewich," said Mr. Gibault, "Here in Canada the ladies have equal rights with men. Why don't you call a meeting again but ask your side to bring the ladies."

"But will you come to the meeting, sir?"

"Go home and call your meeting and when you know the date, call me on the phone from Bonnyville and I will be there."

This time there was no mistake. Mr. Gibault was there. He saw to it that the meeting was held in a proper manner. The vote was two to one for the school. The school Willow Trail was organized.

It was November when the school opened, built by men in the district. Each father built a desk for his kids. Miss Anne Shalka was our first teacher, a pretty young girl. Half of her class was in grade one, not understanding English in some cases. Some of the boys were almost twice her size. The teacher in those days had to board in the neighborhood, and walk to school like the kids did. Next year we had Miss Vera Ropchin, then Miss Noga, who became Mrs. Nick Broski. Then came Mr. John Procyk. These teachers were gifted people. They were able to teach all grades from one to eight, maintain discipline, and put on Christmas concerts, which required many extra hours of work.

Those were hard times as people had very little and made it do. It was hard work no matter what you may have been doing. But, people came through well because they took pride in whatever they were doing.

In our family there were nine children. After my sister Sophie, there were two more sisters, Olga and Millie, and two brothers, Nick and George. Our folks are gone now, but you will find descendants in

many places, from Cold Lake Area all the way to the West Coast and North West Territories.

It is rather ironic when you think of it. The destiny of so many depended on a bullet missing its mark so long ago.

The Wassings by Eva Roth

Because Ko Wassing could not write English very well, I, Eva Roth, filled in the forms for him to bring his brother, Mr. Leonard Wassing and his family to Canada. Besides Mr. Wassing and his wife, there were six children, Fritz, Airie, Leonard Jr., Ko, Kenny and Yauna.

They arrived in the spring of 1958 and lived for awhile with Uncle Ko at Crane Lake, later moving to Joe Young's old homestead. After several years, they all went their own way to find work in the different towns. This is my memory of their arrival in this area.

Uncle Ko Wassing met them at the train station in Bonnyville and brought them out to his home at Crane Lake, arriving during the night. In the morning they were all out in their wooden shoes to have a look at Canada. Our children, the Roths, were out to have a look at their new Dutch neighbors. Soon they had a ball, trying to play some kind of game. It was hard to figure out what the game was supposed to be. The Wassings thought they should kick the ball. The Roths thought they should throw it so it took some time before they got the game going right. After some time our children, the Roths, came in and said the Wassings were going to school with us today. At the same time the Wassing children were telling their parents they wanted to go to school with the Roths on that day. Uncle Ko Wassing came to our house laughing at the kids. "They said they wanted to go to school today and this is Saturday." We informed him that even the parents were going to school that day. They were going to plant trees and try to beautify the grounds. After that there would be a picnic lunch, then games. As a result, both families went to school together with a team and wagon.

The Wassings could only speak Dutch. The Roths could only speak English. How did they talk to each other about going to the school?

They found that they sang some of the same songs in both Holland and Canada, so they sang all the way to school, the same tune, but each in his own language. "Lily Marlaine" seemed to be the favourite.

So this was their first introduction to Canadian life and we found them to be good neighbors.

An Illusive Dream — Webster Story

Written by Helen Gwynn (Webster)

Thomas Henry Webster was born in London, England and grew to a young person there with his brothers and younger sister. Orphaned at an early age he came to Canada through the Doctor Barnado's Homes and lived on a farm in Ontario until he grew up. He then rented a farm on Scugog Island, Port Perry, where he met and married Minnie Johnson a girl who had come over by the same organization. In Canada he was called Harry. Harry and Minnie lived a couple of years in Port Perry. Upon hearing the slogan, "Go West Young Man", they decided to go west and landed in the Daysland District where they worked on the same farm, he in the fields and her as cook and housekeeper. Minnie must have come with a heavy heart, having left a little one in the church yard in Port Perry.



Minnie Webster as a girl of sixteen.

Times were good and wages were high but Minnie found the work hard. One winter Harry worked in the coal mine on the Battle River and as Minnie had no home of her own and was unable to work because of illness, she boarded there.

In the summer of 1914 Harry Webster and Henry Batke went looking for homesteads, landing in what is now the Iron River District. Harry filed on the NW 10. When he and Minnie went to it they camped on the only dry land on the quarter, the rest was all under water at the time. They had a crate of chickens along and one was strangled the night they camped there so

they left, threw up the place and filed on the NW of 12. Minnie sometimes rather regretted it as the swamp dried up eventually and the season was much longer on 10 for growing garden.

After filing on the homestead Harry and Minnie spent the winters on the homestead and worked around Daysland in the summer. They had many experiences going to and fro. At a restaurant in St. Paul the girl came to take their order saying "Will you have roast pork, boiled pork, fried pork or head cheese?" "Some one must have butchered around here," said Minnie.

The roads were just trails when they moved up. They had a hay rack and had to cut their way through the bush, the trails being just wide enough for a wagon box. About two miles south of the river there was a lake that the road went around. Mr. and Mrs. Pellon kept a stopping place on the north side of the lake where one could stay over night, as the trip took two days in those times. Sometimes, road or weather conditions kept them there longer. Harry and Minnie had to stay there a week one trip because of a storm. Minnie was always very particular about what she ate, but was too shy to ask questions when the food was put on the table. When they were leaving she got up courage to ask about the one particular dish. On being told it was blood sausage — poor Minnie was sick all the way home. She took a lot of teasing about liking the food and then getting sick.



Mildred Webster by cabin in Indian village.

The first winter in the country they spent in an Indian village, on what later was David Byers place, by the ford over the Iron River. They grew fond of the Indians and one, Corbet Piche became a lifelong friend. When they were living in the village, they were often out of meat, Harry not being a hunter. One day Corbet came to them bringing a muskrat, cleaned and ready to cook. Minnie looked at it, and — ugh — she wished he'd go home so she could chuck it out; but Corbet sat there. She realized she had to get dinner and having no meat how could she explain not cooking the rat. She began cooking and Corbet told her how they did it. After dinner he went home and brought them a quarter of moose meat. Minnie was always sure that if she had refused to cook the rat they'd have been given no moose.

After Harry had finished the house, early that spring, they moved to their own place. Later in the spring they lost their third child. They buried the baby, named Mildred for her mother, on the homestead and left for another summer to the farm in Daysland. The day they buried her, Mrs. Biex, hearing there was another white woman in the country had her husband bring her to them. She was a comfort to the bereaved mother.

That summer in Daysland, a neighbor's wife had shot herself. Her husband wanted to find someone to look after the place while he took the small children she had left behind away for the winter. He needed time to decide what to do. Even though he was paying well no one wanted the job. The situation did not bother Harry so they moved in there instead of going north for the winter. When evening came there was a woo-oo sound. Minnie said it was like blowing over the neck of a bottle. She was a bit afraid but would never admit it. Harry being afraid of nothing, went looking. He found a knot hole under the leaves, plugged it up and no more noise. When in later years they told their children, the children said, "Perhaps the ghost was out and he'd plugged the hole." Harry never went along with the idea.

They were still in the south when a daughter was born to them, whom they called Helen May. That fall, Harry went alone to the homestead early, to do some fencing and things before freeze up. While there, he met blackflies for the first time. He thought they were some kind of new plague. He didn't know just what to do. The horses were frantic so he put axle grease on their ears, nose and around their eyes, about the best thing for them, I guess.

The next fall, Harry went to the homestead early again, to make things ready for the family. In November, 1918, Minnie and Helen arrived home to stay. On their way they asked at a place if they could stay the night. As he was about to answer the driver in

the affirmative the baby cried. He said, "If you have a baby along you'd better not, as we both have whooping cough and flu here."

Harry had bought a cow that followed him everywhere. One day he fed her on the east side of the hay corral and went west to see Corbet Piche, who lived about a mile away. While they were drinking tea Corbet looked out of the window and started to laugh. Sure enough, there came the cow with her nose to the ground. Corbet thought that was "some cow."

In the winter of 1919, in February, another daughter was born to the couple, who they called Isabelle. There were no doctors in the country, thus the women acted as midwives. Mrs. Batke had eleven month old twins to look after and Minnie Webster stayed at their place for the delivery. She had to take twenty-two month old Helen with her as she was too young to leave at home. What a job for the Batke household. Gerty and Lucy were old enough to be a great help to their mother. This made it easier for her.

Life went on for the small family. With two small daughters, Minnie was very busy. She grew a garden, milked cows and had a nice flock of White Rock chickens. She found it very lonely as people were very far apart. There were just trails in the country that went from door to door. Any one going to town brought things for everyone along the way. Harry was at the end of the trail therefore, he sometimes had a few places to stop at before returning. Each and every place had coffee to refresh him. When he got home he was generally too full to eat the supper Minnie was keeping hot for him. One night he was enjoying the usual coffee when the horses got tired of waiting and perhaps were getting cold. They started out on their own. Harry had about five miles to walk and never caught up with the team. Poor Minnie couldn't figure out where Harry was as the horses were home and he wasn't. When he got home he wasn't too happy.

There was an awful fire one of the early years. Fires actually were a regular thing, especially in the spring; but this was worse than usual. This day the sky started to get dark. The mare and colt were out in the pasture and Harry thought he'd better get them in. He looked through the bush high and low but could not see them. By then it was pitch dark so he returned home and found them on the porch. She had sensed something was wrong and had come back where she expected protection. When it was light again the garden was covered with white pine needle ashes. Between the total eclipse and the fire the land was dark; perhaps being on the frontier and getting mail rather seldom they knew little of the eclipse until later. It is a wonder that the fire didn't reach them.

About this time, on a dismal, rainy day Harry went looking for cattle in the morning. He came across some hunters trying to start their gas stove. The dampness was too much for the stove. It wouldn't start. They were cold and wet and wanted their coffee and weren't too happy with the whole thing. Harry, always gregarious and fond of people, forgot the cows temporarily and proceeded to show them how to start a campfire in the rain. When the fire was burning brightly he asked for the coffee pot. "Oh no it'll get all smoky." They finally came up with an empty lard pail and Harry made them their coffee. They gave up on hunting, went to Websters for a meal before returning home. To the kids at Websters, not seeing very many people, this was a red letter day. Their mother had a very disapproving face, either from the kind of talk (which went over the kids heads) or the bottle they had. The best treat was the grub box they left behind. Treats like that were seldom seen.

In August 1921, a son was born to the Websters (Carl) Henry Oliver. This time Minnie went to Andersons as Mrs. Anderson had a seven month old grandson to care for. Mrs. Webster had her two girls with her. Things, must have been rather hectic. Ester, Agnes and Alice were all big enough to help which must have made it a little easier for their mother.

Harry got his patent that year and the biggest disappointment in a long time. He was expecting his patent, heard there was a registered letter at the post office, walked the nine miles to where Biex's lived where the LaCorey post office was, and got a caveat. It had come through a different office and didn't mean anything. What a terrible disappointment. His patent came after, but he never forgot the shock.

Some more people came into the country about

this time. Charlie Carlson, a close neighbor, his brother Alfred, Halvor Norhiem, David Byers (Dainty Bit), the McDermott family, the Palmers and the Shaffer family. Myrtle Shaffer stayed with the Webster's that winter while her parents took the rest of the family back to Ryley. She was always remembered with pleasure. She had heard that when an animal rolled its eyes back it was angry. When they butchered she saw the steer's eyes rolled back and said, "Oh look, he didn't want to die. Look at his eyes." Very possible! She was company for Minnie and quite a help.

Jim and Pearl Armitage lived just north of Websters with their children Kathleen and Albert. Later a daughter, Pauline was born. The children often played together. One day when Helen and Isabelle were there to play, a sudden storm came up. Mrs. Armitage hurried them home before the storm broke. They had to go nearly around the house to get to the road and as they passed the house on the road they heard her screaming, "Run." They didn't run and don't remember getting wet. Perhaps they should have for being stubborn. They had nearly a mile to go.

A second son, Earl Arthur was born July, 1923. Mrs. Palmer came to look after mother and baby, her daughters Alfreda and Thelma took turns helping Minnie for awhile afterward.

Minnie was hard put to amuse the children, especially on winter evenings. Toys were few. One thing that always caused a lot of excitement was to pop corn. As it started to pop they took the lid off and let it pop on the floor. How they loved a popcorn scramble.

Another sort of amusement was Harry reading aloud, often while Minnie caught up with her knitting or her crocheting, that she did so well. Years after, when Mr. Crispo, the school inspector, stayed over night, the children didn't want to miss their bedtime story. When Mr. Crispo found out the story was "Westward Ho", he thought that was pretty strong stuff for children that age. He then said his heritage was in the Spanish Aramada as he was Irish with the name Crispo. His ancestor was shipwrecked on the Irish coast. Helen was old enough to read for herself before she knew of the second chapter of Jane Eyre. The part of ghosts and lights over graves was just left out of the bedtime reading. They were raised on Shakespeare, Walter Scott, The Bronte's and Charles Dickens.

By 1924 the poeple thought there were enough children to start a school and the building, was put up. The table, cupboards and desks were made by the men of the community. That year they also had their first community picnic. A custom that went on for



Helen and Isabelle Webster with Kathleen Armitage.

many years. School started in the fall with sixteen pupils. Mr. R. B. MacGillivray was the teacher and was to teach there on and off the rest of his teaching days.

The spring of 1926 was very dry. There was hardly any snow to run off and the river was low. Mrs. Webster, who was short of water took her clothes to the river to wash them. They heated water in the tub and made a picnic of it for the kids. One day while getting water she noticed fish swimming up stream. They hadn't seen the fish before because the water was usually deeper. Well, fish were food. She sent Helen for the butcher knife and Isabelle for the pitch fork (forgetting the salt) and was ready to do some fishing. It was really something to see, a hundred pound English woman, balancing on two rocks in the water, throwing fish to the shore with a pitchfork. They ate boiled fish with their bread and cottage cheese sandwiches and never missed the salt. After that the fish were a source of food to be harvested each spring. They ate them fresh, canned and fried them for summer use.

That summer the river went dry and the grass was brown and crisp in July. Harry was already south working. Minnie had no water and there was a job for her down there so he sent for her. They put the two girls in boarding school in Edmonton, took the two boys with them who were left with Mrs. Benke, while they went on the threshing crew with her son. Minnie and a young girl lived in the cook car and cooked for the crew moving from farm to farm. Minnie enjoyed the comparative freedom, got along well with the girl and had no worries about where the groceries were coming from. On one move they had the supper under control and lunch ready to serve when the move was over. The women closed the door and walked to the new sight. When they stopped the girl went in and said, "Oh No!" The cake for lunch, with icing on, had not been put in a safe place and had fallen, icing down on the floor. It had slid with every move of the cook car back and forth across and floor. The floor had to be washed before lunch, and the men got cookies instead of cake.

Meanwhile Carl, six, and Earl, four, lived on the farm where there was also an eight year old boy. The older one had recently had his appendix out. One day one of the crew had a runaway, he was thrown out of the wagon and the barrel of gas he was hauling fell on top of him. He was taken to the farm. Mrs. Benke, to get the kids out of the way, locked them in the bedroom. The older boy, who had a jack-knife in his pocket, proceeded to take the teddy bear's appendix out. Poor Teddy didn't squeak any more.

The parents and the two boys returned home early in the winter. The girls finished the school year



Neighborhood Friends MacGillivrays and Websters.

returning the end of June. The post office was closer then. Instead of having to go to the La Corey post office which was in the Bureau home at the time, there was an Iron River post office at Vego Petersons, also a small store. That meant a much shorter trip to get the mail, only four and a half miles. When the girls were a little older they were often sent to get the mail and a few groceries. Four and a half miles is a

long way for kids to carry a load. Things really got heavy. Minnie had given them pillow cases to carry the things in. They got clever and figured out an easier way. They dragged the sacks behind them. They weren't so heavy that way. In fact they weren't heavy at all. Imagine the consternation on looking in the bags when they got home and finding the mess that was in there. Not only was the dirt ground into the pillow case, the rice and beans burst the paper bags and were mixed with the dust that had worked its way in. What a mess! Needless to say the trick wasn't repeated. One day there was some cheese among the groceries. The girls were hungry, so while they had a little rest they had a little lunch. They began to think that mother wasn't going to be very pleased. They finally hit on a solution. They took it out of the foil wrap turning it over so the hole didn't show, never thinking what would happen when it was cut. That trick wasn't repeated either.

Harry wasn't doing so well on the farm. He had lost his horses and cows one way or another. Since work was available during 29 and 30 he worked on the station in Bonnyville and different jobs for the railroad. A job opening came for Minnie right then.

They put the children once again in a boarding school and went to work for awhile. In November, 1930 another son George Keith was born, making a family of five.

Over the years Harry was often secretary of the school board, Santa Claus at the Christmas concerts and usually brought in the tree in the early years. He was prominent in most things that went on in the district. He was an outgoing man who loved to be with people while his wife was shy and retiring.

Though money was always scarce, Minnie could dress her family as she could sew and had a sewing machine. She traded crochet work for second hand clothes, even traded flower seeds for some. These she could remake, add a little trimming with crochet work, so they always had something to wear.

Minnie didn't get out much, at least not when she had to take the kids as there were no baby sitters. A girl Minnie knew and liked was getting married at Maloy but Minnie thought it too far to take five kids along with her. Mrs. Vego Peterson asked why she wasn't going and she said it was because she had too many kids, Mrs. Peterson said, "Nonsense! Bring the kids to me and go have a good time." Harry took her at her word, bundled the kids up and left them there. She went to the wedding and had a good time. Poor Mrs. Peterson! It was one thing after another and when they were ready for bed one of them fell in the slop pail. She finally told them the bachelor living across the road would shoot them if he heard a noise. I think it was with a sigh of relief when she saw the parents come the next day. Minnie had her good time at the wedding without a pack of kids along.

People were few and far between. In the early "Thirties" a large number of Ukrainians came to the country. They were very industrious and soon got ahead. Neighbors were closer then and it wasn't as lonesome as it had been for the women on the farm.

Life continued pretty much the same until Robert Standal started a store closer to where the Webster's lived. He started on a shoestring. Because of the good location, his industriousness, personality, and business knowledge he had a booming business in no time. It was a lot easier to carry things then, the distance was only about a mile.

The family finally grew up. Helen married an English fellow, Charles Gwynn, and lived by Muriel Lake, Isabelle married Donald Heigh from Ardmore where they made their home. Carl, Earl and George were in the Forces during the war and stayed in the Peace Time Service. (Carl) Henry married Josephine Love from Turner Valley, Earl married Edna Hay from Moose Jaw and George married a nurse from Vancouver.

With the family gone Minnie wanted to leave the

farm. Work on the farm was too much for her with the passing years. Harry found it harder to give it up as it meant the end of a lifelong dream that really never came true. They were eating lunch with the crew who were cutting wood for them, when the subject came up again. Harry said he guessed he should sell out and leave. Minnie wanted to leave right then; why wait to cut any more wood. It didn't come about that quickly. At last, it was done and they were gone. Anton Samchuk bought their place and they left for Kelowna. They worked in a cannery until the doctor told Minnie to quit. Harry continued to work there until he had a stroke. He lived for three years unable to walk. Minnie lived on in Kelowna, then came to live with Isabelle in Ardmore but then went on to Rose Haven Rest Home where she passed away.

Wierzbicki, Anthony and Jozefa

Anthony Wierzbicki married Jozefa Wojck in Marjanpit, Poland on February 7, 1928. The following year the young couple emigrated to Canada. They took passage on the ship Arabic which brought them to Halifax on April 7, 1929. From here they came by train to Winnipeg where many Slavic people were already working. They stayed twelve days looking for work. Finding no suitable job they were directed to Mundare in Alberta where work on a farm was found. Here they were able to pick roots for a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. This was only seasonal work and after the job was finished the couple travelled to Vegreville and found accommodation in an immigration house. They subsisted on bread and butter since this was relatively cheap fare (bread for five cents a loaf and butter for ten cents a pound).

Anthony hunted for any type of work that was available and for a while he worked simply for their room and board plus a dollar a day, then he landed a big job cutting brush. He was paid thirty-two dollars



Mary, Joe, Jozefa, Toni, Anthony, and Ann.

How Lake Manihotokan Got It's Name

E. Webster

By the shores of Manitohokan,
By the shining muddy waters,
Stood a lonely wooden Indian,
In a clearing in the forest.

Dark behind him were the pine trees,
Spruce and birches, larches even,
Before him lapped the colored waters,
Where the muskrats built their houses.

Gone were all the bears and mooses,
Gone were all the deer and coyotes,
Leaving nothing for the Indian,
Trying hard to find his living.

Then we came unto the waters,
Where were fish and muskrats dwelling,
Where were ducks and geese abounding,
And we had there food in plenty.

So we gave thanks to Manitohokan,
Who in time of need provided,
Food for us and all our babies,
Food for many generations.

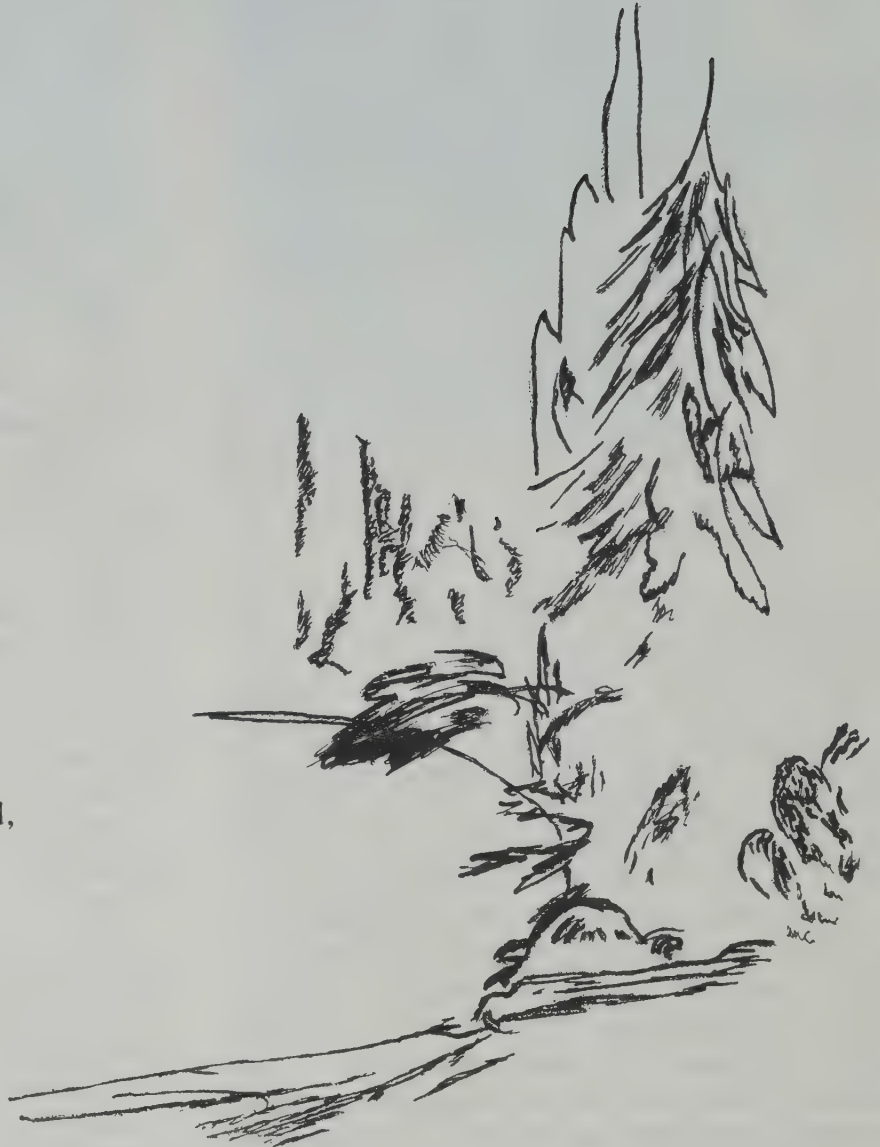
Of a giant pine we carved him,
Stood him up upon the shoreline,
To proclaim to all the people,
Take the fish; for hunger only.

Then the white man came and conquered,
Wilderness became his farmland,
Chased the game away forever,
From the shining colored waters.

Even burned the wooden image,
In the clearing in the forest.

In return he gave us something,
Names the Lake Manitokan.

Now when Indian comes for fishing,
Thanks he the great God, the Provider,
Manitohokan, who placed the fish there.
For the needy when they're hungry.



and his wife ten dollars for this job that they were able to do for two months. It was strenuous labor and the nourishment was very poor. This resulted in illness for both of them. They moved to Royal Park and Jozefa worked for their room and board while Anthony worked at any odd job that he could find.

Homesteading was a common practise in those days and Anthony journeyed to the LaCorey area to find a piece of property they could call their own. In October of that year they both stayed with their friends the Domagalas while a shack was constructed by Anthony and Mr. Domagala on the Wierzbicki

property. At last in the spring they were able to move to their own farm. Anthony returned to Royal Park to earn money for essentials while Jozefa looked after Surrey and have two sons, Robin and Gordon. Toni their home and their daughter Anna who had been born by this time. That first summer an acre of land was cleared by hand to grow some grain and vegetables. In 1931 another daughter Mary was born right at home. She was followed by a boy, Joe, who was born in 1933 at the Ulanicki home where Mrs. Ulanicki assisted in the delivery. Two other children were born to Anthony and Jozefa; Tony born in 1937 and Carol

born in 1939. They lost Carol in a tragic accident in 1944.

The children attended the Willow Trail School and as they grew older they moved away from home. Anne married Daniel Crouse and today they live in married Bill Laurin and they live in Chilliwack. They have three girls, Carol, Donna, and Beverly. Joe was left to look after the homestead after the passing of his father in 1958. He married Jean Lapointe and they have four children; Victor who is married and lives in Edmonton, Richard and Joseph also living in Edmonton and Karen still at home.

Today Jozefa resides in Vegreville and remains active, looking after her own home which she shares with her sister.



Joe Wierzbicki.

John and Alexandra Worobiy by Helen Kuniski (Worobiy) **Land of Our Own**

John originally from Letowich and Alexandra Worobiy originally from Belech, Ukraine decided Canada was for them since land and money were scarce in their homeland. In May of 1929 Alexandra and John, along with a two year old daughter Nettie and the Dubinuk's began their journey to Alberta,



The Worobiys.

Canada. A limited amount of personal belongings were packed such as clothes, pillows, a few dishes, a quilt and some hand tools. John and Alexandra began their trip with some sadness since many friends and relations were left behind. John said good-bye to one brother, two sisters and his mother while Alexandra bid farewell to one sister and two brothers.

At last the small family arrived in Edmonton. Here they boarded the train for Bonnyville. While on the train the Worobiys met two men by the names of Slawuta and Shiller who told them of homestead land available in the Iron River area. Alexandra and John welcomed the two men's conversation as they spoke the Worobiy's native tongue.

The weary travellers arrived in Bonnyville on June first 1929. Here they rented a hotel room (the hotel stood approximately where the Native Friendship Centre is now) where the women and children were left while the men journeyed on to Iron River to claim some homestead land. After remaining in the hotel for three or four days the men returned to take the women to their new home. Mr. Worobiy had met an employee of the Peterson family, owners of the Post Office, who had told them of an available empty shack near where Mike Dubilowski now lives. Before their journey to Iron River a wood stove, saw, axe, pails and the like were purchased. A truck was hired to transport the supplies and passengers to their

destination. The truck was too small to carry everything. Luckily Peterson's hired man had come into town to pick up the mail so they asked him to take some of the goods. His mode of transportation was a big wagon pulled by two beautiful bay horses.

The men and the heavier articles were loaded on to the wagon, while the women and children rode in the truck. The truck, however, did not transport the women and children all the way but left them off on the road and returned to Bonnyville. Having no idea where to go or what to do these families remained by the roadside frantically fighting off the abundant mosquito population. Darkness was falling when the men arrived and the shack was finally reached. The Dubinuks with their two children and the Worobiys with their one child lived in the one room shack for two weeks.

In the meantime Mr. Shiller, who lived across the road from the present Iron River store, was building his own home. The two men went everyday to help Mr. Shiller with the work. Upon completion of Shiller's house Worobiys and Dubinuks moved in with the Shiller family.

The homestead paper arrived. The land applied for was found to be mostly swamp and not suitable for homestead land. Mr. Worobiy and Mr. Dubinuk returned to Edmonton and cancelled these homesteads at the same time making application for better ones. Eventually the land, two and one half miles north of Iron River store, was homesteaded by the two families, across the road from each other. A cow purchased that summer supplied milk for the families. The families lived with the Shiller family all that summer and winter, until March 1930. In the fall of 1929 logs were cut on the two new homesteads, to build the newcomers' homes. The logs were plastered with mud. The roof was made of sod as were many houses at the time.

Spring came and the men began job hunting for whatever work was available. Before the men left to work they rented one half an acre of land from Dave Byers for the purpose of planting a garden. The two

women planted and tended this garden while the men were away.

Slowly the Worobiys began brushing and breaking some land of their own. This was all done by hand. John continued to work out in order to supplement the family's income. Little by little farm life began to improve. A shed, a few chickens, a pig and a cow were acquired. The animals were used mainly for food.

In 1931 another baby girl, Helen, was born at home. In 1939, yet another daughter, Annie arrived at Billy Kolody's farm house, on the way to the hospital.

Helen Recalls:

In the spring of 1940 a big forest fire burned through the area. It was a very dry windy spring Saturday. The flames were still about one-half mile away (about where Koziols live now). The high winds carried the blazing spruce needles a long way. About noon the Dubinuk's barn was on fire. Everyone rushed to their assistance. A glance back to the Worobiy place confirmed our fears, the pig pen and chicken coop were ablaze. Some people tried to extinguish the flames. By this time my mother who feared for the baby's life in case the house caught fire, instructed Dad to get the baby. In his excitement dad grabbed a sack of flour, carried it outside and began covering it with dirt, forgetting all about the baby, Anne. Finally I, Helen, with mother's direction grabbed Anne and ran about one quarter of a mile north to Moore's, a neighbor. We lost most of our buildings in that fire, also some of the livestock, namely chickens. The house was saved thanks to passersby who stopped to help. This was done by continually pouring buckets of water from a well over the steaming logs.

Every year a little more land was broke by hand and horse power. We bought our first tractor in the late nineteen forties. Finally in the "fifties" a new house was built. The original homestead was the only land owned by our family.

As children we attended Osborne Lake School which was a two and one half mile walk in all kinds of weather. Our school field trips in those days consisted of ball games with the Willow Trail and Forest Stream schools. One of our biggest events was the July First Iron River picnic. It was here, once a year, we tasted delicious homemade ice-cream. Everyone took part in the races and novelty events. Another red letter day was the Iron River Ukrainian Catholic Church dinner and service held on July seventh. The priest would throw out candy on the grass and we children would scramble to find it. Oh, how good it tasted! Our parents who were of the Greek Orthodox religion, attended any religious service conducted by



Mr. and Mrs. Worobiy with Nettie and Helen.

a priest, just to hear the Word of God. A Greek Orthodox Church was built at Sandy Rapids in 1940.

Get together parties were held at each others-houses. Birthday parties, famous Ukrainian holidays and such were celebrated. The children always attended these affairs with their parents as baby sitting services were not available. I will always remember the singing. It seemed on these occasions everyone sang songs. Sundays were special days reserved for worship, rest or visiting. No one ever worked on Sunday.

After we children attended school and learned to read and write English we subscribed to the Free Press Weekly. From this paper we learned how to can fruits and vegetables. We children read and explained the directions to our parents. It was the only newspaper we had in the house. We read all the news including the advertisement section.

The first radio we heard was Mr. VanRaes'. He owned one with earphones. We were sure there were little people inside that brown box. Our own radio was bought in 1940's, a modern one with the sound tone, without earphones. We would wake up at five A.M., turn the volume down low so as not to awaken our parents, just to hear songs sung by Wilf Carter.

Mom Worobiy passed away in July 1957, Dad remained with us until 1972. It was very fitting it seems that after John Worobiy passed away, the farm was sold to Jacob and Katie Koziol, descendents of the Dubinuk family, who travelled and homesteaded with the Worobiy's in this new land. None of the Worobiy girls were interested in farming the original homestead.

The eldest daughter, Nellie married Boris Husieff. They and their five children reside in Edmonton.

The second daughter Helen married Fred Kuniski. They have three children. For sixteen years British Columbia was their home. They now live in Bonnyville (see Kuniski story)

The younger daughter Annie married Nick Bolutiuk who passed away after a few short years of marriage. Annie is now married to George Dubilowski. Between them they have ten children (see Dubilowski story)

To sum it all up, Mom and Dad were born poor and died poor, that is as far as worldly goods are concerned. They were never hungry and never accepted welfare. What little they had they shared and never turned a hungry or cold person away from their door. The door was always open to anyone for a



The Wuth Family.

meal, bed, a place to rest, stable or water for the horses; or a cup of tea. Mother Worobiy tried to instill in her children wisdom, courage, cleanliness and obedience to God and man.

The Wuths

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Wuth were married in Germany on October 8, 1918. They came to Canada in 1927 and worked around Alberta for a year or so and then homesteaded around 1929 near Crane Lake, where they lived till their passing. Mr. Wuth passed away in the spring of 1965 and Mrs. Wuth in November of 1966. Their family consisted of three girls and three boys. Hans, Ebbe, and Grete were born in Germany and came to Canada in 1931, while Fritz, Bill and Wilma were born in Alberta. The first three children stayed with relatives until Mr. and Mrs. Wuth earned enough money to get a home and bring them over. In 1938 the Moose Lake School opened and the children went to school there.

Hans is in Calgary, Ebbe is in Robb, Grete is living in Lessard, Fritz is in Pincher Creek, Bill is in Grande Prairie and Wilma is living in Edson.

Yaroshuk — Prokop and Tekla **written by Metro and Willy Yaroshuk**

Prokop Yaroshuk and Tekla Cybulski were born the same year, 1897, in a village called Verchnov in the Ukraine. They were married in August of 1918. In the fall of 1930 they emigrated to Canada along with their three year old son, John. They arrived at Halifax, then took a train first to Edmonton and then on to St. Paul. At St. Paul they were met by Klem Martiniuk who took them by horse and wagon to a place called Lukoliza, twenty miles northwest of St. Paul. After two months the Yaroshuks moved to Foisy where their second son Metro was born just prior to Christmas.

Prokop then applied for a homestead in the Garth area. He walked to the homestead about eighty miles away to build a cabin there. He walked the distance many a time as it took a lot of work to cut logs by hand. By the time summer arrived he had a small cabin, nine by twelve feet in dimension, in good enough shape to bring his family out. A small lean-to was added, to house the cook stove.

For their provisions the family had brought along twenty, hundred pound sacks of flour and a trunk of salt pork. The salt pork had been transported all the way from the Ukraine and had provided the family with much needed nourishment.

After the family had been on their homestead two years a third son, Bill was born, followed in four years by Paul. To accommodate the growing family, a

second room was built onto the original house. This room was eleven feet by eleven feet in size and provided a much needed room. Now the house was really large, large enough to have the community church hold services in it on occasion.

Tekla applied for a homestead as well, close by the one they were living on and the clearing of the land was done by hand. Everyone planted a great deal of garden produce and this family also put in an acre. Tekla worked in the garden and was helped by the boys as they grew older. They all had to work in the fields as well, helping to pick rocks and roots.

The crops for many years were hit by early frosts that would shrivel up the grain and make it fit only for animal fodder.

The best times the Yaroshuk boys recall is when, after supper their parents would relate to them stories of their homeland. They also received the Ukrainian newspaper from Winnipeg which carried a continuing story. This story was read to them by their mother and became one of the most treasured times of their lives.

The boys all attended the Forest Stream School about two miles away. There were chores to be done before they could leave for school and chores when they returned from school. Metro remembers the children taking turns making a hot meal for the noon lunch. He enjoyed his turn when he could make scalloped potatoes. The children would take turns in bringing the potatoes and milk. Their favorite games were Prisoners' Base and Baseball or Hockey in the winter.

A second house was built in 1942 closer to the well and about three times the size of the original home. This house was later moved to Bonnyville.

In order to provide the family with the essentials of life, Prokop made axe handles carved out of birchwood as well as poles for wagons. With his son, John, he would sell these as well as fence posts. Tekla and the boys often picked blueberries which were plentiful and sold these also. One year the rabbits were very plentiful. It was just like a plague there were so many. The boys would snare and hunt rabbits to sell the skins for eight cents a hide.

Paul started selling Kool-Aid and chocolate bars and gum to others. He had a small store set up on the farm in the granary and he has been a salesman ever since.

Metro always liked to play with electronics and took a course by correspondence. He set up a radio shop for himself on the farm. Later Metro, along with Paul ran a radio shop in Mannville for a year.

Times were difficult on the farm and Prokop went to work at Blubber Bay for awhile. John and Metro went to Powell River to work and with the money



John Yaroshuk.



The Yaroshuk Family.

earned were able to buy a Case tractor as well as a pick-up for the family.

The entire family left Garth in 1954 and settled at Powell River. They later returned to the homestead for a year but decided farming was not for them. They sold Prokop's and Tekla's homestead to Mike Balla and returned to Powell River.

Prokop and Tekla still reside in Powell River where their eldest son John operates a scrap metal business. John is married to Marie Fox and they have one son Richard. Bill also lives in Powell River and operates a service station there. He and his wife Marilyn have three children Deborah, Patricia and Shane.

Metro and Paul live in Vancouver where they own and operate Praise Records, a production and distribution of Gospel records, cassettes and eight-tracks. Metro married Willy Vlug and they have five children; Connie who is married to Randall Severson, Daniel who is married to Michelle Bousquet, and Gloria, Stanley and Jerry still at home.

Paul married Barbara Wooley and has a family of three; Ronald, Linda, and Louise. Ronald is married to Dolleen Bushley and Linda is married to Timothy Varro.

Although Prokop and Tekla went through some difficult times on the homestead they will celebrate sixty-two years of married life together this year.

Dan Zaboschuk Family

by Agnes Zoboschuk

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Zaboschuk came to the Sandy Rapids area from Lodamere, Poland in August of 1930. The trip by ship took eight to ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Karasiuk, friends of the Zaboschuks from Poland, had come to settle in this area first. They wrote and told them about the available land in the area so they decided to make the move to Canada, namely the Sandy Rapids area. Upon their arrival in the area the Zaboschuk family lived with the Karasiuks for about six months until such time as a homestead of their own could be filed on and a log house built. When they moved to their own place, Mr. and Mrs. Zaboschuk took with them one cow, one horse and a wood burning stove. There was no money available to purchase anymore of the necessities. In order to earn money necessary to buy the essentials Dan went to work for farmers in the Myrnam and St. Paul areas. Ann (Mrs. Zaboschuk) remained at home to care for the couple's first child, Nick. As well as this responsibility, Ann looked after the livestock, a cow and a horse. This may not sound like a difficult task, however, the fact that no fences existed made it necessary to sometimes search for the animals many miles from home. Nick could not be left alone so Mrs. Zaboschuk carried him on her back. Sometimes Nick was left at the neighbors until such time as Ann was able to finish her chores. She then would go to collect the baby. (on foot of course)

Dan eventually earned enough money to purchase a plough with the help of which he cleared some land. This enabled the family to grow some grain from which flour was ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Zaboschuk attended the Sandy Rapids Pentecostal Church which was about four and one half miles from the homestead. They walked the distance and sometimes carried the tired children. A few years later the Minster bought a wagon and two

oxen and stopped to pick up the family. This was greatly appreciated

There were four children in the Dan Zaboschuk family. Nick, the eldest, was married and resided in Edmonton. He and his wife Helen had a family of three. Nick passed away suddenly in 1974 at the age of forty-one. His wife and children still live in Edmonton.

John the second oldest is married to Agnes Homenuik of Mundare. They have four children, three boys and one girl, Henry, Robert, Gordon and Glenda. Henry and Robert attended Iron River School and went to Bonnyville Centralized High School to further their education. Gordon is in grade six at Iron River and Glenda attends Kindergarten also at Iron River.

Agnes and John farm in the Sandy Rapids area and as part of their farming operation still own and operate the original Zaboschuk homestead even though they do not reside there. They have been farming since 1960.

Nellie is married to Al Huntly. There are three children in this family. The Mill Woods area of Edmonton is home.

Mike, the baby of the family lives in Sherwood Park. He and his wife Alma have three children.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Zaboschuk farmed for forty years in the area before retiring to Bonnyville where they now live.

John Zaboschuk Family

Agnes Zaboschuk

We were married in November and went to work in Edson for the first winter, returning to the farm in the spring to put the crop in. Our first home was a two room shack which was used as a cook house for our wedding. We fixed it up and it became a nice, comfortable, two room home. Later, we added two more rooms. We pulled the two room house onto our own

farm. In order to provide some type of farmyard we brushed a clearing. We had no power for the first five years.

John's brothers Mike and Nick dug our first well by hand, which was ten feet deep. This well served as our fridge. Here we kept our milk, cream, and fresh meat to prevent spoilage, during the summer months. We milked some cows, by hand, and separated the milk with a hand turned separator.

For several winters John cut logs and hauled them home with horses and a sleigh, a distance of ten miles. This is how we acquired the lumber for our present buildings. Sometimes his skid horse became frightened, broke the harness and ran all the way home. When this happened, John had no other transportation except his two legs to carry him home.

When we began farming times had already changed tremendously from our parent's days. We cut grain with a binder and threshed with a threshing machine. Later, after breaking additional land, we bought a combine. Our four children, Henry, Robert, Gordon, and Glenda were born and raised in the country and enjoy it very much. We feel this gave them the opportunity to learn much about animals, birds, trees, weeds, grains, and other aspects of nature. In this way, in our opinion, they also learned to be responsible citizens.

Our children attended Iron River School and Bonnyville Centralized High School. Henry is now working with Alberta Transportation, surveying. Robert is working on an oil rig. Gordon and Glenda are attending Iron River School, Gordon is in grade six and Glenda is in Kindergarten. Our main grocery shopping center is Iron River General Store, seven miles from our home. This is also our nearest Post Office.

We have been farming for almost twenty years and it has been interesting to see so many changes to take place in such a short time. We are truly living in exciting times.

People Without Stories



Stevensons with family and friends.



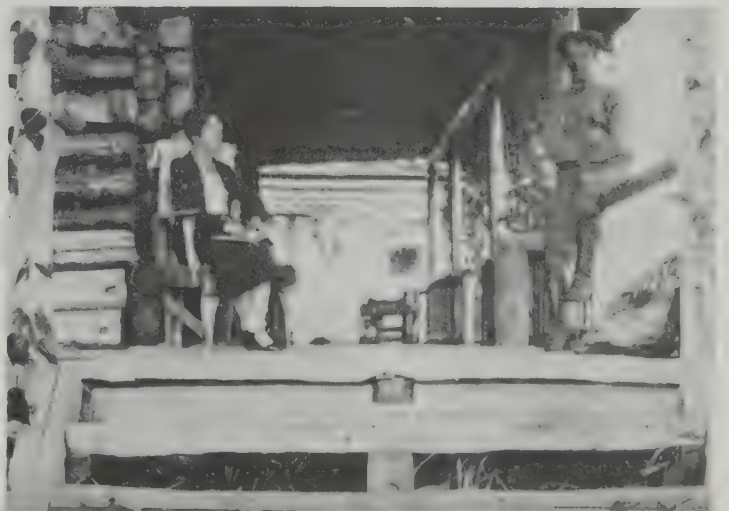
Len and Dorothy Johanson.



Andrew McQuarter at Crane Lake.



Antoniuk Sisters — Helen, Mary, Matrona, and Alexandria.



Cooper's family at Fox Lake.



Mr. and Mrs. John Thirsk.



Mr. and Mrs. Fedyk.



Axel and Jean Swanson.



Homer Sharkey and Bernice Cunningham at Jack Fish Lake.



Rudolph and Anne Frohlich.



Frank Villeneuve.



Victor Babb Family.



Arthur, Crystal and Albert Matson.



R. Standal's family.



Felix Fortan and Eugene Habel.



Mrs. Leonard, R. Pederson's mother.



Nellie and Alvin Anderson holding Myrtle and Mable. Standing: David, Ruth and Kenny.



Lena and Kate Dennis, Mary Twerdohlib, Nick Paskaluk and Nick Dennis.



The old boy himself under the walnut tree, Ed Ralstrom.



Mr. and Mrs. Metro Filipchuk, good samaritans at Glendon for homesteaders.



Mrs. Percy Boling at Harold Lake.



Mike and Elsie Kryzanowski.



Silver and Alice Woloshyn.



Metro Fooshtay.



Synowec family — Louis Synowec, Mary holding Jarrett Blume, Nathaniel and Jonathan Reed, Jayne Blume, Elizabeth Reed and Uncle Harry from Lvov, Russia. Standing behind, Garry Blume and Allen Reed.



Ed and Marion Brandt at Iron River.



John Kruhlak up in the tree. Steve Kruhlak with his dog team.



Annie and Jim Solowoniuk — children of Aksenti Solowoniuk. Note the live fox.



Furs in Abundance Bob Chinn and Anton Anderson.



Standals hauling hay. Mr. R. Standal, Mary Twerdohlib and Dave LaRivier.

Glossary

adze — tool somewhat like an axe.

bedbugs — small, reddish-brown, flat bloodsucking insect found in houses and especially in beds.

Bennet wagon — an automobile, usually with the engine removed, drawn by horse during the “Thirties”.

“bitch” — dish of fat or tallow with a wick used as a light in the “Thirties”.

black strap — heavy black molasses.

bob sleigh — long sled with two sets of runners.

bolster — large bolt used to fasten box to the wagon.

bone weary — extremely tired.

breachy — quarrelsome.

caboose — a small cabin built on a sleigh and equipped with benches and a stove.

chink — to fill in cracks between logs in buildings.

“chivaree” — surprise traditional ritual for newlyweds.

clevis — a U-shaped piece of metal with a bolt or pin through the ends.

cook car — a mobile conveyance used for cooking for work crews.

corduroy — road made of logs laid crosswise often across low lying, marshy land.

cutter — a small light sleigh usually pulled by one horse.

democrat — a light, four wheeled, horse-drawn vehicle having two double seats, one behind the other.

doubletree — the swinging bar of a carriage or wagon, to which the single trees are fastened.

evener — a swinging bar that keeps the horses pulling evenly.

flail — an instrument for threshing grain by hand. Consists of a wooden handle with a short, heavy stick fastened at one end by a thong.

fodder — coarse food for horses and cattle.

ford — to cross a river, etc. by walking or driving through the water.

frezno — horse drawn dirt scraper used to build roads.

gauntlets — stout heavy mitts, usually leather.

“getting one’s Irish up” — making someone angry.

graybacks — body lice.

grist — grain that has been ground.

grub box — box of food packed for outings.

grub stake — money enough to live for a period of time.

larder — place for storage of food.

lice — small wingless insect that infests the hair or skin of people and animals, causing great irritation.

living on a shoestring — existing on very little.

mandrel — a spindle inserted into a lathe center to support work while it is being machined.

mattock — a pick axe having one of its ends flat.

mess tent — army tent used mainly for eating.

muskeg — an area of bog composed of decaying plant life; especially moss.

perena — Ukrainian word for feather quilt.

poultice — a soft moist mass of mustard, herbs, etc. applied to the body as a medication.

prairie wool — wild grass found in Southern Alberta.

“pull up stakes” — to pack all belongings and move.

rip saw — saw used for rough cutting.

rustle — to collect or get together. e.g. to rustle up a meal.

sad iron — a heavy flat iron used for pressing clothes.

samover — a metal urn used for heating water for tea.

sale hound — person who attends many auction sales.

scythe — a long curved blade on a long handle used for cutting grass.

seneca root — roots gathered from particular plant with pink blossoms used for medicinal purposes.

separator man — someone who looks after the running of a threshing machine.

shanks pony — using one’s legs for transportation.

shorts — mixture of bran and coarse meal.

sickle — tool consisting of a short curved blade attached to a short handle used for cutting grass.

single tree — the swinging bar of a carriage or wagon, to which the traces of a horse is fastened.

smoke pots — containers or pails used for smudges.

smudge — a smoking fire used to control mosquitoes and flies.

spiker — a man who helps unload bundles at the threshing machine or helps load hayracks in the field.

swede saw — a manually operator saw operated by one or two persons.

worsted — firmly twisted.

Coal Oil to Crude

by Jackie MacGillivray

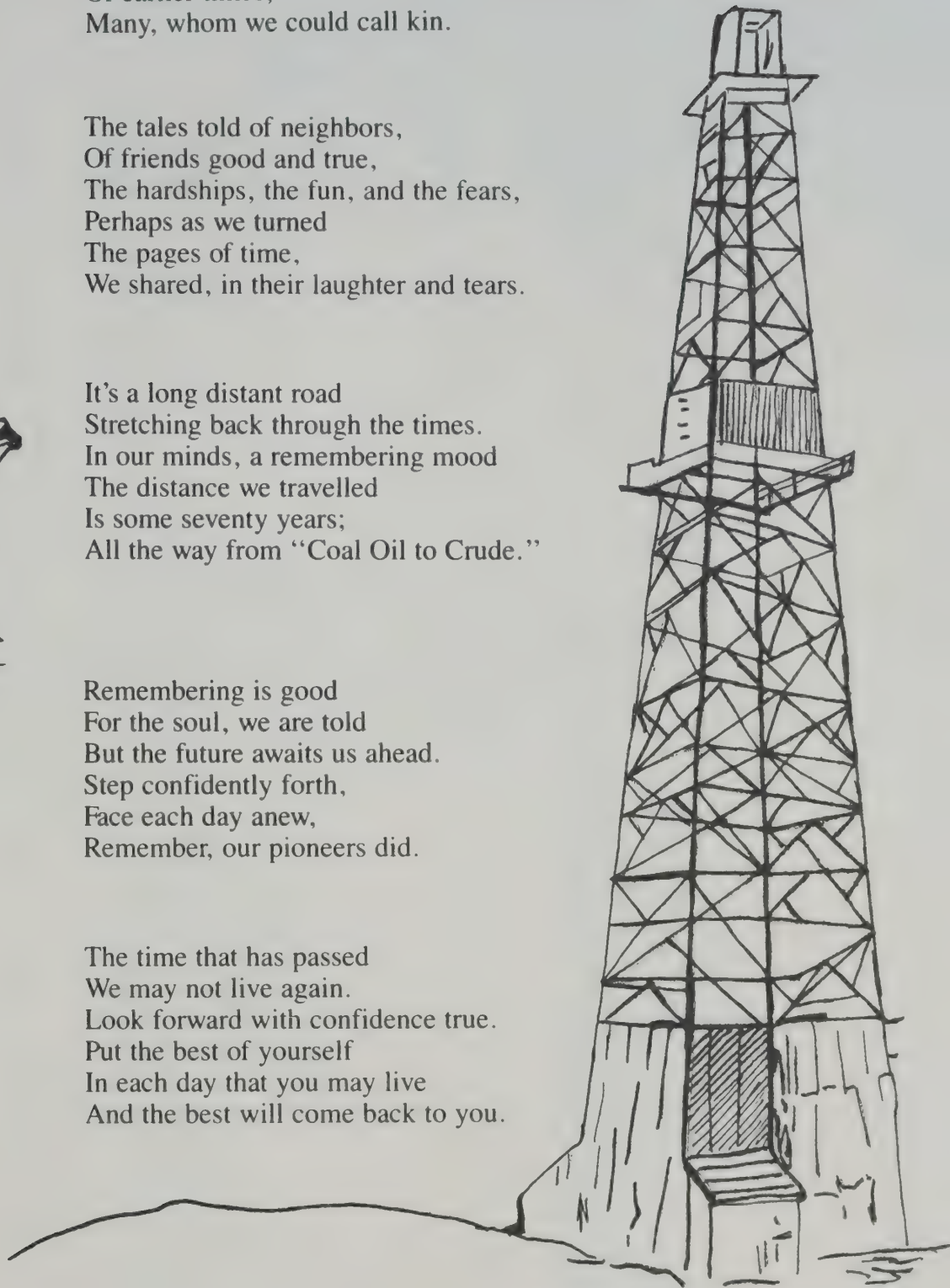
The memories, come flooding
Once more through our minds,
As the pages we've read within,
Of those brave men and women
Of earlier times,
Many, whom we could call kin.

The tales told of neighbors,
Of friends good and true,
The hardships, the fun, and the fears,
Perhaps as we turned
The pages of time,
We shared, in their laughter and tears.

It's a long distant road
Stretching back through the times.
In our minds, a remembering mood
The distance we travelled
Is some seventy years;
All the way from "Coal Oil to Crude."

Remembering is good
For the soul, we are told
But the future awaits us ahead.
Step confidently forth,
Face each day anew,
Remember, our pioneers did.

The time that has passed
We may not live again.
Look forward with confidence true.
Put the best of yourself
In each day that you may live
And the best will come back to you.



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